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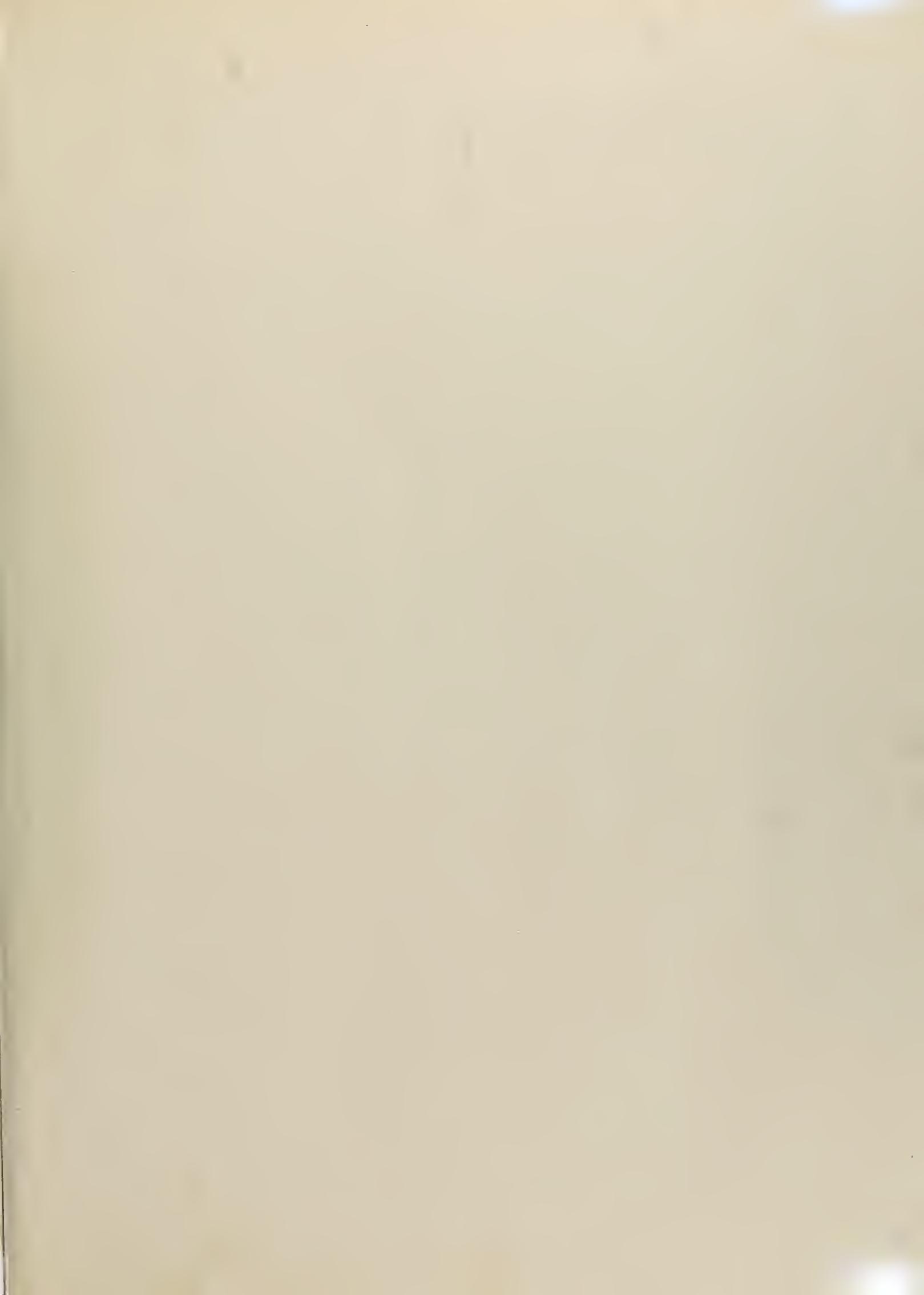


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Theodore Roosevelt's love of a fight is likely to be gratified in the near future. No passage in his annual message has so stirred the gray-beards of the Senate, or so perturbed the newspaper editors who voice the opinions of Wall Street, as that in which the President said: "The government must in increasing degree supervise and regulate the workings of the railways engaged in interstate commerce; and such increased supervision is the only alternative to an increase of the present evils on the one hand, or a still more radical policy on the other."

Here, as was pointed out in these columns at the time, was a direct treat. Either, said the President, you must submit to regulation, or it will be impossible to stem the sentiment for government ownership. The railways have noted the challenge, but it appears they

are ill-disposed to admit either alternative is a necessity. "A policy of non-action," says their always-willing mouthpiece, the Sun, "or at least of exceedingly deliberate action, is most commendable," while the Times, another "close-up" organ, is so wildly alarmed about the matter that it accuses the President of laying "a predatory hand upon the Socialist covenant in his recommendation that railway rates be fixed by government commission!" Also, the "solid six" in the Senate are reported from Washington to be "standing as a stone wall" against any action along the line of the message of "that enthusiastic young man in the White House" who wants to do something for "the people." And as the President is reported to be firmly sticking to his guns in this matter, it really looks as though there might be a brisk battle between the railways on the one hand and the President on the other over railway-rate regulation.

Further evidence of this is the annual report of James R. Garfield, Commissioner of the Bureau of Corporations. This report, which we must suppose to express the ideas of Mr. Roosevelt, flatly declares that the present chaotic condition of corporation law "amounts to anarchy," which cries aloud for order. "Commercial and industrial conditions," the report further says, "present the foremost problems of the day. There exists a deep-rooted feeling of dissatisfaction with existing conditions." The remedy that Mr. Garfield suggests is Federal incorporation and license for all corporations engaged in interstate commerce. This, of course, is quite in line with the President's suggestion.

The objection which the railways through their organs promptly and strenuously make to the idea of Federal control, is that such control practically amounts to confiscation. One railway president, William H. Truesdale, of the Delaware-Lackawana Railroad Company, is quoted as saying:

To take away from the railways the right to establish, in lawful manner, what they deem are reasonable rates and charges for the service they will render the public, and empower a commission to do so, and require the railways to make effective the commission's rates, denying them the right to appeal by giving proper bond, is in effect a denial of justice, the taking of the property of the railways without due process of law, a denial of the right which our Constitution guarantees absolutely to every one of its citizens. Neither the existing general business conditions of our country, nor those of any particular section or community, warrant or justify any such radical departure from our past policy in dealing with our great transportation problem.

Other objectors go a step farther than Mr. Truesdale, and speak of the suggestions made to Congress in Mr. Garfield's report as "nothing less than the abolition of State powers and State boundaries, and the gathering into one strong hand at Washington of all the rights and authorities which the founders of the government in their ignorance and inexperience deemed it best to leave in the keeping of their original possessors." Pretty good satire; but does any one suppose—does even a trust organ suppose—that if the founders of the government could have foreseen the development of transportation systems with their train of attendant evils, they would not have placed their control unmistakably in the hands of the Federal government?

It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us: great popular dissatisfaction with the extortions and discriminations of the railways exists. If there be no relief from such burdens, the dissatisfaction must inevitably grow. It is simply a question of regulation or something far more radical.

It is not, however, proposed to go quite so far as to "establish rates," as might be inferred from the passage quoted from Mr. Truesdale. It is rather proposed to revise rates where they are found, after full investigation, to be inequitable. It is not proposed to frame for the railways of the United States a rigid schedule.

It is only proposed to give a commission power to declare a given rate unreasonable, and fix a new and reasonable one.

But even taking the extreme view of the subject, it is and always will seem to be absurd that the United States, with all its vast and complicated legislative, executive, and judiciary machinery, should still be utterly unable to regulate and control, and make reasonable and equitable the rates charged by railways for the transportation of goods in the value of billions of dollars, while any little hamlet, any third-rate city, has the power to exercise such authority over the conveyances that ply within its limits. In brief, the government can not regulate the railways, but every city may fix reasonable rates to be charged by cabs, and autos, and other vehicles.

Probably it is needless to say that the President, in endeavoring to influence Congress to take action at the present session along the lines laid down in his message, will have the people at his back, as he has in the matter of tariff-revision. It will be perilous, we think, for the "solid six" of the Senate to endeavor to defeat such a measure. And as for the yawns of the Times, and the brilliant irony of the Sun, they will only strengthen the conviction in the minds of most people that the President is on the right track. "Let the galled jades vince! Our withers are unwrung."

One always likes to know where one's traditions come from, if one is white and one of line. A man who hasn't a grandfather, spite of our humorous protests against social position and worth going by entail, is a man who has just so much more to do before he catches up with his fellows. The white man is monogamistic mostly because he learned long ago that to be strong a man must have at his shoulders men who wanted the same thing and fought for it for the same reason and in the same way. A Chinese laundryman may make an excellent and frugal husband, but as a father or an ancestor he is repugnant. Even a Chinese nobleman is little better, for white blood curdles when mixed with yellow, and the result is a mental bastardy which goes the way of all uncleanness and ends, heaven be thanked, in the ditch of oblivion.

But it appears that there are still people whose tastes have fallen away, who call a yellow arm around a white neck affection, and marry daughters of brown hair and gray eyes to Orientals without beards and full of diverse ideals.

The English papers, the other day, gave in great detail the story of the marriage of an English girl to a mandarin. Miss Nina Alberta Tomalin-Potts became the bride of Yung Hsi Hsiao. They were married by a vicar, and went to Bournemouth on their honeymoon. Everything was what the British call "regular."

But this is what Mr. Herbert Spencer termed a "great sociological disaster." It is worse than that. A disaster may be at least decent. Such a marriage is not. To call it "Anglo-Chinese" in the head-lines does not help it any. Miss Tomalin-Potts may think it very romantic to wed a slant-eyed youth whose language is so peculiar as to make his endearments sound like a kettle falling down a winding stair. Her mamma may fancy that she has attained an unique prestige in uniting her daughter to a man whose pedigree, if translated, would mean nothing to us; but when a yellow baby comes, that infant will be just a Eurasian, a mongrel, a creature with the weaknesses of two races and the strength of neither. And the white mother will weep over it while the stolid father will dream of his race and of children without foreign blood in the veins. Ten to one the child will never recognize the s

and non-hereditary glories of the great name of...

Dr. Lyman Abbott, an ordained minister in good standing of the Congregational church, has made these public statements: That he no longer believes in a great first cause.

That the Bible can no longer be accepted as ultimate.

That the Ten Commandments did not spring spontaneously from Moses, but were, like all laws, a gradual growth.

That the doctrine of mediation is obsolete. That Christ is in history what the Bible is in literature, the supreme expression of the divine idea.

Dr. Abbott avers that these statements are quite in accord with the beliefs of the thinking men of to-day. He may very well be right. It may be perfectly true that such ideas as these are held, and have for a long time been held, by thoughtful men. That is not the question which Dr. Abbott's expression of his views suggests. The question is, How can a minister of the Congregational church hold such views and still maintain his connection with it? As has very strikingly been brought out in the current discussion, Dr. Abbott's views do not differ essentially from those of men a few decades ago called "infidels." They are as nearly related to the views of Buddhists and men of Jewish faith as they are to the views of "orthodox" Christians. "Dr. Abbott," says the Hebrew rabbi, Dr. Emil Hirsch, "may be said to be merely coming back to ancient Jewish doctrines." Another commentator upon Dr. Abbott's expression of his views, strikingly points out how closely the modern divine's ideas parallel those of the so-called infidel, Tom Paine. "The Ten Commandments," said Dr. Abbott, "did not spring spontaneously from Moses, but were like all laws, a gradual growth." "The commandments," said Paine, "carry no internal evidence of divinity with them, they contain some good moral precepts, such as any man, qualified to be a law-giver or a legislator, could produce himself, without having recourse to supernatural intervention." Other passages from Paine and Abbott may be similarly paralleled.

Thus there seems to be a tendency among thinkers of the Abbott type to reject the substance and cling to the form. While logically Dr. Abbott is closely allied to the rational scientists, nominally he holds a position as a Christian minister.

It is not a matter of degrees of belief. Either the Bible is an inspired book, or it is not. Either it is a system of moral philosophy, or it is a revealed religion. Either Christ was the Son of God, or he was not so. Either Moses earned down from the mountain the tablets upon which the finger of Jehovah had inscribed the Ten Commandments, or what the Book declares to be truth is not truth. A void as vast as that between earth and farthest star divides those who hold Christianity to be a religion of divine origin, and those who believe, as does Dr. Abbott, that it is a system of ethics merely. If he is right, then the church becomes simply a "National Society for the Promotion of Goodness," not a place where the Deity is worshipped.

We, of course, express no opinions as to the validity of Dr. Abbott's views. He may be right or wrong. We merely point out a seeming inconsistency in the attitude, not only of Dr. Abbott, but of all those who, holding very different views from those set forth in the creed, still continue to serve of the form. There is here a lack of candor which may not attain to the point where it is hypocritical, but is surely a mode of self-deception.

In a few days the legislature of the State of California will meet in regular session. One of its most important matters will be the election of a United States senator to succeed Thomas R. Bard. The legislature will consist of 111 Republicans and 9 Democrats, and in this fact lie the chiefest possibilities.

In the past, not only in this but in other States, senatorial elections where the party majority in the legislature was small have been open to the suspicion of having improperly brought about their election. Since the change of a few votes would alter the result, the temptation to alter it by means of bribery has not always been resisted. So frequently has this occurred, that the corrupting of legislatures by money has been regarded by foreign observers as one of the crying evils of our governmental system. At home, too, it has been recognized, and the election of senators by the direct vote of the people has been advocated. Special force is given to this idea by the fact that the Senate has in the past years elected a record of political reactionaries.

These Representatives is generally considered to be the influence of corporate

wealth, the Senate has been repeatedly charged with being more heedful of the voice of Wall Street than ought to be the case. It has been dubbed "a millionaires' club." The foremost British review, the Spectator, has called it "a stronghold of plutocracy."

The bearing of these facts upon the senatorial election soon to occur is obvious. The overwhelming Republican majority in the legislature in a measurable degree ties the hands of those corporate influences which would like to place "their man" in a senatorial chair. The vast majority of the Republicans placed by the people as their representatives in the legislature of the State are, we believe, thoroughly honest. They desire, we are convinced, to elect to the United States Senate the best man for the place that can be found in the State. The Republican majority is so large that nothing can hinder the accomplishment of this end, if such is in deed and in truth their desire. Unhindered by petty and unworthy considerations, undeterred by little jealousies and microscopic personal interests, the legislature has the opportunity to elect to the Senate a man who shall be a credit to us in the halls of Congress; who shall greatly represent a great State; who shall champion the interests of California and all the growing West so ably and well that the country shall, perforce, pause and pay heed.

We do not need to name the man we mean. The people of this State know—the people of the country know—who it was that Theodore Roosevelt chose from all the West to second his nomination for the Presidency at Chicago in June of 1904. The people of this State know who it is who is known throughout the country as the man of silver tongue out of the West. They know who it is that in season and out of season has given his time and ability to the cause of his party. They know who it is that has stumped the State at every election; who it is that has contributed liberally from his small means to the war-chest of the party; and who it is that has never before asked for office from the party that he has served so faithfully.

This is a day of young men. It is a day of new blood in high places of government. It is a day for men of energy and action, of enthusiasm and eloquence. We seem to-day almost on the eve of a Titanic struggle between the influences of corporate wealth on the one hand, and the people on the other. The stronghold of opposition to the President's plans and purposes is the United States Senate; and the question whether California shall send there the head of the American Sugar Trust, or a millionaire closely allied to Standard Oil, or a former regular attorney of the Southern Pacific, or a man who stands on his own feet, a close friend of the President, unhampered by obligations to trusts or railways, is an urgent and pressing one for the legislature of California to answer.

It is true that Mr. Knight, as a lawyer, has served many clients. Some of them, in the nature of things, were railways and steamship companies and corporations, for Mr. Knight has long stood at the head of the bar of California. But bar Knight on this ground, and you would bar also Elihu Root, the President's closest friend. You would bar both Attorney-General Knox and William H. Moody. It is the tendencies of a man's life, the direction of his career, that must be considered in deciding whether in his official capacity he would be likely to serve the people who elect him or some private interest. And we think that no impartial observer doubts that if George A. Knight were elected United States senator from California, he would to the extent of his great ability, and with all the force of his undoubted eloquence, serve the people of the whole State, uphold the hands of Theodore Roosevelt, and emblazon his name high on the roll of fame.

With the interests of California deeply at heart, it is our sincere belief, our earnest conviction, that the election of Mr. Knight to the high office to which he aspires is not only the privilege but the bounden duty of the legislature which is about to assemble at the capital of the State.

Lawson, of Boston, still holds the centre of the stage.

True, the to-be-bloodily encounter between Lawson and Colonel Greene, the man with notches on his gun, turned out to be a meeting as peaceful as a Quaker church. But since that time, many things have happened. Henry H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, has demonstrated his vast capacity as a magazine advertiser. By directing his attorneys to write a letter to the American News Company, threatening to sue them for criminal libel for their part in distributing the magazine, he made the mistake of his life. The news of the threat of a libel suit spread like wildfire, and everybody rushed to get Everybody's. Boys on the streets of New York who were selling "The Simple Life" switched to that magazine and did a land-office business. (From "The Simple Life" to "Frenzied Finance" a transition that is a curious commentary

on the taste of the American public!) Everybody's Magazine has all been sold out, and more than a million copies might have been sold, could they have been printed. In this installment of his serial, Lawson charges, among other things, that \$5,000,000 were raised in Wall Street during the campaign of 1896 to make the election of William McKinley certain. In the same article, he insinuates that a well-known New York lawyer, Roger Foster, acted crookedly in the Bay State Gas fight, and casts aspersions upon the character of Judge Wales, now dead. Foster, for his part, says that Lawson's story in almost every statement where he is named "is absolutely false." Judge George Gray, prominent in the great coal strike settlement, and mentioned conspicuously as a possible Democratic candidate for President last year, defends the memory of his colleague, Judge Wales. He calls Lawson's insinuations "a monstrous outrage," and adds: "There seems to be no redress, but all the same it is a blackguardly and dastardly thing to besmirch the name of a dead judge, who has had such an honorable and distinguished career, on the flimsy word of this fellow from Boston." Lawson continues to bombard the newspapers with costly advertisements. He has conducted a controversy with Dennis Donahoe, in which Lawson uses such expressions as: "I must risk contamination by giving your unmentionable carcass one fair square kick," and in which he also speaks of "that miasmatic self-stench which exudes from your putrid mentality." Furthermore, Lawson having, as he alleges, received word that Donahoe was coming to Boston to shoot him, sent out an open letter saying he would shoot Donahoe at sight. Donahoe has not advanced on Boston at this writing. Lawson alleges in his advertisements that the Standard Oil Company is endeavoring to ruin Everybody's Magazine by securing withdrawal of advertisements, which cost five hundred dollars a page. Lawson says that the January number brought in \$15,000 less than the December. The price has been raised from ten to fifteen cents, and Lawson grandiloquently calls upon the American people to stand by him in his "great fight."

After two weeks of a double-distilled dose of Lawson, the Argonaut sees no reason for materially altering its estimate of the man. He is a brilliant charlatan. He is a man to whom notoriety is meat and drink. He has all the earmarks of the quack and the fakir. His advertisements are full of empty rhetoric and bluster. They are glorified patent-medicine ads; they are mostly rodomontade. That Lawson is influenced in the slightest degree by concern for the public interest in attacking Standard Oil, we do not believe. It is advertisement that he wants; he has burned his fingers in his deals with men sharper than himself, and he is "getting even." But while all this we believe is true, it is equally true that when thieves fall out, honest men may get their dues. Charlatans sometimes tell the truth, and state's evidence is not invariably to be discredited. It is a striking fact that though Lawson is credibly said to be financially responsible, he has not yet been sued for libel. H. H. Rogers's attorneys declare that the Lawson articles are "grossly libelous," and yet they are taking no direct action against their author. So long as they do not, people will believe that there are kernels of truth amid the chaff of the Lawson story. They will think that there could not be so much smoke without at least a little fire. It may very likely happen that out of the muck that Lawson has stirred up some good results will come.

The extremely interesting replies of the one thousand

prominent men to whom the New York Evening Post put the question, "Do you favor revision of the tariff?" continue

to be printed in that journal. The thousand names used were those of the first one thousand persons in "Who's Who in America," the last edition. They were selected without a single addition or omission. It is therefore a perfectly fair test. The first twenty columns of replies that the Post has printed contain 151 letters, 93 from men who voted for Roosevelt, 35 from Democrats, 2 from Populists, 3 from Prohibitionists, 2 from Socialists, 1 from a man who "voted against the Republicans," 3 from independents, 3 from men who did not vote this year, and 9 from men who are non-committal. Thus 151 answers were received, of which 138 are in favor of a revision of the tariff. A glance through the more elaborate of the replies indicates that there is practical unanimity of belief that the duty on iron and steel should certainly be removed. There is also a strong sentiment for the removal of duties on works of art. At the present time, many fine paintings are stored by their American owners in Europe because it is too expensive to bring them to this country. Naturally, such artistic treasures, when once brought here, soon find their way from private collections to public galleries, and, as they are as such a

part of liberal education as books or music, that they be admitted free of duty is a thing urged on the ground of public interest. There is a strong sentiment, also, for such amendment of the law as shall permit returning tourists (as one puts it) "to be honest at the custom-house." Many of those who reply speak with considerable heat. They do not say merely "Yes," but "Yes, emphatically," "Decidedly," and "Revision that really does revise." One Republican editor who replies, says we should have "millions of tariff tribute for the protection of labor and legitimate industries, and for the luxuries of life; not a penny to foster monopoly or wage war on the poor man's earnings."

By the way, it looks as if the *Chronicle* must have been perusing these interesting exhibits in the columns of the *Post*. Not a word have we heard of late from our venerable and esteemed contemporary about "there not being much of a tariff scare," or about our "not being able to spare a cent of the tariff revenue." Not a single syllable have we read recently about the agitation for tariff-revision "being purely of mugwump origin." Can the *Chronicle* have acquired the feet *frappé* so soon? It is going to give up the ghost so early in the game as this? Fie, fie.

For long people have wondered at the magnificent range of the exchange editor of the San Francisco *Post*, and gaped helplessly at the names of the journals from whose pages his items are taken. The German paragraph has been constantly seen by the side of the Russian, and the Slavonic editorial has found a resting-place by excerpts from an Oriental diary; all races, languages, dialects, and creeds have been represented in a single issue. The linguistic knowledge needful for this can be imagined. Thirty languages were on the exchange list of the *Post*, as we reasoned. But some weeks ago an editorial appeared in the *Argonaut* on the purposes of Cecil Rhodes in establishing the American scholarships at Oxford. That editorial was copied and traveled across the continent and over seas, and landed at last in the columns of the London *Daily Mail* as "The American Plaster." Two days after that issue of the *Mail* reached San Francisco, there appeared among the other paragraphs in the *Post* "The American Plaster," and accompanied by all the other good sayings which the exchange editor of the *Mail* had put in his columns of that date. We know now. We no longer pass the *Post* office and imagine the exchange editor buried in papers from every land and in every language, seeking up and down their foreign and almost incomprehensible columns the truths which are soon to delight and instruct the San Francisco readers. We no more fancy the glee with which this same creature of tongues would drag hidden meanings from strange phrases and put it all in plain English. Instead we know that with scissors and paste, in the intervals of some more engrossing occupation, the editor picks up the London *Daily Mail*, snips out its column of quotations, and sends it to the printer in the sure knowledge that all is well. But it surprises us sometimes to find a long-forgotten paragraph after a twelve-thousand-mile trip rejuvenescent in the pages of the *Post*, two blocks away.

All knowledge is interesting, more particularly when it has a direct personal application. This is the case with the fund of information concerning the food we eat which is being accumulated by the researches of the municipal pure-food laboratory. Taking as a basis the proportion of adulterated foods discovered in these investigations, the conclusion may be arrived at that more than fifty per cent. of the honey sold in our markets is adulterated with glucose; a slightly smaller proportion of maple syrups and of molasses is freely mingled with the same substance, with the addition of salicylic acid as a preservative; one-third of the jellies sold are filled out with a goodly proportion of starch, and evaporated creams are also increased in bulk by adding starch, with borax thrown in. The manufacture of candies is made more profitable by the use of glucose in the place of sugar. Gelatine is pretty universally employed in the making of ice-cream, and more than five-sixths of the ice-creams examined contained borax. Even wood alcohol, a rank poison, was found in three instances. These investigations show conclusively that other adulterations will come to light as the laboratory work goes on. Canned goods offer a rich field for investigation. Pernicious drugs are used to give a pleasing color to these wares. Salicylic acid arrests fermentation in canned fruits and vegetables, borax in canned meats, therefore the manufacturer uses them. They also arrest digestion in the human stomach, but that is a detail which the dealer regards with indifference or

disbelief. Such practices will continue as long as the manufacturer remains undisturbed. He will adulterate his goods whenever he finds it profitable to do it. With honey at twenty cents a pound and glucose at three cents, the consumer will have palmed off on him a flagrant admixture of glucose with a weak flavoring of honey to deceive the palate. The pure Mexican vanilla bean sells at fifteen or sixteen dollars a pound, the imitation "vanillin" of commerce at a dollar or two a pound. The spurious article, therefore, is often fraudulently substituted. A dangerous substance, sold under the name of vanilla, is made from the poisonous tonca-bean of Guiana, and it has been suggested that the wholesale poisoning from ice-cream at the Presentation Convent celebration was caused by the use of this spurious vanilla extract. Whether or not that be the case, there can be no doubt that the continued use of adulterants is a direct menace to health. With the exception of wood alcohol, few of these agents are actual poisons, except in very large quantities. Even borax and salicylic acid are comparatively harmless, but a daily dose, taken unknowingly in milk or cream, or in canned fruits or vegetables, will in time undermine the health even of the robust, while to persons in weak health, to the aged and to young children, the consequences may be grave enough. That is sufficiently proved by the fact that the infant mortality of this city has been reduced thirty per cent. since the beginning of the milk crusade. No dealer should be allowed to sell wares which are not what they pretend to be. Starch and the glucose of commerce are foods in themselves, not markedly wholesome, but harmless. So with gelatine, a substance practically devoid of flavor and nutrition, but useful for its thickening qualities. If these things are used, the consumer should know it. Every package should have its contents plainly indicated, and if an adulterant is used, the label should tell the truth about it, both as to quantity and quality. Then the people know what they are about.

But with legal enactments enforced against harmful adulterations, and with the exposure that follows detection, the practice will cease, for it will no longer be profitable. The health department is daily carrying on investigations into the food products of our markets, and the names of dealers selling adulterated goods are published. The consumer is thus warned, and a check is maintained on manufacturers. Besides the benefit to public health following on the exposure of fraudulent dealings, the researches of the board of health are of importance in another direction. California is a food-producing State, and pure-food laws, rigorously carried out through the vigilance of our laboratories, will add to the reputation of Californian products and raise our commercial standing. Facilities for carrying on the work more extensively are needed, and money so spent will be well expended. The community will be the better for it in health, in morals, and in pocket.

The toes of the anæmically æsthetic are having to be continually got out of the way these days now that the President has advocated corporal punishment—flogging, in a word—for wife-beaters and such small thugs. Mr. Roosevelt says bluntly that imprisonment is inadequate and works the greatest hardship on the innocent family. Naturally, a great many voices have arisen protesting against this reversion to "barbarism," this descent to "brutality." One angered minister compares the whipping post to the lynching tree. It is too bad that cologne won't keep sewers fresh and wholesome, and we admit on the spot that scavengers are a distinct blot on the face of municipal propriety. It is also to be regretted that work means sweat and war means death. But, on the other hand, experience teaches that moral suasion is a frail staff in a mob, and that two fists beat an axiom every time in a street fight.

A man who beats his wife, knocks a wayfarer on the head and robs him, or commits any of the cowardly personal assaults which fill our police-court calendars, is not amenable to reason, or love, or to imprisonment in a warm, comfortable cell. If he were, his wife's pleadings would have appealed to his heart, and a careful view of the effect of a sound thrashing of a mother upon her children would have convinced his head. The law books are full of arguments against the thug's cruelty, which he might study profitably. But he won't. So, as the *Argonaut* has long contended, physical violence justly applied without undue heat is the only fit punishment. If a few thugs died under the lash it would not begin to offset the account due for mothers kicked to death, honest men sandbagged, and children rent. The protest against the President's suggestion arises from a false and academic view of society. When a man hits us over the head on a dark night and steals our purse, we want no moral suasion: we want the law to catch that man and hit him so hard that he will cease

his evil prowlings: and the lash is the only thing the thug really fears.

In the San Francisco *Sunday Chronicle* an engineer has taken up in all seriousness the question of this city's future transportation needs. He has devised a rough system of subways and surface lines and tunnels, and laid the whole down on paper in rather convincing style. His undoubted and accepted facts are these: San Francisco, when its tide lands are reclaimed, will have an area of 48 square miles, which will give ample room for a population of 2,000,000 without overcrowding. But when the main city shall have attained this density, the bay towns will meantime have made a tremendous circle of dense population all around it. Sausalito to San Rafael and Berkeley to Niles and San José will be within the limits of San Francisco, so far as transportation and municipal conveniences go.

The most important development that this will make needful, according to the *Chronicle*, is a trunk subway on Market Street from the Ferry to Castro Street. This will not be in the nature of a tunnel, but simply a steel-covered excavation on the principle of the modern sidewalk with basement underneath. The surface cars will still handle the short-haul and sightseeing passenger trade. The suggestion is made that from this main artery there be built two branches, one up Post Street out to Richmond, another out Valencia Street. In all this is little engineering difficulty, except in the filled ground from First Street to the Ferry, where a heavy foundation will have to be constructed. This subway incidentally might carry the postal pneumatic service and the electrical cables, both power and lighting.

The question of an elevated railway on Market Street is promptly scouted by the writer in the *Chronicle*. He remarks that the business interests on that big thoroughfare would not endure it—which is perfectly true. But through Richmond the elevated might run, as well as down H Street to the Ocean Boulevard.

But, of course, the greatest problem is that of transportation between Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and this side. A tunnel across by way of Goat Island would have to descend over 100 feet, and could not land very well on this side. The best suggestion of the engineer is that it land near the foot of Second Street and cross by way of Mission Rock, where the greatest depth is 60 feet, a mile from shore. The bay tunnel, if possible, would not do away with the ferry service, but would necessitate a faster one, all of which would make it imperative to build a huge combined station on the water-front where the surface subway, cross-town, and ferry lines would converge and part again outward bound.

News from Italy.

ROME, December 1, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In one of the late numbers of the *Argonaut* I noticed a well-written editorial on the political and social situation in Italy, and perhaps you may like to have some further news which I have learned from Consul-General de Castro and the Roman papers. The last Italian parliament, or chambers, as it is called, which had been in power for about four years, was dissolved on account of labor troubles, strikes, and socialist agitation, the leaders of the Republicans claiming that they should have a larger representation, in accord with the present wishes of the people. The government felt quite willing to go before the people, and ordered an election. The result shows that the Italians are utterly disgusted with strikes and labor agitators, and their excellent young king and his wise ministers have been sustained and indorsed by an overwhelming majority as Roosevelt received at the election in November. Out of five hundred deputies, the Republicans, Socialists, and Liberals together elected only ninety, and many of these are contested on account of fraud and irregularities, so that the Conservatives are stronger than ever before, and the king, who has less power in affairs of state than our President, will be able to continue the wise policy inaugurated by his lamented father, King Humbert.

Italy is certainly growing stronger and more prosperous every year. I will inclose the speech from the throne at the opening of the Chambers on November 30th, and it is noteworthy that the triumphant young Victor Emanuel Third modestly refrains from any mention of the great majority by which his opponents have been defeated. After greeting the deputies, he alludes first to the birth of his son, who will be christened "Humbert, Prince of Piedmont," his heir and successor—if he lives. The Queen Hélène, Princess of Montenegro, is a magnificent stately young woman, greatly admired and beloved. Her face shows she is good and wise, as well as beautiful. When the king spoke of the "greatly desired event" having come to pass, he turned and bowed gracefully to the queen, who rose and returned the salutation in the most beautiful manner. You can imagine the enthusiasm this caused among these warm-hearted people. It was a delightful incident.

Ownership of utilities is an idea that is not here making progress, although the Italians have much better reason to demand it than we have. They are entirely subject to monopolies in water, lighting, and street roads, without the least hope of competition in these lines. The government has only the same control over them that we have, viz: regulation of tariffs and taxation. Is not this enough, if justly enforced? If we can not trust our city councils to fix proper rates for gas and water and tax the franchises of street roads, when they become of great value by reason of increase in population, are we going to improve conditions by turning over to the same councils the entire management of these utilities? The *Argonaut* has dealt with this subject in no uncertain manner, and its views appear wise and sensible to those who view the situation from a vantage point in foreign lands.

J. R. FOL.

JOE CARROLL'S HELL.

And the Touch of Paradise that Brightened It.

Endlessly the plain stretched away to the horizon, its bluish alkali whiteness broken only by bunches of oval grass which grew here and there in sparse, undulating patches. Behind us were the foothills through which we had come—friendly hills, whose lurid red and green boulders stood out like plague spots against the dull gray sage that covered their sides. The whole scene was one of intense and impermeable desolation, crystallized, as it were, by and about one spot of human habitation, a weather-beaten 'dobe that lay in the clutch of skeleton arms thrust out from the hills over the plain.

A few ragged pepper-trees drooped over the rambling porch; near the corner of the house the sails of a dilapidated windmill creaked slowly in the hot desert wind. There was nothing in the angular house, the withered trees, or the sand-parched windmill, to mitigate the hideousness of the landscape. One could not but shudder at the terrible fate that had doomed some one to existence in such a spot.

As we drove slowly on our attention was caught by a figure that came hobbling toward us out of the house. It was an old woman, bent and crippled, but not by age. A calico skirt of long-obliterated pattern flapped raggedly above her ankles, and was protected, though dustier it could not be, by an apron of coarse brown sack. The skinny neck that rose above her loose waist, and her wrinkled face, were dried and cured by years of desert sun, while her eyes had been bleared with wind and alkali dust to a watery gray.

But the smile of pleasure that vivified her face when she saw us made us forget, in the sense of welcome, our momentary loathing, and we found ourselves responding to her eager greetings with an answering cordiality.

"And however did ye happen to come here?" she cried, stretching out bony hands. "To think that ye'd get way out here just when I'd about given up hope of ever seeing a human being again! Strangers! I thought so. None but strangers or jail-birds ever come this way. It's politer to ask. Why the last party along here was the Indian they call Salvador—him that killed his wife back there." She nodded in the direction from which we had come. "You've prob'ly heard all about it. Well, when he was making for the border he come along this way, it being the most retired. 'N I declare to it, if I wasn't just that glad to see him I could hardly let him go, 'n him a red-handed murderer, too. But I hadn't ought to tell you that," she added, with an apologetic cackle. "Ye don't know what loneliness really is till you've lived in this place here."

It was a thing easily to be understood as we looked up at the grim and frowning hills, and out upon the dead plain. With the sensitive perception of one who has lived much alone, she read our horror. When he next spoke it was with a note of defense in her voice.

"Of course, it must look terrible to you," she said, "and it is terrible when you're not used to it or—or if you had nothin' else. Have you heard what they call it over there?" Again she nodded in the direction of the valley.

Her question was so sudden, it seemed so irrelevant, so utterly out of place, as if we had bent over to catch the dying whisper of a stranger, and he had asked in our ear the cause of a noise in the street. We let it sink in the lifeless air, we stared at the breastless stone, caught the bony flash of the windmill sail, and viewed the unmitigable hills as if they had spoken. We had come upon her, nameless, unrumored, without warning. She had stirred in her tomb, and asked us to identify her, to tell her who she was, how the world knew her and her habitation. We were speechless.

She answered the question laboriously herself. "Well, they call it 'Joe Carroll's Hell.'"

Some one of us laughed, but the ripple of it was hushed in the blanket of the heated, barren, almost vacuum air. She explained before the judgment bar of the futile laughter.

My husband, ye see, was Joe Carroll. He took up the land from the government the second year we was in California. Some fool of an agent got hold of him and kept telling him how there was loads of water to be had here for a little diggin', and how water was all that was needed to make this place like heaven. That was the main words, ye see. He was agent for the windmill company, which was why.

"Well, he took poor Joe right in, and nothin' would do but we must sell out our little place over there and come and live here. Joe spent the first month buildin' the 'dobe, and the next begin' the well. It took every cent of our money, and the flow of water weren't enough after all to keep but one little garden patch goin'. We could never get enough sheld to dig any more wells, and Joe was too proud to borrow off any one. So everybody as all our friends had jeered at us so for comin' out here. Ye see, Joe'd repeated what the agent had said about water bein' all that a heaven, and so in fun they were chaffin' him about it, 'n finally one of 'em called it 'Joe Carroll's Hell.' Of course, the well didn't hit no water well. But it hurt Joe awful. Well, we worked along as best we might for ten

years. At first we used to go back to the valley quite often. But all our old friends there were boomin' along and gettin' more prosp'ous all the time, while we got seedier. It used to worry Joe so, the comparisons he thought they was makin' between us and them, that he got to goin' less and less. Finally, he got to let me drive down when anythin' was needed, which was mebbe two or three times a year.

"Then Joe died. That was fifteen years ago, the time there wasn't any rain all winter long. That was a terrible year. Nights the stars would be so bright 'n strange that they'd a most suffocate you if you looked at 'em too long, they seemed that near and fig."

She shifted a crooked foot and dipped up the hem of her sackin' apron. "'N the days were all alike," she went on, "hot and blinding, with generally a norther long in the afternoon.

"Joe didn't say much, but I could see him gettin' more discouraged every day. His mouth got so it drew queerly, and his shoulders stooped like an old man's. Then one evening he came in and went to bed. An'—an' he never got up again. Just seemed as if he couldn't face the lonesomeness and discouragement any longer, though he didn't complain of anything in particular—except the night he died, then all night he talked of river and the sea. Joe and me was born on the Maine coast. 'N toward mornin', just 's it began to get red over the plain, he turned over, drawin' a long breath. 'N that was all. It was just as if he grew tired of livin' forever lookin' out on alkali 'n devil-grass 'n hills.

"Seemed like I'd die, too, then. Many's the time I used to envy Joe back there in your valley—old friends was real kind, and insisted on givin' me a lot over there to bury him in so's it 'ud be cool. But I had to go on livin'. But I got lonelier and lonelier. 'N likely I couldn't have stood it any longer but that year my trees came."

Our eyes wandered from the speaker's face to the sorry peppers by the porch. We wondered at the new, proud, mysterious affection in her voice.

"Oh, not those!" she exclaimed, deprecatingly, then hesitated. "But mebbe you'd not care to see them," she went on, timidly. "Mebbe I'm just keepin' you here and tirin' you out with my old tongue." She shaded her faded eyes with one hand and peered up at us wistfully. Satisfied, she turned and led the way around back of the 'dobe.

There was a leveled space about twenty feet square between the 'dobe and the hill, a spot that evidently had been tended with the greatest care. Yet the only living things on it were two slender trees right in the middle. They were like nothing we had ever seen before. The tall stems were silver against the dullness of the hill. Large, heart-shaped leaves hung in clusters of shimmering green, dancing, throwing tremulous shadow-patterns on the smooth, gray soil. Rising back of them was the steep, with its hostile cactus, its sage, its misshapen rocks; to the east the leprous white of the plain. In all the absolute desolation there was only the whisper of the leaves of these alien trees.

Any speech that might have come to our lips was arrested by the look on the woman's face. The old sunbonnet had fallen back, and the sunlight, purified by its fall down through the foliage, cast soft shadows on her wrinkled visage, turned in grotesque and mute adoration upon the slender shafts.

At last she remembered us, and with a deep-drawn breath included us in her gaze. "These are the trees I meant," she said, slowly. "They are called 'The Trees by the Gate of Heaven.' 'The Trees by the Gate of Heaven,'" she repeated, and then, with apparent irrelevance, continued: "'Twas twelve years ago this month, yet I can remember 's if it was yesterday he came."

"Who came?" some one of us asked.

"Why, the party I'm goin' to tell you about, the one that brought me the trees. He came draggin' along the road one evenin' just as sun set, 'n wanted to know if I could take him in over night. 'Though I must tell you honest,' says he, 'that I've no money left, and don't know when I can pay you for your hospitality.' Seems like he'd been a sailor all his life till he got sick in his lungs. Then when he was too weak to work they wouldn't have him any more. He'd heard about that valley you folks come from, 'bout how good it was for persons sick like he was, and he was tryin' I get there. But some way he got lost in the alkali, and wandered around till he was near dead. But at last he lit on a trail that brought him here.

"He was a gentle-spoken party, but I was that lonesome I'd ha' been glad to see him anyhow. I fixed him up the best supper I could, though Lord knows it wasn't much I had for him, and then all evening we talked. I a most eried to hear some one talk again. I told him about Joe, and how lonely I'd been since he died, and how the name they called it over 'n the valley had kept ha'ntin' me till I knew it was worse than any hell. I'd never breathed a word of it to any living creature before, but I knew from the first this party 'd understand. He didn't say much, to be sure, but he listened real sympathetic. Then he got to talkin' about other things, the places he'd been, and the things he'd seen, till my mind was all off my troubles, 'n I found myself cheered up wonderful. 'N that night when I went to bed I forgot I was livin' in 'Joe Carroll's Hell,' and dreamed of walkin' in cool

woods an' looking through the branches at blue lakes. All night I dreamed I heard the ocean like I did when I was little in Maine.

"Next mornin' at sunrise he said he must be movin' on. How I did hate to see him go! 'N he shook hands good-by and saw how bad I felt. He looked at me sort of pityin' like. 'I'm thinkin',' he says, 'that maybe I won't live to pay you back for takin' me in so kindly.' Then he stopped sort of sudden, and commenced fumblin' in his bundle, but his hands was shakin' so it took him a long time to get it undone.

"At last he pulled out something and put in my hand. It was two black seeds, shaped like a bean, only three times bigger. He'd got 'em over seas, he said, in one of them strange countries.

"I've been keepin' them," says he, 'till I found a place I thought needin' 'em more than any other spot of earth. And I've found it now,' he says, lookin' round with a sort of shiver. 'If you'll plant these,' he says, 'and tend 'em like they was children of yours, I'm hopin' they'll make up to you for your kindness to me.'

"With that he said good-by, and started off toward the pass, walkin' so slow and feeble I mistrusted he'd never get to the place he was goin'. Suddenly I remembered I hadn't thanked him nor asked him what them seeds would be, so I called after him.

"He turned slowly and stopped for breath before he answered. 'They'll be trees,' he called back, 'and they're called "The Trees by the Gate of Heaven."'

"I wasn't sure at first I'd heard him right, but he said it again as he started on. That was the name he said, 'The Trees by the Gate of Heaven!'

The old woman's voice slurred. "'N I tended 'em as he said, just as if they were the children I've never had. 'N they grew right along, up to this."

She sobbed in the heat, the leaves of the trees whispering above her, while our eyes caught again the hopelessness of the plain and the waterless hills. Presently we rode away back to the green valley where Joe Carroll slept, leaving Joe Carroll's wife creeping about under two trees nourished in the midst of the hell which bore his name. ADELAIDE WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1904.

Newspaper Circulation in France.

The circulation of newspapers in France has of late years increased by leaps and bounds. *L'Informateur* recently published statistics showing the *tirage* of the chief Paris dailies. The *Petit Parisien* heads the list with the colossal figure of 1,500,000, the result of the most gigantic guessing competition ever instituted. The latter consisted in guessing the number of grains of wheat in a certain sealed bottle, and the aggregate prizes, including a first prize of £1,000, amounted to £20,000. It is said that during the competition, in which millions took part, the circulation attained the almost incredible number of 2,500,000 per diem, and a special staff of 500 clerks had to be engaged to sort the wagon-loads of correspondence which arrived every morning. The second place is held by the *Petit Journal*, with the modest figure of 800,000 daily. Then come the *Journal*, with 750,000; the *Matin*, with 380,000 to 400,000; and the *Echo de Paris*, with 100,000. The *Supplément*, the *Eclair*, the *Petite République*, the *Presse*, the *Patrie*, and the *Auto* range from 70,000 to 100,000. Below these figures come journals such as the *Rappel*, the *Temps*, the *Figaro*, the *Action*, the *Aurore*, the *Radical*, the *Soleil*, the *Autorité*, and others, tailing off with the *Siècle*, whose circulation has now sunk to a meagre 3,000.

The Rev. Dr. Griffis, who has spent many years in Japan, writes in the *Christian Intelligencer*: "Japan's merchants and petty traders are notoriously untruthful; yes, past masters in trickery. Commercial integrity is the exception, not the rule. To live long in the beautiful land is not to grow in admiration of the people as fulfillers of their promises. Then, also, there is little or no academic freedom. No quest of truth that imperils imperialism is allowed. Professors or editors dare not print what they believe as to ancient history. Apart from popular falsehoods, the constitution is based on a myth, even the 'ages eternal' of the ruling dynasty. Lying, concealment, 'saving the face,' is a fine art in Asia. One Burman pundit, helping the missionary in a translation of the Bible, staggered at the words 'can not lie,' and refused to believe that God is omnipotent. 'How can He be the Almighty, if He can not lie?' he asked."

In the savings banks of the world 82,640,000 depositors have over \$10,500,000,000 to their credit, says the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics. This is the detailed record of the larger countries: United States, \$3,060,178,611; Germany, \$2,273,406,226; United Kingdom, \$966,854,253; Austria, \$876,941,933; France, \$847,224,910; Italy, \$482,263,472; Russia, \$445,014,951; Hungary, \$432,810,515; Denmark, \$236,170,057; Switzerland, \$193,000,000; Australia, \$164,161,981. The average deposits range from \$418.89 for the United States to \$5.48 for Japan. Canada is second with \$289.14. The deposits per capita of population vary from \$96.41 for Denmark to fifteen cents for Italy. The American per capita is \$37.38. The Japanese per capita is ninety cents, the Russian \$3.16, and the Canadian \$10.99. Switzerland is second with \$62.26.

FROM OPERA TO "BREAD LINE."

A New York Transition—Fashion in the Limelight, Beggar-dom Huddling in the Shadows—An Evening Begun Where Jewels Glittered, Ended Where Derelicts Shivered.

Last Friday night was a great occasion at the opera. It was Melba's first appearance there after an absence of four years, and it was this season's initial performance of "La Bohème," with Caruso as Rodolphe.

The house alone was worth going to see. I do not believe there was a vacant seat in it. The five tiers were solidly set in lines of human faces like a mosaic. In the two upper galleries a phalanx of standing figures made a dark fringe against the illuminated walls. Every box was full; two or three women in light-colored dresses in the front, and the black forms of men grouped behind them. The clothes these women wore represented untold thousands; the jewels must have run up into the millions.

Between the acts the corridors were full of promenading people, who kept stopping and assuring each other that it was a great performance and a great house. A stream of spectators poured in and out through the doorways into each gallery to stand on the open spaces at the sides and through opera-glasses study the boxes. They were worth a careful survey. Some of the most beautiful women and distinguished men in New York, the Empire City of the country, were there on view. It was a great showing of the city's richest and fairest in their bravest clothes, attired for inspection and conquest.

When Prince Henry of Prussia was taken to the opera on the gala night arranged for his especial benefit, one of his comments had been that he had never before seen "so many crowned heads together at one time." This, as far as I know, is the one and only occasion on which that diplomatic prince permitted himself a sarcasm. There were fewer crowned heads the other night, because, I believe, tiaras are not so much the fashion as they were when the prince was here. There were only four or five in the grand tier. One regal one, encrusted with diamonds and about the size of a teacup, graced the head of Mrs. George Gould, who was, to my thinking, almost the most beautiful woman in that glittering horseshoe of fashion and wealth. She is tall and slender, has black hair, large, dark eyes, and is a radiant, gracious-looking person.

There were Vanderbilt and Astor ladies who also sparkled, and some of whom were pretty women, too. I noticed that those who did not wear diamond crowns wore wreaths of leaves in their hair. A good half of the women present wore these wreaths, of a narrow green leaf, and so arranged that they had a pointed effect in the front, such as one notices in the laurel crown Virgil wears in Doré's pictures of "The Inferno." Black-haired women wore gold leaves, and some of the blondes wore small pink roses in round wreaths that set well down on their heads.

As for the jewels, they were of all kinds, long and short strings of pearls being the most popular. A good many women had on those high pearl dog-collars that give the wearer the effect of being garrotted. They are an extremely ugly fashion, but I suppose they have their uses for women who have scrawny throats. Necklaces of diamonds, or diamonds set with other stones, adorned all sorts of necks, from the slender milky-white one of the young bride, to the coarse-grained, adipose-covered one of the old matron. Some women wore necklaces pinned across the front of their bodices, where they either glittered among laces or made contrasts of color with the tint of the dress. One strange-looking girl in black velvet, with a pair of extraordinarily thin shoulders emerging from the low-cut neck of her gown, wore an enormous bowknot pin of diamonds just below her belt on one side of her stomach. Altogether it was a dazzling and splendid jewel show, a sumptuous exhibit of what New York can do.

The women thus decorated wore pale-colored dresses of soft, clinging materials. It was noticeable that black or deep-colored gowns were scarce. I saw one exceedingly handsome girl in ruby velvet, which set with a severe classic simplicity over a fine figure. This dress, and the black velvet one on the lady with the diamond bowknot, were the only dark-colored ones I saw on young women. White seemed the favorite color—white in lace that fell in mist-like softness, in clinging crêpe embroidered with silver, in vaporous chiffons encrusted with rich laces and weighted with spangles, in lustrous, heavy silks and bloomy velvets. When Caruso was emitting sounds so exquisite, so melodious, so tender and beautiful that the most indifferent must have given ear, these pale-clad women sat in a motionless semicircle, their forms ghost-like under the lowered lights, the black background of listening men behind them, and behind that again the red walls of the boxes gleaming clearly under the glow of half-extinguished electric bulbs.

We talked it over afterward at Mouquin's, as we ate oysters and drank beer, and decided it certainly had been a great performance and a great house. We commented on the display of jewels, on the beauty of the women, the splendor of the clothes, and the amount of money represented in that vast concourse of the rich and fashionable of a metropolis. Finally I said that, all things considered, I thought New York could make as fine a showing for such an occasion as any city in the world.

"New York," said my companion, "can make as fine a showing in almost any direction as any city in the world. We've seen a gala night at the opera. Do you want to come and see another strange and characteristic New York sight?"

I said I did. But what and where was it? It was very cold, late, almost twelve o'clock.

"Well, Cinderella having been to the ball and seen the *beau monde* sporting itself, can now take a Broadway car and go down to Eleventh Street and see 'The Bread Line.' Does she want to come?"

Cinderella thought she did, but would she have time? Truly it was hard to leave the warmth and brightness of the restaurant and face the streets held in the grip of an iron frost. But she had never seen "The Bread Line."

"It will strike you with full force to-night," urged her companion, "after all that pomp and circumstance at the opera-house. It's just the psychological moment."

I don't know whether there are any "Bread Lines" in the Far West. I hear there are several in New York, but the best-known is at the old Vienna Bakery on Eleventh Street, between Wanamaker's and Grace Church. It was established years ago by Fleischman, the founder of the bakery, who provided a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee for any human creature who at midnight should come to his bakery and demand it. No questions were asked, no qualifications required. Fleischman, the baker, knew that the mass of those who would take advantage of his generosity would be the city's derelicts, who live on the charity of their fellows. But he must also have known that there were often decent men who wanted bread, who were ashamed to beg for it, and who could come to his bakery at midnight to get a loaf.

It has been named "The Bread Line" because of its length. Long before midnight it extends from the door behind the bakery, midway up the block, to Broadway, and round the corner toward the entrance to Grace Church. Sometimes it is longer than this, sometimes shorter. As we approached up the loneliness of the deserted, icy street we could see it, dim and motionless, like a sinister black snake, each figure a vertebrae in its sinuous length. The cold was intense, and the men stood close together. Most of them were silent; they seemed held in the deadly grip of the frost and their own misery. We were near them when midnight struck, and with a slow, shuffling movement the column began to move forward. At the upper end we could see it breaking into dark segments, some of which disappeared into the night, while others stayed about, eating their bread in the ice-bound street at midnight.

We drew away into a darkened angle where we could not be seen, and for a space watched them. Some took their loaves, hid them under their coats, and walked away rapidly with firm, quick steps. Others ate them then and there, with a hungry, fierce indifference. We saw several who, with the bread hidden, went back to the end of the line and joined it again. From the huge pail of coffee at the door a man ladled dippers-full into tin cups, and with his loaf of bread each recipient of the dead baker's bounty was given a cup. Several did not take them. Most did, and stood about drinking the coffee and biting pieces off the loaf. Here there were a few desultory remarks interchanged. But for the most part the whole business was executed in a grim silence.

It was difficult to see what manner of men they were. One can not stare at a brother in affliction, even when he is standing at midnight in "The Bread Line." Many of those I saw looked as if they might be of that vast class of incompetents who live upon the city's generosity. But here and there a face struck your eye that was not the face of the drunk, the tramp, or the beggar. We both noticed a young man having the appearance of a gentleman, who was without an overcoat and had gloves on. He took his loaf, thrust it under his coat, and fled. A fresh-faced lad, stalwart and ruddy, who looked like a boy in from the country, was embarrassed and ashamed. He kept making jocular remarks to his neighbors and then giving loud, sheepish laughs—the only sound of that sort to be heard in that dismal assemblage. He carried a new shovel in his hand, and had evidently been working among the snow-shovelers. For these and their like, Fleischman, the baker, must have established "The Bread Line."

The column was thinning as we passed down the street to Fourth Avenue. This way and that through the still, deserted thoroughfares we could see the men dispersing—dark, furtive figures slipping away to the holes and corners where the derelicts of a great city make their homes. A step behind us caused me to turn, and I saw a tall, thin man, with white hair and mustache, and a face of an extraordinary transparent pallor, coming toward us with his loaf of bread bulging beneath his coat. He had deep-set, darkly circled eyes, and in the whiteness of his face they had an uncanny look of haggard intensity. He went by us staring fixedly before him, like a sleepwalker. I commented on his appearance, to which my companion, more experienced in the seamy side of the city, observed, laconically, "Looks like a morphine fiend; probably lives by 'The Bread Line.'"

The chill of the night felt sharper than ever as we waited for the car. Certainly New York could make a good showing in all directions. The opera-house and "The Bread Line" would have both been hard to beat.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, December 19, 1904.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

While not definitely decided, it is highly probable that Miss Alice Roosevelt will be presented at the British court this winter, with Whitelaw Reid as her sponsor.

Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the Vice-President-elect, is described as a very winning, approachable woman. For four years she has been president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the recent annual exhibition of paintings given in Paris by the Société International de Peinture, the marines done by Alexander Harrison, formerly of San Francisco, attracted the most favorable comment.

Yvette Guilbert has created a sensation in Berlin, where, in a Pompadour costume, with powdered hair, she has been singing French songs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the accompaniment of a clavecin. She expects to appear in New York in the same repertoire.

Whitelaw Reid will succeed Joseph H. Choate as ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. Choate, in sending in his resignation, as is the custom at the close of a Presidential term, stated, it is said, that he wished it accepted, as he desired to return to New York and resume his law practice.

The Earl of Suffolk, whose marriage to Miss Daisy Leiter, sister of Lady Curzon, took place on Monday, is descended from two kings—Edward the First, one of the English Plantagenets, and Philip the Bold of France. He is twenty-eight years old, and is in the British army, being Lord Curzon's aid-de-camp.

Rev. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," has delivered a sermon in Paris, in which he said: "I found President Roosevelt a man of lofty ideals and of simple but high purpose. As President of the United States, I believe he is the greatest statesman on earth to-day. His task is more difficult than the task of any ruler in Europe."

Evan Roberts, the revivalist, who has excited a religious frenzy in Wales, was a young miner until a few weeks ago, when he "received a call" to raise the fallen. His success as an evangelist has been marvelous. Roberts is described as a man with passionate convincing utterance. While he speaks, every eye is riveted on him, every ear seems strained, as if afraid a single word should be lost.

Twenty-five years ago Horace Fletcher taught Marquis Oyama how to shoot. Fletcher had published a pamphlet on how to shoot with a rifle, and copies of it reached Japan. The author was in that country shortly afterward, and was sent for by Marquis Oyama, then minister of war. Fletcher gave him lessons, and says that when Oyama first hit a moving object (a teacup thrown into the air), he "capered about and screamed in his delight like an excited schoolboy."

The Duke of Norfolk, one of the richest men in Great Britain, has a daily income of somewhere between \$10,000 and \$15,000, but until a short time ago had never taken a ride in a motor-car. At the conclusion of the run, which was taken with a friend, he expressed much pleasure at the experience, and asked what the cost of the car was. On being told that it was \$5,000, he said, thoughtfully: "Ah, I shall wait until they become cheaper before buying one."

Menie, a Greenland Eskimo boy, is one of the most interesting of the pupils in the public schools of New York City. He was brought to New York by Lieutenant Peary, and has been transformed from a blubber-eating Arctic nomad into a clever young American, bright in his studies, and captain of a baseball team. The tribe to which he belongs is very small, comprising less than two hundred and fifty people, and they are the northernmost known inhabitants of the globe, dwelling in complete isolation on the barren shores of Smith Sound, on the west coast of Greenland—a region of indescribable desolation and gloom.

Tsi An, the Empress of China, is thus vividly described by Lady Susan Townley in her "Chinese Note-Book": "She sat upon a divan covered with figured Chinese silk of a beautiful yolk-of-egg color. Being low of stature, her feet (which are of natural size, she being a Manchu) barely touched the ground, and only her head and shoulders were visible over the table placed in front of her. She wore a Chinese coat of a diaphanous pale-blue silk material covered with the most exquisite Chinese embroidery of vine leaves and grapes. Round her neck was a pale-blue satin ribbon studded with large, lustrous pearls, pierced and sewn to the ribbon. Her complexion is that of a North Italian, and being a widow, her cheeks are unpainted and unpowdered. Her piercing dark eyes roved curiously about among her surroundings. Her age is sixty-eight, but her hair being dyed jet-black and most of it artificial, her appearance is that of a much younger woman. Her hands are long and tapering and very prettily shaped, but they are disfigured by the curious national custom of letting the nails grow inordinately long. The nails of the two smaller fingers of the right hand were protected by gold shields, which fitted over the finger like a lady's thimble and gradually tapered off to a length of three or four inches."

KING EDWARD'S PRESS AGENT.

Half-Penny Papers Boom England's Monarch—
The "Express" the Most Laudatory—Attitude of Other London Journals.

If there is one man in England to-day who more than another deserves to be made a baronet, that man is C. Arthur Pearson, of the London *Daily Express*. I firmly believe that it is chiefly to his efforts, through the columns of his paper, that King Edward has attained the position he now occupies in the estimation of his subjects. I don't mean to say that the king is not in every way worthy of the loyal respect of his people. As the reigning monarch of a great nation, his position is a great one, and such as to be regarded with reverence by the people at large; and the fact that the man who fills that position and, as such, sits upon the throne of England, is a man who so willingly conforms with all the requirements of the country's unwritten constitution, without hitch or hindrance, in short, obeys the laws (so far as a king is required to obey them) cheerfully and unquestioningly, goes far to enhance the reverence in which he is held and the respect that the nation shows him. But it is not that. It is the personality, the individuality of King Edward that it has become the fashion to applaud and esteem. Everybody does it without exactly seeming to know why. It is of common opinion that he is wise and just, is a man of infinite tact and sound judgment, and knows always the right thing to do when called upon to act in any matter. Moreover, he is tireless. He is always doing something—of course for the good of his kingdom and his empires beyond the seas. So we read, at all events. We don't know, of course. How can we? But we read all about it, and by what we read—written presumably by those who know—we form our opinions. That great modern power, that marvelous up-to-date authority on all subjects—the man in the street—gets all the information upon which he bases his opinions from the newspapers, and chiefly, almost entirely, from the half-penny papers. There he sees the king's virtues and great deeds set forth with a lavish hand. He reads of the king doing things, of which, but for his "latest edition," he would remain forever in profound ignorance. In fact, he would have precious little on which to form an opinion of his august sovereign did not he have his *Express* or his *Mail* to enlighten him on the subject. He doesn't depend upon the big papers at all. He never, practically, sees the *Times* or the *Telegraph*, unless, should he choose to take the trouble, over another man's shoulder in the group which usually surrounds these papers on the files at the free libraries. Not that he would learn much from their columns if he did. The *Times* is far too dignified to boom anybody, and certainly too conservatively orthodox to deal in personalities concerning the king. As for passing judgment upon any of his acts, or even hazarding an opinion of the faintest description in his favor—most assuredly not against him—it would not dare; and the *Telegraph* is pretty much the same. I have not mentioned the *Morning Post*. But that paper's attitude toward royalty is, and ever has been, to ignore the king's existence as a human being. He is something above, beyond, and apart from mankind—something to be mentioned, never commented on. Queen Victoria was always treated like that, and so is King Edward. Such are the *Morning Post*'s traditions. So you see, if you want to know about King Edward as an ordinary man, you must read the *Express* or the *Mail*.

Both these papers, you might say, began their careers by putting the king in touch with the people. It is true, he was only the Prince of Wales when this started, but all his doings were exploited all the same. The aged queen was not a very attractive figure for sensational articles. However, as much of her daily life as could be was wormed out of the royal servants as a framework for embellishment, more or less accurate, as the good taste or conscientious scruples of the "representative" permitted. But when King Edward ascended the throne was when the advertising of his movements, his thoughts, his opinions, his characteristics, his individual tastes, began in dead earnest. These descriptions were generally interlarded with complimentary comments. Gradually the subject-matter got used up. You grew tired of reading about the king's clothes and cigars, his favorite dishes and things like that. And so a systematic form of laudation became the rule. By degrees the *Mail* began to let up. It never did quite go the pace of the *Express*. Anyhow, Harmsworth seemed to think he could find more readable stuff to put before his readers than the daily doings of "our wise king" and "our beautiful queen," for Queen Alexandra came in for a big share of the butter. Besides, I understand that Harmsworth had got a gentle hint by wireless telegraphy that that baronetcy was safe. But Pearson still goes on with it. "Edward the Peacemaker" first saw the light in the columns of the *Express*. And day after day the booming goes on. People really in the know, laugh. Others, with good memories, wonder.

The majority, however, seem to swallow it all, and follow the *Express*'s lead like sheep.

There can be no doubt that King Edward does his best. He is a man of much tact—not infinite tact, by any manner of means. His tact is about that of the man who knows enough to go in when it rains, and his acumen reaches the standard of knowing the side of his bread on which the butter is spread. He is aware of the value of popularity—especially to a king. But to call him great, or to put him on the same plane with President Roosevelt, whose recent message to Congress is one of the grandest state papers ever penned by a statesman, would be simply grotesque. As a man said to me the other day: "You and I who remember 'Tummy' in the seventies and eighties can't somehow get it through our wool, can we? Upon what meats doth this our Caesar feed, that he is grown so great?"

I told him he'd better write to the *Express* and ask.
COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 17, 1904.

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP.

Good Advice to Budding Writers.

We believe it was that brilliant and unfortunate Irishman, Oscar Wilde, who predicted that the time would come when it would be considered a distinction not to have written a hook. Doubtless he was right. But that time is not quite yet, and meanwhile writers multiply with the cheerful fecundity of rabbits, and "How to Become an Author" is a title that catches the eye and rivets the attention alike of youths in their nonage and of nonagenarians.

Sufficing proof of this is the annual publication now of an "Author's Year Book" designed as a guide to nascent literary genius. Besides a list of six hundred publications that accept manuscripts (in which list the *Argonaut* is described as a "high-class literary weekly fond of unique short stories"), there is a list of hook publishers and notes on copyright. There are also chapters of instruction and advice from writers of experience on placing manuscripts.

Some of these chapters of advice are interesting. The writer of that entitled "Authors and Business," for example, tells some amusing anecdotes to illustrate his contention that "business ability" is a highly desirable adjunct to literary skill. "A certain writer, noted for his humorous efforts, and also for his ability as a versifier, offered," he says, "a comic poem to *Puck*. It was rejected. Thereupon he changed the last stanza, making a serious poem of it, sent it to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and received a good price for it." This, we should say, not only illustrates the necessity that a writer have "business ability," but also brass-riveted nerve.

Another story is of a writer whose reputation as a literary critic "extends over Europe as well as America." He sent an article to the *Century*. Mr. Gilder thought it was too long, though otherwise acceptable, and asked the author to cut it down. The author thereupon cut out one division of the article treating of one particular phase of the subject, and sold the cut article to the *Century*. Then he went to work and amplified on the part which he had cut out, making it an exhaustive discussion of that phase of the subject, and sold it to another magazine.

A third example of what is meant by business ability in authors is that of a poet who began his career by having everything he wrote rejected. He continued writing, storing away his rejected stuff, and sending his latest efforts to the magazines. Finally several were accepted, and somewhat talked about. Then he fished forth from the recesses of his desk some of the poems long before rejected, and sent them out. A number of them were accepted on sight on the strength of his late successes.

Emphasis is laid by this same adviser of authors on the necessity of being a constant reader of the periodicals, so that the writer shall know what kind of matter will suit each editor, and not waste his time and his postage-stamps in sending the *Century* matter which can be sold only to *Scribner's*.

One chapter of the "Author's Year Book" gives the views of editors of magazines on several always-interesting literary topics. It is the opinion of nearly all magazine editors that "timely" articles are being used with increasing frequency in the magazines. Regarding serials, the general idea seems to be that they are less in favor than they used to be. As to magazine poetry, Mr. Bok points out pertinently that "no magazine of general literature has ever published so little poetry as the *Ladies' Home Journal*; still we live!" When one considers that Mr. Bok's paper has a circulation of close on a million, his reply has almost crushing weight. Still, for our part, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Johnson, of *Century*, that "the American people, in spite of their commercialism, have much sentiment." He adds: "I believe that, in a more or less shamefaced way, they are fond of verse, and that this taste will increase as we get better poetry." It is interesting to note that a very large proportion of the articles printed in the big magazines are

ordered. One-third of those printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* during a given year were the result of direct editorial suggestion. More than three-fourths of the articles published in *McClure's* represent the ideas and suggestions of the editorial staff, and four-fifths of the articles printed in the *North American Review* are ordered by the editors.

Albert Bigelow Paine, who is the author of a number of books, and who has been the editor of several periodicals, advises the would-be author to typewrite his manuscript and have it clean; also, to put it into a stout envelope and address it to the editor of the publication. "In my experience," he says, "the only manuscripts that have been lost are those that have been sent to the editor in person, or to some member of the staff."

Mr. Paine says that he believes he has a personal acquaintance with every New York [manuscript] reader and editor, and knows something of the relations existing between them. "This being the case," he adds, "when I have a manuscript to offer, I offer it in the usual way, without even an accompanying note, unless it is something timely, requiring immediate decision. Nor has my acquaintance the slightest influence upon its fortune. Indeed, I sometimes think that my warmest editorial friends have taken the keenest pleasure in turning me down. They might, perhaps, have had some delicacy in the matter had I been a stranger. As it is, they have not hesitated to tell me that a certain poem or story was 'pretty bad stuff,' and that I would better go back and do something like I did last year, or last month, or at some other unseasonable portion of the dead and dusty past."

Mr. Paine further remarks that the old tradition is that manuscripts are not fairly considered, but in his long experience he has never found a place where tradition agrees with the facts. Speaking for himself, he declares that he has had stories and poems returned to him as many as fifteen times, only to place them at last in a better market than had been hoped for in the beginning. "The author who gives up after one rejection, or two, or ten, is not worthy of the name."

But if perseverance in firing manuscripts back at the editors is good, perseverance in rewriting your manuscript is better. Mr. Paine cites this case in point:

"I once offered to the *Century* a story over which I had grown rather enthusiastic. A few days later I met Mr. Gilder.

"That is a good idea of yours," he said. "It ought to make a better story."

"But don't you think it is a good story?" I asked, rather crestfallen.

"Well, it is a pretty good story," he admitted, "but nothing like as good as the idea."

"I took the manuscript home and flung it into my desk. It was six months before I looked at it again. When I did, I began to see faults. Then I began to want to correct them. Presently I did make some changes. Then I rewrote the whole story. A week later I had a very satisfactory check for it. The story appeared in the *Century*, February, 1902."

"Story Writing for Girls," "Books Waiting to Be Written," "Short Story Writing as a Means of Livelihood," "Warnings to Dramatic Authors," and "How to Make Plays Readable," are the titles of some other interesting chapters in the "Author's Year Book."

Published by the Press of the Rose Jar, New York; \$1.00.

John Corhin, after a year with the *New York Times* as dramatic critic, has gone over to the *Sun*. Adolph Klauber takes the place vacated by Mr. Corbin.

A New London Theatre.

The Coliseum, just opened in London, is one of the largest and most magnificent theatres in the world. It is to be open from midnight until midnight, with continuous entertainment. The stage is eighty-five feet deep by one hundred and forty wide, and the central portion is fitted as a revolving stage, comprising three separate concentric tables, driven by electric motors, a device which will be of great service in the production of spectacular effects that are to be made a specialty. Special arrangements are made for royalty. A separate entrance will be provided, and immediately the doors are opened the royal visitors will step into a beautifully furnished lounge. This will move along a track through the saloon into a large foyer, which contains the entrance to the royal box. Thus royalty will be cut off entirely from the public. The entertainment offered is high-class vaudeville. Full-page advertisements of the theatre have been appearing in the London papers.

Native-Born Singers.

The foreign-sounding stage-names adopted by grand-opera singers give the impression that few of them are Americans; but the fact is that a large number of them belong to the United States. Among these may be counted Emma Nevada, who was born Wixon, and adopted the name of her native State; Minnie Hauck, who was born in New Orleans; Emma Eames, who, although she was born in Shanghai, had American parents; David Bispham, who is a Philadelphian; Suzanne Adams, a native of Cambridge, Mass.; Lillian Nordica, born at Farmington, Me.; Mme. Homer, who came originally from Pennsylvania; Geraldine Farrar, who was reared in Melrose, Mass. Gertrude Rennyson, Pauline Waltmann, Lucille Hill, Florence Finlayson, Anna Hickisch, are all American-horn singers who have become famous.

Origin of "Hamfatter."

A correspondent to the *New York Sun* gives the following account of the origin of the word "hamfatter"—a term of derision applied to actors: "Years ago, before cold cream became a feature of the make-up box, actors used a preparation of ham fat for removing the crude grease-paint of their times. The less prosperous ones, for the sake of economy, contented themselves with the fat side of a ham skin, which they carried about and used just as a wood cutter does in greasing his saw. This practice had a disastrous effect on the complexion, and caused Thespians to be recognized at once by the cracked and discolored appearance of their faces. Hence the term 'hamfatter.'"

"Adrea," the new play by David Belasco and John Luther Long, with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title-rôle, was presented in Washington, D. C., on Monday night. The dispatches state that it was put on with a prodigious display of costumes and scenery, that Mrs. Carter is especially fitted to the leading rôle, and that the big company is efficient. The scene of the play is an island in the Adriatic Sea, the time about 500 B. C.

The costumes, properties, and scenery of the Bostonians were sold in Jersey City last week under attachment proceedings. They were valued at about \$10,000, and sold for \$635.

"Charley's Aunt" has been played 121,560 times.



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THE GLUTTONY OF READING.

Lord Rosbery's Humorous Speech on Books.

...the man of vigorous life among men, Lord Rosbery said, would beat the man of books always and at everything in this world.

The man of vigorous life among men, Lord Rosbery said, would beat the man of books always and at everything in this world.

The subject of indexes was one of the most humorously taken up by the British statesman and biographer of Napoleon in the course of his address.

...the man of vigorous life among men, Lord Rosbery said, would beat the man of books always and at everything in this world.

literature, but because she is afraid that Mrs. Brown across the street will get to read "The Castaway," "The Masquerader," or "The Prigal Son" before she does.

New Publications.

"Love Poems of Byron." The Lover's Library. John Lane. 50 cents.

"Voices and Visions: A Collection of Verse." by Franklin Baldwin Wiley. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"Commercial Law," by D. Curtis Gano, LL. M. American Book Company—a textbook for the lay reader.

"The Story of St. Paul: A Comparison of Acts and Epistles." by Benjamin Wisner Bacon, of Yale. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Hills of Freedom," by Joseph Sharts. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a story of ante-hellum days and the underground railway.

"The Misfit Crown," by Frances Davidge. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—a comedy-tragedy story of an English girl and her several lovers; a well-told tale.

"The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50—a historical novel of sixteenth-century France, written in Weyman's happiest romantic vein.

"The Awakening of Japan," by Akakura Kakuzo. The Century Company—a suggestive little book by a Japanese (who is a philosopher) on his country's history and its meaning.

"Players and Vagabonds," by Viola Roseboro. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—sincere and genuine stories of the stage by one who knows of it from experience; a book we recommend.

"The Negro: The Southerner's Problem," by Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25—a collection of magazine articles on this vital topic; they are written from the point of view of a Southerner.

"Orrain," by S. Levett-Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50—a tale of mediæval France, in which a lady fair, a rescuing knight, and a black-hearted villain are the chief figures; good of its kind.

"The Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches," by Felix E. Schelling. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$2.50—the diversion of a scholar; curious and interesting gossip about Elizabeth and her times.

"The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50—a fresh, humorous, and clever story of a gentleman who disguises himself as a coachman to win a pretty girl; it will amuse.

"Japanese Life in Town and Country," by George William Knox. Our Asiatic Neighbors Series. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.20—for a small book, a very good one; the author lived fifteen years in Japan, and the book is full of interesting facts.

"Women in the Fine Arts," by Clara Erskine Clement. Profusely illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$2.50 net—practically a biographical dictionary of a thousand or more women who have won a certain distinction in art between the seventh century B. C. and the present time.

An Intimate View of Swinburne.

In the columns of the London Daily Mail, Harold Regbie writes thus of "the greatest living poet," Swinburne:

Swinburne has sung no single song to the dawn of that wider science which is destined to unlock the mystery of consciousness and time. He has uttered no word which tells us that he is even aware of this portentous tide in the affairs of science.

The personality of the poet accounts for this mystery. He has lived for nearly thirty years under the same roof as and in the daily companionship of his "best and dearest friend," the man who may justly call himself a pioneer of our modern spiritual science; and yet he has been wholly untouched by the "renaissance of wonder."

I think he is the happiest creature under heaven. It is amazing to sit with him and listen to him. One feels breathless under the ceaseless rapture of his contentment. The tall forehead is clear like a summer sky; the violet eyes overflow with twinkling laughter; the lips, visible under mustache and beard of fading gold, huddle over with banter and quick merriment.

But he forces upon the mind the miracle of personality, and leaves one dumfounded. He is entirely without curiosity. He experiences not the smallest desire in the world to seek out the mysteries of existence.

That a mind so extraordinarily endowed can accept such a position—which tacitly implies a finality in science—and can rest his ardent soul in a creed so comfortless, barren, and untenable, is a miracle which will surely strike the future critic of the poems, and interest for long ages to come the careful student of genius.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

- MECHANICS' LIBRARY. 1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston. 2. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason. 3. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London. 4. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous. 5. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw. MERCANTILE LIBRARY. 1. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason. 2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston. 3. "The Son of Royal Langbrith," by William D. Howells. 4. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London. 5. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford. PUBLIC LIBRARY. 1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston. 2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London. 3. "Double Harness," by Anthony Hope. 4. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford. 5. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

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San Mateo, Cal. St. Margaret's Suburban School Home and day school for girls. Academic and college preparatory courses. Special advantages in music, art, Athletics, hockey, basketball, etc. Illustrated book of information. Second term opens January 10th. ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Posthumous Volume of Verse.

"A Voice from the Silence" is the exquisite title of a posthumous volume of verse and prose pastels by Charles Philip Nettleton. The author was a Californian, had written verse and essays in prose for various periodicals, and at the time of his death had entered the San Mateo School of Divinity. In memoriam, his friends—Ina Coolbrith, Isahel Darling, and the Rev. Hamilton Lee—have prepared this book for publication. Mr. Nettleton had read widely, and his epigrams on authors are among the things in the book that hold the attention. Of Poe he wrote:

"Lo, 'tis a gala night with cypress-breath,
And these be wooded isles of life and death,
Where muffled spirits chant a dirge of time,
Melodious, wild, and morbidly sublime."

In this epigram on Marcus Aurelius there is both truth and wit:

"A Heathen? God have mercy on the saints!—
Adulterous David, Solomon who broke
God's sternest laws, weak Peter with three taints,
Abram, liar!—Marcus, lend these men thy cloak."

In more pretentious efforts, Mr. Nettleton was perhaps less bappy, though the parody on the poetry of Stephen Crane is quite perfect. But Mr. Nettleton was certainly happy in his friends: Isahel Darling's tribute, "Of Our Friend," which prefaces the volume, and Ina Coolbrith's "L'Envoi," both have not only a poetic grace and charm of their own, but they indicate that, whatever his achievement as a poet, the writer of this volume had at least the fortune to be greatly beloved and deeply mourned.

The volume has a frontispiece portrait of the author, and is published by A. M. Robertson; \$1.25; with the autographs of Ina Coolbrith, Edwin Markham, and Joaquin Miller, \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The death of Norman Maccoll, the distinguished editor of the *Athenaeum*, is greatly regretted in London literary circles, where he was a great force in accurate scholarship and intellectual judgment. He was seldom seen at public dinners or in private drawing-rooms, but he exerted a strong influence over his personal friends, and, like R. S. Hutton, the eminent editor of the *Spectator*, trained a brilliant staff of writers to work in his way and promote the interests of art and literature.

In Sir John Robinson's "Fifty Years of Fleet Street," he tells how Sir Arthur Sullivan offered to sell outright the song, "The Lost Chord," for two hundred and fifty dollars, "but, fortunately for him, his offer was declined, and he retained the copyright, out of which he got a very large sum from first to last. One curious thing he mentioned with regard to the song. There is an absurd blunder in it. The words are, 'I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great Amen.' Now, Amen is a word of two syllables, so that there must have been two chords. He did not notice this, he said, until after the song had been sung in public, and he was terribly afraid he would get laughed at for it. Strange to say, nobody ever seemed to have found it out."

The Fleming H. Revell Company will shortly issue a volume entitled "The Culture of Simplicity," by Malcolm J. McLeod. The author is a Canadian, who is now living in Pasadena.

The new Hillcrest edition of Mark Twain's complete works, which Harper & Brothers are publishing, will fill twenty-three volumes. Mr. Clemens has written a special preface for this uniform edition, and there is also a biographical criticism by Brander Matthews. An interesting feature is a series of portraits of the author reproduced from photographs and paintings made approximately at the periods when the different books were written. The list of illustrators includes the names of many well-known artists.

Mrs. L. T. Meade, whose new novel, "Love Triumphant," has just been published in England, is probably the most prolific of English women writers; she has published over two hundred novels, her first novel having been published when she was seventeen. She is the child of an Irish clergyman, and at eighteen came to London, and almost from the start found a ready market for her wares. She is now married, and has three children, but keeps grinding out fiction more industriously and more successfully than ever. Mrs. Meade thinks nothing of turning out eight thousand words a day.

Miss Adeline Sergeant, one of the best-known of British women novelists, died recently, aged fifty-three. She had an enormous girl public, which she kept well supplied with stories. She was writing for twenty years, and writing rapidly—in one week her output was sixty thousand words. She began to write at eight, published a poem at thirteen, and issued a volume of verse at sixteen. She went to no school, but "did lessons" with her mother, and she attributed a great

deal of her early gift to the influence of the free country life of her childhood. As a child she had no playfellows and no children's books, but she had her father's library to herself, and she learned the poets almost by heart. She read everything—"I simply gorged myself with novels of all sorts," she said, "and no control was ever exercised over my reading."

France is now celebrating the centenary of Sainte-Beuve, the prince of all critics, whose birth occurred December 23, 1804. It has this month to pay tribute also to two other writers, both famous in their different ways. Eugene Sue and Jules Janin were both born in December, 1804.

In the nomination of George R. Horton, of Illinois, for the United States consulship at Athens, Greece, President Roosevelt has honored another literary man who, by writing a book, attracted the attention of the President. Mr. Horton is well known in Chicago as a newspaper man, and is the author of a novel entitled, "Like Another Helen." As its title indicates, the scene of the story is in Greece. Mr. Horton got the material and atmosphere in Athens some years ago, when he served there as consul under President Cleveland. His return to Athens, it is expected by his friends, will be followed by another novel with a Grecian flavor.

Werner Laurie hopes to publish in London in January Dr. Alexander Japp's book, entitled "R. L. Stevenson: A Record, Estimate, and Memorial," which will contain a number of hitherto unpublished letters from Stevenson.

According to Joseph M. Rogers's new book, "The True Henry Clay," Clay was much like other men of his day. He gambled and drank, as was the Kentucky custom, and he was something of a duelist, although the killing of Hamilton by Burr sobered him on this subject. He was rarely seen under the influence of liquor, and only on one occasion is it recorded that he played recklessly, and then lost eight thousand dollars at a sitting. On one occasion a friend said to Mrs. Clay: "Isn't it a pity your husband gambles so much?" "Oh, I don't know," the old lady replied, demurely; "Mr. Clay usually wins."

It is reported from London on good authority that Winston Churchill has written a life of his father, and that part of it is already in type. This is a book which has been in the air, so to speak, for at least two years past, the original statement being discredited by the fact, as explained by the family and especially by the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, Winston Churchill's grandmother, that the papers of Lord Randolph Churchill were not then in his son's possession, and that they would not be made available to him for such purpose. It is possible, as the *Athenaeum* observed some months ago in referring to the rumors then regarding the matter, that deaths in the family and other changes may have modified what was at the time the opinion of the Marlborough family that the hour had not then come for writing a biography of Churchill.

A Literary Menu.

The menu of the last annual dinner of the Literary Association of California is a curious, clever, and amusing document. It was as follows:

- CATALOGUE.
- Eastern oysters on the half-shell
- Children of the sea
- Sauterne
- In the cheering-up business
- Mock turtle soup
- The masquerader
- Crah salad
- To-morrow's tangle
- Olives farcie
- Without the pit
- Salted almonds
- Salted with fire
- Celery en branche
- Stalky & Co.
- Bataliere of fine sole, sauce Remoulade
- Fisherman's luck
- Claret
- Rulers of kings
- Pommes Duchesse
- From the man with the hoe
- Filet Mignon aux Champignons
- Strength of the weak
- Petit Pois
- Out of due season
- Punch a L'Imperial
- Punch, brothers! punch with care!
- Roast spring chicken farcie au Cresson
- and play
- Haricot Verts
- No new thing
- Appollinaris
- Virginibus puerisque.
- Romaine salad
- What will he do with it?
- Neapolitaine ice-cream
- Daughter of the snows
- Assorted cakes
- Many inventions
- Cheese and crackers
- How the other half lives
- Café Noir
- All's well that ends well.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Where Hugo Drew from Herodotus.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 5, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: It has frequently been said that there is nothing new under the sun, and the following incident proves: "Victor Hugo, in his wonderful story of "Ninety-Three," relates an episode of a carromade on the lower deck of a ship getting loose. He describes, as only he can, the efforts to recapture it, how it acted as if a thing of life, rushing from one side of the deck to the other, knocking down men in its wild career; the throwing down of mattresses, which it rushed over as if they were only pieces of paper, and of finally, how the gunner, by risking his life, arrested it and securely lashed it, so it could do no further harm.

After the excitement due to the accident had somewhat subsided, the men were paraded on the deck, and the commander desired the man who finally succeeded in capturing the gun to stand out from his fellows that he might be rewarded for his bravery, when he pinned the cross of St. Louis on his breast. All the crew cheered. Then the commander said: "I desire the man whose carelessness caused this terrible misap to step out." No one moved, but the same man who a moment before had been decorated, remained where he was. "Is it you?" And the man bowed his head. After a moment's hesitation, the captain said: "Carelessness is sometimes as dangerous as treason. If that gun had not been secured when it was, it might have destroyed this vessel, and thereby the king would have lost a valuable ship and a number of brave men, for we would all have been drowned; therefore, for the purpose of guarding against another like piece of carelessness, the maintenance of discipline, and to make an example, I order that you be hanged at once to the yard arm." It was done.

We had always supposed that this was one of the flashes of genius of the great author, until one day we happened to come across the following story in Herodotus, with which, of course, Victor Hugo was perfectly familiar: After the Battle of Salamis, Xerxes was in full flight for Asia, and the overcrowded vessel on which he was, so the story ran, was laboring in the storm. Xerxes, getting frightened, asked the captain if there was any chance for safety. "None," said the captain, "unless the vessel is lightened of some of its passengers." Whereupon Xerxes, turning to the Persians, exclaimed: "Now is the time to show your loyalty to your king, for on you my safety depends," and without a word the well-trained courtiers made obeisance, and leaped into the sea.

Thus unburdened, the ship arrived safely in port; whereupon Xerxes presented the captain with a golden crown for having saved the king's life, and then ordered his head cut off for having caused the death of so many noble Persians! Respectfully,
C. T. D.

An important experiment is to be made by a professor connected with Prince Khilkoff's Russian ministry of public works and railways. It is to translate Booker T. Washington's book, "Up From Slavery," into Russian for the benefit of the Russian people, country nobles as well as ex-serfs. The former have been often compared with Southern gentlemen who were made poor by the emancipation proclamation, and the present state of the Russian mujik is considered by sociologists to be very little different from that of the American negro.



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Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, Corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 710 Market Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1904, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1904, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1905.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK, S. W. CORNER Bush and Montgomery Streets.—For the half year ending with December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905. Deposits bear interest from date received.
FREDERICK H. CLARK, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONTGOMERY STREET, Mills Building.—For the half year ending December 31, 1904, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 3, 1905.
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

301 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

Has declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31, 1904, of 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent. on term deposits, and 7 per cent. on class "F" installment stock.
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President
WM. CORBIN, Secretary

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MARKET STREET AND GRANT AVENUE



"The Darling of the Gods" affords perhaps the most aesthetically beautiful series of stage pictures and illusions that we have ever yet seen on the boards. The play is the fruit of the union of Belasco's talent, with its direct and business-like recognition of the value of theatrical effect, and a talent of another and more idealized kind. It is John Luther Long who has been able to inform the play so thoroughly with the spirit of old Japan. And it is Belasco whose talent for construction has put it into practical shape; and whose genius for theatrical art has made it possible for us to gaze with Occidental eyes upon this rich and strange panorama of Oriental life and thought that dazzles by the wealth of the resources employed. Whether or not it gives us a faithful presentment of the Japanese spirit, traditions, manners, and morals—and many well-informed critics, some of them Japanese, have averred that it does—the two collaborators have departed so completely from the beaten paths of tradition which govern the drama to which we are accustomed, that it is as good as fulfills that purpose. And, simultaneously, it puts the looker-on at a remoter point of sympathy than he is accustomed to. He becomes more an interested spectator than a sympathetic participant in the dramatic conflict. This, of course, is inevitable in witnessing plays that represent experiences and characters that are absolutely foreign to our own.

For this reason, not a jot of the superb spectacle is wasted. The sense of vision, the love of color, the pleasure in the *bizarre*, the novel, and the unknown, are all kept on the *qui vive*, alert for every fresh effect. Should the drama be divorced from its splendid setting and set before us unadorned and depending entirely on its innate strength and charm, the interest would inevitably wane.

The uneasiness that Blanche Bates, accustomed to the smaller theatres of New York, expressed concerning the production of the play in such a large theatre as the Grand Opera House, is partly justified. Those in the orchestra, who sit under the projection made by the overhead dress-circle, have difficulty, not only in hearing, but even in seeing. Much of the action transpires on a darkened stage, and the Oriental tendency to take to the floor and all-fours when strong emotion of any kind is expressed, is somewhat trying to the baffled American spectator, who hears unfamiliar voices coming from various dusky quarters on the stage, and is frequently obliged to ask himself, with a sense of injury, where they are at. When a stage is darkened, it is always done with a definite purpose. The spectator is frequently teased thereby, and in "The Darling of the Gods" he is obliged at tolerably frequent intervals to do some mental groping, to puzzle out identities, piece out meanings, and pick up mislaid clues. Yet his fancy is inevitably affected by this softening of realities which borrows from the physical darkness the quality afforded by the twilight of the imagination.

The lighting effects are very beautiful, but what, indeed, is not in this gorgeous presentation of a life exotic both to our time and mode of thought? John Luther Long's literary art may be recognized in many of the lines, even where unmistakable Belascoisms peep out. It is in comedy that Belasco always takes to the sledge-hammer, and one's skull tingles resentfully sometimes from the impact. It was Mr. Long, no doubt, who made the courtesan, in defining her status, say that she was "one who was dedicated to love." An optimistic and euphemistic way of putting it, no doubt, but none the less effective.

The reference to "that large village of the United States," which, whether or not it really is, seems to be an anachronism in a play so antique in spirit, is no doubt inspired by Belasco, who always provides for the recurrence of laughter at certain intervals. So, too, his quality may be recognized in the foolish comedy of the love scenes, although Mr. Long, no doubt, lent a hand in infusing them with a delicate and tender sentiment.

The character of the Princess Yo-San, so full of a spring-like joy in youth, life, and love, is scarcely reminiscent of Belasco, who is happier in portraying the fleshiness of Du Barry or the love-inspired frenzy of a Zaza. But it was the guiding hand that molded the reconcilable elements into shape. The play of the two men could well have got on without the other, for the work which has had, if not equal, a prominent

share in giving the play its commercial value, and winning for it its enormous success.

As ever, Belasco is prodigal of magnificence. At a distance, it is impossible to take in the numerous costly and beautiful objects that give each setting its artistic value. If one is near enough, their individual beauty can be enjoyed and their value easily appreciated. At a distance, each has its share in adding to the general effect.

Later in the run, however, the management will probably find some difficulty in disposing of the more rearward seats downstairs which are trying in more ways than one, and which are, therefore, of much less money value than the more central and forward seats. From there, the closing tableau, depicting the celestial reunion of the lovers after the thousand years of expiation, can not be seen at all.

During the New York run of "The Darling of the Gods," some of the many comments seemed to indicate that George Arliss, who played the rôle of the minister of war, almost cast Blanche Bates into the shade. The bright California actress, however, is in no such danger of eclipse with her present associate. Mr. Bruning's voice is strongly nasal in tone, his enunciation monotonous and exasperatingly indistinct. So much so that every now and then the wearied and overstrained ear seems to be listening with amazement to a sudden burst of peculiar pigeon-French. Mr. Bruning was a member of the Eastern company, and as such evidently took points from George Arliss in the matter of make-up, for his, although unnoticeable at a distance, is excellent when viewed from closer quarters.

Mr. Eugene Ormonde is in speech and bearing a dignified Kara, with a touch of Oriental character imparted to his features by his head-dress and make-up, and with an Oriental impassivity of expression and gesture that greatly assist in lessening the Americanism of his appearance. He has been considered rather a wooden actor in other rôles, but as Kara, the outlawed prince, his cue is to wrap himself up in a mantle of proud immobility in the face of peril and suffering, that does away with all necessity of vivacity of action. Mr. Ormonde carries his Japanese dress gracefully, and in the matter of looks completely satisfies all romantic requirements.

Mr. Wessells, as the incensed father of the daring princess, lets himself go more, and rather suggests an old Roman, with his white hair, his wrathfully fluttering garments, and the resonant anger that forces the daughter to swear to her chastity before the *kaimyo* of her dead mother.

In a play of this kind, which deals with a mingling of the imagined drama of an alien race and of realistic details which have the appearance of being faithfully copied from life, illusion comes and goes. It is to many, most incomplete during Blanche Bates's first scene, for the simple reason that the playwrights, in order to secure dramatic effect, have made the princess assert herself in a manner that is utterly foreign to the Japanese woman, he she princess, *geisha*, or peasant. An actual Yo-San would no doubt either be regarded as an emancipated female crank or a dangerous revolutionary in the land of her birth. Belasco and Long did wisely, however, in departing from the national *Griselda* type, which would not take with an American audience. I recall with amusement the disdain of an American girl in her teens who, in my presence, was once making her first acquaintance with the story of the original *Griselda*. The independent blood in her American veins fairly sizzled with impatience and wrath as she read of the patient *Griselda's* unquestioning obedience, and she felt an intense desire to seize that meek and long-suffering matron by the scruff of her neck and land her forcibly into the middle of the twentieth century.

The illusion of the play is well preserved in the sword-room, which forms a richly suggestive background to a series of highly dramatic scenes, the setting is so magnificent, so utterly foreign, so completely Japanese. The figure of Kato, the fisher of carp, is as intensely so as anything in the play, and the scene of Scarpin tortures that follow bears an interest that is strongly enough to outweigh the suggestion of familiarity in the situation. Leslie Preston's *geisha* again blurs the illusion. Well as she speaks her lines, they made an injudicious

choice in selecting a woman so tall and so utterly at variance with the Japanese type.

In Blanche Bates's case, she has surmounted all physical difficulties quite triumphantly. She does not impress one as being too tall, and her make-up is very clever. She has aimed at indicating the rosebud freshness and enchanting innocence of early girlhood, and with an inverted Japanese peak at the centre of the forehead, and with some touches about the eyes and mouth, has given a piquantly Japanese character to her features.

Miss Bates's art has developed to the extent that she can at last shake herself out of her own identity. That mental and physical exuberance which has always been so marked a characteristic of hers, and which, in her more inexperienced days, found vent in an inartistic and unmeaning restlessness, has at last been cabined, criehed, and confined. Her temperament shows in her impetuous ways and quick movements, but these harmonize with the youth and gayety of spirit of the lovely Yo-San, hedged in by tradition, but ruled by love. Miss Bates's voice, too, has changed, and is particularly soft, pleasing, youthful in tone, and full of caressing inflections. In spite of her popularity and her well-established reputation, her acting still lacks in distinction, and in that last touch of authority which we accept as final. But she has developed greatly, and is now easy, assured, and well-balanced in the expression of her art. One does not think of her, however, as being the main feature of the performance, even though she is the most important figure in it. It is its totality that impresses: the totality of wonderfully united and harmoniously working details. They are of so many kinds that it is difficult to specify. A steady appeal is made to the sense of beauty. Even in the torture scene, the torture chamber is out of sight, and the victims remain unseen.

But added to the delights afforded the vision, the ear heeds with pleasure the many appeals that are made to it. The incidental music is both appropriate and constantly pleasing, and one continually hears odd and alien sounds that tend to give distinction and character to the stage pictures, the clang of gongs, the clashing of unfamiliar instruments, and numerous peculiar and unintelligible summonses and commands for attendants. At intervals all through the performance voices in the distance are heard playing on the native instruments and singing Japanese songs. Incense, too, gives its aid in lulling the senses into a pleased acceptance of the harmony of color, sound, and perfume. The drill of the subordinate members of the company and the supernumeraries is wonderfully exact and precise, yet the players constantly give the effect of acting spontaneously from the thought or command of the moment. And over all this picturesque and gorgeously beautiful representation of a life, that even in the expression of the primal emotions is so absolutely alien to our own, there falls with appropriate splendor a magnificent Japanese curtain of heavy black satin wrought in silver and gold with a scattered pattern of the medallion-shaped crests of the *daimyos*, whose futile and feudal heroism is commemorated in this drama of the Orient that has been evolved by Occidental enterprise.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mrs. Brown Potter's appearance in London in a dramatization of "Pagliacci" has met with entire success.

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Last week of the Tivoli success,
== KING DODO ==
 Begins Monday evening, January 2d.

Grand-Opera Season opens on Monday, January 9th. Company of 125. Seats on sale January 4th.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

To-night, Sunday night, and all next week. Special holiday matinee Monday, January 2d. Regular matinee Saturday. Henry W. Savage offers George Ade's musical satire,

THE SULTAN OF SULU
 January 9th—Warde and Kidder in **Salamambo.**

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar."
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New Year's week, commencing Monday, January 2d. Opening with holiday matinee Monday. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company will appear for one week more in the only authorized production of

== OLD HEIDELBERG ==
 Richard Mansfield's version. A magnificent triumph. Evenings, 25c to 75c. All three matinees 25c to 50c. Monday, January 9th—**Lost River.**

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinée to-day. Special holiday matinee next Monday. Only two more weeks. David Belasco presents **BLANCHE BATES** in the drama of Old Japan.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS
 By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

Thursday next, special matinee, Blanche Bates in double bill, **Madame Butterfly** and **My Aunt's Advice.**

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Special matinee Monday, January 2d, and all that week, with the usual matinees on Saturday and Sunday, of the great metropolitan melodramatic success,
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The den of thieves. The clever detective. Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. To follow—The Central Theatre stock company in a real old-time minstrel show, "It is to laugh."

Orpheum
 Week commencing Sunday Matinée, January 1st. (Special Matinée, Monday, January 2d). The Four Rards, America's Greatest Athletes; and last week of the Great Orpheum Road Show, headed by McIntyre and Heath in a new act.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c and 50c.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of "King Dodo."

The last week of "King Dodo" at the Tivoli Opera House begins on Monday evening, January 2d. The last "King Dodo" matinee occurs on Saturday, January 7th. There will be special New-Year's Day matinees on January 1st and 2d (Sunday and Monday), and the farewell "King Dodo" performance on Sunday evening, January 8th. The Tivoli will have a grand-opera season, to begin on Monday evening, January 9th, by a company of over one hundred people, imported direct from Italy by the Mexican Government. It was the original intention of the directors of this organization to go direct to Havana after the conclusion of their engagement in the Mexican capital, but the authorities in Havana consented to a month's postponement of their grand-opera season, and the big company will be brought intact by a special train to San Francisco, returning direct to Havana at the conclusion of their engagement here. The full list of principals is as follows: Sopranos—Signora Tettarazzini, Signora Berliudi, Signora Flory, and Signora Bettini; mezzo-sopranos and contraltos—Signora Claessens and Signora Marchi; tenors—Signor Colli, Signor Bazelli, Signor Prosin, and Signor de Marcho; baritones—Signor La Puma, Signor Romboli, and Signor Rossi; bass—Signor Rossi, Signor Mugnoz, and Signor Cervi; conductors—Signor Pollacco, Signor Golisciani, and Signor Longo. There is a large chorus, composed of Italian singers, and an orchestra which, when increased by the addition of some specially engaged players of the Tivoli orchestra, will number fifty. The total force of artists, chorus, orchestra, and others engaged in the productions will be one hundred and twenty-five. The complete repertoire to be presented during the engagement will include "Faust," "The Pearl Fishers," "Mignon," "Manon Lescaut," "Lakme," "Rigoletto," "Sonambula," "La Traviata," "Dinorah," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Lucia," "Puritani," "The Barber of Seville," "La Tosca," "Adrian Lacouviere," "Fedora," "André Chenier," "Zaza," "Carmen," and "La Bohème." The sale of seats for the first week of the season will open at the box-office of the Tivoli Theatre on Wednesday morning, January 4th.

Up to Expectations.

"The Sultan of Sulu," the musical comedy by George Ade, remains the attraction at the Columbia for another week. There will be a special holiday matinee on Monday, and the last performance will be given on Sunday evening, January 8th. "The Sultan of Sulu" has come up to expectations, and reveals itself a bright, merry, and tuneful piece, with some good people in the cast, including Thomas Whiffen, Walter A. Lawrence, and Maude K. Williams. The next attraction at the Columbia will be Frederick Warde and Katherine Kidder in "Salammbô," described as a spectacular melodrama of the highest class. The action of the play concerns a period in the history of ancient Carthage, and it was dramatized from Flaubert's work by Stanislas Stange.

Miss Bates in Special Matinee.

Blanche Bates has drawn large crowds to the Grand Opera House to witness David Belasco and John Luther Long's drama of old Japan, "The Darling of the Gods." There will be a matinee to-day (Saturday) and an extra holiday matinee Monday next of "The Darling of the Gods," the run of which is limited to two weeks more. Next Thursday Miss Bates will give a special matinee, when she will present, by request, a double bill, consisting of "Madame Butterfly," by David Belasco and John Luther Long, and the comedy, "My Aunt's Advice," which she wrote in conjunction with George Arliss.

Another Week of "Heidelberg."

The demand for seats has caused the Alcazar Theatre management to continue "Old Heidelberg" for another week, thereby postponing the production of "Lost River" to January 9th. "Old Heidelberg" is a delightful, heart-warming play, and none of its charm is lost through the work done by John Craig, Lillian Laurence, and others of the Alcazar stock company. Piner's problem play, "The Gay Lord Quex," is to follow "Lost River."

Additions to the Orpheum Aggregation.

The great Orpheum Road Show, which will begin the second and last week of its San Francisco engagement Sunday afternoon, January 1st, will be augmented for the farewell twelve performances by the four Bards, American athletes, who introduce balancing and acrobatic feats. These young men, all real brothers, do an act said to be beyond all ordinary powers of description. One of their feats is to throw a forward somersault off the hands of one man, held high in the air, over to another man, who catches the turning man on his hands, and balances him there. McIntyre and Heath will present another of their portrayals of the negro character; Clarice Vance will make an entire change of songs,

and Frank and Jen Latona will vary their musical specialty. Grace Palotta and her four Millinery Maids will introduce several additional novelties in her fetching act. Probst, the Great, will give a lot of new imitations, and Smirl and Kessner, Spessardy's bears and ponies, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme. There will be a special matinee on Monday, January 2d.

Bristling with Excitement.

"The Child Slaves of New York," a melodrama bristling with excitement, will be the bill at the Central Theatre, beginning Monday matinee. The great scene in it is a raid on a den of thieves in a grain elevator near the Hudson, and a stubborn fight. A full-sized police-tug is also a feature. There is much comedy in the piece.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Gadski Concerts.

Mme. Gadski gave her first concert here on Wednesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, under the auspices of the St. Francis Musical Society. Her next appearance will be on Tuesday night at the Alhambra Theatre. She will be assisted by Herr Selmar Meyrowitz, an eminent European conductor-pianist. Mr. Meyrowitz is one of the Wagnerian leaders at Carlsruhe, and his numbers will be his own transcriptions of Wagnerian scores. The programme will include two grand arias, one from Weber's Freischutz, and the other the beautiful one from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." The songs will be "Lotusblume," "Nussbaum," "Mondnacht," and "Widmung," by Schumann; "Ich Liebe Dich," by Beethoven; "Aus Meinem Grossen Schmerzen" and "Die Haide ist Braun," by Franz; "Fur Music" and "Murmeldes Luftchen," by Jensen; and a group of Schubert songs, including "The Erlking" and "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel." On Thursday night the programme will include a group of songs by American composers, and the beautiful "Samson and Delilah" aria. At the Saturday matinee an entirely Wagnerian programme will be given, including scenes from "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Gotterdammerung." The complete programmes may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats is now in progress. Prices are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

On the afternoon of January 8th, Ignace Paderewski, who has been playing in Oakland, will give a farewell performance at the Alhambra Theatre before starting for New Orleans. As Paderewski will not appear in San Francisco again for five years, music-lovers should not neglect this opportunity to hear him.

The English grand-opera season at the Columbia Theatre will open in February, and Henry W. Savage, in order to properly transport his company here, has engaged a special train comprising over a dozen cars. During the season no less than eight operas will be sung.

The next great pianist to visit us will be Vladimir de Pachmann, the greatest Chopin player in the world. His dates are January 25th and 27th, evenings, and Saturday matinee, January 28th. He comes under the sole direction of Will Greenbaum.

When Melba appears at the Alhambra Theatre she will have with her the remarkable young harpist, Sassoli. This artist is the protégé of the great diva, and accompanied her during her recent Australian trip.

Monday, January 2d, is the date of the New Year Handicap, to be run at the Oakland Track. It is a one-mile and a furlong race, for two-year-olds, with two thousand dollars added to the purse.

Winter's Disapproval.

William Winter, writing in the New York Tribune of Piner's "A Wife Without a Smile," says that it is "a paltry and tedious farce. . . . The piece seems to have been intended as a satire on popular theatrical frippery, and also as a contemptuous rebuke of those persons who have had the temerity to condemn its author's nasty plays of 'Tanqueray' and 'Iris.' Its satire, however, is so labored and pointless as to be quite innocuous, and its implied rebuke is only a peevish and abortive manifestation of wounded vanity. . . . The trick doll (a device of low Parisian origin), which was used in London, with intentionally offensive signification, is employed here with a difference. The doll is suspended, but it is not wiggled; the suggestion of impropriety is provided, but the actual exhibition of it is withheld. . . . Frank Worthing, as Webbmarsch, gave a fine example of the art of burlesque—presenting an absurd personality, bombastic and loquacious, with absolute and profound solemnity."

Lillian Nordica, who has been singing Kundry in "Parsifal," says: "In my opinion, 'Parsifal' does not compare with Wagner's earlier operas. It was written by a man almost in his dotage. It had been the dream of his life to write a great religious work, and with that idea in mind the woman was a secondary consideration. 'Parsifal' can not be compared with the ring, with 'Lohengrin,' 'Tannhäuser,' the 'Meistersinger,' and 'Tristan and Isolde.'"

There is likely to be an Oscar Wilde boom among the London theatres. A revival of "Lady Windemere's Fan" is meeting with success, while Wilde's poetic drama, "The Duchess of Padua," is arousing great enthusiasm in Germany, and will probably be seen in London.

Margaret Anglin will begin an eight weeks' engagement at the California Theatre in March. The repertoire has not been announced.

Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.

Established in 1853.
Home Office, 401 California St.
CASH CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000
ASSETS.....6,000,000
SURPLUS.....2,200,000
Officers—WILLIAM J. DUTTON, President. BERNARD FAYMONVILLE, Vice-President. J. B. LEVYSON, Second Vice-President and Marine Secretary. LOUIS WEINMANN, Secretary. F. W. LOUGHEE, Treasurer. GEO. H. MENDELL, JR., Assistant Secretary. ROBERT P. FABJ, General Agent.

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Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn
Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.
Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000
Paid-Up Capital.....1,250,000
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 200,000
Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly instalments, similar to rents.
Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Director; Gavin McNab, Director.
CLARENCE GRANGE, Managing Director.
510 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, December 28, 1904.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1904, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 3, 1905.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohde, H. E. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-President.
ROBERT WATT, Vice-President.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.
Established March, 1871.
Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,155,755.03
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President
S. L. ABBOT.....Vice-President
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.
Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital.....300,000
Surplus.....235,000
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....9,000,000
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. STORV; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.
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FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO.
CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco
Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. O. A. HALE, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.
Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets.....5,172,036
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
216 Sansome Street. Department.

Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)
301 CALIFORNIA STREET.
Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00
Paid in Capital.....3,000,000.00
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Agent.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
Safe Deposit Building, SAN FRANCISCO

VANITY FAIR.

Flo Field, writing to the New Orleans Times-Democrat from New York, chats of Californians in that city, and says of our natives: "And the California women! Large, deep-bosomed, low-browed, with clear, regular features, classic types — Greeks, indeed. Women they are of frank and fearless minds; their virtues are big virtues, their movements are free, unconventional, graceful, again, classic. They are beautiful and splendid and big, but soulless. They are like the fruit with its lack of depth of taste. The men are fashioned on large lines; they are men, and they are poets and they are children; big eaters and good drinkers." She speaks thus of the homesickness of the transplanted Californians, and gives reasons therefor: "But the Californian is not quite secure in his island. In every Eden there lurks the serpent, and over the mountains there comes to him the call of the brilliant, busy East. As soon as he begins to accomplish something, to get to the top in his own land, he answers this call. He goes back, as his forefathers came forward, to win the world. He comes to New York. They all do. He looks for some warmth from the humanity, he looks for kindness, he looks for the great affairs that hugled to him so grandly from afar. And he finds, after he has said 'good-morning' for the seventh time to the man who occupies the desk next to his, that even courtesy does not belong to the flesh and blood machines about him, that the tongue of kindness is foreign here. And the great affairs, seen close to, are sordid, petty, full of deceit and imposition. The gray, finite sky above him, the hideous storms, the thunder and lightning, the ugly faces in the street and in the cars, the rudeness, the lack of hospitality, the lack of beauty or any sense of beauty or any sense of anything beyond a mean one for money, and a loathsome one for animalism—these things amaze, depress, frighten him. He is adrift upon a strange sea of monsters. Sometimes, but very rarely, the Californian in him dies. It is hard to kill, yet, in the end, after a long time, it becomes different. The fine freedom that gave him such big outlines, goes, and his other senses are fitted, little by little, to Eastern conventionalities, he expresses it in his work—and he is lost. He may go back to California, but he will go as a visitor, and the dim feeling of this, in time, will rend his heart."

The little Crown Prince Humbert of Italy, who was christened recently, had as godparents King Edward, supreme head of the Protestant church of England; Emperor William, a Lutheran; and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, a member of the Orthodox Greek rite; and his grandmother, Queen Marguerite, who was the only one of his four godparents who belonged to the Roman catholic church, into which he was baptized with water brought for the purpose from the River Jordan, that is always used for royal and imperial christenings, no matter what the rite. The British and German monarchs were represented by proxy, Prince Albert of Prussia, who is considerably over six feet in stature, towering above everybody present. Prince Nicholas was there in person. The fact that King Edward and Emperor William acted as godfathers to this scion of the house of Italy gives reasonable assurance of their future political sympathy, as sponsorships among royalty carry grave responsibilities with them. Queen Christina of Spain probably had this in mind when she invited Pope Leo the Thirteenth to be godfather to Alfonso, the present king, who was born six months after his father's death. The Pope not only was sponsor for the boy, but when trouble came up between Queen Christina and the Roman catholic church (trouble which the queen had foreseen) the Pontiff gave the Spanish episcopacy to understand that they must change their front—advice which they followed.

A New York Tribune writer states that there is one royal christening, and a very important one at that, which has remained a subject of profound mystery to the present day. It seems that no record exists of the baptism of Queen Victoria, who for more than three-score years was supreme head of the Church of England. State papers and archives of every kind have been searched in vain for documents of this character without success, and, what is more, there is no reference whatsoever to the celebration of any religious ceremony of this kind in the court intelligence of the newspapers of the period covered by the infancy and youth of her late majesty. It is the only instance in British history since the Norman Conquest of any such omission as this, records of every kind, and even those relating to the most trifling events in the lives of the various British monarchs, male and female, being preserved in the huge Public Records Building, in Chancery Lane, one of the treasures of which is the world-famed Doomsday Book. What is perhaps still more peculiar is the fact that there is no regular official record of even the christening of Queen Victoria, although in that in-

stance the absence of such a document is in a measure provided for by the announcement of her birth in the newspapers of the day, which add that a cabinet minister was present on the occasion, in accordance with the requirements of the law.

At the December dinner of the famous Gridiron Club, made up of Washington, D. C., newspaper correspondents, there were two hundred at table, the guests including Vice-President-elect Fairbanks, Henry Gassaway Davis, George B. Cortelyou, J. Pierpont Morgan, and a large number of distinguished senators. There was much mirth and merry-making, a chief feature of the evening being the visit of a fortune-teller to Miss Democracy, whom he found huddled up, trying to warm her hands over a sputtering candle. The soothsayer discovered that the lady's vote line was very short, that she had no head line at all, and that she had met with a great disappointment, having lost a favorite, named Missouri, in November. While the skits and jokes were mostly political, J. Pierpont Morgan came in for some good-natured grilling, which he enjoyed as much as anybody.

There is a queer marriage mix-up in Paris. A Mlle. L., about to be married, has discovered, on taking steps to publish the banns, that she is married already, for, when her elder sister was married, the name of Mlle. L. was put on the town-clerk's register by mistake. Consequently, the elder sister is not legally married to the man by whom she has several children. How the unfortunate family and the careless registrar will worry out this situation is a problem. It is well known that in France heaven and earth have to be moved before an error on a register can be corrected. The family of mademoiselle, or, rather, Mme. L., are seriously thinking that, instead of attempting to prove that she is not her sister, and vice versa, it will be simpler for her to divorce her brother-in-law, after which the latter will remarry his wife, who is now legally his sister-in-law, while mademoiselle will take unto herself a second husband, without having ever been married before. It is to be hoped there is a playwright in the family to turn the latter's tribulations to some account.

Andrew Lang has been talking about the feminine failing for "going somewhere." "Many persons have lately been discussing the question of church-going," he says. "Why do so few men go to church? The assemblage always, or most always, exhibits a large majority of women. But this is relatively unimportant, for women are always numerically preponderant in almost any non-political meeting within doors. Every lecturer, especially when his lecture is not a gate-money affair, knows that the sex supplies most of his audience. I have seen ladies devoutly attend a series of Hegelian lectures, while men stayed away, and that was in a university town. That the ladies understood what they heard I deem improbable in a high degree; the men knew that their intellects were unequal to tackling the lofty theme. The truth is that women love to assemble themselves together under a roof, and that men naturally dislike the process. At an afternoon performance or matinee in a theatre, there are far more bonnets than bare heads. Moreover, though woman often says that she 'has no time,' she really has more time at her disposal than man possesses—when she chooses."

The number of corset-makers in Paris is evidence that the majority of Frenchwomen, rich and poor, wear corsets made to fit them. If there is a defect in the anatomy, the maker atones for the defect by hollowing out here, filling in there, and giving the ensemble a smooth finish. A good corset in Paris costs anywhere from \$12 to \$20, though some of the prices are higher or lower. A particular kind of corset is always more expensive, for

the makers compel their customers to pay for a model which is out of the regular line. Kid is what the exquisites are ordering for their corsets now, and they declare that it is better than anything they have ever tried. It fashions beautiful stays, certainly, and those who wear them declare there is nothing softer or more yielding. All colors are in vogue, but the fawn or beige is the most durable as to color, though a kid corset cleans very well in soap and water. These corsets consist of one or two pieces of kid, with pieces of whale-bone concealed by casings. Plush is used as a lining to the steel and around the bust. The bust, if so ordered, is filled out with crinoline and is also lined with plush.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for December 22nd through 28th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week of December 28, 1904, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Bay Co. Power 5%, Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%, etc.

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the sugar stocks, which were traded in to the amount of 1,780 shares. They closed in fairly good demand, and prices were a shade better. San Francisco Gas and Electric shaded off slightly on small sales. Spring Valley Water has been steady, 175 shares changing hands at 39 1/2-40. Giant Powder was in good demand, closing at 63 1/2 bid, 63 3/4 asked. Sales of Anglo-California Bank were made at 88; Bank of California at 42 1/2. The Stock and Bond Exchange will adjourn from Friday, December 30, 1904, until Tuesday, January 3, 1905, at 10.30 A. M.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks. A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

Goodyear's "GOLD SEAL" RUBBER GOODS The Best Made

Advertisement for Goodyear's rubber goods including Mackintoshes, raincoats, boots, and shoes. Includes an illustration of a woman in a raincoat and the Goodyear Rubber Co. logo.

Advertisement for Hartshorn Shade Rollers, featuring an illustration of a person operating a roller and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Cook's Tours, listing destinations like Egypt, The Nile, The Holy Land, Greece, etc., and mentioning Thos. Cook & Son.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1905

Table listing various magazines and their subscription prices for 1905, including Argonaut and Century, Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine, etc.

Advertisement for Centemeri gloves, featuring an illustration of a hand in a glove and the text 'A GOOD GLOVE FOR A DOLLAR AND A HALF Centemeri 109 GRANT AVE. BET. GEARY AND POST STS.'

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A friend of Joseph Sharts narrates the following conversation overheard between two fellow-townsmen of the author: "Heard what Joe Sharts is doing now?" "Lawyer, aint he?" "No; he's cut that out now. He's writing fiction for a living." "What?" "Writing fiction—stories, you know." (After a solemn pause)—"Don't it heat thunder what some folks 'll do for a little money!"

Leslie Mortier Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, was at luncheon in the Hamilton Club of Chicago. The talk had turned to statesmen and politicians, when John M. Harlan said: "Mr. Secretary, what is the difference between a statesman and a politician?" Quick as thought came the answer: "It's the difference between the young man seeking a position and the boy looking for a job."

As it is Captain Frank Conn's business to build trolley roads, he always patronizes them on principle whenever possible and eschews cabs. The other day, a cab driver accosted him with the regulation, "Keh, sir, keh?" "How much to the Long Island ferry?" "Two dollars, sir." "No." "All right, sir; make it a dollar and a half." "Is that your lowest?" "Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?" "Oh, I suppose so." "All right then. Jump in." "Oh, I don't want a cab. I only wanted to find out how much I would save by taking a street car."

A London mother heard terrible shrieks from the nursery, and rushed up to inquire. In the middle of the floor sat Jackie and Ethel, voices uplifted. On the table sat the senior, Thomas, aged eight, with his mouth full. "What's the matter, children?" cried mamma. "Boo—o! we were playing Garden of Eden," soothed Ethel. "Yes," said mamma, picking Ethel up; "I told you the story yesterday. But why are you crying over it?" Ethel stopped her tears, and pointed furiously at the brother on the table. "God's eat the apple!" she shrieked.

Every school-boy is familiar with the saying of Benjamin Franklin, as the group of anxious-faced, yet loyal men, stood around to sign the immortal declaration of independence: "Now we must all hang together, or we'll all hang separately." But the rejoinder of the signer, Benjamin Harrison, to the above witticism is not so well known. Harrison, a portly man, looking down over his ample proportions, replied: "Yes, but when they drop us off at a rope's end, some of you lightweights will be kicking and suffering long after I'm done for."

Commissioner Woodhury, of the New York Department of Street Cleaning, tells this anecdote of a friend of his who was walking through Central Park the other day: Being in somewhat of a hurry, he started to cut across the grass at one place, but was stopped by a park policeman, who remonstrated with him. "What difference does it make?" asked the New Yorker; "the grass is half dead, anyway." "Sure, an' what if it is?" responded the indignant guardian of the peace; "if yez had a sick friend would yez be takin' a walk on his stomach?"

J. Stanley Todd, the portrait painter, was talking about the beggars of different lands. "I have met," said Mr. Todd, "beggars of every description—shy heggars, blustering ones, old heggars, robust ones—but the most remarkable beggar of the lot was a man whom I never met, yet whom I never, assuredly, will forget. All I saw of this heggar was his hat and his chair. The chair stood on a corner of the Rue St. Lazare, in Paris. The hat lay on the chair with a few coppers in it, and behind the hat was a placard reading: 'Please don't forget the heggar, who is now taking his luncheon.'"

Once, during his second term, Grover Cleveland was asked to speak at a function in a certain town, and when he arrived at the depot the wind was blowing a gale, sleet was driving, and hailstones nearly as large as marbles were fiercely falling. Of course, the inevitable brass band was there, and at the sight of the President the performers struck up with all the strenuousness at their command. "That is the most realistic music I ever heard," remarked Cleveland. "What are they trying to play?" asked Secretary Olney, who accompanied him. "Hail to the Chief!" replied the President, with a cheerful smile.

A teacher in an uptown school received the following from a complaining parent a few days ago: "SIR: Will you please for the future give my boy some cesier somes to do at nites. This is what he brought home to or three nites ago: if fore gallins of here will fill thirty to pint bottles, how many pint and half bottles will nine gallins fill? Well, we tried and could make nothing of it all,

and my boy cried and sed he wouldn't go hack without doing it. So I had to go an' buy a nine-gallin keg of here, which I could ill afford to do, and then we went and horrowed a lot of wine and brandy hottles, heside a few we had by us. Well, we emptied the keg into the hottles and ther were nineteen, and my boy put that down for an answer. I don't know whether it is rite or not, as we spilt some in doing it. P. S.—Please let the next one he water, as I am not able to huy any more here."

Bishop McVicker, of Rhode Island, told the members of the Boston Episcopalian Club one of the best of the Butler stories. Butler was on his way to Boston to try a case before Judge Shaw. A young friend met him on the train, and asked him if he might look at the notes on the case. Butler acquiesced. The young man, to his astonishment, saw written in pencil at the top of page 1: "Insult the judge." "You see," said Butler, "I first get Judge Shaw's ill will by insulting him in some way. Later in the case he will have decisions to make for or against me. As he is an exceedingly just man, and as I have insulted him, he will lean to my side, for fear of letting his personal feeling against me sway his decision the opposite way."

Magazine Stories a la Mode.

Pierre Risdeveau smiled at me contemptuously. I was but five foot high and weighed ninety-one pounds. I had never before been absent from my desk for more than twenty-four hours at a stretch, and here I was in Alaska.

"Sacrrr!" mumbled Pierre. Then he laughed. The crackling of his huge muscles sounded like volleys of musketry. The dogs moved uneasily, and Pierre kicked the nearest fourteen feet into the air.

"You go wit' me to the Pass," he cried. "You laugh, my hig friend," I answered; "you are hig. You think you do not know fear. But I tell you it is soul that packs loads and soul that enahles a man to walk, or mush, as you call it."

Pierre laughed again. "Sacrrr!" he swore. Like all French-Canadians he knew no other cussword.

We started. At the end of half a mile I was intolerably weary. My feet seemed like lead. I thought of lying down for a nap in the snow, but the mocking smile of Pierre and the low echo of "Sacrrr!" stung me into fresh effort.

Finally a mountain came into view. A wisp of cloud hung from it.

"Sacrrr!" exclaimed Pierre. "It will snow."

His face grew white. "That will cool the air," said I, assuming a bravado I did not feel. Pierre hit his lip.

Then the snow came. Blindly we staggered on, on, in the darkness. At the end of eighty miles Pierre lay down.

I was alone. It was ninety-three miles to the nearest road-house. Giving the dogs the last plug of dried fish from my pocket I pushed on alone.

Seven days later I staggered into Kelly's cabin. "Pierre—down—road," I murmured, and knew no more.

They found Pierre. Kind hands shook him gently. "Sacrrr!" he muttered, drowsily, "eet aint time geet up yet."

Anita had always lived on the range. Her father often said she was the best cowhoy he had.

She thought nothing of stooping out of the saddle and drinking from a stream as her pony tore wildly along the banks.

One day she heard news—great news. A sheepman had invaded the country. He was a young man with an eye-glass and a flock of two small lambs.

The cattlemen said he must die. Fifty of them surrounded the stranger, and hegan to fire volleys at him. Anita rode up to learn the cause of the shooting.

"Shame on you to shoot a tenderfoot," she cried, and urged her agile pony forward, dodging in and out between the hail of bullets. With easy grace she swung the sheepman from the ground, threw him across her shoulder, and galloped off.

The Vicomte de Table d'Hôte and his lovely wife entered their carriage. "Do you remember that day you save me from the cowboys?" he asked.

"Vous bettez," answered Anita, in her adorable Texas French.—*Wex Jones in Portland Oegonian.*

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, do you know the nature of an oath?" Tommy (wise beyond his years)—"Sure. It's human nature."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—WHEN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE BEST, look first at the reputation of the house that handles it. A. P. Hotaling & Co.'s whisky is the best on the market.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Another Record Broken.

Little Johnny's father's gun Was an ancient, rusty one; Johnny got it out one day; When his parents were away.

Merely wishing to be cute, He took aim and said he'd shoot; Said it to his sister Grace, Pointing at her pretty face.

Little Grace still has her bead, She was not filled full of lead; There was nothing in the gun That her brother aimed for fun.

—S. E. Kiser in Record-Herald.

The Moderate Resolver.

Resolved: That after Nineteen-four I'll keep my conscience clear; I'll flirt with bigballs never more— But nestle close to beer.

I'll save my automobile hire And travel in a car. And not a single Wall Street "flyer" Shall tempt my wealth afar.

I'll never raise the "ante" just To monkey with my fate; And I'll never, never, never bust A pair to fill a straight!

—Lurana W. Sheldon in New York Sun.

To An Indian Skull.

(Found in a Broadway excavation.) Gaunt relic with the vacant smile, What think you of Manhattan Isle Your tribesmen sold in trustfulness For thirty dollars, more or less?

My! if your legs were with you yet, You'd kick, I am disposed to bet, Because you sold out in a slump Before your stocks began to jump.

Step lively, please! this hallowed ground Ill suits your moldering rest profound; Since these God's acres have been sold For very near their weight in gold.

Where once your wigwam fluttered, see Yon million-dollar steel tepee— Where once your war-dance gave its thrill, Now flings the nightly vaudeville.

Here sat your god of wood and stone— Ah, bow his pagan time is gone! Now through the tweed-clad tribes is borne The Calf of gilded hoof and horn.

Where once your tribesmen trod the trail Behold the bansom smartly sail, Wherein the Johnnie sits alone, With skull as hollow as your own.

Well may you hear, with loosening teeth, The "L" above, the "Sub" beneath. The auto's toot, the rumbling van— Sleep on, poor relic—if you can!

—Wallace Irwin in Life.

Hints to Publishers.

Limp binding for a book of verse With lame feet is the proper paper. And story-writers should rehearse Absorbing tales on blotting paper.

—Philadelphia Post.

Raw Cream

Is inferior to Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in richness and delicacy of flavor. Peerless Cream is superior as a cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate, and general household cooking. It is the result of fifty years' experience with the milk problem.

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PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M. Philadelphia Jan. 7 | New York Jan. 21 *Zeeland, Jan. 14, 10:30 am | St. Louis Jan. 25 *Calling at Dover for London and Paris. Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool. Haverford Jan. 14 | Merion Feb. 11 Friesland Jan. 28 | Haverford Feb. 25

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE. NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba Jan. 7 | Manitou Jan. 21 Minnehaha Jan. 14 | Menominee Jan. 28

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS. (Calling at Dover for London and Paris.) Zeeland Jan. 14 | Vlanderland Jan. 28 Finland Jan. 21 | Kroonland Feb. 4

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL. Teutonic Jan. 11, 10 am | Baltic Feb. 1 Majestic Jan. 18, 10 am | Teutonic Feb. 8 Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool. Cymric Jan. 25 | Winifredian Feb. 8

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From Boston.

Canopic Jan. 7, 10:30 am; Feb. 18, 8:30 am Romanic Jan. 28, 3:30 pm; March 11, 1 pm

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Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, Dec. 31, at 11 A. M. S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Dec. 31, at 11 A. M. S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1905, at 2 P. M. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Louise Wagner, daughter of Mr. Joseph Wagner, to Mr. Thomas B. Eastland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emilie Plagemann, daughter of Mr. J. F. Plagemann, to Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, Jr.

The engagement is announced of Miss Susan Le Count, daughter of Mrs. J. T. Le Count, to Rev. David Evans.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Judkins, niece of Mrs. George H. Pippy, to Mr. J. P. Parkinson, of Seattle.

The wedding of Miss Marie Voorhies, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, to Captain Haldimand P. Young, U. S. A., takes place this (Saturday) afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 2111 California Street. Miss Florence Ives will be maid of honor, and Captain Sampson Faison, U. S. A., will act as best man. A reception will follow the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lolita McConnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers N. McConnell, to Mr. Robert Stockdale Grayrigge, will take place on Wednesday, January 11th, at Grace Church. Miss Dorothy Chapman will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Alice Eloesser, Miss Jeanne Galois, Miss Avis Sherwood, and Miss Lillian Hodghead. Mr. Walker Bours will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Alan Dimond, Mr. Warner Sherwood, Mr. Newton Andrus, and Mr. E. Thirkell.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin will give a dance on Friday evening, January 6th, at their residence, 2828 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fife and Miss Beatrice Fife gave a dinner on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Jeanette Deal, Miss Edith Muir, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Frederick Woods, Dr. Edmund Shortlidge, Mr. Gaston Roussey, and Mr. Harold Shelton.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a theatre-party at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday night, followed by a supper at the Palace Hotel. Those entertained were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch gave a dinner on Saturday night at the Bohemian Club in honor of Sir Charles Tupper, of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan gave a dinner on Monday evening at their residence, Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, in honor of Miss Marie Voorhies and Captain Haldimand P. Young, U. S. A. Others at table were Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Lieutenant Emory Winslip, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winslip, Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, Miss Alice Sullivan, and Mr. Richard Young.

Dr. Louis C. Deane gave a supper on Wednesday evening at his residence on Washington Street. Others at table were Mr. J. G. Gamble, Mr. Xavier Martinez, Mr. L. Maynard Dixon, Mr. Giuseppe Cadenasso, Mr. J. M. Maginnity, Mr. Charles Leonard, Mr. C. H. Lamberton, Mr. Leonard Cheney, and Dr. Tension Deane.

Captain Charles R. Howland, U. S. A., gave a dinner at the Occidental Hotel on Monday evening.

Mr. Richard Young gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Marie Voorhies.

Miss Cecile Rogers gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Jessie Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn have been entertaining, at their country place at Grass Valley, a party consisting of Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Maude Bourn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, and Mr. Frank King.

Mr. R. P. Schwerin gave a dinner at the Pacific Union Club on Tuesday in honor of Prince Fushimi. Others at table were Mr. A. Sato, Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., Major Mihara, Associate Justice McFarland, Dr. Rokkaku, Mr. Taylor, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. W. G. Irwin, Mr. H. Oelrichs, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Walter S. Martin, Mr. E. Lillenthal, Mr. W. F. Herrin, Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Homer S. King, Mr. A. A. Watkins, Mr.

C. W. Howard, General L. H. Foote, Colonel George Macfarlane, Mr. C. E. Worden, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Mr. C. C. Moore, Mr. J. I. Sabin, Mr. F. B. Anderson, Mr. E. R. Dimond, Mr. W. Sproule, Mr. M. F. Michael, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Major Rathbone, Mr. C. S. Fee, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. Robert Forsyth, Mr. H. W. Elliott, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. R. H. Swayne, Mr. C. M. Goodall, Mr. R. H. Pease, Mr. F. W. Van Sicklen, Mr. E. J. de Pue, Mr. J. C. Copman, Mr. H. T. Scott, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. A. H. Payson, Mr. Frederick Kohl, Mr. F. S. Moody, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Judge Kerrigan, Mr. F. S. Stratton, Mr. Watanabe, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. K. Uyeno, Chief Justice Beatty, Count Terashima, Major-General MacArthur, Mr. K. Ito, Mr. K. Tosawa, and Mr. T. Mikimoto.

Mrs. George Pinckard gave a tea at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday.

Miss Carol Moore will give a dance this (Saturday) evening at her residence, 2404 Broadway.

Miss Jeanette Hooper will give a luncheon Thursday in honor of Miss Florence Starr.

Miss Dorothy Dustan gave a supper on Monday evening at her residence, Pacific Avenue and Baker Street.

Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton gave a luncheon at the Claremont Country Club on Monday.

Miss Alice Klein will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon at her residence on California Street in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Mr. Thomas Driscoll gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Miss Joliffe.

Miss Hazel King and Miss Genevieve King gave a theatre-party at the Columbia Theatre on Tuesday night, followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. F. W. Dohrmann gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday. Others at table were Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Judge Snook, Mr. Victor Henderson, Mr. Waymire Meyer, Mr. Rudolph Taussig, Mr. A. J. Foster, and Judge Charles Slack.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will give a dinner on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Austin Coolidge gave a tea on Saturday in honor of Miss Elsa Draper.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a theatre-party at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis.

The second dance of the Assembly Club for the season was held at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening. The following are the patronesses of the club: Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mrs. A. W. McClung, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. William A. McKittrick, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, and Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla.

Wills and Successions.

The will of the late William Alvord has been filed for probate. The sum of \$10,000 is left to a cousin of the deceased, Henry Alvord Robinson, of New York, in trust for Robinson's children and his sister's children. Eight cousins, including Miss Anna Katherine Green, Captain Benjamin Alvord, U. S. A., and Mrs. Alvord, are left \$1,000 each, as also are Miss Leontine Blakeman and Miss Nora Donahue. The San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum are left \$1,000 each, \$2,000 is bequeathed to the Widows' and Orphans' Aid Association of the San Francisco Police Department, \$5,000 to the Astronomical Society of the Pacific Coast, and \$5,000 to the Academy of Sciences for the improvement of its herbarium. The residue of the estate, which is announced as worth about half a million dollars, is to go in equal shares to the decedent's stepsons, Charles McIntosh Keeney and Dr. James Ward Keeney, and their wives and children.

Complete rest within sight of the city, yet away and from and above it, is afforded by the Tavern of Tamalpais. From Mt. Tamalpais a magnificent view of San Francisco and its suburbs can be obtained, and the ride up the mountain on the crooked railway is a unique and delightful experience.

John Drew has closed the most successful New York engagement he has played in a number of seasons. His production of the "Duke of Killcrankie" had a run at the Empire of over one hundred performances.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Glass Fruits.

Handsome presents for Eastern friends—Townsend's California Glass Fruits in fire-etched and hand-painted boxes. 715 Market Street.

Death of Mrs. John H. Redington.

The death of Mrs. Redington, which occurred on Christmas Day at Santa Barbara, came as sad tidings to her many devoted friends. Mrs. Redington was the widow of the late John H. Redington, one of the most prominent of the old-time merchants of this city. She was the daughter of Dr. Poett, and passed her early life in Chile, and afterward in England and on the continent of Europe, pursuing her studies and visiting during her long stay there all the most celebrated places, and numbering among her acquaintances many of the most distinguished people of that period. Upon her marriage, she settled with her husband in California, passing her time between the city and her beautiful country home in San Mateo. She became the mother of a large family of sons and daughters.

Mrs. Redington was of the highest type of woman. She was gentle, kind, and considerate, and her most characteristic trait was her uniform Christian character. Her beautiful conduct throughout life, setting such an example of a devoted wife, a loving, fond mother, and loyal friend, is a precious legacy to those whom she has left to mourn her loss and cherish her memory. May she rest in peace.

HENRY P. BOWIE.

SAN MATEO, December 29, 1904.

Some Notable Paintings.

Pictures of more than usual interest are now on exhibit at the Morris Art Gallery. They are not merely holiday gift-pictures; they are the serious work of some of the best artists, pictures which Mr. Morris selected on his recent tour.

Dutch paintings are unmistakably the vogue this year. In this collection the work of the Dutch artists, W. F. Leenders and Willy Steelink, are especially noteworthy. "Off Dordrecht," by the former, depicts a Dutch fishing fleet with graphic color and light effect in sea and sky. A pastoral scene characteristic of Holland is the subject of a painting by Steelink, who is acknowledged one of the strongest of the Dutch artists. A very interesting quiet-toned Dutch scene, showing a windmill in the foreground, is by George F. Schultz, a German painter, who has become enamored of Dutch scenery.

The French artist, René His, an exponent of the Barbazon School without any of its mannerisms, is represented by "Solitude." It is a sylvan scene, with all the subtle tones of green; the flexibility of the foliage and the grass are beautifully illustrated. The feeling of solitude is heightened by the presence of two cranes sporting, unafraid, in a placid woodland pool. The picture is pronounced one of the strongest bits of landscape ever seen here. It was brought from Paris by the American artist, Peabody Flagg, who studied from it in his studio before placing it with Mr. Morris. Mr. Flagg has a very interesting Dutch scene in this same collection.

"Early Summer" is another wood interior study by R. M. Shurtleff, who is acknowledged the foremost painter of New England forest scenery. The foreground is dark, while the middle and extreme distances are in strong, transparent light, an unusual and beautiful effect. "Woodland Lake" is another gem of the collection, with a charming play of light and shade reflected on its surface. "The First Snow" is not an attempt at mere prettiness; it depicts austere beauty. There is a feeling of stillness about it a footfall would disturb.

"Giant Redwoods in the Vicinity of the Yosemite" is by H. C. Best, the well-known artist.

W. T. Richards's "A Summer Day Off the New England Coast" shows the rugged coastline softened by sunlight shining through a very light haze.

"Cypresses of Monterey," by M. Valencia, is perhaps his most successful treatment of the grotesque cypresses of our Coast.

People of discrimination and taste can not afford to miss seeing this exhibit. Visitors are always welcome at the gallery, 248 Sutter Street.

Lillian Russell gave her first presentation of "Lady Teazle" at Baltimore recently. The libretto is by John Kendrick Bangs and Roderick Penfield. The comic opera and the star were well received.

Winifred Goff, who attracted attention while here with the Southwell Opera Company, some years ago, is now one of the leading basses with Savage's Grand Opera Company.

The Tivoli Opera House attractions for the coming season will comprise "Florodora," "The Silver Slipper," "The Burgomaster," and other musical novelties.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will include "The Merchant of Venice" in their repertoire for next season.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Mielan Building, 806 Market Street, Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Celebrated "Knox" Hats, Winter styles. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

A. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

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"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.

REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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ROYAL Baking Powder

Is the most economical thing in the kitchen.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall are occupying their new residence on Pacific Avenue.
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop are spending a few days in Southern California.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Runyon and Miss Helen Runyon have returned from the East.
 Rev. and Mrs. William James Cuthbert (*née* Simpson) sailed on Wednesday for Japan.
 Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Poett have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.
 Mrs. C. H. Holbrook and Mrs. D. H. Hare have returned from the East.
 Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. C. A. McNulty have rented their house at California and Buchanan Streets to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins, of Philadelphia, for the winter, and have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.
 Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Whitney and Miss Whitney, of Santa Barbara, are expected to arrive to-day (Saturday) for a sojourn of two or three months.
 Mrs. W. S. Gage has returned from the East, and is at her residence, 2470 Broadway.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker arrived from the East on Wednesday, accompanied by a party of friends, consisting of Mr. Burrell R. Huff and Mr. C. A. Munn, of Washington, D. C., Mr. C. J. Copman and Mr. W. S. Cushing, of Simsbury, Conn., Mr. Geoffrey Dodge, of New York, Mr. George F. Freeborn, of Paris, and Mr. Duane Hopkins, of Boston. During his stay here, Mr. Crocker will be at the Hotel St. Francis.
 Mrs. Harry H. Smyth, Mr. E. Dunn Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Grubb, and Mr. D. Hanson Grubb spent the holidays at Santa Barbara.

Count de la Rocca, the French vice-consul, will spend the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.
 Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Foster are occupying their new residence on California Street.
 Miss Jane Swigert has returned from Fort Sam Houston, Tex.
 Miss Edith Bull, Miss Marie Bull, and Miss Kathleen Bull were in Paris when last heard from.
 Prince Fushimi was among last week's guests at the Hotel del Monte. He sailed for Japan on Wednesday.

Bishop John McKim, in charge of the Episcopal diocese of Tokio, arrived at the Occidental Hotel from the East early in the week, and on Wednesday sailed for Japan.
 Colonel George Macfarlane and family, of Honolulu, are spending the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.
 Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis were in Egypt when last heard from.
 Mr. W. R. Castle and family sailed on Wednesday for Honolulu.

Miss Cornelia Kempff and Miss Eleanor Phelps will be guests of Mrs. Alfred Bacon in Santa Barbara during January.
 Mrs. James K. Steele has returned to Sacramento.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Alexander (*née* Barker), of Oakland, have returned from New York.
 Miss Agnes Buchanan has returned from the East.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Harris, of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Russel, of Portland, Mrs. C. A. Tyrrell, Miss L. E. Tyrrell, and Mr. T. S. Hand, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Minot Tirrell, and Mr. J. C. Goodrich.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. Seton Lindsey and Mr. Harvey B. Lindsey, of London, Mr. Thomas F. Ena, of Honolulu, Dr. and Mrs. Louis Juttner, Mrs. J. Haughton, Mrs. S. L. Ackerman, Mrs. George M. Bowman, Miss Bowman, Miss M. C. O'Brien, Miss Haughton, Miss S. Sparhawk, Mr. Percy F. Hanigan, Mr. W. H. Clifford, Mr. E. Bowman, Mr. E. H. Kinney, Mr. H. R. Baker, and Mr. Robert L. Ackerman.

Two of the twelve panels to be done by Arthur F. Mathews, dean of the Hopkins Art Institute, for the reading-room of the Oakland Public Library have been finished, and are on exhibition at the institute. "Nature" and "Art" are the themes to be treated in the panels. One of the panels already finished represents "Sentiment" as the spiritual origin of nature, and the other represents "Achievement."

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

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Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., sails to-day for Honolulu on a tour of inspection. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Moore and Miss Jessie Moore.
 Captain John L. Hayden, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hayden expect to sail for the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* to-day (Saturday).
 Lieutenant-Commander John B. Blish, U. S. N., sailed on Wednesday for China, where he will report to Rear-Admiral Gates Stirling, U. S. N.
 Lieutenant George C. Rockwell, U. S. A., departs on January 10th for his new station at Fort Wright, Wash.
 Lieutenant-Commander R. O. Bitler, U. S. N., sails on January 12th for Tuituila, where he will assume command of the United States station ship *Adams*.
 Richard T. M. Ball, Pay Inspector, U. S. N., has returned from a visit East.
 Henry T. Wright, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N., has been assigned as assistant to Naval Constructor J. G. Tawressey, U. S. N., at the Union Iron Works, in place of Naval Constructor L. S. Adams, U. S. N.

The Twenty-First United States Infantry, now at the Presidio, will be sent to the Philippines on February 1st, and will be relieved by the Sixth Infantry, from Fort Leavenworth, Kas.
 The Bureau of Yards and Docks, Navy Department, has awarded the contracts for the completion of the drydock at the Mare Island Navy Yard to the Schofield Company, of Philadelphia. The amount of the contract is \$1,385,000, and the drydock is to be completed in thirty-three months. It will be the largest in the United States.

Burton Holmes, the traveler, will begin his series of illustrated "Travelogues" at Lyric Hall on January 10th. He will deliver ten lectures altogether. Seats for the entire course are \$2.00, \$3.00, and \$4.00, and go on sale Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

James Woods, who has been on the executive staff of the Waldorf-Astoria, of New York, has been engaged as manager of the Hotel St. Francis. He will arrive about January 10th, and immediately assume charge.

Klaw & Erlanger's "Mother Goose" will soon be seen at the Grand Opera House. There are three hundred and fifty people in the cast.

"Everyman" was produced in London last week as a cantata, with music by Dr. Walford Davies.

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

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Table with columns: LEAVE, MAIN LINE, ARRIVE. Lists various train routes and times.

Table with columns: LEAVE, COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge), ARRIVE. Lists narrow gauge train routes.

Table with columns: LEAVE, COAST LINE (Broad Gauge), ARRIVE. Lists broad gauge train routes.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Dolly—"He's one of those men who won't take no for an answer." Madge—"What are you going to do?" Dolly—"Why, tell him yes."—Town Topics.

Friend—"What is hope?" Poet—"It's something that wakes you up at four o'clock in the morning when the postman doesn't come around till ten."—Ram's Horn.

Newrich—"How'd you get along at the dinner?" Mrs. Newrich—"Fine. When they eat pie with a fork, I done it, too, so as not to let 'em see their break."—New York Sun.

He—"My father is a banker, and has never been inside a theatre in his life." She—"Really? My father is an actor, and has never been inside a bank in his life."—Indy.

Judge—"The next person who interrupts the proceedings of this court will be expelled from the room!" Prisoner—"Hoo-ray! Whoopee-ee! Now, lemme go!"—Chicago News.

Old Friend—"Is your part very difficult to play?" Barnstomer—"Well, rather! I'm living on one meal a day and playing the rôle of a man with the gout!"—Detroit Free Press.

Atlas was holding up earth. "Ha!" he chuckled, "this makes Mrs. Chadwick's game look small." Giving it a little jolt to see whether Port Arthur would fall, he continued his work.—New York Mail.

"Let me see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young student of language asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor; "a cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."—Pick-Me-Up.

The senator—"Why mustn't I vote for that bill?" Constituent—"because the people don't want it, senator." The senator—"What have the people got to do with it? Aint election over, hey?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

After the wedding: He—"What are you crying for, love?" She—"Over papa's wedding present—boo—hoo." He—"Why, what's the matter with it?" She—"It's nothing but a receipted bill for the gas we used up during our courtship."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that our minister is becoming somewhat recalcitrant?" "Oh, I don't know," replied her hostess; "Josiah thinks so, but it don't seem to me that he weighs a pound more than he ought to for a man as tall as him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Of course, you always take a bottle with you on a fishing trip?" said the Northern visitor. "A bottle, huh?" demanded the Kentuckian; "what 'foul, huh?" "Oh, come, now! You don't mean to say you'd go fishing without whisky—" "We take a jug, sub."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The thoughtful little boy with the high forehead tied an oblong receptacle made of tin to the dog's tail and watched the animal go tearing down the alley. "For a Scotch collie," the boy explained to the bystanders, "I thought he wasn't quite as canny as he ought to be."—Chicago Tribune.

"I wish to get excused this afternoon," said Bizzlethorp, as he approached the general manager's desk; "you see they've put me down to act as a pallbearer at a funeral." "Certainly; go ahead. But you don't seem to feel very sad about it." "No. He's the fellow my wife has always been holding up to me as a model."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Pugh—"Our minister says he is going to change the last part of the service." Mrs. Knave—"Does he think he can improve it?" Mrs. Pugh—"No, but he thinks it's necessary. Instead of saying, 'Let us sing the Doxology,' he is going to say: 'Let us adjust our clothes, slip on our gloves, grab our hats, forget all about the Lord, and be dismissed.'"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And this merry old soul was frisky; He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl And he called for OLD KIRK whisky.

Bank president—"We're ruined! The cashier has absconded with one hundred thousand dollars." Director—"Don't get excited. He has left a note offering to take us into partnership."—Life.

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Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect Oct. 2, 1904, Arrive San Francisco. Lists train routes and times.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Alark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierly's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Itteights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Ukiah; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Sowers; at Sherwood for Calto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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DEPART DAILY, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 10:15, and 11:35 P. M. ARRIVE DAILY at 7:40, 7:35, 8:15, 8:50, 9:35, 10:50 A. M., 12:10, 1:30, 2:55, 4:25, 5:05, 5:42, 6:22, 6:57, 7:40, and 11:25 P. M. DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, daily at 7:45 A. M., also 3:15 P. M. Saturday and 5:15 P. M. daily, except Saturday and Sunday. † Daily, except Sunday.

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 9, 1905.

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In his annual report, Secretary of the Navy Morton asked Congress to appropriate, during the ensuing fiscal year, for the upbuilding of the navy, the sum of \$115,530,638.34. This is the largest estimate ever submitted by Secretary of the Navy in time of peace. Its appropriation and proper expenditure will make our navy second only to that of Great Britain and that of France. Mr. Morton says in his report that the naval cost of a little more than one dollar per capita is "lit-

tle compared to what war would cost, and the navy is the best insurance we have against war. We want such a navy," he continues, "in style, size, and 'sand' that no other navy will ever desire an engagement. It is our greatest exhibit in favor of peace." He further emphasizes the necessity of preparedness and readiness, and points out that, while coast defenses may prevent capture of seaports along our enormous coast-line, they can not prevent blockade by foreign fleets lying out of gunshot, and the absolute cutting off of commerce with the rest of the world. A few months of such blockade, he says, would cause a loss more stupendous than any naval outlay could ever equal.

Mr. Morton submitted his estimates to Congress some time ago. It is now reported from Washington that there is strong opposition to this naval budget. Middle West representatives think four new battle-ships too many, one enough. They oppose further large expenditures for yards and docks. They desire to curtail the items providing for the enlargement of the Annapolis Naval Academy. Fear is expressed that the views of this party will prevail.

In our opinion, they are ill-advised. It is unwise, we think, to talk now of reducing naval expenditure. It is worse—it is foolish—seriously to contemplate curtailment of appropriations for the school at Annapolis for the training of fighting men or for the building of docks and the establishment of navy-yards.

In the words of a recent editorial leader in the London Chronicle, the United States is no longer "a self-contained unit behind a ring-fence," but "a member of the universal brotherhood of nations." It is useless to regret the fact. It may have been unwise to depart from our traditional policy of non-interference in world politics, but the fact remains that we have departed from it. It is a FACT. It can not be blinked. The new conditions that confront us must be faced. With the Spanish war we entered upon a new era, and this is no time, having put our hand to the plow, to look regretfully back. And if we are a nation—one of the fraternity of nations—no longer isolated—we must have a navy to match those of other powers.

More than this. In the recent national elections, the American people set the stamp of their indorsement upon all the policies that Theodore Roosevelt has made essentially his own. By a majority of two and a half millions, they have approved of his large ambitions for America. This Mr. Roosevelt recognizes. Upon this he acts. Seven months before his election, Mr. Roosevelt said in a letter to Mr. Root that the nations of the Western Hemisphere which permitted conditions of chronic anarchy to exist, would subject themselves to intervention by this government in the interests of international peace and order. Having been elected triumphantly, Mr. Roosevelt reiterates and elaborates this idea in his annual message to Congress—thus:

If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from us. Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.

Such a doctrine—the Roosevelt doctrine—develops logically from the doctrine of Monroe. Roughly put, the Monroe Doctrine declares that no European nation shall acquire further territorial possessions in the Western Hemisphere. But the nations of the Southern Continent of the Western Hemisphere are to a considerable extent irresponsible. They become indebted to Europeans. They refuse to pay. Colombia is a defaulter in the sum of more than fourteen millions;

Costa Rica to the amount of twelve millions; Venezuela owes twenty-two millions; Argentine's municipal loans are defaulted in the sum of nine millions. South America has foreign debts aggregating \$1,336,417,249, and her twenty republics have had three hundred revolutions in eighty years. When they refuse to pay, or when European subjects are subjected to injustice or insult, European states must necessarily take forcible measures, as did last year Germany and Great Britain in the case of Venezuela. But when such offensive action is taken, it is, as the London Times remarks, "extremely difficult . . . without taking possession either permanently or temporarily of some portion of the territory of the erring republic. It may be only custom houses at its ports, but in the event of obstinate recalcitrancy some territorial infringement can hardly be avoided." But the United States views such temporary occupation with extreme disfavor; the Monroe Doctrine absolutely denies the right of permanent occupation. In other words, by crying to Europe: "Hands off!" we practically deny her the use of the only weapon efficacious in the last resort in the protection of her subjects in their rights. We exercise power; in the past we have denied responsibility. We have refused to permit Europe to bring South American defaulting republics to time by seizure of their territory, but we have refused to be responsible for them ourselves. We have upheld them in their repudiation and irresponsibility. What Mr. Roosevelt proposes is, that in future, when conditions in any country of the Western Hemisphere become intolerably anarchistic, the United States, exercising police power in this half of the world, shall intervene in the interest of justice and order.

It is no mere academic theory. In two countries today conditions are such that there is not only a possibility but a probability that intervention will be necessary.

Santo Domingo is a caricature of a republic. She is drifting into hopeless bankruptcy. She is hopelessly insolvent. Nominally a republic, she is in fact a tyranny of militarism. Large sums are owing to Europeans, but the revenues of the country are uniformly stolen by the mercenaries who happen to be in power, and all agreements are violated. European nations will not permit such conditions much longer to prevail. Their patience is almost exhausted. Either the United States must bring about order in Santo Domingo, or we must permit some other nation so to do. The latter course is repugnant to the national spirit, and, when our responsibility can no longer be avoided, it may confidently be expected that the island will be militarily occupied, order established, national debts paid from the customs revenues, and affairs justly administered so long as necessary.

Venezuela is also on the brink of revolution. Cipriano Castro, dictator, is carrying things with a high hand. With a salary of twelve thousand, he is said to have laid away nine millions in European banks since 1899. Customs receipts ordered by the arbitration commission to be applied on the debts of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, have fallen off greatly, and it is believed they are being secretly diverted to other purposes. A "venomous feeling" has developed against Minister Bowen. The forcible forfeiture of the charter of the American asphalt company by the Venezuelan Government is a cause of friction. In brief, conditions are ripe for trouble. The most serious thing is, of course, the non-fulfillment by Castro of his agreement with Germany, Great Britain, and Italy to apply customs receipts on the large sums owing them. As in the case of Santo Domingo, it may be questioned either of our compelling Venezuela

form her righteous obligations, or of standing by and permitting British and German warships to make another demonstration against Venezuelan seaports.

No. So long as the American people preserve unannulled the doctrine of Monroe and its logical corollaries, they must maintain a navy commensurate with their pretensions. We repeat that we think this a poor time—an especially poor time—to talk of denying to the Secretary of the Navy those appropriations for which he makes of Congress so earnest a demand and of which there is so imperative a necessity.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of January 1st, a Russian soldier bearing a flag of truce entered the Japanese lines and delivered a letter signed by General Stoessel proposing the capitulation of the fortress. On the following morning, General Nogi replied, assenting to a conference. That afternoon, at half after four, terms of surrender were agreed upon, and the convention signed. On the following day, the third, Japanese officers entered and inspected some of the forts. On January 8th, the Japanese army will make formal entry into the fortress, and the most sanguinary and memorable siege of modern times will be at an end. It lasted seven and one-half months; the besieging army numbered 100,000, constantly reinforced; their losses were between 50,000 and 100,000, nobody knows the exact number; the besieged army originally numbered 35,000, of whom 11,000 have been killed, 16,000 are sick or wounded, and the remaining 8,000 are in the forts, though many are ill of scurvy and weak with half-healed wounds. For every Russian killed, between five and ten Japanese soldiers have lost their lives. The heroism on both sides has been almost unexampled. The bravery of the Japanese soldier in attack is matched by the bravery of the Russian soldier in dogged persistence of defense. The strategy of Nogi is matched by the sheer courage of Stoessel. It may be true that the Russian officers are vain and given to idleness and licentiousness, but these same officers know how to die. Of ten generals, three are dead and three wounded. Of nine regimental commanders, four are dead and four wounded. Two hundred officers fell in the months of October and November. Many companies are commanded by ensigns, all the officers having been killed. Of the two hundred and seventy officers of the Russian navy at Port Arthur at the beginning of the war, one hundred and eighty have been killed and wounded. When we read that two hundred and sixty-five per cent. of the garrison were put out of action during the siege, some men being seven times wounded, and seven times returning to the front, it becomes apparent that all the stories of inefficiency of the Russian hospital service are not true, but that there have been faithful surgeons, loyal nurses, and officers deeply concerned for their men's welfare as well as brave peasant-soldiers on the fighting line. The siege has proved that the Japanese have tenacity as well as dash and spirit, and it has proved that Port Arthur by its means deserves the title of "the Gibraltar of the East."

The immediate effect of the fall of Port Arthur seems to be to strengthen the feeling in Russia that she must retrieve her lost prestige at whatever cost. This is the sentiment of the intelligent classes, but whether, when the news finally sifts down to the millions of peasants who constitute nine-tenths of the population of the Czar's empire, the effect there will be similar, none can say. Complex influences bear upon the Russian people. The spirit of patriotism is aroused by stories of heroism; the spirit of dissatisfaction and revolt is aroused by news of death and disaster in a mad war which they do not understand and with whose purposes the peasantry have no sympathy. The Czar has made a step toward considerable reforms in his late ukase, but it falls far short of the requests of the zemstvos, and the extreme Liberals are dissatisfied with it. It is impossible to say whether its ultimate effect will be to quell the spirit of insurrection or to fan it into flame. In truth, speculation about what will be the history of this great nation of 150,000,000 souls, wrapped in the toils of war, pressed upon by poverty, aflured by the thought of greater freedom, is as impossible as to predict what winds, gales, hurricanes, and typhoons will, during the same period, afflict the ocean at our doors. One thing, however, is certain: in her present crisis, Russia may not justly be compared with the nations of Western Europe, which have been racked by revolution. In such countries, revolutions have not been of the making of a discontented peasantry, but of a middle class. Russia has no middle class. Every Western nation has had to pass through an intellectual Renaissance, a religious Reformation and a political Revolution. Russia as a whole has not reached even the first of these

periods. And therefore some thoughtful men believe that, while there may be riot and revolt in Russia, there can not be revolution. Anarchy may come, but out of it no republic or constitutional monarchy. But whatever may come, this great nation of white men—one of the great nations of Christendom—a nation whose painters and musicians and men of letters think the thoughts and express the ideals of the West—this nation ought to have the sympathy of the peoples of the rest of Christendom in their bitter and painful struggle from the darkness of barbarism upward toward the light.

Mr. Samuel P. Orth has an article in a late number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Our State Legislatures," in which he says:

We have grown to distrust our State legislatures. Their convening is not hailed with joy, and a universal sigh of relief follows their adjournment. The utterances of the press, the opinions of publicists and scholars, and the sentiments of the street and the market-place are quite at one in their denunciation of the legislature. Our representatives are the subject of jests and ridicule, of anger and fear. . . . When a United States senator is to be elected, party servility reaches its extreme.

"This," adds Mr. Orth, "is a serious matter. When a democracy loses faith in its lawmakers, respect for law must soon fade away, and with it vanishes self-government."

As "horrible examples," Mr. Orth cites representative States like Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. He does not cite California. Yet he might have been inclined to, could he have read the accounts written by the correspondents of the San Francisco papers of the opening days of the present legislature.

Of "sacks" and "boodle" these correspondents talk in the same even tone of voice that a grocer might of crackers and cheese. These things are mere common-places. They describe the excitement and eagerness among the legislators that follow the rumor of the arrival of a briber in their midst in the same cool way that they might give an account of a collision between two drays. They make it quite clear that to be regarded as a "corporation candidate" for senator is a thing that attracts rather than repels support.

If there is one thing political supposed to be beyond question a fact, it is that the people of this and other States are tremendously aroused over the control of national legislation, especially in the Senate, by great business interests. It is supposed that voters by the millions are violently antagonistic to further extension of the influence of corporations in legislative halls. It is supposed that this feeling has, even during the last year or so, greatly increased. Yet when a conservative journal like the *Sacramento Union* makes the unequivocal declaration that "Mr. Flint is as much the railroad's candidate as if he were personally backed by E. H. Harriman," the statement, according to the correspondents, rather helps than hurts his cause.

From these premises only two conclusions can be drawn. One is that the people, after all, really don't object to the United States Senate's being under the thumb of the men with the dollar. The other is that our State legislature imperfectly represents their sentiments, if what the newspapers say is true.

"The Senate," says one of the most influential of the Eastern weeklies in a recent issue, "represents dollars to an extent sufficient to satisfy most of us. The boss of it is the able father-in-law of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Most of its leaders represent great business interests rather than the whole people of the State." Two courses will be open to our legislature next Tuesday when balloting on the senatorship begins. One is the election of a man known throughout the length and breadth of the State as his own man; the other is the election of one whose allegiance to the cause of the people is doubtful.

"The Republican party is owned by the trusts" is the cry of the Democratic section of the press. The opportunity is within the grasp of the legislature to show that at least the Republican party of California is not. It is practically a solid Republican legislature. The responsibility of the legislators for their acts can in no manner be avoided. It is a pertinent question, Will California send to the Senate a man who will align himself with "the able father-in-law of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.," or with those who will strive to carry into effect Mr. Roosevelt's progressive policies?

The census-taker, after knocking at all the front doors in the land, has come forth with his findings into the light of print. He has discovered two things of great interest: that there are more men than women in the United States, and that women between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five years of age are so comparatively numerous as to lead irresistibly to the conclusion that some women do not tell the truth about their ages.

Interspersed with these startling facts are several

minor matters of official discovery. More boy babies than girl babies are born, but more die, too. The death rate for males throughout the country is nineteen in every thousand, while that of females is but seventeen in a thousand. The proportions of men and women vary in different States. In Wyoming there are 63.9 men to every 46.1 women—due, of course, to the strenuousness of life in the range country. Montana is not far behind Wyoming. In Massachusetts the proportion is all the other way, and in Washington, D. C., the multitude of women clerks in government offices is so vast as to render the ratio between the men and their sisters 52.6 to 47.4. Between 1890 and 1900, the change in the proportion between girls and boys in school brought the percentage of boys in the total number from 52.8 down to 49, showing that the educated classes are soon to be mostly feminine—all of which was some time ago discovered by the makers of magazines.

The exact surplus of males over females in 1900 was 1,638,321, but the number of women in the United States who fibbed about their age has not been determined by the venturesome and presumptuous officials who are authority for the statement regarding female mendacity.

This question as to a woman's age is really the most important one of the whole census. In the first place, it is a well-accepted fact that a woman is known by her age. And if the census-taker is not going to tell us the age of women, how are we to find out? And if we only knew to a dot how many girls of eighteen years there were in the United States we could predict and generalize sweetly.

The most obvious moral of the whole matter is that the young man who desires a wide choice for a wife had better go East, and the young women equally thoughtful of the future had as certainly better come West. Even then the balance of a million and a half of men will have to go single, or all figures are false. It is a choice between matrimony and doubt as to the lady's age, or celibacy and dubious certainty.

The year that is past will of course long have a place in history because it was the year of the first Titanic struggle between Occident and Orient. When things that now loom large, like the triumphant election of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency, the struggle in England between the free-traders and the advocates of protection, the struggle in France between church and state, the British invasion of hitherto unknown Tibet, are all forgotten, the historian of the future may lay finger on page, and say: "Here was the beginning of the contest between the yellow race and the white race for the domination of the world. In 1904 it was that Asia began to waken from her long lethargy, again to become not the exploited but the exploiter."

In industries, science, and the arts, 1904 saw progress. The development of the wireless telegraph has made great strides. Some progress has been made in solving the problem of aerial navigation. Electricity is ousting steam for the propulsion of locomotives faster than ever before. The development of the automobile has gone on apace. In industry, the year has been one of prosperity at home, but depression abroad. England, particularly, has suffered from industrial depression. The death list of the year contains no names so great as those of Spencer and Mommsen, who died in 1903, but the list contains the names of George F. Hoar, Sir William Harcourt, the sculptor Bartholdi the man of letters Hearn, Marcus A. Hanna, George C. Vest, Waldeck-Rousseau, former premier of France, the two veteran actresses Mme. Januschek and Mrs. Gilbert, the last of the great Indian chiefs, Chief Joseph, Queen Isabella of Spain, and Princess Mathilde. There was a marked falling off during 1904 in philanthropic donations, and there was decrease in the number of hangings, defalcations, forgeries, bank wreckings, and homicides. There were fewer lynchings than in any year since 1885. The great disaster of the year was the burning of the *Slocum*, which cost ten hundred and thirty-one lives.

The senior senator from Oregon, John H. Mitchell, an Oregon congressman, Binger Herrmann, and former United States District Attorney John H. Hall, of Portland, have been holding the stage the past week in what must appear to every upholder of the dignity of office a most regrettable catastrophe. The senator and the congressman have both been indicted for alleged complicity in the notorious land frauds which have been exposed within the past two years, and the district attorney has been removed from office at three hours' notice by the President for obstructing the course of justice. The efforts of Senator Fulton, of Oregon, to defend his fellows have been met with a quiet threat

INTERNAL CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA.

THE SENATORSHIP FIGHT.

THE YEAR THAT IS PAST.

the part of the prosecution for the government that other men in high places may have troubles of their own. Meanwhile Congressman Hermann asserts, what many pray may be true, that the whole business is a matter of "malicious prosecution," and Senator Mitchell replies with dignity to his traducers that it is all the work of "California Democrats seeking to besmirch the fair names of prominent Oregon Republicans." Ex-District Attorney Hall is saying little, but watching, he says, the triumphant progress of the "besmircher," Francis J. Heney, the special representative of Attorney-General of the United States Moody.

The exact history of the frauds of which the two prominent office-holders are accused of abetting is one wrapped in a mist of technicalities. Briefly, it is as follows: Immense tracts of land were thrown open by the government to settlers. To acquire patents to these lands was a question of affidavits setting forth the usual requirements made of homesteaders. It was very difficult, purposely so, for a syndicate to handle these lands in a body, each patent having to be made out separately. But the conspirators, three of whom have already been convicted, arranged all this. They "fixed" affidavits by the wholesale, got their papers to thousands of acres in perfectly good shape, so far as tape and sealing-wax went, and then sent these "dummies" through the office of the land commissioner as if they were genuine from presents to seal. The land commissioner was Binger Hermann. His political ally was Senator Mitchell. The government contends that the conspirators could never have carried their plans to perfection without the cognizance of both. It bluntly charges that Mitchell received at one time a bribe of two thousand dollars to use his influence with Hermann.

All this has greatly afflicted Oregon. Her representatives in Congress heretofore had always sustained their parts with honor. Of course, none can tell now what will be the outcome of the grave charges brought against the noted men who have been attacked. But it is a serious matter when the highest in the land are held up to our view as possibly as weak as lower mortals. It is a sad fact that in every house-cleaning some bric-à-brac is bound to be broken.

Precisely one year ago to-day the *Argonaut* printed an editorial on Warden Yell's grim remarks to the prison directors, which he ended by saying:

"If they try to make a break we will pile them forty deep," said Warden Yell.

In addition to the vigor and grimness of this remark, we then said that it had a metrical and rhythmic quality, and we suggested that some "local bard" build up a ballad after this fashion:

"If a break they try to make
In a heap we'll pile them deep,
We will pile them forty deep,"
Said Warden Yell.

Well, it wasn't forty deep, but seven deep is good as a starter. When Warden Yell said a year ago that his guards were "men of great determination," he was right. When he said that they were "all dead shots," he was right. When he said that they would "shoot escaping convicts," even if it endangered the lives of guards, he was right, too. His guards are brave men. Captain Murphy is distinctly a hero. Guard Harris is another courageous official. Fortunately the two guards who were wounded are getting well. The four convicts dead are well dead. The three convicts wounded won't try it again. Altogether, it was a delightful and refreshing incident. Our compliments, Warden Yell.

The French are alarmed over their loss of prestige in the Orient within the last six months. Their soldiers have met with no reverses, nor have French diplomats found their problems insoluble. But according to M. Rattard, the French consul-general at Shanghai, Russian reverses have meant that China no longer looks upon the white man as invincible. The European and the American are no more the great power to the Chinese mind. Japan has stepped in, and now rules China more widely and completely than ever Allied Powers could pretend to.

The Shanghai correspondent of the *Paris Matin* explains this new phase of the Yellow Peril by giving the opinion of General Tcheng Ki Tong, long a resident of Paris, but once more in China. Tcheng Ki Tong says frankly that the Chinese hate the whites and have suffered their dominion only because there was no way out of it. But Russia, once one of the great powers in the Far East, is beaten and driven back in dishonor. The Chinese credit Japan with schemes that may attack French and British and German and American interests. Yellow blood responds to yellow blood's call. With amazing unanimity the Chinese viceroys have

adopted the Japanese military tactics in their armies, and displaced the German, French, and English instructors by Japanese trained in Manchuria. Already the Chinese war chest is being refilled, its army reorganized, and its navy made wieldy. The four hundred millions of Chinese are answering to the leadership of the Japanese, and others besides the representatives of France are wondering how long it will be until all Europe must fight for its mere foothold on the marge of the East. And if General Tcheng Ki Tong's word is good, the loss of the East to Europe, if it comes, will be due to the fact that the British, Russian, and German banker made the high-class Chinese merchant wait in anterooms, deal with intermediaries, and take the wall when the white man's carriage came by. This is the view of the *Paris Matin's* correspondent, and so far has met with no contradiction from others equally well informed.

Nothing could mark more plainly the difference between the college view of honor and the view taken by gently bred people outside than the variance of opinion regarding the action of Kingdon Gould in standing off some hazing sophomores with a revolver. This sudden turning of the worm all true collegiates not yet graduated term, of course, insolence not to be borne. If allowed to continue, such rebellion would endanger the foundations of the world. Even the faculty of Columbia University seemed appalled at the notion that Gould had dared to carry a gun and use it against the sacred prerogatives of the sophomore. It is recorded in the newspapers that the authorities of the college on Morningside Heights signified their intention of delivering the young freshman up to the chief of police, or whatever other lofty tribunal dealt with the heinous crime of carrying concealed weapons.

But so far little has been said, and we believe, nothing done to assert young Mr. Gould's side of the case. That he should resent personal indignity is, of course, absurd. Any freshman who protests against brutality is absurd, uncontemporaneous, and behind the times. He should submit to kicks, obscene rites, and any other insults that the coarse twenty-year-old student can think up in his slow-moving and half-nurtured brain.

The odd thing about every occurrence such as the one in Columbia, is the attitude of the gray and reverend authorities. They suddenly seem to fall away in power. They lip tremblingly and murmur prayers for the strong secular arm. All of which might seem to indicate that gentle breeding, respect for personal dignity, and that deeper manliness which counts so much because it makes life possible in society, is not nourished into vigor within academic walls. One longs to see a reverend professor, serene in his long knowledge of books and of life, suddenly regain the fire of youth for a period, step down, throw off his gown, and lend a hand to the freshman, panting against a wall, afraid before his flushed and irresponsible college mates, striving to preserve his youth's safeguard of decency, making a last stand for the maidenhood of his honor.

We are great folk for dividing the burden of responsibility. We are fond of telling tales of our single-handed prowess or artifice, but in the doing we love a brother. In Richmond, Va., a criminal named James Goode was hanged, and the event showed the queer twists by which at times we pass our scruples and responsibilities along. Goode was sentenced, the scaffold was built, and the city sergeant chose a deputy to spring the trap. The deputy balked. He would bear the burden of no man's death on his conscience. All the other deputies refused to pull the fatal cord. Goode was likely not to be hanged. But the city sergeant was a wise and artful man. He counted his deputies, and ordered that there be that many cords attached to the trap. And like children his scrupulous deputies stepped up and took each a cord, each feeling that to be responsible for the death of one-sixth of a man was not damning, and that where six are necessary to get together a whole conscience, sleep will be undisturbed.

The annual message of the governor competes in length with that of the President. But because it is long it is not prolix. On the contrary, it is a meaty and informing document. Especially that part of the message which deals with the Sacramento River flood question, and reclamation of overflowed lands, is of deep interest. The governor indorses the report of the Sioux City commission, and believes that the large sum of money estimated by the commission to be required for the purpose could not better be expended. The governor thinks that the area reclaimed would be worth, at a conservative estimate, from fifty to seventy-five millions

of dollars, while the cost figure named is \$23,776,022. He therefore recommends to the legislature that the system proposed by the commission be carried into effect. Another important part of the message is that in which he makes elaborate comparison between methods of taxation in other States and in California. The governor suggests that the legislature seriously consider the question of the establishment of an inheritance tax. Regarding prisons, the governor makes some sound suggestions. He says they are hotbeds of gross vice; that the separate-cell system is an imperative necessity; that the prisons must therefore be enlarged; that a wall should be built at Folsom; and that one of the prisons should finally be converted into a reformatory, the other being used for hardened and irreclaimable criminals. On such topics as the State university, forestry, insurance of State property, mining, etc., the governor makes generally sound recommendations.

We think it was with a feeling of keen regret that most San Franciscans heard that the Fairmont is not to be a hotel but an apartment-house. It is reported—and we suppose it true—that Mrs. Oelrichs, the owner of the big white structure that is already the most conspicuous building in San Francisco, has quite altered her original intentions, and the building is to be remodeled for its new purpose. San Franciscans surely regret the change, and it is not certain that Mrs. Oelrichs will not, finally. The number of persons in San Francisco who can afford permanently to occupy such expensive quarters as the Fairmont is limited. Already there are apparently a sufficiency of apartment-houses to accommodate people of this class. On the other hand, there constantly come to San Francisco wealthy tourists from all over the world, who would naturally be attracted to the Fairmont as a hotel, both on account of its magnificence as a hostelry, and because of the unmatched interest of the view of city, sea, and bay to be had from it. It is on this account that it really seems that more money might be made from the Fairmont Hotel than from the Fairmont Apartment House. A suite would cost something like two hundred to four hundred dollars a month. The number of persons who could afford to pay this, or even a higher rate, for a brief period, is large, but that persons without homes of their own in the city, who could afford to pay such a rate for extended periods form, in San Francisco, a sufficiently large class as to keep the Fairmont as an apartment-house well filled, may reasonably be doubted. But perhaps Mrs. Oelrichs will reconsider her announced intentions.

The discussion of the meaning of the word "gentleman" in England may, for the moment, perhaps profitably give way for a few remarks upon the meaning of "gentleman" in the United States. A "gentleman" in the United States is one who, when engaged in a controversy, does not habitually misrepresent his opponent's position. He does not affirm that his opponent says thus and so, when, in fact, his opponent said nothing of the sort. When a party to a controversy affirms that this or that is "perhaps probable" an American "gentleman," his opponent, does not quote him as saying that this or that is "absolutely a fact." And of course an American "gentleman" does not attribute to an antagonist in debate statements that he never even thought of making. All of which is respectfully submitted to our Sacramento contemporary.

Tuberculosis.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 30, 1904.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I was much interested in your editorial of December 26th, under heading of "Makers of Death," and in which you say: "We have pursued the menacing microbe into his last hiding-place, and put the fever germ in quarantine." True, in a measure, but a very small one at that. The health department of this city has made a most determined and successful crusade against the adulteration of milk brought here, and the chief complaint of the inspector was that "the floor of the cow stable" had become dilapidated, and the water ran back from the floor into an old well, which was used to supply water to wash the cans.

Strange to say, the existence of these conditions was admitted by the dealer, who promised to conform to the sanitary regulations in due time, which appears to be the only adjustment of the difficulty which has arisen between the health board and the dealer.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive of parallel cases in many of the outlying districts, and the more thorough and frequent these inspections are made, the greater the number of delinquencies that will be brought to light.

The board of health is to be congratulated for the work it has done in this direction, but the real danger does not lie exactly there. There is still a greater peril in the cows themselves, which mostly, if not all, suffer from tuberculosis, and from this fact we make the following deductions: That tubercular cows produce tubercular milk, and then—presto! tubercular children.

What are we doing to exterminate this terrible scourge (bovine tuberculosis)? Nothing—absolutely nothing. The mere killing of an animal here and there does not have any effect whatever, and in this respect we are far behind Germany, where the method of immunizing cattle was introduced by Professor von Behring, and formally adopted in 1902.

Very truly yours,
HERBERT WALLACE HATCH, M. D.

A NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

The Matrimony-Dodging Vigil of the Skipper and the Mate.

It was Sunday evening, and the steam coaster *Emerald* was lying in her slip, shadowed by the wall of the big and silent freight-shed beyond which the city was murmuring. The first mate, from the vantage of the diminutive bridge, heard the sounds of life, and turned his restless eyes from the dark bay, traversed by ribands of light from various harbor beacons, to the glow in the sky above the freight-shed, and thought of all that was being enacted in the busy and festive streets. His thoughts were not enough to put off the impatience of his heart, and with a final grimace at the clear tones of unapproachable and unachievable enjoyment, he abandoned his eminence, and retired slowly to the main-deck.

As he passed along the alleyway to his room, he found the stewardess busy by her door over some knitting. She lifted a placid and foolish countenance to him, and smirked. "It's a fine night," she said, gently, "and I wonder that you're not up in the city making love to some girl that doesn't know your wicked ways, Mr. Filcher."

The mate stared curiously at her, wrinkling his upper lip till his mustache stood out aggressively. "I aint in for any such nonsense," was his short reply.

"Go way!" the stewardess retorted, with fat vivacity. "You don't mean to tell me that you're trusting to leap year?"

"What's leap year?" demanded Filcher, languidly. "What's leap year!" ejaculated his companion of the moment. "It's the time when all women get their rights and have a chance to pick out a decent husband without having to fall into the hands of the first man that comes along with the price of a ring in his pocket and a smooth smile." The stewardess warmed slightly, and stirred her voluminous bosom as if the breath that she drew fanned an inward fire. "It's the time when a man with good looks and a bit of money had better look out and not look tender to the woman with an eye in her head."

Filcher seemed to waken to a sense of something hitherto incomprehended, and his gaze lost some of its careless fixity. He coughed slightly, and inquired: "I've heard something of the idea. Of course, it's a mere superstition."

"Superstition!" echoed the stewardess. "Why, Mr. Filcher, if I was to up and say, 'Mr. Filcher, you're the man for me, you'd have to marry me. It's the law,' concluded the woman, solemnly.

The mate stepped back a pace, and his mustache again sought the tip of his nose. "You're off," he said, shortly, and started away.

The stewardess wagged her head and put her fat fingers to her lips. As she stared at the mate by the light of a deck lantern, the latter suddenly felt a chill in the air, and fancied that he heard from the depths of the woman's obese form a sigh. "It's a lie!" he cried, loudly, and bent a glance of such ferocity upon the stewardess that she herself drew back with a faint movement of surprise. But she did not accept his statement, and nodded her head vigorously in affirmation of her assertion: "It's so, and it's the law, Mr. Filcher. Woman proposes and man—," she lost the conclusion for a moment, and then brought it out, triumphantly—"and man gives in." She cast a look upon the mate that seemed to announce a new and delicious thought. She blinked beneficently upon him.

A moment later Filcher was in his own cabin with the door locked. He wiped his forehead, and shook his head wildly. "Lord," he groaned, "I ought to have known it. She's after me, and she says that it's the law."

He stooped heavily over a locker, and drew from its recesses a big bottle, to which he applied himself. Reinvigorated and reassured for the time being, he stood with the bottle in his hand, and gazed at himself in the small mirror against the bulkhead. "She darned that jacket two weeks ago," he murmured. Then, as his mind ran actively back over the significant past, he broke out more loudly, "And it was in Redondo that she asked me if I saved all my money that I didn't go ashore every time I had a day off."

The next morning the *Emerald* became a scene of bustling activity for an hour. Merchandise of every sort and description was piled on her decks and thrust into the hold, passengers came aboard and disappeared into the staterooms, to reappear in caps and capes. Through it all Mr. Filcher moved, indefatigable and vociferous. Then, very suddenly the hurry ceased, lines splashed from the wharf into the water, and the coaster steamed out of her slip and down the bay toward the Golden Gate. As he finished clearing up the decks, the mate sighed freely. "Safe for three days," he muttered. "Eight women aboard, and rough outside." He contemplated this satisfactory state of affairs to such effect that, before he joined Captain Puggier on the bridge, he had laid out the course which was to take him clear of the dangerous reefs of leap year.

The skipper of the *Emerald* winked gallantly at a young woman below, and then greeted his mate. "A rough for the ladies," he said.

"You're always thinking of them," Mr. Filcher retorted. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Pooh!" retorted the captain, amiably. "One must

make 'em comfortable. Women always take this steamer in preference to the others. That comes of looking out for them."

"Thinking of getting married?" inquired the mate. Captain Puggier coughed discreetly. "Well," he replied, with dignity, "I've thought of it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Filcher. "Then it's all right. I didn't know."

"Didn't know what?" His commander's tone was suspicious.

"Didn't know you were thinking of getting married, of course. That explains it."

"Explains what?" Captain Puggier demanded with heat. "Quit your backing and filling, Filcher."

"Explains that you're thinking of getting married," was the response. "It's all clear now."

"All clear!" echoed the skipper, losing patience. "What's all clear? Why don't you say what you mean?"

"Why, I mean it's all clear now that you've explained that you're thinking of getting married," said Mr. Filcher, placidly. "I didn't understand it before."

"Didn't understand!" bawled Captain Puggier in a sudden outburst of rage, which caused the young woman on the deck below to look up in alarm. "What do you mean? Mr. Filcher, you must be drunk. What is it you didn't understand? Say it plainly. I insist upon an answer."

The mate was the picture of offended virtue. "How could I understand before?" he inquired, gloomily. "I thought the stewardess was joking." With this plain statement, Mr. Filcher deemed it expedient to retire.

That afternoon, during a period of rest, the mate



Robert Herrick, author of "The Common Lot." Published by the Macmillan Company.

met the young woman at whom Captain Puggier had winked so gallantly. "Nice day," said Mr. Filcher, thoughtfully.

"Yes," was the response, "but it's always nice on the *Emerald*. The captain's so kind."

"He's a great hand for the ladies," the mate remarked, carelessly. "He's forever putting himself out for 'em. Look at the stewardess. Maybe you think she's a hard time, Miss Banks? But the captain treats her just as nice as he knows how."

Miss Banks tossed her head prettily. Mr. Filcher noticed the movement, and passed on. He had observed Miss Banks on her previous trips up the Coast, and it struck him that he had said enough.

In the evening, as Mr. Filcher was inquiring of the man at the wheel if he purposed taking the *Emerald* to the Philippines, contrary to his orders, the skipper came up. "Look here, Filcher," he said, abruptly, "what did you mean this morning by saying the stewardess said something?"

The mate tugged at his mustache, and returned his superior's gaze calmly. "What did the stewardess say?" he demanded, with admirable indifference.

"That's what I want to know," affirmed the skipper, wrathfully. "You said she said something."

Mr. Filcher scratched one protuberant ear, and gazed at the captain in perplexity. "The stewardess!" he echoed. "What makes you interested in her?"

"I'm not!" Captain Puggier bellowed. "But she said something!"

"Women do talk," said the mate, philosophically. "Now there's Miss Banks."

The skipper stopped open-mouthed on the verge of profanity. "What about Miss Banks?" he inquired.

"She was saying how nice you were to the ladies,

and wondering if all captains were as nice to stewardesses."

"But—" began the captain, and ceased as abruptly. "Look here, Filcher," he went on in a different manner. "What put the stewardess into that girl's head?"

"I don't know," responded the mate, gazing at his commander interestedly, "unless it was leap year."

"Leap year!" repeated the captain. "What's leap year got to do with it?"

"That's when women ask men to marry them," was the reply. "Maybe Miss Banks thought you were sort of fetching up to the stewardess to get her to ask you."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Captain Puggier, witheringly. "Why, it's preposterous!"

"Well," said the mate, phlegmatically, "the stewardess enjoys the privileges of her sex. And if she thinks you're an agreeable, accommodating chap, I don't see why she shouldn't ask you. It's the law."

"Law!" roared the furious skipper.

"Yes, law," said Mr. Filcher, calmly. "She has it on her side. Breach o' promise aint in it with leap year."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the skipper in a lower tone, "that a woman has only to say to a man, 'Be mine,' during leap year, and it goes?"

"That's the idea and the law," affirmed Filcher, solemnly.

There was a long pause. Captain Puggier seemed inwardly moved. He wiped his forehead, and sighed twice. He turned on his mate suddenly. "Then if she wants you, all she has to say is that she wants you? Maybe she's working for you."

The mate tried to smile. Instead he swore at the man at the wheel once more. When his superior repeated his query, Filcher responded by a look of gloom. Their eyes met. Puggier winced, and Filcher drew an even longer face. The captain was the first to recover. "Well," he muttered, "it's either you or me. I didn't know. You're sure it's the law?"

Filcher replied to this agonized inquiry with a feeble shake of his head. "There's no way out of it," he murmured, hoarsely.

Presently Puggier took heart to ask a question. "How long have you noticed the stewardess—acting—this—way?"

Filcher cast back, and finally answered. "I see now it was coming on a long time. She's a sly woman, sir. Very sly and forethoughtful."

As they spoke together a fat form came out from the cabin and swayed along the forward deck. A blankly placid face was turned up to them, and both shrank back. Captain Puggier grasped the rail. "I think she smiled," he said, in a barely audible whisper.

Filcher swallowed, and said, with forced calmness: "At any rate, she'll be too busy to do anything till we get back to San Francisco."

The skipper of the *Emerald* drew a long breath. "That's three days yet," he said.

The next day, before the *Emerald* arrived at her destination, Captain Puggier drew the mate aside. "Look here," he said, nervously, "the stewardess came up and asked me something this morning."

A gleam of triumph shone in Filcher's eyes. He almost smiled. "Was it to marry her?" he demanded.

"No," was the hasty answer. "But I could see she looked at me as if she wanted to say something else."

"She knocked at my door not an hour ago," Filcher confessed. "But we're safe till the voyage is over."

Puggier meditated. He cast a wary eye over the gray sea, and seemed to calculate the distance to a dim headland far in. "How long does this leap year last?" he demanded, suddenly. "I might get laid off a few trips and let you take command."

"I wouldn't take it," said Filcher, promptly. "You couldn't leave the ship."

"But how long is this leap year going to hold out?" repeated his superior.

Filcher seemed hardly to catch the import of his question. When he did his face cleared. "It lasts only till December 31st," he responded. "That's three weeks yet."

"A good deal can happen in three weeks," said Puggier. "But likely as not it's you she's after, Filcher. You're a very well-set-up man. You have money in the bank, too."

"Nothing to speak of," said Filcher, hurriedly. "And the Lord knows I'm not fit to be any woman's husband. It's you."

The stewardess appeared on the lower deck, and after looking up laboriously, waved a fat hand to the officers on the bridge. They drew back, and gazed at each other. The stewardess called up. Getting no answer, she climbed up the steps, and was soon beside them. "Excuse me," she panted, "but, dear me, here's Miss Banks wants to know if we're going to get into Eureka in time for her to get home to-night."

Puggier wet his lips, and tried to look dignified. "Tell Miss Banks we shan't be in till December 31st," he said, wildly.

The stewardess held her portly sides, and laughed. "You always were a joker," she simpered. "You're going to give Miss Banks all the rest of leap year to get a husband. But how about yourself?"

Mr. Filcher seemed on the point of leaving the bridge, but the skipper detained him with a look. "This is no laughing matter, stewardess," he said, hoarsely. "Tell Miss Banks we shall be in at the usual time."

As she left the little bridge, the stewardess turned

around and smiled, voluminously. "You'll make a good husband for some good woman," she said, heavily. "Three weeks more," whispered Filcher, and the skipper nodded, clutching the rail desperately.

It was New-Year's Eve, and the *Emerald* lay in her slip in San Francisco. All was peaceful on board of her. From over the freight-shed was wafted the sound of the gay city, waiting for the beginning of new period of fun and work and expectancy.

Beyond the *Emerald*, out in the stream, was a small boat containing two men. They lay on their oars in the shadow of the big shed, and as the tide carried them up the bay, they pulled down again to their station, just off the end of the *Emerald's* slip. From the way they handled their oars, it was evident they had kept up this routine for several hours.

As the clocks of the city rang the hours, they would raise haggard faces and listen. They seemed to be waiting for some great catastrophe, to be keeping clear of some great and devouring upheaval. Ten o'clock and eleven o'clock saw them still at their vigil. As the half-hour rang out, they shifted in their places more nervously, and when the big Ferry clock pointed to a quarter to twelve one spoke to the other.

As the last minutes of the year passed slowly they drew in closer to the stern of the sleeping *Emerald*. But their movements were guarded, and not even the splash of an oar betrayed their location.

Suddenly a whistle broke the night's humming stillness. Then a bell rang out. One of the men pulled strongly toward the coaster, but his companion held up his hand, and pointed solemnly to the Ferry clock. It lacked two minutes of midnight.

The din in the city increased. Guns were fired. A cannon boomed heavily. Still they floated in the shadow. Then, very slowly, a bell near by rang out the strokes of twelve. As the last one died away into the clamor, the two men dropped upon their oars and slipped alongside the *Emerald*. They made the boat fast, and clambered to her decks. Once there, they shook hands, and hurried on till they had gained the captain's cabin. They entered hastily. Once within, Captain Pugger stood up and reached a bottle off a high shelf over his bunk. He drew the cork, and picked out two glasses and filled them. "I haven't taken a drink in three weeks," he said.

The mate picked up his glass and measured its contents with his eye. Then, nodding briskly at his companion, he emptied it. As he set it down again, he smiled faintly. "She didn't get us, did she?"

Captain Pugger drank his liquor, solemnly. "Filcher," he said, gravely, "she's a disappointed woman."

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1905.

NANCE O'NEIL ON BROADWAY.

A Mismanaged Season—"Freak" Audiences at "Magda"—A "Wound-Up" Ghost of the Old-Time Nance—Flashes of Former Power—Faults of Aldrich's Play.

Upholders of the poetic drama and raw native talent say that the recent poor season of Nance O'Neil at Daly's Theatre is a proof that New York does not appreciate the one, and will not patronize the other. We hear on every side that the taste of Gotham in things theatrical is hopelessly bad, that a long list of farce comedy and musical extravaganza has undermined it, and for intelligent criticism and appreciation of matters dramatic one must go to the West, or, better still, New England.

Personally, I think this an extreme view. Everybody knows that the taste of the average well-to-do New Yorker is as bad as possible, but among four millions of people there are a sufficient number of intelligent and cultured individuals to make a good show pay and fill the house when a fine performance is given. I must say my belief in New York's power of appreciating a work of poetic beauty received a shock at the failure of "Ulysses" last year, but it is possible that insufficient advertising and incompetent support had something to do with it. The New Yorker is unquestionably slow in recognizing new merit and in deciding the claims of the unknown applicant. Few stars have been "discovered" here. They come with reputations made in other parts of the country. If they are natives, New York is very slow to give them recognition. If foreign, they generally are met with enthusiasm, and achieve instant success.

I have been told, with what truth I can not say, that Miss O'Neil was deeply desirous of conquering Gotham. She had made no reputation here, save as a crude, handsome young woman who had once been the leading lady at the Murray Hill Theatre. In the West she had long been known as an actress of remarkable promise, and her success last year in Boston was brilliant. No newspaper reports of that were exaggerated. It was an almost sensational triumph. From an obscure theatre, almost empty, and that she could only get for matinee performances, she passed to crowded houses and an acclaim that was at times astonishingly enthusiastic.

From a popular point of view, her New York season has been a failure. The Boston stories and the articles appearing about her in magazines, had arrested the attention of a large class of theatre-goers who went to see her in "Magda" and came away disappointed. Both

times that I was there the theatre was only half filled, the galleries nearly empty. The audiences were of the "freak-audience" type, such as one sees at the Ibsen productions and Shaw matinees. One-half the people present were serious and intelligent theatre-goers, whom one rarely sees at the New York play-houses unless for important literary or classic productions. Many actors were present, and there was a late gliding in of strangely clad, dingy people, whose advent caused the initiated to murmur "paper."

It appears to me that the season was mismanaged from the start. It was a series of mistakes. She opened in "Magda," in which the greatest stars in the dramatic firmament have played, and, of course, it was inevitable that she should be compared with them. She then played "Hedda Gabler," which is totally unsuited to her—she might as well want to play Ariel in "The Tempest"—and in which her faults were thrown into higher relief by the fact that Mrs. Fiske, an excellent Hedda and a great New York favorite, was playing the same thing a little higher up the street. "Fires of St. John," a piece of Sudermann's never given here before, she put off for her third week—(she should have opened in it)—and "Judith of Bethulia," the poetical drama by T. B. Aldrich, with which she finished her season, should have come well forward in it, as it was the piece which created most discussion and brought her into the newspaper prominence which draws audiences.

I saw her "Magda," which I had seen and written of some six or seven years ago in San Francisco, and I was much disappointed. It is difficult to analyze the change that has taken place in her—or, rather, in her manner of playing—but it is marked and disconcerting. Her appearance is as splendid as of yore. No woman was ever more richly dowered, for the purposes of



Photo by Vaughan & Keith.

Nance O'Neil, the California tragedienne.

stage effect, with beauty, height, and what is roughly summed up as "presence." No actress on the stage has a more rich and sonorous voice, or a clearer and more mellow enunciation. She has no grace, but she has a classic dignity of attitude and gesture that is almost imposing. In fact, the great gifts that Nature gave her at starting are all there, unimpaired, remarkable as they ever were.

What she has lost is her freedom, her fire, her own rude, spontaneous manner of acting, which, with all its crudity, had a wild impressiveness. I should like to bet that some one has been training her, trying to teach her the "subtlety" and the "art" that she has never had and I do not think ever will have. The result has been a "naturalistic" style which is so void of all color, of all flexibility, of all variety, that she has the appearance of indifferently reciting her lines. In the first act she made her entrance without enthusiasm, almost coldly, sat down on the sofa, and from that vantage point delivered most of her remarks, now and then getting up and crossing to the other side, or coming down to the front.

It was absolutely mechanical. Her voice showed no variations of emotion, her face was void of expression. It was like the wound-up ghost of the Nance O'Neil that used to thrill me in San Francisco. I wondered if there was anything left of the rush of life and passion that had made people think she was to be one of the great spirits of our stage. This she still has. In the scene with Von Keller she suddenly dropped her stolid demeanor and rose to the old heights, and for a moment, shaken by a tumult of distracting emotions, woke the apathetic and disappointed audience into startled enthusiasm. She has this power unimpaired. It is just as exciting, as inspiring, as thrillingly cyclonic as ever. After the burst was over she fell back into the

short, hard declamation, the listless pose on the sofa, and the stereotyped "crossings to R" and "coming down front." It was a very curious performance. My companion, who had never seen her before, summed it up with the remark: "This woman is not an actress at all; she's only a temperament."

By the time she had produced "Judith" there was a good deal of talk about her in the papers, and she was gaining that sort of reluctant attention which attends the intrusion of a new and compelling personality. She was not filling the house, but people were talking about her. Though many thought ill of her work, she has the quality of making her presence felt, which belongs to all beings of large, original make-up. Moreover, the critical world realized that to produce a poetic drama by an American author showed a good deal of disinterested courage and a triumph of hope over experience that was little short of sublime. The event justified the public's anticipation. "Judith," as an acting drama, was a good thing to see as an example of all the faults a playwright might commit and shouldn't. Without Miss O'Neil it would have been a bore. With her it was interesting, and at times, clothed with her beauty and warmed with her rich and sumptuous womanhood, had a spasmodic vitality.

Mr. Aldrich took the story of Judith and Holofernes and added a fine touch to it, a distinctly human touch: Judith, kept five days in the camp of her people's enemy, begins to love the magnificent young captain. Like Balaam, who was called to curse and would only bless, she was called to kill and found herself inclined to love. This was a good innovation—an introduction of that human perversity and weakness that the fierce story needed to bend it to dramatic purposes. Outside it, the play—viewed as performance to be acted, not read—was very defective. It was like Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala," moving in the midst of the most stirring events and nothing stirring ever happening. Everything that did occur you heard about, but never saw. People stood round and told one another the news, but the participants in the strenuous times only came on when the heat and burden of things was over.

Mr. Aldrich, like a good many writers in this country, seems afraid to face his drama. It looks as if he, too, was hag-ridden by that nightmare of the American poet and novelist—the fear of being "obvious" and "banale." These are two words of doom to the domestic author. They check the flight of Pegasus and chill the blood of the muse. They have certainly hampered the hand of the author of "Judith." The passions and problems to be depicted in the story were as "obvious" as possible—as "obvious" as those in the story of Joseph and his brothers, as those in the story of David and the wife of Uriah the Hittite, as those in the story of Samson and Delilah. The Biblical authors never balked at the "obvious" points in their stories. They wrote them down as unconsciously and simply as they saw them in real life.

Mr. Aldrich skimmed round the "obvious" so skillfully and artfully that he took all the life out of his play. Even in the scene of love-making in the tent, he evaded the whole matter by introducing half a dozen dancing-girls, while Judith and Holofernes sat on a couch looking on! It would hardly seem as if any one could have so timorously shirked his responsibility in personally conducting a play from a start to a climax. Here was the possibility for a great love-scene, in which the woman could have struggled with her dawning love, encouraging the soldier whose ruin she plotted, withdrawing from the lover whose hand upon her weakened her bloody purpose. It ought to have been a great, vital, fierce scene, ending with her prayer to the terrible Jehovah of her people to nerve her arm and steel her heart for death.

It was none of these things. Nothing dramatic happened, except the prayer, which was the best thing in the play. Between the mazes of the dance Judith plied Holofernes with wine and lulled him into his last sleep by reciting a poem to him—a charming, graceful poem which, like the flowers that grow in the spring, had "nothing to do with the case." It would have been better if she could have sung it, soothed the last restfulness of his wakefulness with music, and then seen him lie, weak as a child, at her mercy. The killing took place behind the curtain—this one can hardly cavil at; one can't have a man beheaded in full sight—and Judith's reappearance, stealthy and marble-white, with red-dyed hands and sword, was quite awful and realistic.

It is, however, in this kind of part that Miss O'Neil is seen at her best. If some day she can get some one to write her a good play in the large, heroic mold, she will find the place she has so long been groping and reaching for. She is not artistic, or subtle, or complex, and can not simulate any of these traits. The emotions that she renders best are not the feverish, nervous ones of modern life, but the great simple ones of antiquity. Her line is the classic and heroic, and until she finds plays which show her off in this line, she will always be more or less futile and unsuccessful.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1904.

Earl Grey, the new governor-general of Canada, expects that within a generation the population of that province will be equal to that of the United Kingdom. The forecast was expressed in the speech which he made at a farewell dinner given to him on the occasion of his departure to take up the duties of his post.

PICTURES AND OPERAS IN DRESDEN.

By Jerome Hart.

For many years Dresden has been a favorite city with English and American families as a place of residence. It has a fine opera-house and good theatres; it has a magnificent picture gallery; thus Dresden has many attractions for those fond of music and art. It has excellent hotels, good pensions, cabs are cheap, the tram-car lines are good, and living is not expensive.

The famous Dresden Gallery, which is in the Zwinger, a Renaissance building, contains some 2,400 paintings, 350,000 engravings, and a great museum of casts and collections in natural history; there is also a large museum of weapons, armor, and trophies of war. There are some handsome churches in Dresden, a number of fine monuments, a zoological and botanical garden, and several pretty parks.

The first night of our arrival in Dresden we naturally gravitated toward the opera. Outside of Germany, there is a belief that the Germans are rude and discourteous. Perhaps they are—outside of Germany. Inside of it, they certainly are not. They are most punctilious and courteous. In leaving a hotel dinner-table, the German gentleman salutes all present with grave obeisance. The most matter-of-fact request is prefaced with *bitte*, or *bitte schön* (about the same as "please," or "kindly please to"). The elevator attendant says *bitte* as you enter his lift; he says *schön* as you leave it. The latter word is used so much that it replaces "Kyew!"—the terminal of "thank you," which you hear so much in England; or "s-s-s-s-i!"—the terminal of "merci," which you hear so often in France. I don't know what word the foreigner hears most in our country. Robert Louis Stevenson said that the Americans were the rudest and kindest people he had ever met.

All of which is prefatory to saying that when we entered the Dresden Opera House we found its stalls arranged as in most European opera-houses—that is, with no aisle in the middle. We were obliged to reach our seats in the centre by squeezing between the rows. All the way from the side were uniformed officers, standing up with their backs to the curtain, gazing at the audience. As I neared each one I said "Bitte," and each officer instantly turned, bowed, made way, and said "Schön." Our progress was thus heralded by a susurrus of s-s-s-c-c-c-h-h-es.

The bill was "Preciosa," by Von Weber. This was rather unusual, but we found that the Dresden Opera House does not adhere to the stock list of operas. This was not a "great night," evidently, for the house was only comfortably filled; the performance began at half-past seven. The next night we went to hear "Tannhäuser"; this was not an "off night," for the performance began at half-past six, and the house was crowded. The audience was very simple in its dressing; the ladies' gowns were plain, and there were few men in evening clothes. The troupe was excellent—not only the soloists, but the singers in the chorus were good artists, while the orchestra was perfect. The stage settings and scenery were elaborate, artistic, and costly, ranking next to the Paris Grand Opéra.

In the "Venusberg" scene there was a realistic dance of satyrs, fauns, and nymphs. In fact, it was the extreme of realism. Wagner first produced the opera on the Dresden stage in 1840, or thereabouts, but there was no satyr ballet then. But when he produced it at Paris, the Parisians demanded a ballet, so Wagner gave it to them. He certainly gave it to them strong. The Dresden audience was largely made up of young women. I was curious to note if this queer ballet brought the blush of offended modesty to the cheek of maiden innocence, but no. The young women followed the satyr ballet with intent gaze, and seemed to take it rather appreciatively.

The stage management was excellent; in every little detail the opera was admirably mounted and costumed. The scene where the princes and nobles come in greeting the Landgrave of Thuringia and his niece Elizabeth to witness the competition between the minnesingers was a beautiful stage picture. No detail was lacking. The palmers even wore scollop shells in their hats.

I remarked but now that unusual operas are played in Dresden; so also one sees there many not performed elsewhere out of Germany, or perhaps I should say out of Saxony. I jot down the names of a few unhackneyed operas from the repertoire of the Dresden Opera House:

BERLIOZ—"Benvenuto Cellini."
 BIZET—"Djamileh."
 HEROLD—"Zampa."
 LORTZING—"Czaar and Zimmermann," "Armerer," "Two Grenadiers," "Poacher," "Undine."
 MASSENET—"Werther," "Mauon."
 MOZART—"Cosi fan tutte," "Don Juan," "Idomeneus," "Marie Flute," "Nozze di Figaro," "Scraglio."
 NICOLAI—"Merry Wives."
 PADEWSKI—"Mauru."
 PUCINI—"Tosca."
 ROSSINI—"Tell."
 RUBINSTEIN—"Demonio," "Maccabees."
 SCHUMANN—"Genoveva."
 THOMAS—"Hamlet," "Mignon."
 WAGNER—"All of his operas."
 WEBER—"Abu Hassan," "Euryanthe," "Freischutz," "The Three Pintos," "Preciosa," "Silvana."

apropos of "Zampa," ever since childhood I have been familiar with the overture to "Zampa." I have

often wondered, since the overture was so popular, that the opera was no longer played. This year I heard the opera for the first time. I am a great believer in the verdict of time. If a man has left behind a lot of rubbish and one gem, posterity will preserve the gem, but not the rubbish. I no longer wonder now about "Zampa." The verdict of posterity is all right.

The ballet inserted by Wagner after the Parisian production of Tannhäuser is known in Germany as "The Parisian Bacchanale." At that time, oddly enough, the Parisians would not have "Tannhäuser," even when Wagner went to the trouble to sensualize it according to his ideas of Parisian taste. It was produced in Paris in 1861, fifteen years after its production in Dresden; it was withdrawn after three representations, a failure. For a decade it remained the whetstone on which the Paris writers sharpened their wits. Even composers like Hector Berlioz joined in the onslaught against Wagner. But it is interesting now to note how the great opera-house in Paris is crowded when "Tannhäuser" is put on.

The calm reception of the Bacchanale Ballet and the sensual music in "Tannhäuser" by the Young Person in the Dresden Opera House may be attributed to innocent ignorance. In the Dresden audiences you see the Young Person in her variety; you see there the American Young Person, the British Young Person, and the German Fräulein, although the fräulein is in a minority. I was interested in noting not only the way in which the Young Person received "Tannhäuser," but other Wagner operas, for the Bayreuth maestro did not scruple to tell some intense stories in his librettos, all of which he wrote himself. The loves of the gods and goddesses, whether in Greek or Scandinavian mythology, seem scarcely suited for Young Persons



Royal Opera House, Dresden. In the centre of the Opera Square is an equestrian statue of King Johann, by Schilling. This square is notable for the beautiful Renaissance and baroque buildings which surround it, among them the Zwinger, the Roman Catholic Court Church, the Royal Palace, and the Guard House.

and Pink Teas. This is notably the case in "The Walkyrie," where nearly every civil and canonical law is violated, and where the complexity of the consanguinity of the lovers in the plot would stagger a Semiramis. Occasionally I glanced around the audience when some new sockdolger shocked me. But the Young Person gazed and listened blandly, calmly, imperturbably.

Seeing a red-bound book in the hands of many Young Persons, I purchased one; I found that it contained detailed plots of operas, and was dedicated to a Royal Saxon *Kammersängerin*, so it ought to be straight goods. It is called "The Opera Glass," and is published in Dresden in the purest Teutonic English. I turned at once to "The Walkyrie," wishing to see how "The Opera Glass" handled the somewhat delicate question of Sieglinde's flight from Hunding and her relations to Siegmund. I turned to the end of the first scene; thus "The Opera Glass" spake: "Sieglinde elopes with Siegmund, and the early morning finds them in a rocky pass." When Siegmund is killed and Sieglinde has no desire to live, Brünnhilde's revelation to her of the fact that she is to be the mother of Siegfried is by "The Opera Glass" thus delicately worded: "Brünnhilde tells Sieglinde that she bears the token of Siegmund's love." When Wotan, incensed by Brünnhilde's disobedience, dooms her to an awful fate against which she pleads with tears, this fate is thus dimly indicated by "The Opera Glass": "Wotan dooms her to a magic sleep, out of which any man who happens to pass that way may wake her and claim her as his property." Although I know the story of "The Walkyrie" tolerably well, I freely confess that I would not recognize it as told in "The Opera Glass." Therefore I do not wonder that the Young Person in the Dresden opera audience gazed calmly on the mimic scene while such very naughty things were being played and sung.

In "The Opera Glass" there are many references to the Abode of Shades to which all the warriors go after death. The book discreetly calls this place "Hel." This gives the word an unfamiliar look, and is evidently designed not to shock the Young Person. Were they to leave another letter out, and print it "h-l" that would never do, for it would look like hell.

We left the auditorium with the resonant strains of "Tannhäuser" still ringing in our ears, and went out into the beautiful square of the Theatre Platz, where the fountain basin was shimmering under the moonlight. Out of the many doors there streamed forth music-lovers from the opera-house. I noticed that there were few cabs and fewer private carriages. Many walked across the square and took the humble electric tram. Others walked home. We walked home. Shameful but true admission. And all seemed to take it as a matter of course that they should wear plain garb, listen to a fine opera magnificently sung and faultlessly staged, leave at ten o'clock, walk home quietly, and get to bed at a reasonable hour.

I could not help comparing this with our grand-opera nights in San Francisco. Once I remember when the good people of my native city got excited over opera tickets, made a frontal attack, and shattered the doors of the opera-house during the Patti boom. Then we used to "wind up" the opera at about half after midnight, and come out to find Mission Street a mass of tangled cabs, of hysterical horses, and of raving, yelling, cursing cabmen. I remember this distinctly, for they nearly killed me once as I tried to cross the street. Still I had attended operas in much larger cities and got away without risk of my life. Out of this mass of men, horses, and cabs, Hack Inspector Martin would

finally bring some kind of order, and after a vast amount of distant bellowing and sometimes waiting for nearly an hour, our opera lovers would be driven away. I looked around on the Dresdeners with astonishment. They did not seem to be at all excited over their opera. They got out early, and they walked home. I suppose the reason is that they have operas all the time and that it is not a luxury with them. But it seemed to me somewhat incongruous after our noisy San Francisco experiences to see this quiet Dresden audience walking home so peacefully under the silent stars.

In various German cities we had seen signs announcing the great art exhibit at Dresden of pictures from all over Germany. In galleries in Berlin and in other cities we had observed blank spaces on the walls, labeled "pictures sent to Dresden." So we went to the Dresden Anststellung with high expectation. It was in an enormous building, completely girt about with beer gardens and restaurants. With some difficulty we made our way through these fooderies to the art exhibit.

Soon I was seized with a profound melancholy. As I walked through room after room, it increased. At first I knew not the cause. It was not lobster—I had eaten none. I had not been robbed—at least, not recently. What could be the cause?

At last the reason dawned upon me. In every country there is a school of artists who rebel against academic rules and stigmatize all academicians as fossils. They style themselves "Les Jeunes," or "The Impressionists," or "The Secessionists"—the latter centre in Berlin. Some of them are men of brains and ability, and some of them are not. Men of ability are scarce in most callings, and I think it is so among the Secessionists. Many of these latter, in my opinion, are men who are too lazy to learn to draw, so they cover

up their sins with a great deal of paint. Many of them, perhaps, honestly believe that it is possible to paint without knowing how to draw. It was the contemplation of some of their efforts that caused my mysterious sorrow. Now that we were there in the Ausstellung I saw that it was a Secessionist Salon.

Wherever I turned my eyes they were met by dreadful landscapes in impossible greens and bilious yellows. There were studies in oils, in water-colors, in pastel—here a large distemper and there a queer monochrome—there was every possible freak and fad of the art fraternity, and the trail of impressionism was over them all. Through room after room I shot, pursued by scrambled-egg landscapes and pink ice-cream sunsets. Vast plaster casts, colossal clay models, confronted me; nude gentlemen with bulging Sandow muscles; nude ladies tied in knots; nude epicenes in every impossible attitude; busts that looked like fire-plugs, and basso-relievos that looked like cast-iron stove ornaments. Such were the terrors that confronted me on every hand.

I was appalled. I never had been able to admire the Impressionists. I once confided this shameful fact to a lady of my acquaintance. "Never mind," said she, seriously, gently, consolingly, "some day the Feeling will come to you." But apparently it had not come.

At last I entered a small room at the end of the corridor. My tense nerves began slightly to relax. "Ha!" said I, "has the Feeling come to me at last? Am I to drink of the cup of knowledge? Now there is a picture that is not at all bad. In fact, I think it is a stunner. If an Impressionist or a Secessionist painted that, there is nothing the matter with him, and there must have been something the matter with me." I approached the canvas to learn what young rebel wielded such a magic brush, and I read the name of Ludwig Knaus, who is about seventy-five years old

there is none now—our "musical comedy" is perhaps the nearest approach to it; and the poorest of the bouffe operas of thirty years ago is immeasurably superior to the best of the musical comedies of to-day. In three large cities in 1904 the principal successes in the light-opera line were revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan in London, "Madame Angot" in Paris, and "The Mikado" in Hamburg—all of them successes of over twenty years ago. The most successful playwrights to-day in London and Paris are W. S. Gilbert and Victorien Sardou, both of them white-haired veterans, both men of the last century.

The two most successful legitimate productions in the two largest European cities the past year were "The Tempest," produced by Beerbohm Tree in London, and Mounet-Sully as Hamlet in Paris. Mr. Tree's Shakespeare production ran through the spring, the "silly season," and the fall, to full houses, when most of the new pieces were withdrawn or revamped. Mounet-Sully as Hamlet crowded the Théâtre-Français every night, when the brand-new plays of some of the young academicians only drew half a house.

As for "Les Jeunes," Mounet-Sully is now well on in years. Age and failing eyesight impelled him to retire from the stage a few years ago. But there is no one among the "jeunes premiers" of French actorhood who can play Romeo or Hamlet. So this fine actor in his old age is still playing the fiery young Capulet and the melancholy young Dane.

Paris perhaps feels more keenly the need of light and artistic opera than any large city. The French have a term "opéra-comique"—it does not mean "comic opera," by lyric drama, a grade below grand opera and above opera bouffe. The composers of to-day can not fill this demand. In despair, the Paris managers have been forced to fall back on the old operas, and have brought out not only "Madame Angot," but

he said again, with the same rapid movement of his fist toward his other palm.

I felt somewhat discomfited, and was about to explain, when he went on: "And last week I read of another railway accident where sixty-five were killed. Whiz!"

"But," said I, "these accidents are very rare."

"Nein, nein! Three months ago I read of a steamer sinking at your capital city with nine hundred people drowned."

"But," replied I, feebly, "in every country there are people drowned—"

"But not burned to death. Listen—six months ago I read of a theatre fire in Chicago where one thousand people were burned, and I read in this morning's paper that no one has been punished by the court."

This was a fact. The *General Slocum* tragedy and the failure to punish any one for the Iroquois Theatre fire profoundly moved and shocked all Germany. I endeavored to convince my talkative old friend that these were exceptional incidents and that life in America did not consist of a regular series of railway accidents, theatre fires, and steamer explosions. But he shook his head; I left him unchanged in his conviction that the United States is "the country where they kill so many people."

And I left the Retrospektiv Abteilung unchanged in my conviction that the masters of the last generation (even if they did know how to draw), could paint about as well as the Impressionists and the Secessionists of to-day.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Because of his refusal to apologize to his instructor, William J. Bryan, Jr., has been suspended from his class, and has ceased his study of chemistry in Lincoln Academy.

A bank with an Indian chief as its president has been organized to do business at Skiatook, I. T. The institution opens next week, with Chief W. C. Rogers, of the Cherokees, at its head.

Captain John H. Rinder is to take command of the *Minnesota*, biggest of all the ships afloat, which is to ply between Seattle and the Orient. He formerly commanded the *Coptic* and then the *Mongolia*.

The *Lokal Anzeiger* states that the betrothal of Alfonso, King of Spain, and the Duchess Marie Antoinette, daughter of the Archduke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is now regarded as settled. It will be formally arranged on the occasion of the visit of King Alfonso to the Kaiser in February.

George Laird Shoup, first governor of Idaho, who is dead at the age of sixty-eight, had a picturesque career. He was eleven years in the Senate, and while colonel of the Third Colorado Cavalry, he pursued a band of hostile Comanches five hundred miles, captured them, and recovered the spoil of several merchandise caravans they had attacked, and compelled the chiefs to sign a treaty which was afterward observed in good faith. Mr. Shoup weighed about three hundred pounds, and was very tall. His rugged good nature and strong, shrewd character won him friends in national politics as they had as a mining storekeeper in his early years.

A Paris dispatch says that Dr. Doyen, who will be remembered in connection with the Crocker suit, scored a success recently in the presence of Dr. Gallois and other members of a committee of inquiry, proving a cure of a serious cancer case. Dr. Gallois says: "We saw the woman some time ago. She had a cancer in the breast, which formed a hard mass, technically called a breastplate. It was immovable and impossible to be operated upon. After a number of injections the hard mass softened and became movable and an operation was made possible, which, when performed, resulted in a cure." Physicians are taking increased interest in Dr. Doyen's serum.

Admiral Dewey's peace of mind has been greatly disturbed lately, according to the *Philadelphia Post*, by the nuisance of "sightseeing automobiles," each carrying thirty or forty people, which stop in front of his home three times a day in the effort to get a glimpse of the admiral and Mrs. Dewey. Even more annoying than the stare of forty pairs of eyes is the witticism of the guide, who shouts through the megaphone in a voice that can be heard a block away: "The red house to your right—given by the American people to Admiral Dewey, who destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and came to Washington to be captured by a lone woman."

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, "Father of the British Navy," is dead. He was the last survivor of the Battle of Navarino, fought in 1827, which resulted in the destruction of the Turkish fleet. The admiral was born in 1814, and entered the navy in 1826. He volunteered in 1838 for the Ross expedition to relieve the whaling fleet imprisoned in the ice of Baffin's Bay, and was commended by the admiralty for his services. He was second in command of Captain Austin's expedition in search of the Arctic explorer, Franklin, and was the first to discover traces of the lost ships after traveling five hundred miles on sledges. His squadron cooperated with United States vessels in suppressing the Walker filibustering expedition. He was later in command of the naval station at Gibraltar.



Old Market Place, Dresden. The Rathaus, or Town Hall, a couple of centuries old, stands in striking contrast to the modern buildings on the Square, and to the colossal figure of Germania, recently dedicated in memory of the war of 1870.

and has been an acknowledged master for forty years.

Another impelling picture fell under my eye. With a start I said to myself: "Have I been wronging the Impressionists? Are there many such canvases as these in this Salon?" I hastened to it. It was by Hans Makart, a great Viennese artist, who died twenty years ago.

Next to this was a picture by Piloty. Then came a Kaulbach, a Lessing, a Becker, a Feuerbach. And so it went. We had passed from the Salon of Secessionists and Impressionists, the young rebels against old and moldy tradition, to the rooms where hung the German masters of the nineteenth century, all of them old and some of them dead. These rooms were situated at the back of the building, in a remote corner. You had to pass through the concert halls, the beer halls, the fooderies, and the freakeries of the Impressionists before you reached the rooms where hung the modern masters. There were the loans from other German galleries.

I fear that the Secessionist pictures in Dresden did not remove my prejudice against the Impressionists, "Les Jeunes," and the men who want to paint without knowing how to draw. To me, they do not seem to "make good."

Not only in painting, but in the other arts do "Les Jeunes," the Impressionists, and the Secessionists fail to make good their promises. What successful grand opera has come of recent years from "Les Jeunes"? Not "Cavalleria Rusticana," for it is only a sketch, not an opera. No work of any of the composers of the younger Italian school has attained even the meed of success won by Mascagni's work. Not light opera, either—the "comic" operas of contemporaneous composers arouse a smile; but it is their music that brings a smile, and not their comedy. As for opera-bouffe,

"Les Clocher de Corneville," "Barbe-Bleue," "Orphie aux Enfers," "Le Petit Duc," and other successes of twenty-five or thirty years ago. The young men of to-day can not measure up even to Lecocq, Audran, or Offenbach.

The twentieth century is a great century. It is accomplishing marvels in the way of electric power, money-making syndicates, and trusts. But it is not an artistic epoch. It will be hard for it to equal the latter half of the nineteenth century. It will be very difficult to rival the Victorian age. If "Les Jeunes," the "New Art," the Impressionists, and the Secessionists are going to do it, they had better begin.

With a delicate hint at backnumberism, the official catalogue called the masters' part of the exhibit the "Retrospektiv Abteilung." The old guardian in the Retrospektiv Abteilung was lonesome. Most of the art-lovers were out in the freakery and faddery. So as soon as he saw me he approached to have a chat. Being a man of much acuteness he detected by my accent that I was not a German.

"You are a foreigner, *nicht wahr?*" he asked. I admitted the fact. "From Russland, *nicht wahr?*" I disavowed the Muscovite nativity. "No, I am from the United States." "Ach ja! the United States of South America." "No, of North America." "Ach ja. That is the country where they kill so many people. Whiz!" he said, bringing his closed fist loudly into the palm of his other hand. I demurred to this. "No, we have had no war there for some years."

"Oh, I mean not the war, but I read only yesterday of a railway accident where thirty were killed. Whiz!"

OUR COUNTRY
CONSIDERED A
SHAMBLES.

"THE SPIRIT OF BOHEMIA."

J. D. Redding's Stirring Appeal to His Colleagues.

We are permitted to print a part—a very interesting part—of a paper entitled "The Spirit of Bohemia," read at the Bohemian Club High Links, Christmas, 1904, by Joseph D. Redding:

There is latent in every human being the creative instinct in some form or other. There is deep-rooted in each of us a spiritual force of which we are feebly conscious. All it needs is environment to bring it forth, and conditions which do not make us feel that we are committing a crime to allow it to blossom, or that we are losing the respect of our fellows in acknowledging it. That accursed fear of being discovered indulging in anything but that which brings material gain, has caused many a rose to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air. Of all the efforts of men in this country to get together where weaving spiders shall not gather, where each may indulge himself in the flights of his imagination, or exhibit the creations of his fancy (provided he was honest and spontaneous in his work), without fear of ridicule and without being shamed out of it by the limits of modern life, I look upon the founding and developing of the Bohemian Club as by far the most important.

See how the founders went to the root of the matter.

Over the portal they announced to all would-be members: "You shall not bring here your worldly affairs," and early in their history they went a-field to study nature under the great trees.

Here we have the climate which fostered the poetry and the arts of Greece and Italy, and with a majesty of scene that far outranks the Athenian or Italian groves. I have watched the growth of this institution for over twenty years. I have taken part in many of its efforts, first with the conceit of youth, and thereafter with the devotion of an enthusiast, and I return because I can not help it. Like an old cavalry horse that hears from afar the bugle call, I respond with something of fear and trembling, and that passing, I want to jump in and take my old place in the squadron. And I am ready for any work Bohemia calls for, as leader or as one who clangs the cymbals; and in that willingness is the spirit that permeates all Bohemia.

This club has never failed to get values out of its members when it calls upon them. It is surprising what results have been obtained from unexpected sources. Sometimes a member will say, "I am only good as an audience." This is not true; often modesty, or the ancestral taint in the abhorrence of all forms of color, music, and the arts, may deter a man—but the still, small voice is there, nevertheless. The spirit will move, and let him but feel that he is not under harsh criticism, that he is among those who will glory in an exhibition of his creative instinct, and I venture to say there is not a member who will not delight us with at least the germ of a new idea, and at the same time surprise himself. To discuss what have been and will be the results of our life under the redwoods and in our forest home could not be permitted in the limits of this paper. The attention of the whole artistic world has been attracted to our efforts, and I think the importance of it all, the Olympian heights to which we are arriving (in the very ignorance and impetuosity of our enthusiasm) has dawned upon the outside world with greater force than upon us. In the presence of our mighty trees we are like children in the presence of the parent. We believe, we have faith, we know, without asking the reason why. That is the environment that produces enthusiasm, that permits the divine touch of inspiration, and it has ever been so since the first recorded human effort. The last performance in the woods, "The Hamadryads," has called forth encomiums from the most learned men of our time. It compares favorably with the Greek drama. It is upon the pure classic lines of the Delphic plays. It is ennobling. It teaches a great moral truth. This is what one of them has said of our work:

"Music is a modern institution, and within the last one hundred years the uses of instrumental forms and figures in musical scoring, the creation of tone pictures based upon a given theme, have revolutionized all that had gone before. I venture to say that in the dignity of the theme employed, in their skillful treatment, in the mastery shown in their coloring and development, in the progress of the climactic passages, and in the application of the whole musical structure to the needs of the drama itself, the composer's work has not been surpassed in this century."

Our club has reached an epoch in its life fraught with many responsibilities and some dangers. Our responsibilities are incident to our progress. We are astride of our own momentum, and unless we preserve the equilibrium we are liable to part company. There has always been a supposed feud between the board of directors and the members, and "to Hades with the board of directors," has ever been the war cry of the over-worked and over-indulged artistic element, and I hope the cry will never die. It simply strikes fire and keeps aglow the Bohemian hearth and, like the Irish family who are all fighting one another in their own back yard, if any outsider should step in to calm the troubled waters, we would all get together in an instant and pound the life out of the intruder.

The chief danger lies in our numbers. I do not say that we are too large in membership, but for heaven's sake do not increase the membership. In this particular in the individual gains his enthusiasm

and draws his inspiration from personal contact and affiliation with his fellows.

Mohs use clubs, individuals use rapiers, and the simile applies to intellectual effort as well as to brute force.

Above all, preserve the original covenant given to us by the founders. Whenever you see the slightest gleam of the imagination or the creative instinct, grasp it, cuddle it, allow it to develop, give it every latitude, pay for it, deny it nothing that will stimulate it—no matter in what crude shape it may appear. Genius is invariably illicit, and can not comprehend the rules that should govern ordinary mortals. It is child-like in its fits and deceits. It is God-like in the impress it makes upon the world.

And so to you, my worthy board of directors, whoever you may be and whatever board may be in power, remember that this club is like no other club. It was founded to develop the spiritual, not the material, side of our natures. It is based upon the love of the beautiful, the ideal, the creative. It is intended to be the abiding-place of every spiritual and art-born thought that has been preserved in marble, on canvas, and in books. These will be ours when all material results have crumbled away or have been lost in oblivion.

As to you, my beloved brothers in Bohemia and fellow-workers, remember that the little gathering of wits and poets on Sacramento Street has become a mighty aggregation, potent with power, but demanding an executive and care never dreamed of in its small beginnings. Have patience and believe in the integrity of what is being done for you. Lend to it all your energies and all your love, and who knows but what your work may become as gigantic and as immortal as the mighty trees in Bohemia's grove.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Rudyard Kipling has started for South Africa, where every year he spends the months of January, February, March, and April. His residence at Rose Bank, near Cape Town, was given him by his friend and admirer, Cecil Rhodes.

Poultney Bigelow, author, journalist, and traveler, is in San Francisco for a few days, en route from the Orient to the East, where he is to lecture at Harvard.

Some one writes from the home of Walt Whitman to the Sun: "Who said that fame was ephemeral? Here in Camden, where naught is remembered of the 'Good Gray Poet' but his patriarchal whiskers, a new brand of cigars appears in the windows with this legend beneath his frost-framed phiz: 'Smoke the Walt Whitman Pure Leaf'! Maybe made of 'Leaves of Grass.'"

The Macmillan Company is bringing out new editions of three of Hamilton Wright Mahie's books. "Parables of Life" contains three new parables, "Backgrounds of Literature" has a new chapter on "Hawthorne in the New World," and "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man," appears with a new preface.

Robert Hunter, whose new book on "Poverty" has lately been issued by the Macmillan Company, was for a number of years, after completing his studies in Indiana University, at Hull House in Chicago. He spent about two years at the Andover House in Boston, and a year at Toyne Hall in London. He was at one time head of the University Settlement in New York, and he is at present chairman of the Child Labor Committee of New York State.

A most remarkable book, just sold at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, for the comparatively low price of \$9,100, is a small octavo, "Amours Pastorals de Daphnis et Chloé," par Longus, 1718. It is the Regent's edition, with twenty-eight plates by Philippe d'Orleans, engraved by Audran. The binding is a masterpiece by Monnier, signed, and indescribably elaborate and beautiful. Quaritch was the purchaser, and the book now awaits the appreciation of American connoisseurs.

After an honorable career of over thirty years, the Literary World, for the last two years published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, has been absorbed by the Critic, which will hereafter appear as the Critic and Literary World, continuing under the editorship of Jeannette Gilder and bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Stewart Edward White and Samuel H. Adams are visiting San Francisco. They have just completed a novel, upon which they have collaborated, entitled "The Mystery." "Our story," said White to a reporter, "is a cross between a pirate yarn and a detective tale. It begins on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, and does some wandering after that, ending on a Pacific isle. To find the island that will be quite satisfactory is giving us some perplexity, but we shall probably get it somehow. It must be in the Pacific Ocean, must have a mild winter climate, and must be the habitat of the hair seal. These conditions are essential. We thought for a time of moving Santa Rosa Island about one thousand miles out to sea, but we now think we can do better than that. We may be able to find a real island that will fit." Mr. White now makes his home in Santa Barbara.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
3. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
4. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.
5. "The Home," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
3. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.
4. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "Traffics and Discoveries," by Rudyard Kipling.
3. "Roma Beata," by Maude Howe.
4. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
5. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

Erratum.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your recent article on "The Unpleasant in Fiction," you attribute "Jack Raymond" to Lucas Malet. Was not Mrs. Voynich, the author of "The Gaddy," the guilty one? SHERRILL SCHELL.

[Quite so. It was rather a stupid blunder. However, Lucas Malet by no means escapes scot-free: her "Sir Richard Calmady," the story of a deformed man's love for a healthy woman, was quite as morbid and unpleasant as any of the books that were mentioned.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

The New Flood Building.

The completion of the James Flood Building, at Market and Powell Streets, gives San Francisco one of the very best office-buildings ever erected. Beautiful in design, imposing in size, it is a monument to our present progress. Perfection of workmanship marks every detail of this new building. Its base is of polished granite, the remainder of the outer finish of Colusa stone. The wood-work is of mahogany, the floors are tiled, and the wainscoting is of Tennessee marble. It has eight passenger elevators and one freight elevator. The building is huge in its dimensions, fronting 190 feet on Market Street, 275 feet on Powell Street, and 137½ feet on Ellis Street. It is twelve stories in height, and contains 700 offices, all large, light, and airy. The ground floor will be occupied by various mercantile firms.

A beautiful feature of the building is the immense corridor, twenty-four feet wide, running from Market to Ellis Streets. This corridor is finished in stone and marble, and is flanked by monolithic columns of Missouri granite. It is typical of the whole building, which is modern up to the last detail. The expense that it has been to its builder will be fully justified, as B. P. Oliver, the agent, reports that the offices are renting rapidly.

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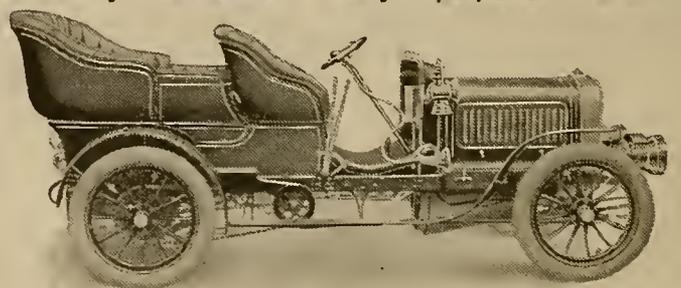
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THE COVER

LITERARY NOTES.

A Stupid, but Lucky Hero.

Readers who have had a surfeit of adventurous heroes who are miracles of bravery, chivalry, and diplomacy, who can, single-handed and with their backs to the wall, kill a dozen men in one fight, and who arrive at the end of their adventures loaded with honors, glories, titles, and love, will take an ironic satisfaction in Archibald Eyre's manner of dealing with the hero of "The Custodian." Mr. Eyre tells a neat, well-balanced tale, which, on the face of it, is romantic. There is an eloping princess to capture, and a fascinating, unscrupulous, and daring villain to circumvent. The hero who is chosen for the task is an ingenuous youth who can not see an inch beyond his nose, whose thoughts and motive are as easy to read as the printed



Mark Twain, author of "A Dog's Tale." Published by Harper & Brothers.

page, and who blushes every time he is spoken to. Led by circumstances to undertake a delicate and difficult task in which diplomacy, strategy, and ready resourcefulness are the prime requisites, the youth is phenomenally slow of apprehension and easy to outwit, but shows himself possessed of the honesty and dogged courage of the typical Englishman. He finally stumbles by sheer good luck into the success that his wits should long ago have led him to by tortuous courses. If it were not that the story had ample elements of interest and that the plucky but unskilful hero has a knack of winning the liking of the reader, the hyper-romanticist would long ere the book's close have shaken his acquaintance with good-natured disdain.

One can imagine the author chuckling over the discomfiture of this class of readers and rubbing his hands with satisfaction at his address in holding their attention to a finale which gives them, after all, an ample draught of the chivalry and romance which they conceive essential to the ideal novel.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Two Artistic Temperaments.

A novel by Charles Marriott, which, like his others, is not built on ordinary lines, and will not therefore appeal to purely popular tastes is entitled "Genevra," in recognition that its leading idea consists of a close analysis of the heroine's character. Genevra is a curious combination of primitive nature and the complicated impulses which go to make up the artistic temperament. She is the only female representative of an ancient Norman family, whose condition has deteriorated to that of the better class of yeomanry, and the emotional richness of her inner life is unguessed by her plodding kindred. Genevra is a poet. She is habitually repressed by her native impulses, and finds her only emotional vent in writing verse, the quality of which is thus tersely summed up by the editor—a poet himself—who publishes it: "Writes verse? She doesn't write verse, she bleeds it." It is possible that the author has some living poet of the type in mind—Fiona Macleod, perhaps—upon whom he has modeled his heroine.

Genevra's fate becomes intermingled with that of a fellow creative artist—a painter of pictures—and the two love with that intensity and lack of reason that so often characterizes the passions of natures more finely balanced and ardently attuned than those of their calmer fellows. A happy ending seems imminent in the middle of the book; but the reader now discovers that, whereas Genevra's creative powers are stimulated by her happiness, the man is so absorbed by his love that the image of the woman comes between him and his work, and he finds that he can not be alternately painter and lover. His great gift must rest until the passion that is a hindrance to him as an artist is appeased.

From this and Genevra's subsequent recognition of the fact ensues a curious state of things that results in the final separation of the lovers—a separation which, being initiated by Genevra, is justified by her with the thought that "they two could have become one only by remission of themselves, and it seemed to her a finer thing that they should

remain apart and in their several ways work out the best that was in them."

Although the end is unsatisfactory and scarcely consistent with the author's first mental portrait of Genevra, the book is of super-fine quality. It is written in a style of high literary excellence, and contains portraits of people, both of the usual and unusual type, that impress by their life-likeness and by their clear recognition of the temperamental variations in the human family.

As a running accompaniment to the story there are many striking word pictures of the sombre beauty of Cornish seascape and landscape that form themselves into a background to this peculiarly modern tale of needlessly thwarted love.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

For Youthful Romanticists.

Youths and maidens—the latter especially—who are persuaded that romantic love is the all and end-all of existence, and who admit no possibility of a disappointment in love ever being cured by securing an agreeable substitute for the lost one, will find a love-story after their own hearts in "A New Paolo and Francesca."

In this novel it is quite definitely fixed that people fall in love with each other at first sight, and instantly find life intolerable without immediate possession of the beloved object. The characters live in a picturesquely unreal world of yachts, castles, roses, and storms, a warning ghost or so, crescendoes of passionate emotion, diminuendoes of patient suffering, and an overwhelming and utterly unreal tragedy at the end.

The book is written in a strain of exalted, almost hysterical, romance, and nobody in it ever talks or thinks about the practical or material things of life. It is, in fact, as may be seen by the title, an attempt to present a modernized version of Paolo and Francesca's love-story with a dash or so of Tristan and Isolde thrown in, and the element of sin eliminated.

The story will seem very beautiful and moving to some young, emotional, undeveloped minds, but practical men and women will experience some difficulty in yielding credence to the vaporous agonies of its quartet of mismatched lovers.

Published by John Lane, New York.

"The Sea-Wolf" is now the best-selling book in the City of New York.

Dinner to Henry James.

According to a society item in the New York Sun, "Henry James was the guest of honor at a dinner given recently by Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey at the Metropolitan Club. The other guests included Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington, George W. Smalley, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Laffan, Mr. and Mrs. John Larkin, Miss Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. Will N. Harben, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, Hamlin Garland, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Duneka, Samuel L. Clemens, Arthur Brisbane, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Bacheller, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Alexander." The amusing thing about this dinner is that it was given by the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and all the authors present—James



Henry Van Dyke, author of "Music and Other Poems." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

himself, Tarkington, Harben, Miss Jordan, Garland, Twain, Miss Daskam, and Bacheller—publish their books exclusively through Harper & Brothers. Business is business, all right, all right.

Mrs. Pennell's reminiscences of her uncle, the late Charles Godfrey Leland, entitled "Hans Breitmann," sketch a brilliantly original man, and give a complete history of the literary figure who stood between him and his countrymen, hiding the student of witchcraft, of all things known to the gypsy, and of the sex problems which were the subject of his last book. She reveals many humorous things in connection with the ballad.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Wells's Nightmarish Story.

People with sensitive nerves and excitable imaginations should carefully refrain from reading H. G. Wells's "The Food of the Gods." Stories of this type are meant for readers who enjoy being thrilled by the uncanny, the abnormal, and the horrible.

Mr. Wells is a very able writer. He easily rises far, far above the mass of purveyors of grown-up fairy-stories or delvers in that weak pabulum, the modern supernatural. The English author calls science to his aid. He bases all his weird fancies upon something fundamentally logical, or which is just as good in fiction, apparently so. Then he unchains his powerful imagination, and metamorphoses this commonplace, prosaic world into a place in which the paths of daily pursuit have become places of hideous peril. In "The War of the Worlds," he peopled it with strange monsters, inhabitants from the planet Mars, propelled through the trackless void in gigantic projectiles, to burn and destroy humans that they might seize our world for their own purposes.

In "The Food of the Gods," a couple of scientists have hit upon a formula for a kind of food which contains the vital principles of growth in an extraordinarily intensified degree. In experimenting upon chickens to test its efficacy, insects and vermin partake of scattered particles, and a strange and monstrous growth of various forms of animal and vegetable life begins. Wasps grow to be as large as hawks, and their sting is death; vines, whose roots have absorbed the dangerous essence, grow visibly; monstrous chickens pursue and seize for prey flying children, and the horrible evil rats grow large as tigers, and attack lonely wayfarers at night. A description of this happening, in its concentrated, deadly vividness, would easily give the nightmare to a hangman.

Mr. Wells's story, however, is not com-



H. G. Wells, author of "The Food of the Gods." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

pounded entirely of sombreness. He has much humor, and is brilliantly, if quite savagely, satirical at the expense of scientists, whom he apparently regards as studious but limited beings, who, as much by blunder as by inspiration, unchain vast and dreadful forces to wreak and destroy.

The book conveys a curious effect of bearing, beneath its description of giant growths, some unexplained symbolism. The scattered description of the plight of the "Children of the Food," mighty creatures forty feet high, who are isolated from the pursuits of the primer sons of men, and are finally united in a Titanic struggle against extermination, sets the reader to speculating vaguely as to whether Mr. Wells is getting at anything about Capital and Labor, Peace and War, the Powers of Europe, or some such vast forces. But as a story, "The Food of the Gods" is quite as unique as his other hooks, and characterized by the same power, originality, and relentlessness in imagining and describing the horrible.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

A Blending of Realism and Romance.

"The Law of the Land," by Emerson Hough, is a novel of the present day, located somewhere in the rich Mississippi Delta region. In this fruitful land, where vast plantations lie with the surrounding forest close at hand, Colonel Blount rules like a feudal baron over one of these kingdoms in little. The last of his name, he does not love to live alone, and in the Big House, famous for generation for open-handed hospitality, a little group gathers around him, among whom reigns supreme a girl typically Southern in grace and beauty.

In the beginning of the story the peaceful days glide by like those of one hundred years ago. But a stirring note is soon struck, for the subjects of this realm in the wilderness are in revolt. A negro insurrection is brewing, and the planter calls together a hasty garrison for defense against the blacks. This portion of the tale bears much resemblance to a grim reality, but after thus skirting the edges of the race problem that hangs over the South, the story takes a new turn, and

dips deep into romance. There are villainies to surmount and misunderstandings to clear up before the knots can be untangled. These the true romancer knows well how to unravel, and in the end, when the little company again gathers together, life goes on once more with the spell that belongs to the dawdling ease and lazy arrogance of Southern plantation life.

The book is a blending of the realistic and the romantic schools of fiction, and succeeds in arousing the interest in both directions.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

A Record of Many Adventures.

A specimen of a juvenile "thriller" may be found in Everett McNeil's "Hermit of the Culebra Mountains," a story of adventure in which the author has thoughtfully provided every possible excitement and adventure that boyish tastes could exact.

Two high-school boys, who live in a small town in Wisconsin, as a reward for general manliness are treated, by a famous Indian scout, to a hunting trip on the Western plains. Arrived at the Southern Colorado ranch which is to be the starting point of the trip, a reign of exciting adventures begins, ranging from experiences on a hucking broncho to capture by the Indians, including fights with the Indians, repeated rescues in the nick of time, the discovery of a secret treasure, a fight with a bear, and the like, in all of which the two boys prove themselves to be redoubtable heroes. The author's inventions hold out bravely to the end, and it is safe to say that the eyes of youthful readers will bulge with the ecstatic interest that only adolescence can experience at this crowded record of the adventures that befell Harry and Dick.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Fun from Jacobs's Pen.

W. W. Jacobs struck a paying vein of humor in his seafaring tales, and he wisely continues it in "Dialstone Lane." This is a complete hook, unlike his earlier work, which was principally confined to short tales. In "Dialstone Lane" the central figure is a retired sea captain of humorous proclivities, with a talent for spinning yarns which inflames the imaginations of the village gossips—and a search for hurried treasure is the result.

This mere thread of narrative is a peg on which to hang no end of funny situations. A timid Mr. Chalk, who lives in fear of his wife, and a bullying Mr. Stohell, whose spouse trembles at his frown, are the main movers in the scheme. Then there is a certain Selina Vickers, whose wrath has such terrors that even the captain's doughty spirit quails before her; and the village capitalist is in it, while a skipper and a mate for the *Fair Emily* furnish some lively sport.

Mr. Jacobs's humor is of the sort that deals in the unexpected. It is never evident what is going to turn up next, and whatever it proves, the outcome always furnishes a laugh. "Dialstone Lane" does not show quite the spontaneity of "Many Cargoes," but it has plenty of fun in it, and the spirit of farce pervading it is excellently carried out in the illustrations.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Love and Child-Prattle Mingled.

The anonymous author of "Elizabeth's Children" has written another book, "Helen Alliston" by name, which oscillates between being a love-story and a book about children. The writer, who is unmistakably a woman, has a sincere love for children, but, in her story, yields to it to an unjudicious extent. The child-ways and child-prattle of the young Derrys flood the pages so abundantly as to rather tax the reader's endurance. In fact, the book is too cluttered up with detail, which becomes tedious and intrusive through its lack of interest. Cut it in half and it will serve very well as a light story of the super-sentimental type, with touches of somewhat undeveloped and self-conscious humor in connection with the swarming young Derrys.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

New Publications.

"A Brief German Course," by C. F. Kayser, Ph. D. American Book Company.

"The Supremacy of Jesus," by Joseph H. Crooker. American Unitarian Association; 80 cents.

"Footprints on the Sands of Time," by Mary Shaw Baker. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.00.

"The Confessions of an Old Maid," by Lou Laurence. Press of the Rose-Jar; \$1.00—a foolish book.

"Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story," by Florence Elizabeth Maybrick. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.20.

"Cromwell of Virginia," by Edward S. Ellis. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co.; \$1.00—a story for boys of Bacon's Rebellion.

"Julius Caesar," Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. First Folio Edition. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 50 cents—an excellent edition.

"The Bindweed," by Nellie K. Blissett. Mann Vyne Publishing Company; \$1.50—a sensational story based on the royal murders at Belgrade.

"Narratives of the Career of Hernando de Soto." Edited with introduction and notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. A. S. Barnes & Co. Two volumes; \$2.00 net.

"Zelda Dameron," by Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50—a novel of Indianapolis, telling of a girl's devotion to an ideal.

"Modern Musical Drift," by W. J. Henderson. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.20 net—a somewhat jaundiced view of modern music by the well-known critic of the *Sun*.

"Manning's Li'l' Chilluns," written and illustrated by Clara Andrews Williams. The Frederick A. Stokes Company—a handsome, clever verse-picture book—pictures in color.

"The Poetical Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti." With an introduction by William M. Rossetti. Frontispiece. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; 75 cents—a "complete" text—no expurgations.

"The Castle Comedy," by Thompson Buchanan. Illustrated and decorated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Harper & Brothers; \$2.00 net—a dainty little story of the days of Napoleon.

"The Manhattan Mystery," by Burton E. Stevenson. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50—one of the best tales of crime and its detection we have ever read; you won't put the book down till you finish it.

"From Far and Near," by John Burroughs. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10 net—pleasing essays about nature as seen at Slabides, N. Y., where Burroughs lives, and in Alaska, where the poet-naturalist went with the Harriman expedition.

What is Worth While Series: "How to Bring Up Our Boys," by S. A. Nicoll, with a prefatory note by the Rev. F. B. Meyer; "Bethink Yourselves," by Lyof N. Tolstoy, translated by V. Tchertkoff and "I. F. M."; "The Inner Life," by J. R. Miller; "The Lost Art of Reading," by W. Robertson Nicoll. M. A., LL. D. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; 30 cents net.

Chiswick series: "A Browning Calendar," edited by Constance M. Spender; frontispiece. "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Sarah K. Bolton. "Richard Wagner," by Nathan Haskell Dole. "Raphael of Urbino," by Sarah K. Bolton. "The Face of the Master," by J. R. Miller, D. D. "The New Life" ("La Vita Nuova"), by Dante Alighieri, translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "Immanence," by Theodor Storm, translated by Bertha M. Schimmelfennig. "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam: The Astronomer-Poet of Persia," rendered into English verse by Edward Fitzgerald. "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith. "Aucassin and Nicolette," translated, with introduction, by Andrew Lang. "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," by Thomas Gray. Illustrations. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents each—neatly printed little books for the holiday trade.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The First Book on the War.

In the flood of Russo-Japanese war literature which has begun, readers will find Frederick W. Palmer's "With Kuroki in Manchuria" a very able, interesting work, moderate in tone and charged with a great deal of pertinent information concerning the military methods employed in conducting Japan's well-disciplined forces, whether in mere marching or in the heat of battle. The author was present as a war-correspondent at the time that Kuroki conducted his army into Manchuria by way of Corea, and from personal observation describes the admirable system and forethought which enables the huge Japanese armies, with their trains of supplies, to rapidly cover so many leagues of ground and thus bring confusion to their enemies.

There are several battles described in the book, that of the Yalu in particular being treated with panoramic fidelity.

Mr. Palmer expresses admiration for the courage of the Russians, but his faith in ultimate victory is all with their enemies, who always "struck the Russian when he was unprepared, and never sent a man against him when he was prepared."

The author's journey, and his pro-Japanese sentiments toward the army to which he was attached, afforded him many opportunities to plumb, so far as an Occidental mind may, the deep-seated mysteries of the Japanese character. He describes a memorial service for the dead, which he says "was a revelation of the heart of the nation." "The heart religion of sceptical, materialistic, subtle, martial Japan is the folklore of her fathers"; and again, "The faith of youth and war is emperor and country."

As a campaigner, a marcher, and burden-bearer, the Japanese soldier, in spite of his small size, compels the author's admiration.



Frederick Palmer, author of "With Kuroki in Manchuria." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

He says of him: "The Japanese soldier is never weedy. He is built on the square; he is a buttress instead of a pole"; and again, "He is quite the cleanest soldier in the world."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

A Bright, Intimate Narrative.

"Roma Beata," by Maud Howe, is a most entertaining picture of life in the American colony in Rome during the last decade. The author, who is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and the wife of John Elliott, the artist, is not a tourist, but a Roman resident. She and her husband made their home in Rome during the last half-dozen years of the nineteenth century, living in an ancient palace where the studio measured forty by sixty feet, and cultivating a marvelously blooming garden on a roof terrace that commanded a wonderful view of the city.

The book is compiled from letters written by Mrs. Elliott to her sister, and contains intimate details of house-hunting and house-keeping, of marketing and furnishing, of tea-drinkings and social chats on the terrace or in the studio. It is all told in a fresh, spontaneous fashion, quite overflowing with enjoyment. There are continual excursions to places about Rome, where the Elliotts made short stays when the Roman climate was at its worst. Abruzzi, Ischia, Cadenabbia, Vesuvius, are visited, and become familiar ground through these lively chronicles. Queen Margherita accords a private audience, and later visits the studio herself to see Mr. Elliott's mural work for the Boston Public Library. There are numerous festa days to be described, each with its characteristic celebration; a presentation to Leo the Thirteenth is one of the events, and the book closes with the universal grief that spread through Rome at the assassination of King Humbert.

The illustrations are made up of some remarkably fine photographs of Roman scenes, and also of drawings by John Elliott.

The bright liveliness of the narrative, and the genuine love of Rome that is evident, make the life described seem a very pleasant one, enlivened by gay festa days, and brightened by plenty of sunshine and flowers. Much has already been written piecemeal of

such surroundings, but no other book gives quite so intimate a view of the sojourn of an American family in the Roman capital during a period of several years.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$2.50 net.

INTAGLIOS.

When Death To Either Shall Come.

When Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own:
And sing in the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone

The songs that I made for thee.
—Robert Bridges.

Requiem.

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Song.

The boat is chafing at our long delay,
And we must leave too soon
The spicy sea-pinks and inborne spray,
The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight!
Watch from thy pearly throne
Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
To reach a land unknown.

—John Davidson.

A White Rose.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
O, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips:
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Vine.

The wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song:
And when Love sits down to the banquet,
Love sits long:

Sits long and arises drunken,
But not with the feast and the wine;
He reeth with his own heart,
That great, rich Vine.

—James Thompson.

My Garden.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contented that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—Thomas Edward Brown.

When You Are Old.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

—William Butler Yeats.

Cryptic Authors.

A writer in London *Truth* recalls that Browning, when asked the meaning of a passage in "Sordello," replied: "Well, I know the poem had a meaning to me when I wrote it, but what it was I can not say." The writer goes on to quote parallel answers of Coleridge and of Goethe, which comforted him long ago when he first transcribed them. Coleridge wrote the greater part of Book II of Southey's "Joan of Arc," and annotated the long passage beginning, "Maid beloved of heaven," thus: "These are very fine lines, though I say it that should not, but hang me if I know, or ever did know, the meaning of them, though my own composition." Lord Francis Egerton, when translating "Faust," wrote to ask Goethe's explanation of a passage which puzzled him, and received the reply that the poet himself was at a loss for their meaning. "Surely," runs his answer to Lord Francis, "you at twenty-four should know better than I at seventy-four the meaning of a passage I wrote at your age."

One of Zangwill's Best.

A good play is apt to induce the spectators to depart with a well-defined hankering for something more of the same quality. Hence the success of Zangwill's play, "A Serio-Comic Governess," will doubtless swell the ranks of readers of the original sketch from which the play was made, and which the Macmillan Company has just republished in a cheap, paper-covered edition. To the reader who is seeking for purely superficial entertainment, Zangwill has a certain quality of intractability which is apt to be baffling. He is often brilliant in epigram, and almost as often trivial, with puns and word quibbles. In "The Serio-Comic Governess," however, he has hit upon an original and piquant character, and has contrived to place his heroine in a fairly unique position. The description of her character, her tastes, her idiosyncrasies, and her Irish sense of humor, is a spirited one, and so, too, are the various vivid character sketches with which the brief volume fairly teems, and which has furnished rich dramatic material.

Eileen O'Keefe, the convent-bred daughter of an Irish squire, original, seductive, yet virginal, and seeing life as a queer compound of tragedy and comic, takes to the music-hall stage, secretly, while still retaining her hold on respectability by governessing in an eminently decorous family. The situation, with its ensuing events, can not fail to suggest the theatre, and has a certain fragility of tenure which requires the stage and a flesh-and-blood interpreter of unusual charm to make it tenable. But it reads interestingly, with a certain dash and sparkle, and an unusual element of quaintness, almost fantasy, which sets the little story apart from its more ordinary fellows. The volume is rendered more attractive by half a dozen illustrations of scenes from the play.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 50 cents.

"Cyrcek u Krbu," by Charles Dickens.

In his recently published volume on "Literary Geography," Mr. William Sharp says: "I wonder if any of my readers has attempted a 'foreign Dickens collection.' In a fit of aberration, I tried it once. It was not (at first) the number of translations that daunted me—many French and a few German I expected. I hailed gladly a Portuguese 'Senhor Martinho da Londra' in lieu of our friend Chuzzlewit, and welcomed an Italian edition of some of the 'Sketches of Boz' under the title 'Il Mistero di Orazio Sparkins.' But when it came to Polish and Russian, I faltered. I had, indeed, already ingloriously withdrawn, when from 'Kjobenhavn' arrived a 'Pickwick' yclept 'Udtog af Pikkvik-Klubbens.' For a moment I rallied, but a mystery in Muscovite finished me. Even long afterward I knew no return of the craze, when a friend sent me from Prague a horrid-looking imprint of 'cweckczy' consonants, with the (kindly meant) intimation that 'Cyrcek u Krbu' was the Czech for 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' I have not, I regret to say, yet had time to read 'Cyrcek u Krbu.'"

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that the first edition of Thomas Dixon's new novel, "The Clansman," which will appear January 14th, is to be fifty thousand copies.

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STORYETTES

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Congressman Cooper, of Texas, tells about a distinguished army officer who, on one occasion, offered prayer before a regiment. He summed up the causes and objects of the war—the war with Mexico—and asserted that it was no war of conquest, but annexation only, concluding his supplication to the throne of grace with: "I refer you, good Lord, to Polk's message on this subject."

The English language is supposed to be very simple in the matter of genders. But foreigners who triumphantly handle questions of gender of inanimate things in their own languages often have their difficulties with the English. A Frenchman recently came to grief over his English. "I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madam," he remarked politely to his hostess. "En-croach, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him. He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!" he sighed.

Governor Chamberlain, of Connecticut, tells of an old friend who, because of his deafness, makes some ludicrous and at times embarrassing mistakes. Recently he was at a dinner-party where the lady seated next to him tried to help him along in conversation. As the fruit was being passed, she asked him: "Do you like bananas?" "No," said the old gentleman with a look of mild surprise. "The fact is," he added in a confidential tone which could be heard in the next room, "I find the old-fashioned night-shirt is good enough for me."

A story of British stolidity is going the rounds. A certain wealthy American in London dropped into a shop to purchase a set of decanters. As the purchase represented more money than he had on his person at the time, he gave his address at the hotel, and instructed the assistant to mark them C. O. D. The assistant made a note of the request, but the purchaser was surprised to find the goods left at the hotel without demand for payment. When the parcel was unpacked, however, it developed that each decanter had been beautifully engraved in twining letters, "C. O. D."

Congressman Sydney E. Mudd, of Maryland, was approached in one of the House lobbies recently by a Marylander in search of a job. The applicant wanted the congressman's indorsement. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. Mudd. "In Baltimore," replied the applicant, hopefully. "But Baltimore's not in my district," declared Mr. Mudd, edging away. "I know I'm not in your district," replied the seeker for political office, "but I used to live in your district once, for almost three months." "Son," said Mr. Mudd, impressively, "there is no past tense in politics—only present and future."

Just before the last total eclipse of the sun, Percival Lowell, the astronomer, told an old negro acquaintance that if he would watch the chickens at his place the next day he would see them go to roost at eleven o'clock in the morning. The negro was plainly skeptical—in fact, looked upon the prophecy as a good joke. But when the event came to pass as the astronomer had said it would, the darkey was not only puzzled but decidedly impressed. "How long, sah, did you know 'bout dis?" he asked the astronomer. "Oh, a long time." "Did you know dey would go to roost a year ago?" "Yes; fully a year ago." "Well, dat beats all," said George, in an awed voice: "dem chickens wuzn't hatched a year ago."

President Hadley, of Yale, was traveling in Yellowstone Park when he chanced upon a young man whom, from his appearance, he judged to be a student. "This is a wonderful scene, isn't it?" said the professor. The stranger smiled, nodded to his questioner, and turned, without speaking, to look at the view. "Do you think," asked President Hadley, now confirmed in his idea that he was talking to a student, "that this chasm was caused by some great upheaval of nature, or is it the result of erosion or glacial action? What are your views?" "My views," said the stranger quickly, opening a bag he carried containing photographs, "are only two dollars a dozen, and are cheap at the price. Let me show you some samples."

Upon one of his Western tours Bishop Potter spent a few days at the home of a prominent churchman. The latter's wife took particular pains in making the bishop's room worthy of the guest, and among other things intended for his comfort put a fine silver toilet set on the bureau. The bishop, however, preferred his own, and transferred the set provided to a bureau drawer. The consequence was that when the hostess went to the room after his departure, the silver toilet set was missing. She worried for several days, and finally summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the bishop, which, by any chance he had found any

of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows: "Poor but honest. Look in the washstand drawer."

Archbishop Ireland doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. The archbishop always dresses so unostentatiously that no one could guess his episcopal rank from his street garb. Traveling one day in a rural district, he met a good-natured woman in the car who, after some general conversation, asked him: "You're a priest, father, aren't you?" In a bantering mood, the archbishop thought he'd try a quibble to put her at her ease, so he answered: "No, my good woman, I'm no longer a priest." The woman gave him a pitying glance. Then she said, soothingly: "Oh, the Lord help us, father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"

"Bob" Burdette, the preacher-humorist of Los Angeles, tells a story of a rich contractor from the East who was sojourning in California, and who had great difficulty in twisting the Spanish names of places around his Hibernian tongue. In speaking of San José, Mojave, Vallejo, and other towns which he had visited, he gave the literal pronunciation, instead of sounding the Spanish *j* like *h*. Mr. Burdette attempted to explain, but was interrupted by the Irishman, who exclaimed, explosively: "Ye have a foine climate out here, and ye have flowers an' fruit galore; but damn the country, say I, where they spell hickory wid a *j*!"

Notes from the "Olympus Journal."

Diana has gone hunting this week. Mercury is sporting a new cane. Galatea has given Pymalion the stony stare.

Dædalus has got a new huggy. Get ready, girls.

Get your horse shod at Vulcan's.—Adv. Looks like we would have a late fall this year.

Drink Nectarine. Looks like Nectar and costs less.—Adv.

Venus has a new way of wearing her hair. Ah there, Adonis!

Somebody has been purloining apples from the Hesperides orchard. Cut it out, boys.

Leander swam the Hellespont to see his best girl last night. What a lover won't do is a caution.

A most regrettable incident happened here last night. Narcissus of this place fell into the pool.

Don't forget Pan's recital on the mount to-night. A pleasant time assured to all.—Adv.

As we go to press, the weather is simply Elysian. We are touching wood, so as to ward off Nemesis.

The Cyclops boys are treating with the oculist, but we regret to state not much improvement is being made.

Atalanta has entered for the hundred-yard dash Field Day.

Midas was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday, and left us the wherewithal for a year's subscription. Come again, Mide.—Franklin P. Adams in Record-Herald.

The Editor Makes Amends.

We desire to correct a slight error that crept into our columns last week either through the stupidity or the natural cussedness of one Jim Richards, whom out of the goodness of our heart we had taken in in his hour of need and gave a job as printer on this publication. In an article announcing the appearance of a book of poems by our esteemed townsman, Mr. Ruble Crowther, we took occasion to refer to the gentleman as the leading literary light of Laurel Hill. Much to our regret, as we need hardly say, the word "weight" was added to our remarks, making us, wholly without our knowledge and distinctly against our will, speak of Mr. Crowther as "the leading literary light-weight" of this city. We have only to say that we have discharged the guilty party and recommended Mr. Crowther's poetry to all lovers of genuine literature. We would also say in this connection that our highly gifted and rapidly rising poet's father, Mr. G. Crowther, has just received a large supply of boots and shoes, hats, caps, and harness, which it would be well to examine before buying elsewhere. Mr. Crowther is also paying the highest market price for butter and eggs. See his ad on page four. The Crowthers are able to trace their ancestry back in a direct line to the Mayflower.—Laurel Hill Lightning Arrester.

It is possible to repeal a law, but not a banana.—Philadelphia Record.

The Use of Borden's

Eagle Brand Condensed Milk insures strong, healthy children, as reputable physicians testify. Those who use it for their babies are spared the dangerous disorders of infantile digestion; their children mature as they should in weight, size, and health. Beware of unknown brands.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 8-6 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Tides of Love.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer— "Eb," for short, she called her beau— Talk of "tides of love!" Great Caesar! You should see 'em—Eb and Flo. —Philadelphia Press.

One Idea of Temperance

He's an advocate of temperance, But at one meal he takes At least four cups of coffee and A score of buckwheat cakes, These and two pounds of sausage, soaked And soused in grease galore, And four full-grown potatoes, with Six gems and then some more, Make up the main part of a meal, And often he complains Of dizziness and lack of glee— But he from drink refrains! The ones who guzzle rum he thinks Are fools who challenge Fate, And lack in sense and moral force— He thinks he's temperate. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Science For the Young.

Carved his name with father's razor; Father, unaware of trouble, Used the blade to shave his stubble. Father cut himself severely, Which pleased little Willie dearly— "I have fixed my father's razor So it cuts!" said Willie Frazer.

Mamie often wondered why Acids trouble alkali— Mamie, in a manner placid, Fed the cat boracic acid, Whereupon the cat grew frantic, Executing many an antic. "Ah!" cried Mamie, overjoyed, "Pussy is an alkaloid!"

Arthur with a lighted taper Touched the fire to grandpa's paper. Grandpa leaped a foot or higher, Dropped the sheet, and shouted "Fire!" Arthur, wrapped in contemplation, Viewed this scene of conflagration. "This," he said, "confirms my notion— Heat creates both light and motion."

Wee, experimental Nina, Dropped her mother's Dresden china From a seventh-story casement. Smashing, crashing to the basement. Nina, somewhat apprehensive, Said: "This china is expensive, Yet it proves by demonstration Newton's law of gravitation." —Saturday-Evening Post.

Grocer—"Do you want apples to cook or to eat?" Small boy—"Both. That's what we cook 'em for."—Baltimore American.

Notice to Liquor Dealers.

Whisky is known by the house it comes from. Every dealer knows our reputation for honesty and fairness for the past fifty-three years. When we say OLD KIRK whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, it means just what we state—the best on the market. A. P. Hotaling & Co.

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Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool. Haverford, Jan. 14 | Merion, Feb. 11 Friesland, Jan. 28 | Haverford, Feb. 25

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WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL. Majestic, Jan. 18, 10 am | Teutonic, Feb. 8, 10 am Baltic, Feb. 1, 3:30 pm | Oceanic, Feb. 18, 2 pm

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric, Jan. 25 | Wmiffredian, Feb. 8

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VANITY FAIR.

It is an unspoken law in England that you should not only tip your friends' servants, but allow them to tip yours. The tips given to private servants vary in amount sometimes according to the number of servants and often according to the quality of the guests. The *nouveau riche*, for instance, will give the game-keeper five pounds, or even ten, thereby making matters very uncomfortable for a better sportsman, less endowed, who follows after him. Young girls should only tip the housemaid and the parlor maid if there be one. No young girl is expected to tip the coachman or the butler, although she would naturally give the groom something if she has done any riding. A bachelor, writing recently in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, explains that his method of tipping is conducted on the strictest business lines. "I always give the same amount," he says, "wherever I stay. When I am away shooting I give the keeper five shillings per day—unless it's covert shooting and we get over fifty pheasants, then I make it ten shillings. I also give ten shillings to the under keeper, two shillings to the man who carries my gun, and five shillings to the man who cleans it. These figures vary, of course, according to the number of keepers, etc., my friends have. One pound is enough for a week's fair shooting. To the coachman who has driven me to and from the station I give three shillings, or five shillings if he has driven me anywhere else; and to the butler one pound if there for over a week, and ten shillings if under a week, and five shillings to the man who has seen to my clothes. To housemaids I usually give one shilling per day, but if extra attentive I make it (the same applying, of course, to a parlor maid) ten shillings for my week."

The degradation of Japanese women is the subject of an article by Gilson Willets in *Leslie's Weekly*. "Turning to Japan," he writes, "we find that the Japanese wife, mother, sister, is not permitted even to sit at table in her own household when her husband entertains his friends. The Japanese man regards himself humiliated if he is seen walking or standing beside a woman, and will commit *hari-kiri* rather than touch a woman's hand in the sight of others. At private entertainments a husband hires geishas to sit at his table and represent the female members of his family. And these geishas, rented by their masters for a time to this or that man as required and paid for, are, of all the women of Japan, the most cultured and the wittiest. Among the great of the earth there is not a single Japanese woman. The empress herself is merely the favorite of the emperor's nine wives and his thousand concubines, and she is not the mother of the crown prince. She secretly detests her European dress, and appears on public occasions only as a diplomatic concession to foreign ambassadors to 'save the face' of the Japanese court. Moreover, there are actual known cases in which Japanese men now in the United States and England got the money to live abroad by renting their wives for a period. In Japan this latter fact is openly admitted. A convert of mine in Tokio bluntly told me that he had obtained funds to go to America by handing his wife over to a neighbor—a member of the Japanese parliament—during the time of his contemplated absence."

The European papers tell of a curious custom among traveling women. It appears that the women when staying at hotels or the like do not care to exhibit to the passers along the corridors the exact size of their feet, so they carefully carry with them a couple of pairs of tiny, delicate shoes, which, instead of the ones they are wearing, they place outside their doors for the servants to take down and clean. All the big boot shops in Paris now make a specialty of this tiny footwear, and a pair or two form a portion of the trousseau of every up-to-date bride. Madrid women are said to have the smallest feet; Peruvian women come next, and the American girls are a good third.

The sum of nearly \$50,000,000 is expended yearly on the game of golf, and of this sum about a third is spent by England and about a fifth by Scotland. There are no fewer than 879 golf clubs in England alone. The United States has 769; Scotland, 632; Ireland, 134; and Wales, 43. There are 63 dotted over the Continent, and no British colony is without one and in many cases several links. In round numbers there are 3,000 golf links in the world. Estimates show that not less than \$15,000 has been sunk in each of these clubs and the preparation of their courses, so that there has been a total permanent investment of about \$45,000,000. Taking the average, these 3,000 golf clubs of the world cost about \$20,000 each a year to run. The total amount paid in subscriptions by the 600,000 members of the 3,000 golf clubs is nearly \$20,000,000. But the entire golfing population of the world is about 750,000, and it is inevitable that the golfers must spend at the very least \$50 yearly. Many spend that sum, and there is one well-known amateur who gives his

golfing expenses as \$3,800 yearly. But at the modest average of \$50 yearly the three-quarters of a million golfers would spend among them \$37,500,000 a year. Then each of them possesses an outfit, the average cost of which is \$20. Thus the golfing public has sunk about \$15,000,000 in the purchase of clubs. The little ball has been the basis of enormous business enterprises in both England and America. The average amateur spends about seventy-five cents a week on balls, though many are known to spend \$5. But averaging on the minimum, the golfers of the world fritter away the sum of \$28,125,000 on balls.

According to the results of a debate held in Paris in the presence of an exclusively feminine audience, consisting of 241 women and girls, the majority of Frenchwomen is opposed to the American or scientific education of girls in France. At the conclusion of the debate, a ballot was taken, and resulted in 131 votes for old-time methods, against 110 in favor of the modern, independent, scientific girl.

A certain physician in New York, who caters to a smart clientèle, says this is the busiest season of the whole year to him. Colds and grip are epidemic, and he blames gauze and open-work hose for it. "Women," he says, "think they can indulge in the vanity of spun-silk hose and still keep up a good circulation. They think they can wear a veil to protect their faces from hitting winds and wear the thinnest stockings, with continual cold feet as a result, and keep well. It's the most absurd fallacy, but you can't make them believe it—at least not until they're old and gray."

Comparisons of menus of New York's first-class restaurants of ten years ago and the present day show that food prices have advanced thirty per cent. in the last decade, making the cost of meals in New York greater than in any other city in the world. The lists of ten years ago and now are interesting, and show an advance in nearly everything that goes to make up a good dinner. The only thing that has decreased in price is ice-cream, which has dropped from forty cents to thirty cents. Roast beef has gone up from fifty to seventy cents, partridge from \$1.50 to \$2.50, chicken (whole) from \$1.00 to \$1.50, fish from fifty cents to \$1.25, potatoes from twenty to thirty cents, celery from thirty to fifty cents, and lettuce from thirty-five to sixty cents. The Paris correspondent of the *World*, which gives these figures, says that a wonderful change has come in the cost of living in Paris, and the advance is still going on. During the Empire, the people of Paris spent money freely, but the tradesmen and restaurant keepers were content with small profits. Now, however, prices have increased three-fold, although they do not yet approximate New York prices. Some of the Paris restaurants are very exorbitant in their charges. A few of them do not give the prices on their bills of fare, but charge anything they wish. The prices in those restaurants which have specialties for which they are famed do not vary. The London restaurants, particularly the more fashionable, have been gradually elevating their prices for half a dozen years. The keepers of some of these resorts, he says, keep posted on New York prices, and increase their own rates to the English equivalent of them.

Correspondents of the *New York Sun* are having a heated discussion as to the predominance of how-leggedness in the gentler sex. One writer contributes the following, embodying a wise suggestion: "Having reference to the controversy on the how-leggedness and knock-kneedness of those divinities which figure so much in men's domesticity, and otherwise, it seems to me that the burden of proof rests upon the gentleman who first made this diabolical charge upon those 'fair figures of the field'—lovely woman. Let him prove his statement. How will he prove it? That's the rub. He may reply that it is the consensus of knowledge. Whose knowledge—the married men's? Worse yet! They may speak of what they know of their own immediate environment; but how about the bachelors? They are presumably in blissful ignorance. So, it is up to the gentleman aforesaid to prove the truth of his charge. Let a congress of women be called, its members selected haphazard, to demonstrate the contentions of poets and lovers that woman's perambulators are perfect and divine—are, in fact, the poetry of harmony and motion."

Here are some of the rules Edmund Russell once read to the Eclectic Club on "How to Get Rid of a Lover": "Step often on his feet. Move your hands a little every time he opens his mouth. It will make him nervous. Always ridicule men he admires. Let him see you conversing with superior men while he sits bored and unnoticed in the background. Do not move when he attempts to embrace you. Should he offer a caress turn a little aside. Ask him to love you when he is tired. Never laugh when he laughs. If both

should happen to laugh at the same time show that you are not laughing at what he is laughing. When he wants to tell you a story interrupt him with another one that has nothing to do with the one he is about to tell you. Find fault with all plans he makes for your pleasure. Ask him continually for things he can not give you."

George Goodman Artificial Stone Company.

The above firm, which has been incorporated as successors to the late George Goodman, general contractors in concrete and artificial stone work, with offices at 317 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, desires to inform the public that it will continue to do the same high-class work, with the same degree of satisfaction, as was carried on for so many years by Mr. Goodman, who was one of the pioneers in this line.

John Faubel, who was superintendent for Mr. Goodman for the past fourteen years, is now manager of the new corporation, and his experience in connection with the vast number of contracts executed by Mr. Goodman, which space will not permit us to enumerate, augurs well for the new corporation. The personal integrity and well-known rectitude of Mr. Faubel guarantees the faithful execution of any contract given to the firm. Their telephone number is Main 5322.

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MRS. L. FORD.

Oakland, Cal., September 1, 1902.

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"Old Heidelberg" after a run of some years in European cities, both great and small, and after prolonged and highly successful seasons on American circuits, during which times it has put money in the purses of the several stars who have exploited it, has now, happily for the public at large, come to be produced in a stock organization. The Alcazar, departing from its usual policy, has run this popular piece for a second week, and will probably find it profitable to reproduce it on some future occasion. It is a play whose capacity for bestowing keen and delightful pleasure is not exhausted on a first hearing. Even the memory of the buoyancy of spirit, the lovely sincerity, and the fine and exquisite polish with which Mansfield, assisted by a company of superior merit, interpreted this beautifully tender and fragrant idyl of young love and sorrowful renunciation, can not make our recognition of the faults in a presentation of so much less merit blind to its positive charm. For the haunting, wistful, beautiful sentiment of the piece lays its spell upon players as well as public, and they act out its scenes with a warm sympathy and an interest that banishes the stiffness and coldness of mere routine work. For the time being, too, our snobbishness and our prickly American democracy of feeling are both in abeyance, and we are just as pitiful over the sore and yearning heart of the young scion of German royalty as if he were of our own class and race. What a happy thought it was of the German author to keep Kathie pure and unspotted of evil. She is just an image of guileless, happy girlhood, the friend and comrade of the students, whose boisterous demonstrations she fights off with a sort of virgin fierceness, but whose real respect and regard for her young purity and uprightness of soul she intuitively recognizes.

The love episode between Kathie and the prince, brief and sweet as the fragrance of wild-flowers, is conceived with exquisite sensibility. It is almost too easy a matter to brush away the delicate down of its sentiment with profaning fingers. No breath of passion as yet has sullied the boy and girl love of these two young creatures, but to the secret of its ephemeral charm and beauty, both Mr. Craig and Miss Lawrence missed the clew. The open and continual embraces with which they expressed the love of the pair were a constant shock. One felt like calling out "Don't!" when Kathie, unabashed by such familiarities before the group of students, remained clasped in the prince's arms during many minutes of the act which showed his eager acceptance of the happy comradeship and ebullient joyousness of university life. One recalled the fine restraint with which Mansfield expressed the quality of a sweet transient love which was kindled by youth and opportunity.

But other scenes were represented with simplicity and sincerity: the revolt of the prince; his open, boyish tears when the heavy

edict of duty fell, and he tamed his rebellious heart to an acceptance of the yoke which princes and peasants alike must bear; and Kathie's guileless grief and full recognition of the necessity of the parting, whose inevitability was to preserve their love inviolate, a pure and beautiful memory, untarnished by self-reproach or the shadow of real regret. "You see," says the humble little maid of the inn, with unconscious pathos, as they sobbed their farewell in each other's arms, "it could never be different between you and me." For that reason we would not have the ending otherwise. That is the charm of the play. The listener feels his sensibilities hatched and refreshed by a crystal-clear flood of romance, a wave of sympathetic emotion that is healing by its sweetness and wholesomeness, and made fragrant by a lingering beauty of spirit. And so, after the last wild embrace with which youth expresses the sharp agony of a renunciatory love, little flaxen-haired, loving-hearted Kathie passes down into the years, her spirit hallowed and her life glorified by the memory of a pure and ever-living romance. And Karl Heinrich, hereditary prince of Sachsen Karlsburg, will never forget—and ever regret.

Love, however, was but a part of what the hapless prince was called upon to renounce. The atmosphere of old Heidelberg, and the free, joyous current of student life, so vividly indicated in a few brief scenes, these are what epitomize in the play the golden glories of youth. And these are what the young ruler, caught in the web of statescraft and marrying early for reasons of state, must do without.

It is wonderful how universal is the appeal made by this simple, beautiful play. It is partly based upon that instinctive yearning and retrospective affection with which the mind reverts to the high hopes, the exalted ideals, and the cherished loves and friendships of early youth. This sentiment is beautifully indicated in the scenes in which the prince revisits Heidelberg, and, chilled and saddened by the changes of a few years and the ceremony that attends his state, faces the fact that the simple unworldly happiness for which his heart yearns is not to be, and that princes must remain lonely on their thrones. Even the warm grasp of a comrade's hand is denied him. Even a natural, human love must be stifled. Here, perhaps, a little Teutonic sentimentality creeps in. The case, after all, need not be regarded as quite so desperately hopeless of relief, but no false note is struck, and during their parting, the lovers might echo the divine despair of the sad young minstrel in "The Princess" when she sings:

... deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

"The Sultan of Sulu" is classified differently from the usual ruck of singing shows. It is called a musical satire, and Uncle Sam's benevolent assimilation of the Philippines is chosen as the satirized subject. There is much more than the usual quantity of bright sayings in the piece, for George Ade is a very good hand at poking fun at the foibles of his countrymen. His jokes are pointed, but unvenomed, and conduce to the ready, good-humored laughter of that class of citizen that is distinctly aware that we are crammed with civic and social faults and weaknesses, but is too busy piling up its own boodle to lend a hand in remedying them.

In all other respects, "The Sultan of Sulu" does not vary by an iota from the typical musical comedy to which the public is so fondly attached: girls and dances and dances

and girls; a potentate of a strange land who is of a bibulous and amorous disposition; a nice young man with a swelling chest, thick hair, and a thick voice, who oscillates between gold-laced uniforms and white flannels while he stands in the limelight and sings of the rapture that fills his soul. There are numbers of very pretty songs. It is surprising what quantities of mellifluous and indistinctive melodies these comic-opera composers turn out. The "Slumber Song" is charming while it lasts. So are others whose measures are made Orientaly *outré* by the clash and clang of sounding metal. So are still others in "A Chinese Honeymoon" and "San Toy," none of which, after a day or so, leave a trace upon the memory beyond a conglomerate impression of lightly pleasing melodies.

The people in "The Sultan of Sulu" company are negative. Thomas Whiffen, the comedian, does justice to the numerous neat witticisms in his lines by his mode of delivery, and is a good dancer, being not unlike a pair of human scissors, with his remarkable slim legs doing duty for a pair of rapidly plied blades. Nobody else is sufficiently individual to excite comment, although the company, while not brilliant enough to do justice to the intrinsic humor of the piece, is of the average quality, which is all the Eastern managers vouchsafe us in these light pieces. Maude K. Williams, a tall, fine, well-dressed, well-groomed young woman, has a faint voice that responds but feebly during her attempts at vocal fireworks, giving to the singer the air of looking reproachfully at the orchestra for palling her ineffectual fires. Miss Nichols, the Chiquita of the cast, although an active dancer, is clumsy and lacks grace, and the Boston school-ma'ams have strong Chicago accents.

The plot, even for musical comedy, goes rather hithichly, and wanders out of sight entirely in places, but there are several situations that are rather more than usually funny—notably that in which the American invaders benevolently assimilate the Sultan's harem, leaving that faithless and festive Lothario unconsolated even by his oldest and most faithful wife.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Edward Terry, the English actor, is on his first visit to America, and is appearing in New York in "The House of Burnside," a play with a problem brought about by a grandfather's discovery that one of his supposed grandchildren is not related to him, his son's wife having had a lover as well as a husband. The woman refuses to tell which is the legitimate child, and the old man finally concludes to take both of them to his heart. Mr. Terry received an overwhelming welcome.

"Carmen" was given its thousandth performance at the Opéra Comique, Paris, recently, with Calvé in the title-rôle. When the opera was first produced in 1875, it was coldly received, the critics calling it immoral, and ran only fifty nights. It was revived in 1883, after Bizet's death, and has been a success ever since.

Edna Wallace Hopper is coming here for the first time since her appearance with De Wolf Hopper at the Baldwin Theatre. She will appear in a double bill, comprising Arthur W. Law's comedy, "A Country Mouse" and the one-act curtain-raiser, entitled "The Lady's Maid."

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Monday, January 16th—Clyde Fitch's comedy, *The Girl and the Judge*, as played by Annie Russell.

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Last week begins Monday next, January 9th. David Belasco presents **BLANCHE BATES** in
THE DARLING OF THE GODS
Matinée Tuesday, **Hedda Gabler**; Matinée Thursday, *The Taming of the Shrew*; Matinée Saturday, *The Darling of the Gods*.

Beginning Sunday matinee, January 15th—*The Silver Slipper*.

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Blanche Bates as Yo-San, in the first act of "The Darling of the Gods," at the Grand Opera House.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Warde and Kidder Next Week.

The last performance of Ade's "Sultan of Sulu" will be given at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday night Frederick Warde and Kathryn Kidder will appear in "Salammbô." This promises to be a notable performance. The story of the play emhodies an intense tragedy, although the drama is not sombre or gloomy. It is said that the costumes and scenic effects are not only elaborate but unusual. The rôles of Salammbô and Matho give the two



Kathryn Kidder, who will appear in the title-rôle of "Salammbô" at the Columbia Theatre next week.

principals great opportunities for the display of their talent. The supporting company includes Wadsworth Harris, Thomas Coffin Cooke, Augustus Balfour, Harry Barton, and Irene Osier. There will be a special matinée Wednesday.

"Lost River" at the Alcazar.

The Alcazar's twice-deferred production of "Lost River" next week will be elaborate. The play is a blending of farce and melodrama, written by Joseph Arthur, and crowded with sensational effects similar to those in his "Blue Jeans." Its title is suggested by Nature's freak in Indiana, a river springing from the base of one mountain, and, after flowing six miles, disappearing in a cavern under another. There is a good love-story and plenty of humor, with droll Hoosier character types. The scenic realism



Lillian Lawrence, the Alcazar's popular leading lady.

includes the massive toll-gate, panoramic effects for the bicycle ride, the hall-room of the million-dollar hotel at West Baden Springs, and the toll road, with its fight of pursued and pursuers on horseback. John Craig and Lillian Lawrence will enact the lovers, Elizabeth Woodson the German servant girl, and John B. Maher the musical bus driver who leads a country orchestra. To follow, January 16th, comes the first local production of "The Girl and the Judge," a Clyde Fitch comedy, in which Annie Russell starred. After that comes Potter's "The Conquerors."

Many Newcomers at the Orpheum.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, presenting Mr. Cressy's latest one-act comedy, entitled "Town Hall To-Night." Mr. Cressy's character is that of Hip Flitters, the janitor, manager, stage-manager, stage-carpenter,

property-man, electrician, bill-poster, treasurer, and pianist of the town hall, where Miss Dayne, as Genevieve Montmorency, the leading lady of the Elite Repertoire Company, plays for one night only. Eleanor Falke, the singing comedienne, last here as Lady Holyrood in "Florodora," will appear. Nita Allen will make her vaudeville debut here in "Wine, Women, and Song," a one-act play written for her by Charles Alfred Byrne. Chassinio, who uses only his bare hands and feet in making shadowgraphs, comes direct from Europe and promises a novelty. Josie Kine and Phil Gotthold will also be new here, presenting "A Medical Discovery." Another feature of the programme will be the impersonations of H. V. Fitzgerald, who is a rapid-change artist. Winfield Douglas and Margie Ford, eccentric dancers and singers, will complete the list of new-comers. The four Bards and the Orpheum motion pictures are the remaining numbers of the programme.

The Tivoli Grand-Opera Season.

The date set for the opening performance of the Tivoli's grand-opera season is next Wednesday, January 11th. The run of "King Dodo" will close with to-morrow (Sunday) night's performance, and the theatre will remain closed until Wednesday evening. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday will be devoted to the final rehearsal and preparations on the part of the big organization that is to give the grand-opera performances. The sale of reserved seats is now in progress at the box-office of the Tivoli. The prices will range from two dollars to fifty cents. The opening opera will be "Rigoletto." The full list of operas in the company's repertoire is as follows: "Faust," "The Pearl Fishers," "Mignon," "Manon," "Lakme," "Rigoletto," "Sonambula," "La Traviata," "Dinorah," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Lucia," "Puritani," "The Barber of Seville," "La Tosca," "Adrian Lacouvreiere," "Fedora," "André Chenier," "Zaza," "Carmen," "La Bohème," and "Manon Lescaut."

Last Week of Blanche Bates.

Blanche Bates will begin the third and last week of her engagement at the Grand Opera House next Monday night in David Belasco's "The Darling of the Gods." In addition to the presentation of "The Darling of the Gods," Miss Bates's last week will be marked by the production of Ibsen's "Hedda Gahler" at a special matinée on Tuesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, and Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" at the same hour on Thursday afternoon. Sunday matinée, January 15th, John C. Fisher's musical production, "The Silver Slipper," will begin an engagement at the Grand Opera House. There are over one hundred people in the production. "The Silver Slipper" will be given a complete new dress, with new songs, music, and dancing numbers. Among the many attractive features are "Wrenne" and the sextet girls. It is said to be the most extravagantly gowned stage entertainment ever presented in America.

Minstrels at the Central.

Melodrama will be shelved at the Central Theatre for a time, and on Monday night an old-time minstrel show will be put on. George Webster will be interlocutor, and others in the front row will be Herschel Mayall, Henry Shumer, Ben T. Dillon, Ernest Howell, James Corrigan, and Daniel Halifax. There will be plenty of songs, dances, and specialties, and selections by the Central Theatre Quartet and Boy Choir.

The production in New York of Pinerot's play, "A Wife Without a Smile," has inspired the coinage of a new word by the Sun critic—"Pinerotic."

The women of Belair, the little town in Maryland where Edwin Booth was born, have set up a fountain in his memory.

To Appear in "Ghosts."

Harry Mestayer is about to begin a limited engagement with Belasco & Mayer, and will appear with their stock companies and in special Ibsen matinées at the Alcazar, and at the Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles. A matinée of "Ghosts" will be given at the Alcazar on Thursday afternoon, January 19th, with Lillian Lawrence as Mrs. Alving, and Mr. Mestayer as the degenerate son Oswald, a character which he played in Mary Shaw's Eastern production of Ibsen's psychological study. "Ghosts" has never been played in San Francisco, except for a single Sunday night at the Columbia last season.

Revival of a Favorite.

Fritz Scheff's appearance in New York in a revival of Von Suppe's "Fatinitza" is what the Herald terms an "eye-opener," Broadway awakening to the fact that the making of comic-opera is a lost art just now. "The piece, both in book and music, put con-



Edna Wallace Hopper, the chic comedienne, who has forsaken the comic-opera stage for the legitimate.

temporary productions to the hush." Miss Scheff scored an overwhelming personal triumph. She "sang delightfully, seeming heartily to relish the old tunes and graceful bits of ensemble."

The Follansbee Handicap for a two-thousand-dollar added purse, will be the main event of this (Saturday) afternoon's racing at the Oakland track. There is an unusually large number of entries.

Eleanor Robson has returned from London, where she scored such a triumph in "Merely Mary Ann," and is playing it in New York with equal success.

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The voyage to the islands is made more than a pleasure through the accommodations afforded by the boats of the Oceanic Steamship Company. Comfort is on every side of the passenger, who, wearied by worldly cares, is glad to surrender himself to complete irresponsibility. The boats of the Oceanic Line are large, and their extensive cold-storage plants make it possible to serve daily on the round trip from San Francisco fresh fruits, vegetables, milk, poultry, and meats of all kinds.

Tahiti and the other islands of the Society group are under the control of the French Government, the various districts being presided over by native chiefs, whose word is law, and who command the respect and obedience of their following. While the government maintains law and order in every quarter, at the same time it wisely permits the native element to observe and maintain the traditions and customs of the past with-

main characteristics of the inhabitants. Both Europeans and natives have a hearty welcome for the properly accredited visitor, who will find plenty to amuse, instruct, and delight him. Rides over the island, through its matchless mountain scenery and tropical forests, disclose unnumbered delights. Native ways still prevail; and of all the South Sea Islanders none are more intelligent or handsome than the Tahitians. Their superiority is manifested by the readiness with which they have adopted the ways of civilization. Their conquerors, the French, have made them into a producing community. They till the soil and are industrious in the cultivation and drying of the vanilla bean, in the preparation of copra from the coconut, and, to a small but increasing extent, in growing sugar cane.

The native houses in the outlying provinces are built of upright sticks of bamboo, lashed side by side to a frame of stripped poles in the shape of an oval. Upon this is a heavy thatched roof, covering a cool and airy home. The air circulates freely between the cracks and between the doors at the opposite sides of the house. There are no windows. Food is cooked near by the house, under a shed of thatch. Fruits are the staple foods, but on feast days roast suckling pig and chicken are added to the bill of fare.

One does not have to slave to live well in Tahiti. Nature is prodigal there. The products of the island, such as coconuts, oranges, bananas, mangoes, pineapples, breadfruit, etc., are to be had in great abundance in season. And to eat these fruits fresh from the trees—to slash the rough rind from the pineapple and devour its melting pulp, to eat

Nance O'Neil "Roasts" Her Critics.

Miss Bonner's New York letter, on another page of this issue, makes very interesting the following excerpts from a New York *Telegraph* interview with Nance O'Neil:

Broadway, it seems, does not care for me, so the critics say, and yet I have a daily shower of letters expressing indignation at the wholesale way I have been slaughtered in the press with such evident malice aforethought. One critic, a noble, chivalrous soul from the Birmingham Ghetto, devoted a page to his trials and tribulations with Nance O'Neil. He had, it seems, discovered me in a humble melodrama on the East Side and had said in his paper I was capable and promising. Naturally, he argued, he was to be thanked for all that followed. When he found himself unwelcome at Daly's he turned and pricked me with his pen for some thousand words. Now I did not know that he was denied entrance at Daly's, for I have other things to do than to watch the front of the house; yet if I had known it I should not have greatly protested, as I am not one to hare my throat when the butcher comes with the fell intent of killing.

This generous, ardent soul who has made so much genius possible and met with such serpent-like ingratitude, remarked in his article that his treatment, he was pleased to say, had aroused the spirit of fraternity among his fellow-critics, and they had rendered me "fraternity"—that is a new element in criticism. I thank my informant for the information that New York critics are swayed by fraternity to condemn. I fancied these clear-eyed gentlemen of the press came to see and record, and to be convinced if it lay in the artist's power; I thought they came receptive and not prejudiced. If fraternity will control them, why not some more powerful sentiment at times? This is not innuendo; it is simply an irresistible question.

I am going to please the public first. Lotta Crabtree once came to me on the Coast, and said: "Be loyal to your public—nothing else matters." If the critics do not care for my work I am sorry, but I shall return to New York; I shall come again and again, and yet again, and I will aim at the highest.

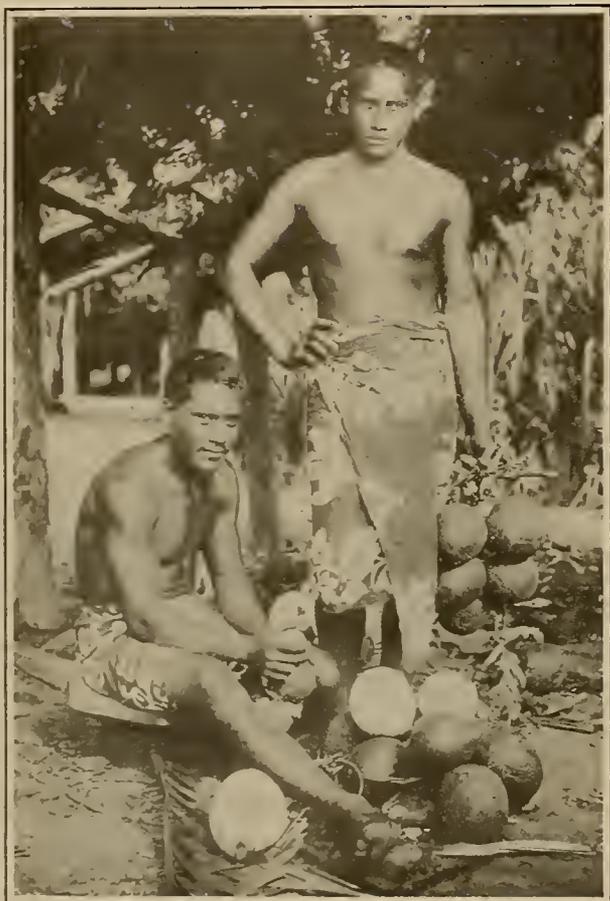
Truly, it is much to please an intelligent New York audience. The real brains, force, and dominating enterprise of New York compose an aggregate of power and brilliancy, and to win its adherence is a goal for which one may well fight many campaigns.

By intelligent audiences I do not mean those whom the first-night critic recognizes by hundreds composed of wine agents, divorce specialists, criminal attorneys, husbands of well-known actresses, young men about town, hookmakers, gamblers, and the habitués of the all-night cafés. These people are, I know, the shrewdest and keenest judges of musical entertainments, but I do not admit them to be judges of tragedy. Of the life around them they are above all competent to judge, but one fails to see wherein lies their comprehension of classical productions.

But New York has a great number of men and women who love the dignified and scholarly upon the stage, and whose verdicts are influenced neither by critics nor the froth of Broadway. New York's verdict is a most momentous thing to any artist; yet I can not accept it as final as handed down by the critics, for my public says otherwise, and my daily mail is full of fuel of hope. Everywhere else I have made my way, and, if I do say it, triumphed. And I shall also be acclaimed on Broadway.

I will admit I lack certain almost indispensable qualities of a woman who essays the highest in the drama of the world in America. I speak neither in a foreign tongue nor in English with a dialect, and I am under thirty years of age, unsoiled of the divorce court, and incapable of being a mother to my rivals. To be young and unsensational and without a retinue—that is, indeed, to be guilty.

One would think the Broadway critics would come with at least a welcoming spirit to witness the performance of a young woman who is giving the best there is in her. I am not a veteran; I am growing yearly, and I hope to grow until the end. When I cease to develop, then may I quickly die.



Tahitians Preparing Breadfruit.

out limitation. Poverty and beggary are unknown on these islands.

While the business of the islands, both local and interisland, is mainly controlled by the French, German, and English residents, the largest commercial concern on the island is owned and managed by Americans, who own and operate the only sugar plantation in Tahiti, general store, cold-storage plant, electric-light plant, and vessels employed in the interisland trade.

Romance reigns supreme on Tahiti. The land teems with legends, and the natives freely tell them. They tell, too, with pride, of the early settlement of these Society Islands, to which, before Columbus discovered America, hardy voyagers traversed the Pacific in search of a dwelling place. They sailed the seas in huge mat-sailed canoes, and, with no instruments to guide them, found a haven of refuge so beautiful, so restful, that they made it their home. It was in this manner that Olapana, the great chief of Hawaii, driven from home by disastrous floods, arrived at Tahiti with his wife, Lu'ukia, in the twelfth century. And others, as adventurous, came, peopling all the islands thereabouts, forming governments and establishing homes.

Every mountain crag in Tahiti, every smiling valley, every winding stream and coral cove and promontory has its tradition. They are all hallowed by tales of geni and spirits, associated with the deeds of gods and heroes who fought battles there. The people of today are having their traditions and historical tales crowded out by modern influences, but many have been permanently recorded.

Papeete, the principal town of Tahiti, is beautifully situated, and has a mixed population of four thousand, about one-fourth of whom are Europeans. The town is full of pretty homes, and hospitality is one of the

bananas that have matured on the trees—is something that will make one forego for a long time the musty fruit of commerce, plucked green and sent on a voyage of thirty-six hundred miles to an American market. And one who has cut open the end of a green coconut, and eaten, right from the shell, the rich, creamy contents, will always look upon the ordinary coconut of the home market as a fraud. Such experiences, mixed with tours to points of interest, boating, hating, mountain-climbing, explorations in search of the primitive life that still exists on this island, make almost any stay there seem too short. Few people are willing to go home on the return voyage of the steamer that brought them there, but insist on waiting for the next boat; and when that comes only the call of the busy world will tear them away.

The town of Papeete affords excellent accommodations at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day (American money). Its hotels are well built and modern, and the town itself—lazy, tropical, with its quaint market-place where natives congregate at daybreak, with its men and women dressed as for a carnival, sauntering, flower-decked, on the shady highway—holds visitors entranced by its charm.

But a tour inland, taking from four to six days, should not be missed. The lofty mountains and waterfalls, the luxuriant vegetation, the perpetual air of softest, balmy spring, form a lure that none can resist, and cause dreams that never cease of a care-free life on a tropical beach, with one's sustenance growing riotously on all sides.

We work too hard; we make ourselves victims of dyspepsia, nervous prostration, brain-fag; but thanks to the enterprise of the Oceanic Steamship Company, Tahiti, the golden, containing the cure for all these ills, is only eleven days away.

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510 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1904, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 5-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.

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JOHN McNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,
Manager. Proprietor.



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\$15.00

They were late in transit—about seventy-five single and double-breasted **Sack Suits**, all sizes, were to sell for \$22.50 and \$25, now marked fifteen dollars, to make room for spring models, about to arrive.

MARKET STREET AND GRANT AVENUE

ART NOTES.

The San Francisco Art Association.

Art associations and art museums play such a prominent part in the advancement of municipal life nowadays that nearly every city of any pretensions boasts of one or more. In some cities they are provided with fire-proof buildings of classic design, specially adapted to their needs, and with endowments that leave them unhampered in carrying on their work. There are few, if any, art associations of importance that depend exclusively on their own earnings, and succeed in making both ends meet at the end of the fiscal year. Probably the one that comes nearest this difficult feat is San Francisco's association. This was founded about thirty-four years ago by professional artists and laymen, lovers of art, many of whom, while unable by reason of other pursuits to be actual workers in the field, yet recognized the benefits of maintaining such an organization for the good of the community, and who in the not untroubled years which lay before it gave it their loyal support.

The association's first exhibition was held in the old Mercantile Library; after this it occupied rented quarters at 313 Pine Street, and later on at 430 Pine Street, a co-tenant with the Bohemian Club, where it remained until 1893. Its first president was J. B. Wandesforde, the artist, one of the founders;

tenance of the buildings and grounds, and the donation of pictures and statuary, be continues to show a generous interest in the welfare of the association, whose sphere of usefulness he has so greatly increased. Besides Mr. Searles, many of our residents are represented by important and valuable paintings, sculpture, prints, and books, both singly and in collections, some gifts and some loans, all of which go to make both the galleries and the school rich in works of art. That this liberality is well deserved, the reports of the government educational bureau and the praise bestowed upon the association by art periodicals generally, conclusively prove. In fact, the city has every reason to be proud of its Art Association, and grateful to those who have so freely given of their means and of their time and ability in the successful conduct of its affairs.

Pacific-Union Club's "House-Warming."

The Pacific-Union Club will break its hitherto steadfast rule this month, when the fair sex—the wives and friends of the members—will have an opportunity to enter the club's sacred portals and view the handsome new quarters on the corner of Post and Stockton Streets. To learn all they can of the ins and outs of clubland and club life generally has ever possessed a sort of fascination for women who are always wondering "what men do at clubs, anyway." Husbands

the daughters and the sweethearts of the younger members who were anxious to give a dance, therefore looked and waited in vain for the invitations which never came. In fact, it required an appalling disaster to gain them admittance to the club-rooms, then located in Parrott's Building, on the north-west corner of Montgomery and California Streets. This was the explosion of nitro-glycerine which took place in the rear of Wells & Fargo's express offices on the floor beneath the club, which resulted in wrecking the rooms above and killing several members who were at lunch in the dining-room at the time. It was several weeks until the club-rooms were made habitable again, and then the younger members carried the day, and gave an afternoon reception to their lady friends. It was the best they could do, and, it may be added, not one of the invitations received a regret, so great was the desire to see the quarters that the "old fogies" guarded with such jealous care from feminine eyes.

After the joining of the two clubs, the members of the Pacific-Union gave an afternoon tea to their lady friends in the rooms recently vacated on Post Street. Now comes another "house-warming," and then, unless the policy of the club is radically changed, it will probably be many years before the club's doors are again opened to the fair sex.

Some European Art Treasures.

An evidence of the growing taste for art in San Francisco is the movement on the part of dealers in artistic things to venture more in the way of investing important sums in the purchase of antiques to be sold to our art lovers. A California merchant sojourning in Paris has purchased the entire stock in trade of an antiqueur of the Rue Quatre Septembre, and consigned it to the Curtis Art Parlors at 326 Post Street. It includes, besides many practical household belongings, a number of curious antiques. Much of it was originally made in Amsterdam, and bears the carmarks of centuries of use by the thrifty Dutch.

There are also antique pictures secured by the Parisian antiqueur in the sales at the Hotel Druot, the famous French auction mart, and also a collection of works by living artists of renown.

Two examples in the latter collection are by the famous Liendo Balestrieri, the painter of the Beethoven picture, over which Paris is now going mad. These are the only two works of this artist on the Coast. One is a nocturn representing a street scene in front of the Café de la Paix, and the other a water-color depicting the Avenue l'Opéra. Both works bespeak the bold impulsive stroke of the master. Columns would be necessary to treat in detail the treasures contained in this new art hazaar, and nothing short of a visit can give one an adequate idea of what it holds.

The Bohemian Club's annual Christmas dinner will be given this (Saturday) evening at half after six o'clock. Then will ye night he turned up-so-down with great cheer and goodly circumstance, which it will give ye much dole not to behold."

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
December 29th.....	60	46	.10	Clear
" 30th.....	58	48	.38	Rain
" 31st.....	54	45	.06	Clear
January 1st.....	54	44	.00	Clear
" 2d.....	56	44	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 3d.....	56	44	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 4th.....	54	42	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 4, 1905, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	5,000	@ 102	102	
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%.....	23,000	@ 84- 84½	83½	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	15,000	@ 101½	101½	102
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 116½	116	116½
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5%.....	32,000	@ 102½	102½	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	60,000	@ 104- 106	104½	105
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	12,000	@ 102½-102½	101½	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	3,000	@ 107	107	
S. P. R. of Cal., 5% Stpd.....	3,000	@ 108½	108½	
United R. R. of S. F. 4%.....	82,000	@ 87½- 87½	87½	88

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water.....	385	@ 38½- 39½	38½	39
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	10	@ 63½	63	64
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	125	@ 73½- 74	73½	74
Honokaa S. Co.....	225	@ 17½- 18½	17½	18½
Hutchinson.....	360	@ 15½- 15½	15	15½
Makaweli S. Co.....	120	@ 32½- 32		
Onomea Sugar Co.....	5	@ 32½	31½	32½
Paauihu Sugar Co.....	40	@ 20½- 20½	20½	21
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	365	@ 53½- 54½	54½	54½
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	5	@ 93	92½	94
Pac. Coast Borax.....	20	@ 157	157	

The Stock and Bond Exchange resumed their regular sessions Tuesday, January 3, 1905, at 10.30 A. M.

The business for the week was small; the sugar stocks were traded in to the extent of 875 shares, Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling at 73½-74; Honokaa Sugar Company at 17½-18½; Hutchinson at 15½-15½; Makaweli Sugar Company at 32½; Paauihu Sugar Company at 20½-20½; Onomea Sugar Company at 32½.

Spring Valley Water was in good demand, 385 shares changing hands at 38½-39½.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fairly good demand, and closed at 54½ bid, 54½ asked, with little stock offered.

INVESTMENTS.

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The House Gallery of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

his successor was the late Hon. William Alvord, who was president for four years, and untiring in his efforts to place the association on a firm basis. Other presidents were J. C. Duncan, Irving M. Scott, Daniel Cook, Colonel A. G. Hawes, General W. H. L. Barnes, Senator Perkins, J. B. F. Davis, Joseph D. Redding, L. L. Baker, D. P. Belknap, Frederick W. Zeile, Hon. James D. Phelan, Horace G. Platt, Joseph D. Grant, James W. Byrne, and Willis E. Davis. Many other of our well-known citizens have served for many years upon the board of directors in different offices.

The California School of Design was founded by the association in 1874. It has grown and expanded steadily in these thirty years, and to-day holds high rank, both in this country and Europe. Students from all the Pacific Coast States and British Columbia are enrolled among its members, and many of its graduates have won honor and recognition in the world at large.

It was in 1893 that the association entered into possession of its present premises on California Street. This change from rented quarters to a permanent home of a most picturesque and beautiful character was made possible by the munificence of Mr. Edward F. Searles, of Methuen, Mass., who deeded the buildings and grounds to the State University for the uses of the Art Association under the commemoration title of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. This magnificent property, originally the residence of the pioneer citizen whose name it bears, while well adapted primarily to the purposes for which it is now used, has, through the further generosity of Mr. Searles, undergone many changes, increasing its advantages as an art institute. Nor has Mr. Searles's liberality stopped here, for by gifts of money for the repair and main-

and brothers, as a rule, are very reticent regarding what occurs within the charmed circle, and therefore the invitations to the forthcoming "house-warming" will be accepted with avidity by those fortunate enough to receive them.

In the old days, the Pacific and the Union Clubs were the most conservative in this respect. However, to the Pacific Club belongs the distinction of giving the first entertainment in its club-rooms to which ladies were invited. Grandmothers of the present day will tell you with what delight was received the magic card which gave them admittance "behind the veil"—that is, invitations to the long-talked-of Pacific Club ball which took place in the club's quarters on Commercial Street in October, 1857. It may be of interest to some to know the names which appeared on the cards as the committee of invitation. They were Lafayette Maynard, Judge J. B. Crockett, Judge J. P. Hoge, Hall McAllister, J. Mora Moss, Frederick Billings, and William Duer. It was a brilliant function to date from for many a year afterward.

The club members followed up the ball with a couple of "Pacific Club Assemblies," which were given at Apollo Hall on Pacific Street, the popular place for balls at that period. At the initial ball, the cotillion, led by Cutler McAllister, was the feature of the evening. It was danced for the first time in San Francisco, and to say that it caught on is to put it mildly.

So great was the success of the hall and the parties which followed, that the members of the Union Club agitated the question of doing likewise. But there were many elderly clubmen who made it their home, and were unwilling to have their comfort interfered with, even for a few hours. The wives and

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Dorr, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Louis Dorr, to Lieutenant Claude E. Brigham, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Gaskill, daughter of Mrs. B. A. Gaskill, of Oakland, to Mr. Roy McCabe.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jane Crellin, daughter of Mr. Thomas Crellin, of Oakland, to Mr. Roger B. Friend.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cornelia Dean Gordon, daughter of General David S. Gordon, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gordon, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. Isaac Oliver Uphan.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jennie Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sherman, to Dr. William Merrill Tyson.

Mrs. Redmond Payne gave a luncheon on Tuesday at 2828 California Street in honor of Miss Irene Sabin. Others at table were Mrs. John I. Sabin, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Anna Foster, Miss Maud Payne, Miss Beatrice Fife, Miss Georgie Spieker, Miss Jessie McNab, Miss Mary Marriner, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Eugenie Hawes, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Belknap, Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Bray, Miss Scott, Miss Louise Howland, and Miss Pearl Sabin.

Mrs. William H. Smith gave a tea on Monday.

Mrs. Charles A. Coolidge will give a tea to-day (Saturday) in honor of Miss Elsa Draper. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. T. W. M. Draper, Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mrs. George Young, Miss Elizabeth Rawles, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Dorothy Andrews, Miss Kitty Johnson, Miss Geneva Febiger, and Miss Constance de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a dinner on Saturday evening at their residence, 1150 California Street, followed by a New-Year's Eve party.

Mrs. Leonard Cheney and Miss Ethel Patton will give a luncheon on Wednesday at their residence, 1541 Clay Street.

Lieutenant George C. Rockwell gave a breakfast on Sunday morning at the Hotel St. Francis. Others at table were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Gaston Ashe, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Dorothy Dustan, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Elsie Davis, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mr. Sheril Schell, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. Franco Davis, Mr. Leslie Harkness, Mr. Porter Ashe, Mr. Philip Paschal, and Mr. Harry Pendleton.

Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dance on Wednesday evening at her residence, Washington and Laguna Streets.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a card-party on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Reginald Brooke.

Mrs. David E. Allison and Miss McMillan gave a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Sidney C. Partridge.

Miss Jeanette Hooper gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence, Clay and Laguna Streets, in honor of Miss Florence Starr.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a dance at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening in honor of the Gaiety Club. The guests were received by Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, and Mrs. John Parrott.

Miss Beatrice Fife will give a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Irene Sabin.

Mr. John Lawson gave a house-party over New Year's at his residence at Burlingame. He entertained Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Miss Ethel Dean, and Miss Virginia Jolite.

A dance was given in the hop-room at Fort McDowell on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Dixon gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday in honor of Mme. Gadski. Others at table were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. Robert M. Greer, Mrs. A. B. Costigan, Mrs. Jarboe, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Miss Marks, Miss Russell, Miss Brockman, and Miss Hendy.

Miss Laura Taylor gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Paula Wolff.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club will be held at the club-house at 4 p. m. to-day (Saturday).

MUSICAL NOTES.

Gadski's Wagnerian Concert.

Johanna Gadski, who made herself a great favorite here during former visits with the Ellis and Grand opera companies, drew two large audiences at the Alhambra Theatre on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The charming singer comes back in excellent voice, minus considerable superfluous avoirdupois, and more smartly gowned than heretofore. Her voice is now in its prime and is heard to equal advantage in highly dramatic operatic selections, demanding volume of voice and rich coloring, or in dainty lullabies or ballads, where her head tones—soft, now coaxing, now caressing—are a constant source of delight to her listeners. Above all, Mme.



Johanna Gadski, the famous Wagnerian soprano.

Gadski possesses a magnetic personality, and her versatility is shown in her wide range of selections. She has mastered the English language sufficiently, too, to be able to sing with scarcely the slightest trace of a foreign accent, and her enunciation is so clear-cut that every word can be heard in any part of the house.

Mme. Gadski will give her last concert at the Alhambra Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon, when the following Wagnerian programme will be presented:

Piano solo, "Liebeslied," "Walkure"; aria, "Dich theure Halle," "Tannhäuser"; "Elsa's Traum," "Lohengrin"; Senta's ballade, "Fliegender Holländer"; piano solo, prelude, "Tristan and Isolde"; songs: "Traume," "Engel," "Schmerzen"; "Wiegeliied"; piano solo, "Trauer-Musik"; immolation scene, "Gotterdammerung."

Melba will be here within a few weeks, and will make her appearance at the Alhambra Theatre, under the direction of Gottlob, Marx & Co. She will be heard only twice, and at the concerts will be assisted by baritone, Gilbert; tenor, Van Hoose; the great harpist, Sassoli; and an orchestra of fifty. It is now five years since Melba has been heard in San Francisco, and her coming concerts will undoubtedly be great musical events, as her position among the lyric stars of today makes her advent one of unusual importance. The dates for the concerts are Tuesday night, February 7th, and Friday night, February 10th. Seats go on sale February 2d.

Port Arthur's Appearance.

General Stoessel's heroic defense of Port Arthur and the city's final capture by the Japanese, makes a most thrilling chapter in the world's history. Those who are interested in the great struggle in the Orient will find a good article in January *Sunset Magazine* on "China, the New West," written by Mr. F. W. Unger, war-correspondent of the London *Times*, and illustrated by four full-page reproductions of photographs taken at Port Arthur. Many other interesting news articles. For sale at all news stands.

The top of Mt. Tamalpais, though but a very short distance from San Francisco, affords one of the most beautiful, extensive, and varied views in the world. The ride up the picturesque railway discloses new beauties at every turn; and the Tavern of Tamalpais welcomes the traveler hospitably.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Army and Navy News.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, U. S. A., has assumed the duties of commander of the Pacific Department during the absence in Honolulu of General Francis Moore, U. S. A.

Major Lea Febiger, U. S. A., sailed for Honolulu on Saturday.

Captain Jesse C. Nicholls, U. S. A., arrived recently from Honolulu.

Captain Julius A. Penn, U. S. A., has been appointed to the staff of Major-General Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A.

Captain John H. Wholley, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wholley are at the Occidental Hotel for the winter.

Lieutenant John F. Babcock, U. S. N., and Mrs. Babcock (née Eells) have returned from Ross Valley.

Lieutenant-Commander Allen G. Rogers, U. S. N., has assumed his duties as executive officer of the United States receiving ship *Independence*.

Lieutenant-Commander James H. Glennon, U. S. N., Mrs. Glennon, and Miss Isabel Glennon have gone to Washington, D. C., where Lieutenant-Commander Glennon has been assigned to duty in the equipment department of the navy.

The American National Bank.

The American National Bank, heretofore located in the Mills Building, opened for business at its new home in the Merchants' Exchange January 3d. The new quarters comprise one of the most handsome and up-to-date banking-rooms on the Pacific Coast, being finished in marble, mabogany, and bronze in a most artistic manner. The arrangement of the offices has been planned with a view to comfort, both for the working force and patrons of the bank.

This institution has enjoyed a remarkably rapid growth since its reorganization in March, 1902, when P. E. Bowles, president of the First National Bank of Oakland, and his associates, secured a controlling interest. It was at that time operating under the name of American Bank and Trust Company, with deposits of approximately \$550,000. In September, 1902, the institution entered the national system under its present name, and its periodical statements to the Comptroller of the Currency have shown a steady and healthy growth. At the close of business December 31, 1904, the total deposits amounted to \$5,015,201.57, as appears in the following statement:

Assets—	
Loans and discounts.....	\$3,643,277.10
Overdrafts	2,047.32
U. S. bonds.....	1,230,000.00
Premium on U. S. bonds.....	75,727.23
Other bonds.....	76,354.95
Furniture and fixtures.....	25,500.00
Due from banks and U. S. Treasurer.....	1,642,920.34
Cash and cash items.....	582,583.68
	\$7,278,410.71
Liabilities—	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and profits.....	263,209.14
Circulation	1,000,000.00
Deposits	5,015,201.57
	\$7,278,410.71

A "café chantant," for the benefit of the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association, will be given at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, January 16th. The following are the patronesses: Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. H. Bothin, Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Miss Maynard, and Miss Carolan.

George W. Lippman, city passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Company, has resigned his position to enter the employ of the Union Oil Company.

Maude Adams is again playing "The Little Minister" in New York.

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The Buckingham Cafe's Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar table-d'hôte dinner will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, January 8, 1905:

Take Points.

Salted Almonds. Stuffed Dates.

Chicken Broth a la Buckingham.
Consomme Julienne.

Fried Fillet of Sole, Sauce Remolad. Potatoes Duchesse.

Chicken Patties a la Reine.
Sweetbread Croquettes, Green Peas.
Orange Fritters Glacé.

Roman Punch.

Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus.
Roast Young Turkey, Oyster Dressing,
Cranberry Sauce.
Asparagus, Melted Butter.
String Beans Sauté. Mashed Potatoes.
Browned Sweet Potatoes.

Waldorf Salad.

Apple Pie. Hot Mince Pie. Charlotte Russe.
Strawberry Ice-Cream. Assorted Cake.

Cafe Noir.

Water Crackers. American Cheese.
Roquefort Cheese.

Music by Professor Graeber's Mandolin Club.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Sydney Smith, the Misses Smith, and Mrs. Philip Van Horn Landsdale were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and family will leave for London and the Continent within the next few weeks, to be gone several months.

Miss C. L. Lovell has returned from New York, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, at 2293 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase will depart on January 12th for the East.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels are expected home from New York on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Kip have returned from the southern part of the State.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Miss Grace Spreckels have been at Santa Barbara during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William I. Kip have returned from the southern part of the State.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Miss Grace Spreckels have been at Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. Brigham, Miss Kate Brigham, and Miss Alice Brigham have returned from Boston.

Captain Haldimand P. Young, U. S. A., and Mrs. Young (née Voorhies) departed on Monday for Philadelphia, where Captain Young will be stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs were at the Hotel del Monte last week.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Mrs. Reginald Brooke spent part of last week in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson were in Italy when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. Pinckard, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Miss Mary Eyre expect to depart on Thursday for Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill will leave soon for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee are home from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent returned last week from the East.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols will spend the remainder of the winter in town.

Miss Etta Warren is sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clagstone are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame.

Mr. F. J. Mackey arrived from England a few days ago, and is at Burlingame.

Miss Marie Butters, of Oakland, has been the guest recently of Secretary and Mrs. Victor Metcalf, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Valentine departed on Sunday for New York.

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives has returned to New York.

Mr. J. Hubert Mee was among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, were guests at the Palace Hotel recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan and family were guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José, last week.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane, who has been in Europe for two years, has returned, and is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. John P. Wallace, at her residence, 988 Sutter Street.

Mrs. John W. Allyne and the Misses Allyne have returned from Europe.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Austin and Mr. C. G. Gunther, of New York, Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Robinson, Miss Cooper, Miss Haughton, Mr. W. G. Bullis, Mr. Willis E. Peck, Mr. J. C. Campuss, Mr. C. L. Colburn, Mr. F. B. Anderson, Mr. B. B. Anderson, Mr. A. P. Robinson, and Mr. E. K. Hurlbert.

Among the week's guests at Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harriman, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Max Schwabacher, Dr. and Mrs. Abram, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. F. E. Meed, Mrs. L. H. Bryan, Mrs. J. L. Bradbury, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Belvin, Miss Newhall, Miss E. Newhall, Miss Bryan, Miss Middleton, Miss Phelan, Mr. C. A. Miller, Mr. F. W. Runyon, Mr. R. Mason Smith, Dr. L. A. Draper, Mr. Spencer Grant, Mr. A. W. Foster, Jr., Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Enrique Grau, and Mr. Samuel Heller.

Among the week's visitors at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Green, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pharo and Mrs. E. Hing, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rice and Mr. P. L. Rice, of Libue Kanai, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Zimmermann, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chatton, and Mr. Reinhart F. Roth, of Visalia, Mrs. S. L. Webb, of Atlanta, Mrs. Walter H. Pratt, of Eureka, Mrs. Anna Osborne and Miss W. L. Osborne, of Berkeley, Mrs. H. Peterson, Mr. R. K. Madson, and Mr. William H. Miller, of Fresno, Miss Gallagher and Mr. E. O. Keefe, of Chicago, Mr. W. E. Crossman, of San José, and Captain Thomas Dowdell.

Notice of Removal

Dr. A. C. Kellogg, dentist, has removed from the Phelan Building to specially fitted offices in the new Flood Building, opposite the Emporium.

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Burton Holmes at Lyric Hall.

This season, the Burton Holmes "travel-ogues" are to be given in Lyric Hall, beginning January 10th and 11th. Twelve years ago, Mr. Holmes began his lectures, more as an amusement than as a profession, in Chicago. Year by year they have grown in popularity, until now his tour extends annually from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and even to England, where he appeared last season. The lectures are illustrated by colored moving panoramas and original motion pictures. His coming series will be devoted to the following subjects: "In London," "Round About London," "Beautiful



Burton Holmes, who will be heard at Lyric Hall in a series of lectures on foreign travel.

Ireland," "The Russian Empire," and "Japan." In San Francisco Mr. Holmes will give two parallel courses exactly alike. At Lyric Hall, Course A will be given on January 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, and 19th, and Course B, January 11th, 13th, 16th, 18th, and 20th. Reserved seats, \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents, are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Valentine, Jr., has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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The Argonaut.



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If he is not misquoted by the press, Bishop John Hamilton, of the Methodist church, said, in an address delivered in Oakland on Tuesday last, that he expected that eventually the population of this Coast would be Anglo-Japanese and Anglo-Chinese—the fruit of unions between American girls and Chinese men, between Japanese women and American men, between Chinese women and American men, and between Japanese men and American women. Bishop Hamilton is reported

as saying, in a spirit of prophecy, that, as he spoke, he looked "into the faces of the great-great grandfathers and the great-great grandmothers of Japanese and Chinese—yes, and of negroes."

It seems to us doubtful whether such views as these would have been so publicly expressed by a bishop of the Methodist church before the Japanese had proved their military skill and valor in the war in which they are now engaged. Unquestionably it is true that the barriers between the white race and the yellow have been perceptibly lowered during the past year. Doubtless a considerable number of people, especially in the East, would regard a marriage between, say, a Japanese military officer and an American girl of family and education, with but comparatively little repugnance. It is also true that a movement looking toward Japanese exclusion would now be looked upon with marked disfavor in the East. Probably, indeed, a Japanese exclusion act would be supported by very few members of Congress. It looks as if it were inevitable that the Japanese should come to our shores in larger and larger numbers. In 1890, there were less than two thousand Japanese in the United States. In 1900, there were 24,336 in continental United States. The increase in a decade was therefore more than a thousand per cent. Since the last census the Japanese immigration amounts to twenty thousand persons. Even if this stream of immigration somewhat diminishes, therefore, the Japanese population of the West will within a few years far exceed the Chinese. It now exceeds it by a few thousand.

When the Japanese population in the West finally becomes formidable, race conflicts, of course, will follow. It is a thing that may be predicted with perfect certainty. An Asiatic and a white race, industrial competitors, can not exist in harmony in the same territory. If, as seems probable, no Japanese exclusion law can be passed for many, many years, these race conflicts will doubtless be frequent and possibly sanguinary.

Bishop Hamilton's suggestion, therefore, has merits. It is the sole peaceful solution of the problem. If yellow and white join in wedlock, then there is no race problem. John Smith and Hakahichi, though competitors for the same job, will refrain from smiting each other if they are brothers-in-law. Everything will be lovely. Half of us will be Buddhists, and the State legislature undoubtedly open with the burning of joss sticks.

To the Californian who recoils at the pretty picture painted by the good bishop, we remark that he should reflect that he himself is at the present time apparently doing all he can to bring about such a state of things. To-day America is recognized as a potential ally of Japan. Diplomatic seers talk of a triple alliance between England, America, and Nippon. Basis for this prophecy lies in the strong prejudices of Americans against the people of Russia, as expressed consciously by the press in editorial utterances, and still more forcibly in humorous verse, cartoons, and witticisms, with the corresponding expressions of liking for the Japanese. In the face of this sentiment, which is strongest in the East, the people and press of the West have been silent. They have stupidly failed to recognize that all these questions of intermarriage between yellow and white, the exclusion of Japanese from our shores, the preservation intact of our peculiar form of civilization, our domination or subservience in the Pacific during the next century, are all bound up with the issues of the present struggle at arms. So great is the confidence of the American people in its glorious destiny that it refuses even to consider philosophically the problem before it. It merely

laughs to scorn him who advances the idea that the yellow and brown races in combination will ultimately dominate the world. It can not be brought to see that the single fact that the Chinese and the Japanese are prolific, while the American race (if we may use the term) reproduces itself slowly, is full of portents. It fails to recognize that the single fact that the Chinese people live more cheaply and therefore produce more cheaply than a white man can, will cause, when the Chinese learn our science, a great economic war, which will compel us to erect high tariff walls to prevent utter ruin of all our industries, if even that suffice.

What ought to be occurring right now, is a gradual drawing together of the white races of the world in recognition of the fact that, if the white man is to dominate the world of the future, he must, whatever, his petty antipathies or affiliations among his neighbors, single-minded face his future foe, the man of yellow skin. Instead of this, among the brotherhood of white nations there is division and strife. England is the open ally of a yellow race. America, blind to her larger interest, forgetful of Russia's help in the Civil War's dark days, gives her sympathy to Japan.

It has finely been said that mankind only learns its lesson by the light of burning towns and the flame of cities fired by conquerors. There is probably truth in it. Perhaps it is too much to expect that a nation should look with prophetic eye far into the future and guide itself accordingly. Perhaps it is inevitable that only in the light of burning towns shall we, looking back, see how we missed the trail. More than twelve years ago that acute thinker, Pearson, wrote in "National Life and Character":

The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look around to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow races, no longer too weak for aggression, or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolizing the trade of their own regions, and circumscribing the industry of the European; when Chinamen and the nations of Hindostan, the states of Central and South America, by that time predominantly Indian, and it may be African nations of the Congo and the Zambesi, under a dominant caste of foreign rulers, are represented by fleets in the European seas, invited to international conferences, and welcomed as allies in the quarrels of the civilized world. The citizens of these countries will then be taken up into the social relations of the white races, will throng the English turf, or the salons of Paris, and will be admitted to intermarriage. It is idle to say that if all this should come to pass our pride of place will not be humiliated. We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to the Aryan races and to the Christian faith; to the letters and arts and charm of social manners which we have inherited from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled, perhaps even thrust aside by peoples whom we looked down upon as servile and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs. The solitary consolation will be that the changes have been inevitable. It has been our work to organize and create, to carry peace and law and order over the world, that others may enter in and enjoy. Yet in some of us the feeling of caste is so strong that we are not sorry to think we shall have passed away before that day arrives.

The greatest of world problems has but two solutions: one is the intermarriage and mixing of the races; the other is a Titanic struggle between white and yellow for domination of the world.

Since the whipping-post has received President Roosevelt's indorsement as a fit punishment for the wife-beater and the thug, there have rallied to the support of moral suasion all the hosts of the aesthetes, the timid, and the super-civilized. From New York to San Francisco we are being told that it is a return to barbarism, that flogging is a relic of the dark ages, that to whip a man for beating his wife is simply to bring her into disgraceful prominence and enrage the victim of the municipal cat to murder. High heaven is called upon to flog down this horrible thing, and to rebuke the President who has given a boost to savagery. Judges, com-

sioners, and officers of charities have lifted up their voices in protest.

With all respect for the eminent authorities against Mr. Roosevelt's (and the *Argonaut's*) contention, their arguments are flubdub, froth, and wind. If flogging a thug is barbarous, how about hanging a murderer? Is it a reversion to savagery to whip a man who has broken a chair over his weak wife's back? If mere imprisonment has no terrors for the sand-bagger, are we to let him go scot free because it offends us to hear him cry out beneath blows?

As to its bringing the family of the whipped man into disgraceful prominence, will it do so more than having the neighbors aroused by the screams of his wife? As to its enraging the whipped man to the grosser crime of murder, as Judge Scott, of the District of Columbia fears, are we to think that the man who fears for his hide will not also fear for his neck? Shall we omit to punish fitly a vile offense against morals and decency for fear the miscreant may straightway go and commit a greater? It is all very well to say: "Put the wife-beater on the rock-pile and let him earn bread for his family." There is but one way to scorch the nerves of a man who strikes cowardly blows: strike him harder. Where the cowed and groaning woman can only cover and groan, let the strong arm of the public officer lay on stripes that will avenge the woman's hurt and make the beast writhe in his foul agony.

There are some things in this world we can not blink. We must have laws to dictate and officers to execute. We all of us regret that murder is prevalent. We are sorry that men steal and rob and default. But we owe a duty to society, and that duty is to put away our timidity and dread of causing suffering, and teach the criminal that when he oversteps the law, he steps into trouble which he will never again voluntarily fall liable to. President Roosevelt is right. He shows his manhood, his clear-sightedness, by pitying the victim more than the thug, by thinking more of the physical welfare of the wife than of the brutal and gross husband. It is time that more men in high places were seeing beyond their own personal aversion to inflicting pain, and were defending the weak instead of finding excuses for the strong. It is easy to moralize behind the broad back of the policeman. But men with native instincts not wizened by disuse will still thrust a hard fist into the face of the brute, and say, "If you strike that woman or that child, I'll beat you till you crawl away in blubbering terror of more." There is an old saying that it is the tender-hearted surgeon who makes the stinking wound.

A special dispatch to the *Chronicle* of Wednesday says that "President Roosevelt favors the earliest possible action looking to a revision of the tariff." A special dispatch to the *Call* of Thursday says that the "tariff-revision flag has been hauled down from the staff of the White House." Probably there will be a few more affirmations and denials between the hour when we write and when this is read. However, the actual situation, unobscured by newspaper rumors, is quite clear. President Roosevelt favors a moderate revision of the tariff. He shrewdly recognizes that his triumphant election was not an exhortation from the people to stand pat, but a certificate of the popular belief that Theodore Roosevelt's administration would be one of progress. He perceives that either the Republican party must revise the tariff or the tariff will revise the Republican party. But Congress is ultra-conservative. The desires of powerful tariff beneficiaries have, of course, great weight with a not inconsiderable number of congressmen. They have little with the President. Besides, it is, indeed, somewhat strange and anomalous that a party which has been returned so triumphantly to power should immediately set about carrying into effect, in moderate form, a policy championed, in its extreme form, by its defeated political opponent. In general, under such circumstances, the obvious thing to do would be to stand pat. The Republican members of Congress who want to stand pat really have the best arguments on their side. Nevertheless, that the President has rightly interpreted the desire of the people in the matter of the tariff is a deep and abiding conviction, though a matter of feeling rather than of demonstration.

Since the convening of Congress, the leaders thereof and the President have many times met in conference regarding tariff-revision. Apparently, Congress is overwhelmingly against it. Indeed, it is said that Speaker Cannon told the President, the other day, that ninety per cent. of the representatives did not want any extra session or any revision. That this is pretty accurate is shown by the canvass made by the *New York Herald*, with a similar result. Scarcely any political situation could be more extraordinary than this. The President desires revision. The people desire re-

vision. Yet nine out of ten congressmen appear to be against it. The *New York Evening Post* has now printed two hundred and sixty-three replies to the one thousand letters sent out without addition or omission to the first thousand persons named in "Who's Who." Of these, two hundred and twenty-nine are in favor of revision, twenty-nine against, and five blank. The persons replying include clergymen, scientists, educators, artists, authors, lawyers and judges, engineers, architects, inventors, capitalists, manufacturers, physicians, and congressmen. By what course of reasoning is it possible to arrive at the conclusion that these men, of all sections of the country and of all classes, do not represent the sentiment of the people? How can Congress refuse to recognize such overwhelming unanimity of opinion?

A recent work by Marcelin Berthelot, a distinguished French chemist, contains a passage dealing with science as a court of last resort in the solution of all human problems—political, moral, and economic. "Science," says M. Berthelot, "will end by destroying all pretensions to mysterious beliefs and every form of superstition." It may be so. But, as M. Berthelot is doubtless well aware, adherence to "mysterious beliefs" is more, rather than less, common to-day than during the last decades of the nineteenth century. Thirty years ago, on the skirmish-line of civilization, stood your materialistic scientist. He was the "advanced thinker." To-day, your "advanced thinker," the same type of man, has been carried by the current toward mysticism. It is the inevitable reaction. The pendulum is swinging back. Thirty years ago it was the intellectual fashion to believe nothing not susceptible of proof. To-day it is almost the fashion to be transcendently credulous. Among the mystically inclined are some of our greatest names—men like Maurice Maeterlinck and Rudyard Kipling. Thinkers like Andrew Lang, Sir William Crookes, and Alfred Russel Wallace are touched with the spirit of mysticism. Only a few weeks ago, James Hervey Hyslop, professor of logic and ethics in Columbia University, affirmed his belief in the instantaneous transmission of a message between mind and mind, by spirit agency, across the Atlantic Ocean. The significant thing is that while such a statement, made thirty years ago by a man holding such a position, would have caused him to lose caste with his colleagues, now it does not, appreciably. There is less dogmatism among scientists than ever there was. A few weeks ago, Sir Oliver Lodge, in an address to a Birmingham (England), audience, affirmed his belief that a trace of individuality might cling even to inanimate objects. "Thus," he said, "I would not hold that even a doll on which much affection was lavished was wholly inert in the inorganic sense." Astounding statement! It is true that many of these semi-mystics like Lodge would repudiate the assertion that their attitude toward such matters was anything but scientific. The fact is, however, that the primary impulse is not in the least so. The impulse of the movement comes from the intellectual dreamers—the poets. The Rev. Heber E. Newton, formerly pastor of the Memorial Chapel at Stanford, is the latest to align himself with the modern mystics. If he is correctly quoted by the press, he told the American Institute for Scientific Research of New York, that he had finally concluded, after allowing for illusion, fraud, and every possible hypothesis of interpretation, that there still remained facts unexplainable except upon the ground of the communication of "the spirits of those whom we call dead with the living." The most significant thing about his statement is not that he makes it, but that it is received by press and public, not with ridicule, but with considerable respect. Among all the intellectual movements of the time, this "renaissance of wonder" is certainly the most interesting.

A wordy war of considerable interest has begun between Harry Thurston Peck, editor of the *Bookman* and professor of Latin in Columbia University, on the one hand, and Henry Loomis Nelson, formerly editor of *Harper's Weekly*, now professor of political science at Williams College, and well known as an author, on the other. The subject of this controversy is no less a matter than the reputation of Grover Cleveland. Professor Peck, in the first number of a series of articles, called "Twenty Years of the Republic," appearing in the *Bookman*, writes of Mr. Cleveland:

Mr. Cleveland was a type of man such as had not before come to the front as a Presidential possibility. He represented the practical, every day, usual citizen of moderate means and no very marked ambitions—a combination of the business man and the unimportant professional person, blunt, hard-headed, brusque, and unimaginative, and with a readiness to take a hand in whatever might be going on. His education was of the simplest; his general information pre-

sumably not very large, and his interest in life was almost wholly bounded by the limits of his own locality. As a practicing lawyer he was well thought of; yet his reputation had not gone beyond the local circuit. A bachelor, he had no need of a large income. His spare time was spent with companions of his own tastes. His ideal of recreation did not go beyond the comfort of the back-room of a respectable beer-garden; and perhaps this circumstance in itself is sufficient to give a fair notion of his general environment. At the opening of the State convention at Saratoga which nominated him for the governorship, Mr. Cleveland took charge of his own canvass in person, sitting in his shirt sleeves in a small bedroom of his hotel, with a tub of cracked ice and innumerable bottles beside him, conferring with his henchmen, receiving visits from country delegates, and with a sort of professional joviality, bidding for the favor of the practical politicians.

Professor Nelson, after quoting this passage, hotly replies: "There is not one word of truth in this paragraph." He continues with a specific denial of each statement made in the passage quoted, and of the part where Professor Peck alleges that Mr. Cleveland's "ideal recreation did not go beyond the comfort of the back-room of a respectable beer-garden," Professor Nelson says:

This is a characteristic misrepresentation of Mr. Cleveland, and is in harmony with the prevailing slander that he was then and afterward a hard drinker. Nothing more untrue than this was ever said of any man, and no untruth has ever been more persistent.

I speak from my own knowledge, and I speak the knowledge of every truthful man who has known Mr. Cleveland for the last thirty years, when I say that he is not now and never was a man of intemperate habits. The direct contrary is the truth. The tales that have been told of him are pure inventions in their origin.

Professor Nelson continues in similar vein, citing evidence in refutation of "the bar-room story, which," he says, "Professor Peck has published as history."

Inasmuch as Harry Thurston Peck is extremely jealous of his reputation of carefulness, dispassionateness, and accuracy, and but lately published an article sharply criticizing Professor Andrews for similar errors in his history of recent times, it will be interesting to see his reply to his brother-historian's allegation that he has incorporated "vulgar untruths" in a "serious history."

What will the impeccable Peck reply to Professor Nelson?

Along late in December, the news came from the Philippines that at Dolores, on the Island of Samar, the Pulujanas had ambushed and killed Lieutenant George F. Abbott, together with thirty-seven native scouts. Under date of January 9th, Corbin cabled an account of the death of Lieutenant James Jewel and Private William O'Neil, and the wounding of a dozen others in action with the Malays of Jolo. In explanation of the cause of this action, General Corbin says that Major Scott had been attempting "kindly means" to capture a fort—which "kindly means" were misconstrued by the Moros, who scoured the country for recruits, in the belief that the "kindliness" was an evidence of weakness. The wounding and slaughter of these officers and men is the result of the "kindly" policy which permitted the Moros to reinforce and entrench themselves before the fight. For our part, we think it a mistake. When you are fighting savages, fight them savagely. Better that American soldiers should ambush their black fanatic enemy, than that they should be ambushed. To-day there are American officers who are saying that "until another General Jake Smith wars with fire and sword in Samar, the hostile and fanatic Pulujanas will continue to make savage attacks on our soldiers." Let us have no attempt at "kindly" methods with these black Mohammedans, which shall result in disaster to our prestige, and death to our soldiers. Against the recalcitrant Moro let us wage a campaign stern, pitiless, sticking at nothing.

When President Roosevelt intimated plainly in his message that the railways had really only a choice between moderate regulation and something very radical, the corporations immediately hinted darkly at confiscation, spoke of interstate commerce laws as brushing away the lines of Statehood, and asserted that to fix freight rates by law was to take away property without due process. But the senators from the Middle and Far West are complaining now that every mail brings them bushels of letters from business men demanding immediate railway legislation. Senator Cullom, of Illinois, says that the agitation beats anything he has known in twenty years of congressional life. Commissioner Garfield's report urging that transportation lines be required to take out Federal licenses has caused an immense amount of thinking and discussion. It is thought doubtful, however, whether its radical provisions will be embodied in any legislation in the immediate future. But the fact can not be denied that the railways have about reached the limit of their independent and selfish action. We are too utterly de-

THE TARIFF STRUGGLE.

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FIGHTING IN SAMAR.

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DEMAND FOR RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

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pendent these days on the transportation line to suffer its regulation to lie far from the popular hand. When a town or city could be ruined in a day by cutting it out of the line, when the value of land hangs on the fiat of a traffic manager two thousand miles away, the government is bound, sooner or later, to respond to the general clamor, and put every rate on the basis found by careful and impartial investigation to be just. The rebate question has inevitably brought this in its train. The burden of the ordinary business man has grown too heavy, and in his impatience, unless the Senate finds some way for peaceful and regular abatement of this wide nuisance, theories of Federal control are altogether too likely to become facts. Many prominent railway men now see this, and Paul Morton, once a railway man himself, has convinced others that reform is not only advisable, but absolutely needful, and must come.

We suppose that no person of taste and education pays much attention to the wild and woolly "Sunday Supp" articles in the yellowest of our dailies. The articles in the *Chronicle* are, however, more seriously considered. But how careless is the editing of even the *Chronicle's* "Sunday Supp" was amusingly exhibited last Sunday in the article comparing big ships with tall buildings. The *Chronicle's* Sunday supplement is, of course, in large part, a copy of the *New York World's* for the preceding Sunday. The *Chronicle* has some sort of an arrangement with the *World*. This article, as it appeared in the *World*, had a picture showing how a seven-hundred-foot ship would look set down in one of the New York squares. The problem that confronted the *Chronicle's* "Sunday Supp" editor was to make this picture local. He was a bit of a genius, and so he began doctoring it. In the picture in the *World* there was, on the lee side of the ship, some shrubbery. The *Chronicle* man thought this shrubbery looked considerably like that in Union Square, so he left it. The buildings in the rear didn't look much like those on the north side of the square, however, so he cut them out. Then he pasted on at the bow of the big ship a photograph of the St. Francis, showing a part of the square and the buildings to the north, and erected the Dewey Monument, the only trouble with which is that it is facing west in the picture rather than south, as in fact. Then he labeled the concoction: "How One of the Big Ships Would Look in Union Square." Artistically, the *Chronicle* picture is "a bird."

It is only when one begins to wonder how a seven-hundred-foot ship could be crowded in the space between the Pacific-Union Club's new red-stone building and the Dewey Monument that its defects begin to show themselves. A San Francisco north-of-Market block is 412½ feet long from house-front to house-front, and 275 feet from north to south. A simple problem in geometry shows that the diagonal path through the square is, therefore, 495 feet in length. If the big ship represented in the *Chronicle's* picture had its stern backed up close to the Pacific-Union Club's Building, and if its bow was permitted to project past the St. Francis along Geary Street, it might just about fit. The *Chronicle's* seven-hundred-foot ship, with its stern at the north-east corner of the square and its nose just past the Dewey Monument, is really about two hundred and fifty feet long. Trusting souls who believe that, if you see it in the *Chronicle*, it's so, will please take notice.

No editorial printed in an American newspaper for several years has aroused more interest than a leader in the *Sun* called "Why Not Let Ireland Go?" The editor of the *Sun* is William M. Laffin, who was born in Dublin, which explains the editorial. The *Sun* argues that England has only trouble with Ireland now; that if Ireland were given her liberty without condition, agreement, treaty, or stipulation, Ireland would never be an enemy in the rear, "since the Irish are not built that way." The *Sun* contends that the Irish people are capable of establishing a stable government. It clinches its argument with the assertion that England has never been able to govern Ireland and never will be, and if this solution to the problem is not adopted, then the problem never will be solved.

Governor Pardee's message filled more than two closely printed pages of the daily papers the morning after its delivery to the legislature. It was slightly longer than the President's message. Both were, of course, set up and printed once, and copies sent around to each paper under seal of secrecy till "released." Then each paper of importance in the State reset the whole thing of over 20,000 words. In this day and age it seems as if there were terrible waste somewhere. Why set 20,000

words up twenty times? Why not print it once for all, send sufficient copies to each paper, and let it be run as an "insert," as an extra feature like the Sunday picture or map? Here is a chance for a beneficent "combine." The present method means an annual waste of many thousands of dollars. Certainly it could be saved.

We suppose that no person of political sagacity denies that George A. Knight was right when he said of the result of the senatorial election: "If the people had decided, it would have been different." Mr. Flint, whatever his ability, was, before the beginning of his campaign, practically unknown to the people of California. We venture to doubt if a single one of San Francisco's legislators had more than a hazy idea who Flint was until a few months ago. Yet they voted for him to a man. Such things do not happen by chance, and the conclusion of the daily press, however repugnant, must receive a degree of acceptance. The reason that Mr. Flint was elected to the United States Senate from California was because he is agreeable to the Power That Is in California politics. But a few hours after his election, Mr. Flint, in an interview, declared himself in full sympathy with the plans of the President for increasing the powers over railways of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now somebody is going to be fooled. Who will it be: the people, or the corporation from whose law department Mr. Flint steps into the Senate of the United States?

With all copies sent directly to subscribers of the *Argonaut*, we furnish an index this week of the last volume. But as it is unlikely that persons who buy the *Argonaut* at news-stands preserve them, no index is furnished with such copies. The index will, however, be furnished, on request, to any one who may desire one.

HAMBURG'S ENORMOUS TRADE.

By Jerome Hart.

Hamburg has good hotels, one of the best of which is the Hamburger Hof. It is generally full, so let me warn intending guests to wire or write ahead for rooms—a wise precaution anywhere or at any time. We met in Hamburg two friends who had neglected this, and to their surprise found it difficult to secure any quarters at all. Even in London, that vast hive of humanity, I have known tired travelers to drive around for two or three hours before they could find a roof to cover them. Yes, always write for rooms, and then, if you can not arrive on the day set, write and say so. It will make the hotel keeper more considerate to the next man. In traveling, it is well to think of those who come after you. Perhaps it is a good rule in life. I have never been able to agree wholly with that United States senator who said that "He did not care what the h—I happened so long as it didn't happen to him."

There was a sort of naive greed about the staff of the Hamburger Hof—I say it not unkindly—when they informed us that on Saturday night the Kaiser arrived for the autumn manoeuvres; that Hamburg would be crowded; that therefore they would then be forced to double the price of our rooms. I do not blame them—the Kaiser comes but once a year for the manoeuvres, and hotel men can not be blamed for making hay while the sun shines. But I would blame them severely if they did not notify you about it. Not to learn that rates were doubled until you got your bill would come with a distinct shock. Yet that would be the plan of some swindling innkeepers.

The Kaiser and the Kaiserin did not stop at our hotel; they put up on board their yacht, the *Hohenzollern*. There is no royal palace in Hamburg, owing to that city's disgraceful, non-royal, and unkingly past. I suppose that the Hohenzollern Kaiser could not stop in any hotel unless it was a Hohenzollern hotel, like the yacht *Hohenzollern*.

The rush to Hamburg to see the Kaiser was so great that the trains coming from every direction were crowded. On the way, we lost a piece of luggage. In traveling it is always well to look after your luggage. Americans are too prone to think that their luggage in Europe is under the protection of Providence. Perhaps it is, but Providence is tolerably busy. I would advise travelers in Europe to look out for their luggage as sharply as they can. The system of registering which prevails on the Continent may not be depended on. Twice in Germany we lost pieces of luggage, although it is our rule to watch our luggage carefully, even going so far as to see that each piece of heavy luggage goes into the luggage-van of our own train. (I use this term because I mean a "luggage-van"; there is absolutely nothing in Europe which is exactly the same as our baggage-car.) The small luggage goes with you into your railway compartment; even that it is well to watch while it is in transfer from cab to train.

The two pieces of luggage we lost in Germany came to hand after a delay of a couple of days in each case. But such a delay would be very annoying in case one

were booked to sail by an ocean steamer. One piece was lost between Berlin and Dresden; another between Stettin and Hamburg. When we discovered at Hamburg that a piece was missing, the under-porter who brought up our luggage grew much excited over the loss; he called on us at intervals of a few hours during the next two days to tell me that "the *gepäck* was still lost." He was so voluble that I did not understand him; and, fearing that I might be refusing to receive the luggage as well as hearken to his burning words, I rang for the waiter, who spoke English.

"Tell me," said I, "what this luggage lunatic is raving about."

The calm waiter muttered a few gutturals at the excited under-porter, who spluttered some gutturals back.

"He says," interpreted the calm waiter, "that he is looking still for your *gepäck*, but that it is still lost."

"Great jumping Jehosaphat!" I yelled, "tell him to go chase himself—tell him he is a *dummer Junge*—tell him anything; but tell him not to tell me again that my *gepäck* is ge-lost until it is ge-found."

Hamburg seems to be made up very largely of cigar and tobacco shops. Like the inhabitants of the celebrated island, who lived by taking in one another's washing, I think the major part of Hamburg's people live by selling each other cigars. Correspondingly, from the tobacco used, they must die by smoking them. On the signs you read "Cigar Import"; even in the Roman character the Germans make the initial "I" like a "J," as the Spaniards make initial "I" like a "Y."

The streets of Hamburg are broad, well paved, and lined with handsome buildings, between which pop up unexpected canals. There are two basins in the town, the Aussen Alster and the Binnen Alster, around the latter of which are ranged most of the leading hotels. The quays extend along both banks of the Elbe a total distance of ten miles. Already over fifty millions of dollars have been expended on the harbor works. Last year nearly 14,000 vessels, aggregating 9,000,000 tons, left the port, including over 9,000 steam vessels and 4,000 sailing vessels. From the Upper Elbe River there arrive annually 20,000 river craft of 5,000,000 tons burden. Hamburg's yearly imports amount to about 950,000,000 marks; the exports to about 825,000,000 marks.

Think of a city building up such a colossal sea trade—yet not a city built on the sea. For Hamburg is forced to embark and disembark her goods and passengers far down the river, those ticketed on the big Atlantic ships embarking at Cuxhaven, over seventy miles away. Yet this great seaport has been built up on the shallow, sluggish River Elbe.

The more I see of the water-ways of Europe, the more I am amazed at the neglect of our own. On the Clyde at Glasgow are launched some of the greatest ships that sail the seas, yet the Clyde once was nothing but a muddy estuary. It has been dredged deep enough to permit of deep-sea vessels floating there, but even now it is so narrow that they are forced to launch big ships broadside on. Think of these little creeks and sloughs here bearing millions of tons yearly, and then remember that our two fine rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, roll almost uselessly to the sea. These strange contrasts make a Californian wonder what California may do after this present generation—and perhaps one or two others—have been gathered to their fathers.

Some years ago I wrote a series of articles on the great seaports of the world. I gave their history and their growth, drawing from their experiences what I thought to be valuable lessons for San Francisco. At the time I was much struck with the sudden leap forward made by certain ancient cities. Hamburg was one of them. Since the Franco-German War, Hamburg has increased wonderfully as a shipping centre, but her growth during the last fifteen years has been greater than ever before. She has now distanced all her old competitors, and stands second only to London in point of harbor facilities.

I remember that, in my articles of years ago, I dwelt on the necessity of San Francisco's improving her splendid natural harbor, and pointed to the great increase of trade resulting from Hamburg's harbor improvements. Since I wrote, Hamburg has expended many more millions—between them, the municipality and the shipping men have laid out nearly thirty millions of dollars in harbor improvements. And the trade continues to increase. In a twelvemonth over 1,600 transatlantic ships discharge three and a half million tons at her docks, while 11,000 other ships discharge nearly five million tons from European ports.

In the meantime I am not informed of any great harbor improvement in San Francisco, although I believe that our port charges have steadily increased, and are still rising. In San Francisco we have the highest harbor dues in the world, of which fact we are justly proud.

In addition to the growth of its sea-borne trade, Hamburg has largely increased in population. It thus compares with St. Louis. In 1875, Hamburg had 348,447 inhabitants; St. Louis in 1880 had 350,518. In 1900, St. Louis had 575,238, while Hamburg had reached 867,000. The foregoing includes suburbs, making a comparison without suburbs, Hamburg

A SHIP AND AN EDITOR.

THE "ARGONAUT" INDEX.

HOTELS AND TRAVELERS IN HAMBURG.

LET IRELAND GO.

A QUESTION OF WASTE.

in 1875, 264,675; Baltimore had in 1870, 267,854, and in 1900, 508,957; while Hamburg in 1900 had without suburbs 705,738.

Again comparing without suburbs: In 1870, both Hamburg and Boston had about 240,000; in 1900, Boston had 560,892. Hamburg had 705,738.

Hamburg is a handsome and stately city. It is the chief of the trio that were once free cities—Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck. The prosperity of these three free cities made me reflective. For years I have been a believer in protective tariffs, and I began to wonder, if free-trade cities could attain such greatness, of what value is protection? But I soon found out that "free city" did not necessarily mean "free-trade city"; that Hamburg, for example, had always regulated her commerce according to what was best for Hamburg; that she had remained out of the old German Zollverein for selfish reasons, and only entered the German tariff barrier when she was obliged to do so; that at one time there were two harbors, a free harbor and a protective harbor, at Hamburg; in short, that the Hamburg plan of controlling commerce had by no means been always the same. So I was forced to abandon the idea that Hamburg's great prosperity had been due either to free trade or to a high tariff.

By the way, when Bismarck came to the conclusion that Hamburg had stayed outside the Prussian tariff wall long enough, he settled matters in an eminently Bismarckian manner. Altona and San Pauli, although practically parts of Hamburg, were under imperial rule; Hamburg was not. Bismarck simply decreed that the imperial tariff should prevail in the two suburbs. It was as if a high tariff were imposed in New York on the North River side of Manhattan, and free trade on the east-side. Hamburg was terror-stricken. But mass-meetings and threats did not move the Iron Chancellor, and Hamburg reluctantly came within the tariff wall. Now she has thrived under it.

In rapid increase of population Hamburg by no means stands alone. Some figures comparing other American and German cities follow: low; they may perhaps surprise those Americans who think that our country enjoys a monopoly of "boom."

It must be understood that these figures are taken from such authorities as I find to hand—German annuals, almanacs, etc.—and I do not vouch for them entirely. Let us take a South German, a North German, and an Americo-German city. In 1870, Munich had 169,693 inhabitants; Breslau, 207,997; Cincinnati, 216,239. In 1890, Munich had 350,594; Breslau, 335,186; Cincinnati, 296,908. In 1900, Munich, 499,957; Breslau, 422,738; Cincinnati, 325,902. In 1880, Buffalo had a population of 155,000; Cologne, 144,800. In 1890, Buffalo had increased to 255,000; Cologne had passed it, rising to 281,000. In 1900, Buffalo had 352,387; Cologne, 370,685. This is notable, as Buffalo is considered as the "boom town" of the older States.

In 1870, Leipsig had 106,925 inhabitants; San Francisco, 149,473. In 1890, Leipsig had 295,025; San Francisco, 298,997. In 1900, Leipsig had 455,000; San Francisco, 342,782.

Comparing San Francisco with Munich, a Bavarian city, we find these figures:

	1870	1900
Munich	169,693	499,957
San Francisco	149,473	342,782

And comparing the seaport San Francisco with another inland place, Dresden, a Saxon city, we have these:

	1870	1900
Dresden	177,089	395,000
San Francisco	149,473	342,782

Comparing a North German city with a Southern American city, we have:

	1870	1900
Hanover (without suburbs)	104,243	236,000
Louisville, Ky. (without suburbs)	100,753	200,433

And comparing a trade and financial centre in Germany with a trade and manufacturing centre in Rhode Island, we have:

	1900
Frankfort, O. M. (without suburbs) (1875)	288,000
Providence (1880)	175,597

Comparing a North German railway centre with an Empire State railway centre, we have:

	1900
Stettin (1875)	80,972
Albany, N. Y. (1880)	210,680
	94,151

Now returning to Cincinnati, with which we began, we compare her with another city, and we find these figures:

	1870	1890	1900
Leipsig	106,925	295,025	455,089
Cincinnati	216,239	296,808	325,902

Since my first visit to Germany, ten years ago, the taximetre-cab system has become very largely diffused. It is now found, not only in Northern Germany, but also in Southern and Central Germany, and in German-speaking Switzerland. It has so impressed all who have to do with it that even Paris, a very conservative city, has taken it up; in the latter half of 1904 taximetre cabs

began running in Paris, and their number is increasing daily. Some time perhaps London may take up the taximetre, but it is doubtful. The English are even more conservative than the French. With a new electric underground and the taximetre cab, life in Paris will be rendered easier. Hitherto the transportation problem, the question of getting about there, has been almost unendurable.

Many Americans know Paris thoroughly who are not familiar with German cities. Two sample fares will interest them. From the Louvre to the Variétés Theatre on the boulevard—ordinary cab, 1 fr. 75c.; taximetre cab, 85c.; from the Louvre to Pèrela-Chaise—ordinary cabmen refuse to make this at all, unless guaranteed three francs; taximetre cab, 1 fr. 85c.

The taximetre system may be briefly described as follows: The metre, a small case with a dial about seven inches in diameter, faces the passenger. The gearing is connected with the axle of the vehicle like a cyclometre. Above is a little metal flag marked "Free"; when he secures a fare the cab-driver lowers the flag, which connects the gearing, and the cab sets it in motion. The indicator on the dial starts at fifty pfennig (about twelve cents). Thus you pay for hiring the cab a minimum fare of twelve cents, however long or short your occupancy. And for this initial sum you are entitled to drive eight hundred metres, or about half a mile. After that the dial ticks off the distances; ten pfennig for each additional four hundred metres, or about two and a half cents per quarter mile. The dial regulates, also, waiting time at twelve cents for the first eight minutes, and two and a half cents for each additional four minutes.

These are the fares on the taximetre cabs during the daytime, for one or two persons, within the municipal limits of the city of Berlin. Each city has its own regulations regarding the rates for luggage, waiting time, and minimum fare; furthermore, the rates are based on a different ratio for night work; and each taximetre dial is furnished with a separate schedule of rates for a load of from three to five persons. But the figures given above are sufficient to show the excellence of the system without entering more minutely into the details. Suffice to say that it works admirably.

Under the old system there were continual disputes between cabman and fare. It was an open question how long a course was and whether it did not exceed the tariff limit. Furthermore, under the old system, if you hired a cab by the hour the cabman "loafed," partly to save his horse and partly to increase his charge. Under the taximetre system, the cabman drives rapidly; if you hire him by the hour, the more rapidly he drives, the more miles he covers, and the more you have to pay him. If you hire him by the course, the more rapidly he drives, the sooner he gets to the end of it, and is free for another fare.

Furthermore, the taximetre system speedily results in the classifying of cabs. The man with a poor horse and a shabby cab speedily drops into the second class, as he ought to, for people will not pay him first-class fares. This, too, would be an excellent thing in London, where you pay exactly the same fare for a smart hansom with a clean and civil driver and a fast horse, as you do for a venerable vehicle from the East End, with a filthy tramp for driver and a skinny Rosinante for a motor.

One of the best features of the taximetre system is that everything is settled between cabman and fare. When your drive is ended the taximetre tells exactly what you owe, and there is no ground of dispute between the driver and his passenger. "There is nothing to arbitrate," nor is there any obligatory tip. If you choose to give the cabman something, well and good. If you do not, he is quite content.

There are many motor-cabs in Berlin, also with taximetres. They have exactly the same rate as horse cabs. In using the motor-cabs we generally made long distances outside of the municipal boundaries. The taximetre automatically registers the increased tariff for distances outside of the municipal limits by the driver's pressing a button on the dial. There was no guessing at the number of miles. This is another feature which shows how admirable is the taximetre system. The motor-taximetre cab receives the same amount for running five miles as a horse cab, but it does it in less than half the time, and is then free to run another five miles.

Despite my praise of the taximetre system, I could not conscientiously recommend it for use in the United States. When I reflect that it costs you from \$1.50 to \$8.00 or \$9.00, according to your luggage, to go from ship or train to hotel in most American cities, I think the use of the taximetre in America would be dangerous. As the passenger saw the dial ticking off \$4.50, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$11.50, instead of the centimes and pfennigs of the French and German cabs, I am afraid that the American taximetre would lead to either suicide or homicide, I am not certain which.

The Australian eucalyptus tree is being grown on a large scale in Southern Europe and Northern Africa because of its tendency to drain swamps. This was formerly supposed to be due to abundant exhalation of watery vapor from its leaves, but it has been shown that actually the transpiration of the eucalyptus is only one-half or one-third that of willows, birches, and other trees, and it is therefore assumed that the phenomenon in question is due simply to the rapid growth of the eucalyptus.

OLD FAVORITES.

Forlorn.

Red roses, in the slender vases burning,
Breathed all upon the air
The passion and the tenderness and yearning,
The waiting and the doubting and despair.

Still with the music of her voice was baunted,
Through all its charmed rhymes,
The open book of such a one chanted
The things he dreamed of in old, old summer-times.

The silvern chords of the piano trembled
Still with the music wrung
From them; the silence of the room dissembled
The closes of the songs that she had sung.

The languor of the crimson shawl's abasement,
Lying without a stir
Upon the floor, the absence at the casement,
The solitude and hush were full of her.

Without, and going from the room, and never
Departing, did depart
Her steps; and one that came too late forever
Felt them go heavy o'er his broken heart.

And, sitting in the house's desolation,
He could not bear the gloom,
The vanishing encounter and evasion
Of things that were and were not in the room.

Through midnight streets he followed fleeting visions
Of faces and of forms;
He heard old tendernesses and derisions
Amid the sobs and cries of midnight storms.

By midnight lamps, and from the darkness under
That lamps made at their feet,
He saw sweet eyes peer out in innocent wonder,
And sadly follow after him down the street.

The noonday crowds their restlessness obtruded
Between him and his quest;
At unseen corners jostled and eluded,
Against his hand her silken robes were pressed.

Doors closed upon her; out of garret casements
He knew she looked at him;
In splendid mansions and in squalid basements,
Upon the walls he saw her shadow swim.

From rapid carriages she gleamed upon him,
Whirling away from sight;
From all the hopelessness of search she won him
Back to the dull and lonesome house at night.

Full early into dark the twilights saddened
Within its closed doors;
The echoes, with the clock's monotony maddened,
Leaped loud in welcome from the hollow floors.

But gusts that blew all day with solemn laughter
From wide-mouthed chimney-pieces,
And the strange noises between roof and rafter,
The wainscot clamor, and the scampering races

Of mice that chased each other through the chambers,
And up and down the stair,
And rioted among the ash-embers,
And left their frolic footprints everywhere,

Were hushed to hear his heavy tread ascending
The broad steps, one by one,
And toward the solitary chamber tending,
Where the dim phantom of his hope alone

Rose up to meet him with his growing nearer,
Eager for his embrace,
And moved and melted into the white mirror
And stared at him with his own haggard face.

But, turning, he was ware her looks beheld him
Out of the mirror white;
And at the window yearning arms she held him
Out of the vague and sombre fold of night.

Sometimes she stood behind him, looking over
His shoulder as he read;
Sometimes he felt her shadowy presence hover
Above his dreamful sleep, beside his bed;

And rising from his sleep, her shadowy presence
Followed his light descent
Of the long stair; her shadowy evanescence
Through all the whispering rooms before him went.

Upon the earthy draught of cellars blowing
His shivering lamp-flame blue,
Amid the damp and chill he felt her flowing
Around him from the doors he entered through.

The spiders wove their webs upon the ceiling;
The bat clung to the wall;
The dry leaves, through the open transom stealing,
Skated and danced adown the empty hall.

About him closed the utter desolation,
About him closed the gloom;
The vanishing encounter and evasion
Of things that were and were not in the room

Vexed him forever; and his life forever
Immured and desolate,
Beating itself, with desperate endeavor,
But bruised itself, against the round of fate.

The roses, in their slender vases burning,
Were quenched long before;
A dust was on the rhymes of love and yearning;
The shawl was like a shroud upon the floor.

Her music from the thrilling chords had perished;
The stillness was not moved
With memories of cadences long cherished,
The closes of the songs that she had loved.

But not the less he felt her presence never
Out of the room depart;
Over the threshold, not the less, for ever
He felt her going on his broken heart.

—W. D. Howells.

When a modern church was built upon the site of an ancient one at Llanderand, Wales, it had no bell. A farmer offered one that was lying in one of his barns. It turned out to be one that had hung in the tower of the ancient church, and had not been rung for three hundred years.

THE CABIN FOLK.

What Secrets a Forest-Dream Revealed.

The red sun had disappeared behind the range, and the narrow gulch was filled with shadows before Everett gave up. Then he sat down on a boulder and wiped the sweat from his face.

"It's on me," he said, ruefully, as he threw his sketch-book aside. "They told me not to get among the pines. Oh, yes, I knew it all, of course. I couldn't possibly get lost with the town right below me all the time. Of course not. Here I am, though—heaven knows where—a good many miles from nowhere, and night is falling. It will be pleasant; it will be decidedly pleasant!"

He leaned back and made a vindictive kick at the sketch-book. A breeze ran through the wooded hills, and the murmuring pines lifted their voices into a solemn evensong. Far away, an owl hooted, and the scream of a night-hawk answered from near at hand. Everett shivered, and stood up.

"I must go on," he said, doggedly. "This creek runs somewhere, and it's up to me to follow it."

He started with bowed head, but he had not gone far before he stopped, and his face lighted up.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "a path! I'm all right, after all. Some one lives up there in the woods."

The path was old and worn, and rains had washed it down into the earth, while here and there grass and weeds obstructed it, but it did not look entirely deserted. Beneath the trees, dusk had already settled, and the tall, straight trunks, unobstructed by brushwood, stretched away on all sides into the shadows.

For a time Everett went along cheerfully enough, but soon the melancholy of twilight began to take possession of him, and he felt the sombre influences of the forest, the murmur of the wind in the needles overhead, and the distant cries of the night-birds. He stopped a moment and drew a long breath.

"It feels eerie in here," he muttered, "and lonesome. By George! I didn't know that I was so tired!" In fact, he suddenly discovered that his body ached, and that his brain was exhausted; so exhausted that, for an instant, a film gathered before his eyes, and he heard a loud buzzing in his ears. He sat down and leaned against a pine.

"I wonder where they live," he soliloquized. "Seems funny that anybody would want to live in this place, but there's no accounting for tastes."

As he thought this he heard a low whistle ahead of him, and listened. Yes, there it was again; some one was climbing the path above him. Everett started up, and soon caught sight of a shadowy form flitting before him through the dusk. The whistle stopped, and a girl's voice began to sing—a melodious croon, of which the words were barely distinguishable.

"O-hoo-ho!" Everett called, in the long-drawn-out cry of the hills. "Won't you wait for me, please? I'm lost."

The girl's voice did not falter; she seemed wrapped in some pleasing dream, and her low song floated gently to the tourist's ear.

"Voice of the night-wind, mournfully stealing,
Oft have I listened for thee—"

"O-ho!" Everett called again. "I'm lost! Won't you wait for me?"

"Say, hast thou been where blossoms of Eden
Kiss the bright fountains—"

"Wait! Wait! Can't you hear me? Are you deaf?" The singer's voice died away into silence, but she went straight on.

"Don't be frightened," Everett continued, encouragingly. "I'm a tourist. I came out from the springs this afternoon, and lost myself."

The girl's voice rose again in a low chant:

"In the heart of the forest primæval—primæval—
Where the moon never hallows the night,
By the black-flowing river—"

Everett's patience was exhausted. He shut his teeth together and ran up the hill. It was hard work, and when he came suddenly into a narrow glade, he was gasping for breath. It was lighter in the opening, and he could see a young girl not far ahead of him. She wore a short, ill-fitting gown; her head was uncovered, and her white ankles twinkled through the grass. When he saw that the girl was barefooted, Everett smiled, and fancied that he knew the reason for her silence and haste: she was ashamed to be seen by a stranger.

A small cabin stood in the upper end of the glade, and thither the girl hurried, while Everett followed slowly behind her. She left the door open, and the bright firelight which twinkled and beckoned into the night sent a glow of pleasure with it.

He did not shout again, for he thought that the girl would send some one to him. As he approached, he found the house to be a rude, two-roomed log-cabin; through the open doorway he could see the dirt floor, the rough furniture, and rude walls; but no one was in sight.

"Her people must be out in the woods," he thought, "and she's alone here. Jove, I see now! I've frightened her out of her senses! Hello, miss," he continued, aloud, as he rapped on the rude door-casing. "You needn't fear me. I'm a tourist—an artist—and I was out sketching when I got lost. I can pay for my entertainment. If I am unwelcome, I'll just get my directions from you and go on."

There was no reply; the inner door remained shut.

"Pshaw," he continued, impatiently, "don't be foolish! I'm cold, and I intend to come in by the fire, whether you invite me or not. I can't stay out in the woods all night." He suited his action to his words, and entered the cabin.

Everett was a strong man, modern and material, and not given to melancholia nor dreams. Nevertheless, a deep, unaccountable shuddering seized him, and a cold chill ran through his nerves; his hair tingled, and he cast a frightened glance behind him. He mastered his emotions at once, and went to the wide fireplace, where a big blaze roared up the chimney. Drawing a chair to the hearth, he sat down and warmed himself. The inner door remained shut, and after a moment he arose and rapped.

"Are you there?" he asked. "Come, come; don't be foolish. This is no way to treat a stranger."

He listened a moment, but no reply came. Then the same low voice began singing again:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide."

Everett uttered an impatient exclamation, and rattled the door.

"Are you crazy?" he shouted. Then he gave a start, and again the cold shiver ran through him. "That's it," he muttered, stepping back, "that must be it. What a pity! How hard it must be on her people—No it's not!" He went slowly toward the outer door. "If she were insane they wouldn't leave her alone. Something is wrong here; I'm sure of it."

He stood in the doorway and looked out into the glade. Already it was dark, and the clear sky twinkled with stars. When his eyes became accustomed to the night, he could see quite plainly, and in a moment he fancied that a dark figure stole by in the shadow of the trees.

"Hello," he called. "Anybody there?"

A low voice responded—a voice so low and distant that it seemed to float up from the bottom of the gulch. "Minnie," it called. "O-o-h, Minnie!"

"Yes, papa," answered the girl's voice. Everett started and whirled around. Surely the girl was in her room; and yet the answer came from somewhere to the right of the house. "There must be another door," he thought. "Why, of course there is. The girl has been trying to mystify me; I see it all now; she's been laughing at me."

He felt immensely relieved when he reached this conclusion, for, despite himself, a strange fear had been tugging at his heart. Now the half-mystery had resolved itself into a young girl's frolic, and so amused did he feel over his late fears that he laughed aloud as he went down the glade. The girl, he could see, was walking on ahead of him, and presently she joined her father, and together they came up the path.

Everett's smile faded as he neared them, but he stopped and bared his head.

"You see an intruder," he began, "who must beg your hospitality for the night. My name is Martin Ev—" He stopped suddenly, and once more an icy chill ran through his nerves.

He stood face to face with the owners of the cabin. They were shadowy and unreal in the dusk, but Everett could see that the man was old and bent, with long, white hair and a gray beard, and that he was dressed in some rough and uncouth garb. But it was the eyes that caught Everett's attention and sent the shiver of horror through him. They seemed to gleam with a phosphorescent radiance, and their expression was gray and lifeless. They were not human eyes; they were without intelligence.

Still struggling with his terror, Everett turned toward the girl, only to meet the glitter of another pair of eyes that burned into his very soul. He started back with an inarticulate cry, and the father and daughter passed him and went on into the cabin.

Everett sat limply upon the ground, a strong fit of shuddering seized him, and he covered his face with his hands. For some time he fought with his fear, but at last his strong will conquered, and he looked up. Almost at his elbow stood another figure.

"Who are you?" Everett asked, hoarsely. "What damnable trickery is this? Answer me! I'll have an answer, if I choke it out of your throat!"

He moved menacingly, and then stopped, for the man before him had heard nothing. He was young—Everett could distinguish this much—black-bearded and lithe, and was bent almost double. His eyes, too, glared with a preternatural fire, and there was an ugly snarl on his face. His gaze was bent upon the cabin, and he crept stealthily nearer and nearer.

Everett moved back and watched him; followed slowly, step by step, with the cold fear in his heart, but impelled onward by a fascinated curiosity which he could not resist. The cabin door still stood open, and as the occupants of the room moved hither and thither, their distorted shadows danced against the walls or out into the night.

When the man approached the door, the light fell full upon him, and Everett gasped and choked. He knew that man. He was certain of it, and yet he could not place him; he could remember neither who he was, nor where he had met him; but he was positive that some where, some time—and it did not seem to be long ago nor far away—he had been face to face with that crouching miscreant, whose evil passions glared angrily in the red light from the fire.

Everett felt his knees knocking together; his hair seemed to stand on end, and his eyes ached, as if they

were bursting from their sockets. He saw the man draw a long knife and feel its edge; he saw devilish lust and murder glare more fiercely in the fire-lit face; and he tried to cry out. Only a hoarse rattle in his throat responded to his will.

Then, within the cabin, the girl's low voice began its old song:

"Voice of the night-wind, mournfully stealing—"

The murderer uttered a cry and sprang forward; a wild shriek came from the cabin, and was echoed by Everett. There was a glare of red before his eyes; it seemed as if the cabin stood in a whirlwind of flame; and then he fell over on his face in a dead faint.

The sun was up when he recovered, and his clothes were wet with dew. At first he could recollect nothing; there was a dull ache in his head, and his ears rang. Then he sprang to his feet.

"They've been murdered!" he cried, "and I stood here without the power to help them!"

He turned, but no cabin stood in the glade. He sprang forward, and then he saw, overgrown with grass and rank weeds, the ruins of a rough fireplace. It was black and scorched, crumbled and half indistinguishable, but there could be no doubt that it was the last relic of a cabin.

Everett cried out and covered his face. "No, no, no!" he exclaimed. "It was no dream! I was awake—I saw—Christ! What did I see?"

He glared about him in uncontrollable fright; he shook with a spiritual palsy; and his teeth chattered in his head. A long pull at his flask brought him to himself, and he started away with but one idea—to get out of that damnable glade. As he did so, he perceived a body lying in a nearby hollow, where perhaps a root-house had once stood. It was an immense relief to discover that he was not alone, though he had some fear that it might prove a grisly relic of what he had seen. "Pshaw," he said, speaking aloud to give himself courage, "it's some poor devil who got lost as I did; or it's a prospector in the blankets. Hello, there! Do you intend to sleep all day?"

The body stirred, and a moan came.

"What's the matter?" Everett continued, running forward. "Are you sick?"

There was no reply, and when Everett bent down, he saw that the man was asleep with an arm over his face. There was something familiar about the sleeper, and in a moment Everett recognized him. He was a Mr. Latimer, an old gentleman who was registered at the hotel, and with whom he had had several pleasant conversations.

"This is enough to kill him," Everett thought. "How in the world did he get here?"

Latimer moaned, and his arm dropped to his side, exposing a white and contorted countenance, lined with years. There was an ugly snarl on the lips, and Everett started.

"The young man!" he gasped, hoarsely. "The murderer! My God! It was this face! Age can not change it!"

Latimer began to mumble, and Everett held his breath, but no articulate words came. Then, slowly, as Everett knelt motionless beside the sleeper and gazed upon the death-white face, his old eerie horror began to return upon him; he could not move, nor speak, nor think. His own personality seemed to be slipping away from him, and by imperceptible degrees his face, too, grew white, and his eyes stared out with the unseeing life of the sleep-walker. A look of abhorrence spread over the countenance; he threw his hands before him and groaned.

As Latimer's dream continued, his face flashed with varying emotions, brutalized below humanity; and with every change Everett's countenance flashed with increased detestation. For some time the two remained motionless, and then a strong shudder seized the kneeling man, and he rose weakly to his feet and staggered away. The light of reason was in his eyes again, and a feeling of awe was upon him.

"I see it all," he said. "God in heaven, I see it all! I lived in that devil's mind—I shared his dream! It can not be otherwise. That hypnotic soul created again the phantasm of what was once true; and it drew me into its spectral world. He—he has done this thing, and there is no punishment for him. No punishment, and no one knows of it but he and I!"

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1904. R. C. PITZER.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth was a great admirer of Innocentius the Second, who ruled five centuries ago, and when building the new apse of St. John in Lateran, he had erected in it two monumental tombs, one for himself and one for his predecessor. Innocentius had been buried at Perugia, and Leo, afraid that the people of that town would object to the removal of the bones of the Pope who had made it famous in history, had them secretly disinterred. To avoid suspicion, they were put into an ordinary valise, and in it taken to Rome.

The learned horse Hans, which Jerome Hart made the subject of an article in the *Argonaut*, and which was pictured in our Christmas issue, has been made the subject of study by a number of psychologists and others. The general opinion now seems to be that Hans's powers come from acute observation; he watches the crowd around him, and can tell by its involuntary movement of acquiescence when he has reached the correct answer.

UNORIGINAL NEW YORKERS.

Dress, Talk, Think, Act, Entertain Alike—Only the Negligent Ones Have No Pearl Necklaces—Bridge As a Relief From Boredom—Seek Illusory Bohemia.

I think I made mention in one of my recent letters of the tendency of New Yorkers to dress alike. Others before me have remarked on this—especially foreigners—and the longer you live in New York the more do you become impressed with the fact that the well-to-do people not only dress alike, but act alike, live alike, and think alike. I do not believe there is any other large city in the world where the inhabitants so ploddingly follow the same path, so invariably cultivate the same ideals, and so exactly resemble one another in their outward seeming and their inner existence.

In the matter of dress, he who runs may read. All prosperous women in New York dress in the same style, generally in the same materials, and not infrequently in the same colors. This year, for example, very bright-colored cloth walking suits are the mode, and these two colors—red and purple—are the favorites. All feminine New York is therefore dressed in red or purple cloth dresses, made in precisely the same manner. These dresses have long-tailed coats and short plaited skirts that are well off the ground. It is *de rigueur* for the coats to be of a certain length and a certain style of cut. If the wearer is fat, or if the wearer is thin, makes no difference. A particular kind of coat, made in a particular kind of way, is to be worn, and in that coat every woman must encase herself, whether she likes it or not.

Hundreds of women, thus coated, march up Fifth Avenue every afternoon. They all march on the same side of the street, and they all march with the same kind of walk. Their short skirts show that they all wear the same kind of shoes, and as bits of their conversation are wafted to your ears, you notice that they all have the same kind of voices. Most of them wear hats of the shape that the French call "tricornes," and nearly all of them wear fur "sets" of brown, black, or gray fur. As far as I can see, the only thing in which any latitude of choice is allowed is in hair-dressing. About one-half of them dress their hair high and walled "all the way round," while the other half dress it rolled low on the back of the neck.

When you come to small, peculiar vagaries of fashion, you notice that there is the same unflinching unanimity of taste. I mentioned the fact that all women in New York wear ruffles in the necks of their dresses. There does not seem to be a single dissenter from this custom, unless the few wild women who wear no collars at all, and they are regarded as freaks. The prevalence of the pearl necklace is another matter of mark. In other and less happy lands, to own a pearl necklace is to be distinguished as one of the rich ones of the earth. In New York every woman has a pearl necklace. Not to have a pearl necklace is to be set apart as one who lacks an essential, or who is negligent in acquiring a suitable habit, as if one might not take a bath in the morning or go without breakfast.

When you see these same women at the opera in the evening, you see the same similarity in the costumes they wear there. A few years ago they all were crowned with tiaras, now the thing is little wreaths of leaves or flowers. Their dresses are all cut on the same lines, and are of the same style of stuff. Two or three seasons back every woman in an opera-box wore a gown sewn over with gilt, or black, or silver spangles. Now they all wear soft, thin materials that fall in fine, clinging folds. The other evening, when I was there, the man I was with, after studying the boxes, pointed out a woman whom he said was the most interesting and remarkable-looking person in the two tiers. I asked him why he had singled her out among so many who were brilliant and handsome, and after some cogitation, he said he thought it was because her dress was not the same as everybody else's.

This following of a set idea is a peculiarity of the rich New Yorker in all conditions of life; but it is much more marked among the women than the men. New York men, unless they are of that tame-cat, society brand which does nothing but hang around women and take its meals in the houses of others, do their own thinking and follow where their own volition leads them. It is the women who have this singular sheep-like tendency to step in the footprints of some more enterprising leader. For instance, I have more than once mentioned the craze for slenderness that for several seasons has possessed the mind of the Gotham girl. It struck the city like a telepathetic wave, and the whole feminine world bowed before its influence.

Not only fat ladies began to diet, but women as thin as slate-pencils did it, too. Creatures of sylph-like mold, whose garments hung upon them as draperies do upon a clothes-horse, began to talk solemnly of how they subsisted on two meals a day, and never took more than soup and oysters for dinner. When you asked them why they subjected themselves to this rigorous system—which, if recommended by a doctor, they would have repudiated with passionate rebellion—they replied that they feared they *might* grow fat, and it was better to be on the safe side. But they did it because all the other women were doing it. It was in the air, like a microbe. The fashionables began it, and that was enough! I shall never for-

get a little female about as big as a mosquito telling me, with a complacent air, that her system of dieting was so severe she had quite weakened herself. I don't think at the best of times she weighed over one hundred and fifteen pounds, and she was fairly a skeleton when I last saw her.

In the matter of entertaining, there is the same absence of originality. The devotee of society does not seek to vary the social treadmill in which she spends her time. One entertainment is exactly like another entertainment. If you go out to a tea you will find it precisely similar to the teas you were at last week and the week before that. The table will be furnished in the same manner, just the same sort of teaset, cloth, and centrepiece. The attendants will offer you the same things to eat you have had offered you at every tea during the season. Your hostess will come rustling forward with extended hand and bid you welcome in almost exactly the same words with which hostesses have been welcoming you all winter. And then somebody will come up and say something to you and it will be just the same voice and just the same remark that you have been hearing since the season opened.

I think myself the uniformity of New York life reaches its most oppressive point in the matter of entertainments. "Sets" in a large city like this are made up of members who have a similarity of style, aim, and idea, that, in the West, where society is mixed and composed of many unamalgamated elements, is entirely unknown. The "set" is a close and jealously guarded corporation, and outsiders are only let in who conform to the requirements of those who rule it. The best recommendation for entrance to a "set" is to be like the people who already are in it—to have their point of view, manners, and morals, to be of a style they understand and are familiar with. Originality is not a good introduction, and deviation from an established ideal is a very bad one. The "set" is fearful of some one "butting in" who is new and startling, and upon whom other and equally conservative sets will make invidious comments.

All this makes "good" and "fashionable" society in New York duller than it ought to be. In London, for example, where society is much more original and colorful than it is here, the effort is exactly the opposite. There they have reached the point where they know one another through and through, and welcome the new-comer—especially if he is a bright and unusual person—with effusion. They are frankly bored with the old familiar types, and seek amusement in new ones. That is one of the reasons they are so agreeable to Americans. The American is something unique and strange, a still unbroken toy. Americans "go down" in London that the New Yorker would shudder at, and the New Yorker, who is so like all the *other* well-bred, respectable people in the world, would just be set down as an old reliable standby that was known by heart and that there was nothing new to be got out of.

It is this sense of an oppressive sameness in his society which makes the New Yorker desperately turn to strange and idiotic deviations in the search for an enlivening heaven. Whole "sets" have taken to "bridge" to defend themselves from the *ennui* incident to protracted hours spent in the society of their best friends. Bridge has "caught on" to the extent it has because it saves people from the last, blighting boredom of having to entertain each other. Where everybody lives like everybody else, goes to the same places, moves in carefully proscribed circles, and knows the same people, they have not much to talk about, and there is simply no way to entertain them, except to furnish them with some form of amusement as you do children at juvenile parties. Bridge has been one of the great social discoveries of the day. If it had not turned up just when it did, hostesses would have had to hire "professional entertainers" to come in after dinner and "do turns," and this, if the entertainer is any good, costs so much.

Where bridge has palled, the ingenious mind of the hostess has had to think up other and more piquant modes of amusement. Fashionable people have tried having monkeys to dinner, and the monkey seems to have been a good deal more amusing than the average man. The papers thundered solemn disapproval at these freak entertainments, but what were the poor things to do, who night after night met at one another's houses in the same sort of rooms, beside the same sort of neighbors, listening to the same sort of conversation, and eating the same sort of dishes? When this is not an occasional diversion, but is really the main business of life, it has to be kept from being too appallingly deadly, and if a monkey at the head of the table is found to add to the cheerfulness and brightness of life, I don't see why the poor souls should not have the monkey and be happy.

This passion to escape from the dreary monotony of the society of one's fellow-creatures drives the New Yorker to the search for that bright, unattainable bohemia which is supposed to exist somewhere, if only in the imaginations of its seekers. It sends him forth to Little Hungary, where he gets the worst dinner he ever tried to eat, and sees decent Hungarian Jews sitting in respectable family parties, and tough denizens of the quarter getting drunk on "Fourth of Julys," and behaving in a more or less startling manner. It sends him into Chinese restaurants, where he tries to think he likes chop-suey and is seeing life. For a time, "Maria's" offered him amusement, and then he tried

Ginocchio's, where he got dinner for forty cents with wine thrown in, and sought to find entertainment in the spectacle of hard-worked journalists and the small tradesmen of the locality talking over their simple viands after the heat and burden of the day's work was done.

This search for bohemia is the last evidence of the New Yorker's rebellion against the boring sameness of his environment. The rich and fashionable elements are all apparently actuated by a longing to escape into less conventional and more amusing surroundings. They have an idea that there is a bohemia into which they can penetrate that is a sort of cross between the one in "Trilby" and that in Murger's "Vie de Bohème." A brilliant unconventionality prevails, and when the members are not producing works of genius they are carelessly corruscating epigrams. Because I happen to be a driver of the quill, numberless people have hungrily inquired of me the way to this enchanted land, and seemed surprised when I said I did not know where it was and rather disbelieved in its existence. Had I dared I would have recommended them to return to the society of the monkey, who would probably be less exacting and more amusing than the bohemian. (GERALDINE BONNER.)

New York, January 4, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Former Judge Alton B. Parker has lost the first case argued by him before the court of appeals after returning to the practice of law.

A pension has been granted by the government of Sweden to Pierre Ibsen, brother of the dramatist. He is a lighthouse keeper.

Elbert Hubbard is now a Socialist. Socialist application was recently made to the national committee by about fifteen persons who live in East Aurora, who are desirous of forming a "local," and among the signers was Mr. Hubbard.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, has just completed his fiftieth year in the Russian diplomatic service. He entered the service when eighteen years of age, and after being graduated from the training school at St. Petersburg served successively at Dresden, Hamburg, and Peking. He was the Russian representative to China for ten years before his transfer to Washington seven years ago.

The Czar's life has been insured with Lloyds for some tens of thousands of pounds, at fifteen guineas per cent. The risk is for only ten months. It is believed that the insurances were effected by holders of Russian bonds, as the demand for the insurance came from the Stock Exchange. A week ago insurance upon the Czar's life was quoted at only five per cent. This would seem to indicate a strong fear of his assassination.

Half a dozen persons interested in the propagation of the political ideas for which Thomas E. Watson stood in the late election, met recently in the Kensington Hotel, New York, and organized the Thomas E. Watson Publishing Company, to publish the *Watson Magazine*. A capital of fifty thousand dollars was subscribed and paid in. Thomas E. Watson is to be the editor, and the first issue will make its appearance in February. In speaking of the purpose of the magazine, Dr. Girdner, the associate editor, said: "It will preach Democracy in plain English."

Clifton Johnson has been visiting Hannibal, Mo., where Mark Twain spent his boyhood. Johnson found one old fellow who asserted his opinion that Sam Clemens was "the most overrated man in America. There's about as much truth in those sayings in his books as there is in a ten-cent novel. His brother Orion, who was a printer, knew more in a minute than Sam ever did know, and yet Orion never made no reputation. As a boy Sam was just like other boys, except he might have been a little slower. He was considered blamed dull, to tell you the truth. It was his peculiar drawl and accent that made him famous, I'll be dogged if it wa'n't."

Senator John H. Mitchell, who has been indicted at Portland, Or., for alleged violation of law in accepting two thousand dollars for the use of his influence as a senator in furthering a fraudulent land scheme, was born in Washington County, Pa., in 1835, and went to Oregon in 1860. He became more prominent gradually, and incurred the bitter hostility of William Lair Hill, who was then one of the editors of the *Portland Oregonian*. Hill learned that Mitchell was living under an assumed name, and made a trip to Pennsylvania, where he traced Mitchell's antecedents. It was discovered that Mitchell's real name was John Hipple, and that while very young he had married a poor girl, the daughter of a washerwoman, by whom he had several children. He left his family and disappeared, and in due time turned up on the Pacific Coast as "John H. Mitchell." His identity having been established, the *Oregonian* printed an exposure, which caused a sensation in the State. For years afterward the *Oregonian* referred to him as "John Hipple Mitchell." Mitchell did not deny the truthfulness of the story. Instead he took the people of Oregon into his confidence, and with knowledge of his youthful errors they elected him to the many high positions he has held.

ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

What Science Says of Their Causes—Volcanic and Tectonic Quakes—Great Quakes of History—California's Seismic Tremors.

A choice hatch of misinformation about earthquakes has been furnished the people of San Francisco by their daily newspapers during the last few weeks, during which period the city has suffered an altogether unprecedented number of moderate quakes. Precise facts about earthquakes, their causes and effects, given without admixture of reportorial guesses, and emphatically without being daubed with yellow ochre, may therefore just now be particularly interesting.

Earthquakes have, of course, received the earnest attention of speculators from the earliest times. Scores of varying explanations of their origin have been advanced. With the march of science has come an elimination of all these hypotheses but three, which still have considerable vitality.

Let us consider the third first. It was a theory first propounded by Alexis Perrey, of Dijon. He wrote about the middle of the last century. He held that earthquakes were the result of the moon's tidal attraction upon the liquid interior of the earth. Lunar attraction, he thought, caused these tides analogous to those upon the seas; these tides caused internal disturbance and reacted upon the earth crust so as to produce cracks, fissures, and displacements, with earthquakes as accompaniments.

Now the moon's attraction is greatest at the syzygies, at perigee, and at culmination. At such times ocean tides are highest. It would stand to reason, if Perrey's theory were true, that the tides of the earth's molten interior would also be highest at these times, and earthquakes therefore more frequent. Perrey, accordingly, began to collect information about earthquakes to see if they really did occur more frequently at times of strong lunar attraction. He discovered that they did. He found that there were a few more earthquakes at such times than at the moon's apogee and quadratures. Immediately upon the publication of the results of his investigations, other investigators took up the subject, but with increasing accuracy of observation, and accumulation of data about earthquakes, the preponderances which Perrey found at certain lunar periods dwindled away to almost nothing, and in many localities have been quite reversed. Moreover, the theory of a molten interior of the earth has, in England, America, and Italy, been definitely abandoned in favor of an earth possessing a high degree of effective rigidity. Perrey's theories, therefore, no longer have the support of men of science.

There remain two other explanations of the origin of earthquakes. Each is believed to be a true explanation in certain cases. The two theories are the volcanic theory and the dislocation theory.

It is a singular thing that the immediate vicinity of volcanoes is almost invariably less subject to earthquakes than regions far away from them. This statement is of world-wide application. The popular supposition, therefore, that in regions noted for their active volcanoes, the danger from earthquakes is large, is absolutely and utterly erroneous and without foundation.

Earthquakes volcanic in their origin do, however, occur. Often they are very violent, though usually the area of violence is small, while the ordinary earthquake may be felt over wide extent of country. Thus it happens that in the earthquake which occurred at Casamicciola, on the Island of Ischia, on July 28, 1883, while the town was utterly wrecked, and the only house being left standing, and the number of people killed by the falling ruins being nearly nineteen hundred, the shock at Naples, only twenty-two miles distance, was noticed by only a few people as a faint tremor.

Similarly with the earthquake on the southern coast of Mauna Loa in April, 1868. We quote from the book on "Earthquakes," by Clarence Edward Dutton, major, U. S. A. (G. P. Putnam's Sons):

These shocks, at first light, continued to increase in force for six days. They came at intervals of only a few minutes, and every day there were many hundreds of them. On April 2d they reached their greatest violence, and one shock in particular is described as being of the most terrible nature. The ground rolled in great waves, rapidly swaying in every conceivable direction, including vertical. Stone houses and walls, chimneys and fragments of structures which prior shocks might have left standing, were hurled down completely. Wooden houses were flung from their foundations. The rolling earth opened in great cracks in the crests of the waves, which closed together in the troughs. To stand was impossible for either beasts or men, lying on the ground it was at times necessary to keep the arms outspread to prevent being rolled over. The trees, as the waves passed under them, swayed violently, thrashing the ground and one another.

The striking thing about this earthquake was that, as in other volcanic quakes, it was narrowly localized. The northern parts of the land were but slightly shaken. At Hilo, on the eastern flank, a single structure suffered material damage.

Likewise, in the eruption of Mt. Ararat, on

June 20, 1840, the village at its base was destroyed. Forty miles distant, little damage was done.

In the eruption of Krakutoa, in 1883, half an island was blown up, yet at Batavia, ninety miles away, the earthquake vibrations were inconsiderable. About Mt. Etna there are sometimes violent earthquakes, but they are felt at no considerable distance.

Enough has been said about volcanic earthquakes to show that from them California has nothing to fear. Such earthquakes are infrequent, extremely destructive near by, but rapidly dissipate their force.

The dislocative form of earthquakes, such as we have here, is the most common the world over. They are the most and the least destructive of earthquakes. Thousands of shocks, many of them almost imperceptible, may take place without material damage, and then again comes a shock that reduces a city to ruins. The cause of dislocative earthquakes has largely been inferred from two facts. First, that they usually occur near the sea-coast where the slope to great depths is abrupt, and second, because they do not occur in volcanic areas. The old idea that they are caused by slow contraction of the earth's crust, as this terrestrial ball slowly cools, is no longer held.

Students of earthquakes are now quite agreed that this cause is the disintegration of rocks on land and their deposit as sediment in the sea bottom. Suppose we represent California's coast as a simple inclined plane, the tip of which is the Sierras, the base of which is the bottom of the sea a few hundred miles off our Coast. Now, as the rains wash down from these Sierras millions on millions of tons of soil, a load is taken off the top of the plane and placed upon its bottom. Obviously, there is an alteration of strains and stresses. If our inclined plane were a board, and a weight were taken off its top and put upon its bottom, the top of the board would spring up and its bottom would bend down, and analogous processes occur as the land is eroded and the bottom of the sea built up. The result of this heaving is a constant cracking and slipping and faulting of the rocks of the earth's crust, causing shocks which we know as earthquakes. This explanation is by no means final, but it is the best that science to-day offers.

The name that has been applied to the dislocative form of earthquakes is "tectonic," but it is by no means to be inferred that the tectonic earthquake is either mild or destructive. Obviously, in relief of stress and strain, rocks may slip a very little, or they may slip a great deal. The tectonic earthquake may be mild or heavy. Some of the worst earthquakes of the tectonic variety have occurred on the west coast of South America. On November 19, 1822, a great earthquake shook the Chilean coast for a distance of twelve hundred miles, and in the vicinity of Valparaiso the coast was found to have risen suddenly from three to five feet. February 20, 1835, at Concepcion, three hundred miles south of Valparaiso, an earthquake occurred, and the coast raised between four and five feet. Once more, on November 7, 1837, the town Valdivia was destroyed, and the coast was found to have been raised from five to eight feet.

In Japan, on October 28, 1891, occurred a destructive earthquake, the feature of which was a fissure running across a great alluvial plain and through the mountains, a distance of seventy miles. It thus crossed almost the entire breadth of Nippon. The earthquake was a very powerful one. Its first and greatest shock brought down many thousands of houses with their red-tiled roofs, killing and maiming multitudes of people. The official returns set forth 7,279 killed, 17,393 wounded, 197,530 houses totally destroyed, and 78,692 houses half destroyed. Great damage was done to embankments along the river that flows through the plain. Not far from Naigaoa one of the levees was moved bodily over sixty feet back of its original position, carrying with it a thicket of bamboos and pines. This tectonic quake shook sixty per cent. of the Japanese Empire.

The most famous of earthquakes is, of course, that which destroyed the City of Lisbon on November 1, 1755. For many centuries the city had suffered from earthquakes of more or less violence, but these had been almost forgotten when, on the date named, it was reduced almost in an instant to a heap of ruins. A fire broke out to complete the work of destruction, and between thirty thousand and forty thousand persons were killed. As to premonitory warnings of earthquakes, Major Dutton, whose book, just published, is the basis of this article, says:

Great earthquakes come without any intelligible warning. It is true that such catastrophes have been preceded in a considerable number of instances by minor shocks and quivers and by ominous sounds. But these are far from implying, necessarily, a subsequent disaster, for they occur a hundred times without further consequence. It is only after the great shake that the mind recurs to them as its forerunners. Judging after the event, they may indeed be regarded as its precursors. Judging before the event, it is highly improbable that they will prove to be so, but not impossible. Much is written about "earthquake weather," about a certain indescribable electric condition of the atmosphere,

about the sensitive and alarmed condition of animals, about the erratic flights and actions of birds, just before earthquakes. If any such phenomena really manifest themselves as preliminaries to an earthquake, all that can be said about them is that they are as mysterious to the seismologist as to everybody else. But the testimony in support of them, though considerable in amount, is vague in character. When carefully scrutinized, it leaves the impression that it is the outcome of imagination, and not real observation.

A chapter on seaquakes is contained in Major Dutton's book, and from the entries in the logs of many ships he concludes that in rare cases the power of the seaquake shocks may be great enough to render standing on the deck as difficult as it sometimes is on land. It may even be great enough to cause the fear that the vessel is being shaken to pieces. Gigantic waves in the ocean are, of course, a frequent accompaniment of the seaquake. On the west coast of South America, where these waves are frequent, they sometimes follow a quake having its centre below the sea level, that is also felt on land, but more often they come without warning. Regarding one of these occurrences, we quote Major Dutton:

The most memorable seaquake of this locality occurred August 13, 1868. The coast of South America was shaken all the way from Guayaquil in Ecuador to Valdivia in Chili, the highest intensity being manifested in the neighborhood of Arica. The force of the quake in this town was very great, throwing down most of the structures and producing land slips. A few minutes later—the sea was observed to retire slowly from the shore, so that ships anchored in seven fathoms of water were left high and dry. A few minutes later still, it was seen returning in a great wall or "bore," which caught up the ships in the roadstead and swept them inland as if they were mere chips of wood. Among them was the United States steamer *Waterloo*, one of the improvised war vessels of the blockading fleet of the Civil War, which was carried inland nearly half a mile and left with little injury on shore by the recession of the wave.

In the chapter on "Seismic Regions and Geography," speaking of California, Major Dutton says:

Between the Alaska-Aleutian field and the coast of California earthquakes are infrequent. But from Cape Mendocino southward the seismicity increases again. Professor E. S. Holden has made a study of the seismic history of the State of California, and has catalogued the recorded quakes from 1769 to the end of 1896. During the nineteenth century, this catalogue shows ten quakes whose intensity must be classes as high as No. 8, R. F. [very strong shock; fall of chimneys, cracks in the walls of buildings], four of them as No. 9 [extremely strong shock; partial or total destruction of some buildings], and one of them as No. 10 [shock of extreme intensity; great disaster, ruins, disturbance of the strata, fissures in the ground, rock falls from the mountains]. The latter was the Owen's Valley or Inyo quake of March 26, 1872. In the same period were twenty-nine quakes which might be classed as No. 7 [strong shock; overthrow of movable objects, fall of plaster, ringing of church bells, general panic without damage to buildings], at least; some of them as No. 8—while lighter shocks go into the hundreds. From 1850 to 1886, inclusive, the catalogue shows 254 in San Francisco, and 514 in the State of California, exclusive of those of San Francisco.

The conclusion drawn from Major Dutton's admirable book is that Californians have no just basis for apprehension. The several centuries of recorded history in California contain no account of considerable loss of life due to earthquakes. There is no good reason to suppose that future centuries will be any more prolific in destructive quakes. There is no reason at all to suppose that the recent small quakes are the forerunners of a big one. Indeed, from the absolute cessation of earthquakes in California for several months, such a conclusion might more logically be drawn.

REST A FEW DAYS

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THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

Local Writers and Representative Men Name the Books, Read in 1904, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.

Last January, with a view to ascertaining with some degree of accuracy what books, old and new, those people whose opinions count for something find most to their liking, the *Argonaut* addressed to a number of representative Californians the question:

What two books, that you read during the year, proved most interesting and pleasurable?

Answers were received from the majority of those to whom the question was addressed, and a symposium of some interest resulted. Accordingly, identical literary inquiry has been made by the *Argonaut* this year, and replies follow:

Bruce Porter writes:

Of serious interest were Swedenborg's "Divine Providence," and the second of the two rather formidable volumes of Stanley Hall's "Adolescence."

In fiction, perhaps the event of the year was the rediscovery of Howells in "A Modern Instance"—a very great novel to me, after years of indifference toward his art. Rereading Meredith's "The Egoist" was to find it as wonderful as ever, but there was surprise in the intimation that the master fictionist of the nineteenth century may perhaps be regarded as somewhat delightfully old-fashioned by the new generation of readers.

Henry James seems to me (in spite of the reviewers) to have justified his recent dreary exploration of the labyrinths of human consciousness (*self-consciousness*, I might say) by bringing forth, at last, "The Golden Bowl"—damaged, as it undoubtedly is, by over-handling; but Maggie and her father, poor ghosts, do finally manage to prove its beauty.

Of poets, I have found Emerson to be as great and new as ever; and the art of Louise Imogen Guiney to be the perfect flowering of that stern Emersonian stem.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote writes:

Of the old books, "Middlemarch" cries to be read at intervals—not very long ones: "Middlemarch." I think, held me with most pleasure of the kind that leaves a good taste in one's mouth. Of the new, Nathaniel Shaler's "The Individual" stands out. One thinks how one would love to read it with the best friends and the best readers one has been privileged to keep step with, year by year.

Undoubtedly one feels silly when one sees one's own words, or what stands for them, in print, in these "symposia"; but if we were always thinking what fools we are making of ourselves would anything ever be said outside the family circle? Surely nothing would ever be published.

George Sterling, author of that striking poem, "The Testimony of the Suns," writes somewhat at length, as follows:

In reply to your question, I beg to say that the two books read by me with the greatest pleasure and interest during 1904 are "The Food of the Gods" (read as a serial), by H. G. Wells, and "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.

In the former work, Mr. Wells's unparalleled imagination, though not here at its best, depicts with a breadth and vividness beyond the power of any writer of his kind a possible instance of the vague, certain, and terrible sororise with which Nature, through her high priest, the scientific investigator, will surely some day amaze and transmute us mud dolls, her children. Just what this change will be, or just when it will come, is, of course, beyond logical prophecy or surmise. To feel the certainty of its advent one needs but of Mr. Wells's bent of mind—a scientific poet, let us say. It is perhaps for this reason that he interests me as does no other writer of prose. At his voice the Unforeseen becomes an entity, and haunts like a spectre. He

"Sailing over strange seas of thought, alone," has had weirder and more dreadful dreams of what the future may hold for humanity than he is ever likely to confide to the unsympathy of type.

I make here no reference to Mr. Wells's intimately human creations, such as "The Wheels of Chance" and "Love and Mr. Lewisham." Great as their value is, in this line of achievement he has precursors and masters. And even of his work that is the offspring of his superb imagination and his scientific acquisitions, I despair of expressing myself adequately, or, to the many, intelligibly. One may, indeed, even question the use of startling the complacency of myopic man by any hint of the dark engines of offense as yet unloosed from the arsenal of matter, or by revelation to a hitherto purblind anthropomorphism of the mysteries and malignities of Chance.

By the way, comparison of the mind of dune-novelist Verne to this clear and exalted intellect (kin, after a fashion, to that of Bierce), is morally equivalent to comparing a Chinese vegetable gardener to Luther Burbank, yet the former comparison has been made, and you will believe me, and doubtless by one who imagined that he was paying Mr. Wells no small compliment.

Only the few that have walked with unclouded sight amid the Titanic imagery and under the unfriendly domes of Mr. Wells's "new heaven and new earth" can form even a partially adequate conception of the visions of this prophet as yet almost "without honor," but having made his country one that must be traversed by the austere, inward, and marvel-seeking intellect alone.

Another author whose children of the brain

have yet to come into their own, despite the transient blame or praise of pseudo-critics, is Mr. London. In "Wolf" Larsen, the hero of his last novel, he has created a character solitary in fiction—a tremendous personality, huge and lonely as the Lucifer of Milton, waging, sterner than the captained Satan, an unaccompanied war with insensate elements and gods found deaf, blind, and omnipotent.

The criticisms already made on "The Sea-Wolf" will spell despair to any one inclined to take most criticism seriously, compassing, as they do, everything from the nadir of unintelligent praise to the zenith of olisher disfavor. To have pleased these latter worthies, Mr. London must needs have made the flabby Van Weyden such another as the "Wolf," and the so-called heroine a "burning Sappho." That this would have eliminated all character perspective does not occur to our critic, whose dislike of Larsen, after all, is really a personal one, and springs from the unwilling, but just and inevitable, identification of his (the critic's) personality with that of the bookish and desk-bound Van Weyden; yet even Van Weyden had little beside a thinly disguised admiration for that great and lonely spirit, its greatness and loneliness so validly accentuated by the puppets amid whom it walked imperturbably to an unjust doom.

The consummation of this splendid tragedy, speeding to an illogical (and therefore natural) end between grey and desolate seas and skies, is epic in its essential cruelty. Here Mr. London, true to the instinct of the great novelist (if novelists be great) shows us unflinchingly the supreme and ancient indifference of Nature to her dupes, never told more graphically in prose than when here shown by the slow quenching of the fiercely solvent mind of Larsen, failing as inevitably as a star in its gulf, and exiled, like the star, by wastes untraversable. In the graving of this character, which no brain sensitive to romance can possibly forget (and there looms the achievement), Mr. London has "turned the trick," at least so far as he concerns himself with a lasting fame, if he so concerns himself. Certainly my own memory must hold, in effortless and unending retention, the vision of this last of the Titans, at his hack the sombre, granitic wall of things, before him the weak and cunning multitude, of which he or his like stand at once the flower and the foe.

Miss Agnes Tobin's letter runs:

The books I should choose among have all been read by me in 1904 for the first time, and their charm being still so fresh, a choice of two is extremely difficult.

I should say "The Alcestis" of Euripides, and "Poems and Plays" of W. B. Yeats, but that the "Idylls" of Theocritus, the "Poems" of Catullus, and the "Poems" of Verlaine ("Poems Saturniens" and "Sagesse") come, too, close.

I should include "The Scarlet Rose" among Mr. Yeats's as "prose poetry," also a great part of his essays.

Two collections made by A. T. Quiller-Couch give me pause: "The Oxford Book of English Verse," and "English Sonnets." And of Ada Negri's book of poems, "Maternita," I have had great pleasure.

Dr. David Starr Jordan writes:

I suppose the book that has interested me most this year is one which I have not read at all—that is, Plate's exposition of the principle of Natural Selection. Passing out of science, probably the two books that have interested me most are Lafcadio Hearn's "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," which is in almost every way thoroughly admirable; the next, a little of a lower grade, but fine of its kind, Stewart Edward White's book, "The Mountains." Of the fiction of the year I have read scarcely anything that seems likely to be remembered as long as 1906, though some of the stories of California authors are both clever and interesting—notably Miss Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage," Bailey Millard's "Lure o' Gold," and Jack London's monstrous and masterful "Sea-Wolf."

Blanche Partington, dramatic critic of the *Call*, writes:

I do not know if it is desired, in regard to your inquiry as to the books that one read with most pleasure and interest during 1904, that one define the nature of the interest and pleasure? Taken together, however, the two books that most moved and delighted me in my reading of last year were "The Testimony of the Suns," by George Sterling, and "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London. Mr. Sterling's poem, "The Testimony of the Suns," I regard as among the noblest in the English language; Mr. London's "Sea-Wolf" as a brilliantly logical and supremely interesting presentation of the overman type, set in the exactly "suitable surroundings."

Among those who reply briefly are Alex G. Hayes, who names as the most interesting old book, Lew Derby's translation of the "Iliad," and as the most interesting new one, "Uncle George's" "Autobiography"; R. M. Tobin, who names "The Mill on the Floss" and "Præterita"; George T. Clark, librarian of the San Francisco Public Library, who names "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen" and "The Lightning Conductor"; John Swett, who names "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution," by Hannis Taylor, and "Footnotes in Evolution," by David Starr Jordan; Charles Webb Howard, who names James D. Hogue's "Memorial of Clarence King" and "Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by Charles Eliot Norton; Louis A. Robertson, who names Montaigne's "Essays" and Mrs. Oliphant's "The Makers of Florence"; John Muir, who names "The Meditations" of Marcus Aure-

lius, and Darwin's "The Journal of a Voyage Around the World"; D. M. Delmas, who names "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer, and Morley's "Life of Gladstone"; Harrison Gray Otis, who names Tissot's "The Life of Christ" and "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnson.

Many interesting letters that have been received are reserved for subsequent publication.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
3. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.
4. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
5. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
4. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
5. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Son of Royal Langbrith," by William Dean Howells.
2. "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
3. "Baccarat," by Frank Danby.
4. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

New Publications.

"The History of Negro Servitude in Illinois," by N. Dwight Harris. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The Dynamic of Christianity," by Edward M. Chapman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25 net—a rather "difficult" volume of religious essays.

"Teddy and Towser," by Seward D. Lisle. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co.; \$1.00—a pretty wild story (for boys) of early days in California.

"Out of the Northland," by Emilie Kip Baker. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; 25 cents—stories for children from the Northern myths.

"The Manitoban," by Henry H. Bashford. John Lane; \$1.50—a story of a Canadian boy whose father is a "remittance man," and who has a hard time of it; doleful, but well told.

"The Belle of Bowling Green," by Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50—a pretty love-story of New York in this veteran author's well-known manner.

"Eighteen Miles from Home," by William T. Hodges. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co.—a story for the warning of stage-struck youths; crude, but with a certain homely force.

"A Japanese Romance," by Clive Holland. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50—a romantic, prettily told, yet pathetic, story of an English artist who marries a geisha girl.

"Rowland of Altenburg," by Edward Mott Woolley. Herbert S. Stone & Co.; \$1.50—a sort of Zenda romance, full of love and adventure, set in modern times; a first-rate story of its kind.

"Hope Hathaway," by Frances Parker. Illustrated in colors. C. M. Clark Publishing Company; \$1.50—the story of a girl cowboy, crude in spots, but written with evident knowledge of ranch life and conditions.

"The Unpardonable War," by James Barnes. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a story of a war of the future between the United States and England, brought about by the yellow newspapers; rather well done.

"The Tomboy at Work," by Jeannette L. Gilder. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25—reminisces by the editor of the *Critic* of her early years of struggle; there are some interesting memories of the famous folk of thirty years ago, and amusing stories of the genteel poverty of the Gilder family when the present editor of the *Century* earned ten dollars a week.

"The Story of Art Throughout the Ages: An Illustrated Record," by S. Reinach, member of the Institute of France. Translated from the French by Florence Simmonds. Six hundred illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00 net—a wonderfully satisfactory book by a distinguished critic; indispensable for reference, terse, but not cataloguey; the six hundred pictures form no small part of the book's value.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Sill.

If no plans go a-gley, before these lines are read a memorial to the poet, Edward Rowland Sill, will have been unveiled with befitting ceremony in Lafayette Square, in the city of Oakland. The memorial is a bronze sundial, mounted on a base of Raymond granite three and a half feet high and three feet square at the base. The base tapers toward the top in irregular lines, reaching a minimum diameter of two feet, part of the stone being left in the rough. On the side facing Eleventh Street is a bronze plate bearing the following inscription:

Erected to the memory of Edward Rowland Sill by the Oakland High School classes of June, '98, December, '99, and December, 1901.

Another bronze plate on the side of the base farther removed from the street bears Sill's poem, "Life":

"Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon
And afternoon, and night,—
Forenoon, and what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

It is fine and fitting that such a monument should be erected to Sill. Though he was not born in California, he spent here the greater part of his adult life, and, as his poems bear witness, he loved the land he had chosen for his home with an ardent love and a fine appreciation of her diverse and wonderful charms. Sill's poem, "Christmas in California," is one of those which will be longest remembered. Especially is it dear to those who, like Sill, recall of the Eastern Christmas how

"... as the darkening day goes by,
The wind gets gustier without,
And leaden streaks are on the sky,
And whirls of snow are all about,"

but now, like him, may note of the Western how,

"With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odor ring,
From silver bells with tongues of gold."

Edward Rowland Sill was of English or Welsh ancestry. A number of his immediate progenitors were physicians. When a boy of twelve, his mother died, and his father died not long after. At sixteen, he entered Yale, and graduated with the class of 1861, without, however, winning high rank as a scholar. He was then just twenty. He came to California not long after his graduation, and engaged in business. This was, however, not in the least congenial to him, and in 1867 he entered the divinity school of Harvard University with the intention of entering the ministry. Religious doubts assailed him; conviction grew upon him that he could not honestly preach, and so he gave it up after a few months study. In 1868, Sill published "The Hermitage and Other Poems," dealing largely with his California life. Again California called to him across the continent, and, in 1871, he returned, remaining here until 1883. Mr. Sill was a teacher in the Oakland High School for three years only, when he accepted the chair of English literature in the University of California. During this time, poems from his pen appeared in many magazines, especially in the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, and *Overland Monthly*. He also wrote literary and other essays for these magazines. In 1883, he returned to the East with the intention of devoting himself to literature. His death occurred in the village of Cuyahoga Falls, O., on February 27, 1887.

Of Sill, the man, those who had the fortune to know him speak as with one voice. Of Sill it might be said, as Halleck sang of his friend Drake,

"Green he the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Sill's courage, patience, kindness, gentility, approachableness, helpfulness—these qualities it is of which all his friends speak. He was a man of singular nobility of character. He was a "white soul." Not only those who approached him intellectually, but tradesmen and the servants of his house held him in awed admiration. "He is so good!"—this is a phrase one uses. His pupils likewise all testify to his inspiring influence upon them. More and more, as we grow older, they say, we realize how much we owe to Mr. Sill. He was the sort of a man who is interested in small philanthropy; he was the superintendent of a Sunday-school; he refused no one who came to him for help. And vital, he possessed a saving sense of humor. His personal appearance did not belie his character. He had a fine, intellectual, delicate face—he was fair and pale, with thick brown hair. He married early, and the marriage was a happy one.

If ever a man's life was reflected in his poems, it was Sill's. They are pure, sweet, graceful, and they have nobility. They are impid as a meadow brook. They, many of them, seem as spontaneous and unstudied as the songs of birds. Occasionally you will find lines that are quite perfect as,

Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er,
And touches its still face most tenderly,"

or where he says in "To a Face at a Concert":

"When the low music makes a dusk of sound
About us, and the viol, or far-off horn
Swells out above us like a wind forlorn."

In one poem, a part of "The Hermitage," Sill tells how the "dumb moan" of the sea saddens him, and ends:

"... let me go back
And listen to the silence of the hills."

Here is the daring of the true poet. Here is evidence of that spirit that bursts the bounds, and, scorning reason, cries across the wastes to the kindred soul. But this is the best of Sill. Perhaps in all he wrote there are no finer lines than this in which he calls the mist "the pity of the sea," and that which speaks of listening "to the silence of the hills." If the truth must be said, there is little of Sill that will endure. Grant that he was a pure and noble spirit, grant that this nobility and purity are reflected in his work, and yet that does not suffice. More is needed than grace, more than love of beauty, more than earnestness and faith and sincerity. Probably we shall be misunderstood when we say that Sill was too good to be a great poet.

Your poet must have passions. He must not only love beauty, but the world must be to him so poignantly beautiful that his senses are to him like sharpened swords, like lances that pierce. Your poet need not be kind; better that he curl his lip in scorn; that he rebel at the tyranny of constant graciousness; that he have enemies as well as friends. Your poet must love. Love, perchance, disquieted Sill: it never was to him a two-edged torment. He held himself in check; never was he lost utterly. Your poet must hate, also; he must bend and sway to windy passions. He will not always set a guard upon his lips. He is a man of moods. He has strange antipathies and unaccountable affections. Your poet is inconsistent. For what he does, he will likely vouchsafe to you no reasons. He is a child and a devil. His spirit soars to the stars, while he stands with hands unclean and feet in mire. Look at your disdainful Byron! What a wild rebel was Shelley! Think of the *sot Verlaine*; Wilde the lost and shamed; the drunkard Poe; Burns, drunken, and profligate besides. What shameful meaning is it they tell us lies half-hid in even the sonnets of the master poet of them all? Was it not Marlowe, great spirit, who died stabbed in a tavern? What loves had Goethe, what mistresses Hugo! And how sick, sick to death, with love or love's imaginings, was he our greatest singer who sings to-day—Swinburne. Yes, your poet must have passions. Into the world he brings not peace but a sword. His is a wild and wayward spirit: it is not its business "to be kind."

Of course it is quite futile to spend words regretting that your brown bird is not a gerfalcon. Sill was Sill, and there's an end. We merely indicate why it will be, as we believe, that so admirable a man will not very many decades be remembered as a poet. He was not

"Dowered with the scorn of scorn, the hate of hate, the love of love."

Among California writers, Sill ranks below Harte and Markham and Joaquin Miller. We think, also, that he will finally take rank below that strange genius, Richard Realf. It is very fitting, however, that Sill's memory should be thus honored by the pupils of the school in which he labored so faithfully, and he is well worthy of such a permanent record of his life as will be contained in the biography which, we believe, is now in course of preparation. H. A. L.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Frederick Mistral, the Provençal poet to whom was awarded ten thousand dollars as half his share in the Nobel prize for literature, will devote the entire sum to the development and the installation of the ethnological museum founded by him at Arles.

Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son," has been advertised in an unusual manner in England. To devote the space of a whole page of a daily newspaper to the announcement of one book, as Mr. Heinemann has in the *Mail*, is unprecedented in the history of English advertising.

A movement is now on foot in London to place a memorial to the late W. E. Henley in St. Paul's Cathedral, and this will probably take the form of a replica of the famous bust of Henley, executed by Rodin, the French sculptor.

There is an interesting reference to Clara Taggart MacChesney, a California artist, in the recently published work by Clara Erskine Clement, entitled "Women in the Fine Arts." According to this book, Miss MacChesney received two medals at the Chicago Exposition, 1893; the Dodge prize, National Academy, New York, 1894; gold medal, Philadelphia Art Club, 1900; Hallgarten prize, National Academy, 1901; three medals at Colarossi School, Paris. She is a member of the National Art Club, Barnard Club, and Water-Color Club, all of New York. She was

first a pupil of Virgil Williams in San Francisco Art School; then of H. C. Mowbray, J. C. Beckwith, and William Chase in Gotham Art School, and of G. Courtois, A. Girardot, and R. X. Prinet in Colarossi School, Paris. She exhibited at Paris Salon, Beaux Arts, in 1896, 1898, and at the exposition in 1900. Miss MacChesney paints figure subjects principally. Among these are "Retrospection," Boston Art Club; "Tired," Erie Art Club; "A Good Story," National Art Club, New York; "The Old Cobbler," etc. Her prize picture at the National Academy, New York, 1894, was called "The Old Spinner."

Until Joseph Conrad's motor-car knocked down and ran over a man near Rochester (England), the other day, it was not generally known by the sailor-novelist's admirers that he "went in" for motoring. Conrad caught the prevailing craze about six months ago, when he invested in a Panhard, and since then he and his wife have spent most of their time in motoring.

The Macmillan Company will bring out this month "The Secret Woman," the new novel by Eden Phillpotts, author of "The American Prisoner," "My Devon Year," etc.

The Fleming H. Revell Company has in press a new book by Charles M. Sheldon, best known as the author of "In His Steps." It is entitled "The Heart of the World."

Some old letters by the Marquise de Pompadour have lately been unearthed. One is addressed to Voltaire, who was reported at court to have received the sacraments of the church when he was ill. Some one remarked: "Ah! the old sinner! He believes in God only when he has a fever."

It is learned that Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuffbox," who has been so ill, has been taken to San Remo, and that his lung trouble is not of the incurable type. Mr. Harland is reported to be rapidly improving in health.

The Macmillan Company has issued a pamphlet containing a sketch of the life and works of Jack London, author of "The Faith of Men," "The Call of the Wild," "Children of the Frost," "The Sea-Wolf," "The People of the Abyss," etc. No reference is made in the sketch to Mr. London's supposed authorship, with a young Russian lady, of the volume of letters published at the time his "Call of the Wild" appeared. This is queer, as "The Kempton-Wace Letters" are privately acknowledged without hesitation by Mr. London and Miss Strunsky.

The London *Times* in its literary supplement says the year's record has been one of mediocrity, and that of all the books entered in its weekly lists and of those reviewed in its columns, numbering altogether about fifty-seven hundred, there are none of outstanding interest and importance, none which gives distinction to the year, such as Morley's "Gladstone" gave to 1903.

Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Co. make the interesting announcement that they will soon publish the "Letters of Henrik Ibsen," selected by Ibsen's son from a correspondence covering fifty years—1849-1898—and translated into English by John Nilsen Laurvik.



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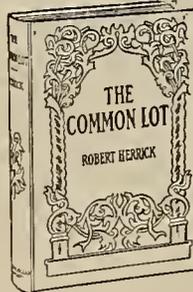
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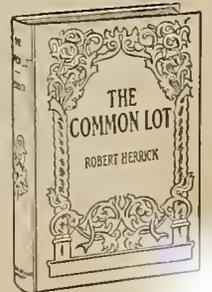
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A novel that is truly great is rarely dramatized into a fine play. Conditions that the novelist causes to be evolved by the slow processes of time, in a play must be developed in a flash, and characters that are doubly aureoled with greatness by the light of the author's and the reader's imagination sink into mediocrity when translated by prosaic flesh and blood to the spectator's consciousness.

There are in this era of prose almost no powerful personalities upon the stage. Thus, imperishable literary portraits painted by genius are deprived of their greatness when placed before us in a theatrical setting, and we speedily discover a preference that they be left undisturbed in their original frames. That wonderful figure of Salammbô, child of a cruelly splendid antiquity, of which we obtain in Flaubert's marvelous and terrible novel but fugitive glimpses—the author himself having once declared that the pedestal was too large for the statue—Salammbô, worshiper of the moon-goddess, her soul steeped in a strange blending of passion and mysticism, as her body was steeped in perfumes, is as remote from the ordinary modern conception as she is from the paint and canvas of the stage. Her place is among the jeweled chambers, the vast stone palaces, and sky-arched towers of Carthage. She can never step down to advantage from her lofty niche in Flaubert's matchless epic of barbarous splendor, of cruelty and lust, which stands like a huge monolith hearing strange carvings of figures monstrous, hideous, and beautiful.

And Matho, the Lihyan chief, held in a fierce obsession of mad, devouring love—Matho, the savage-hearted, who knew not pose nor wife, but followed his instincts as the eagle follows his prey—what does this naked-souled barbarian upon the stage? In truth, he never gets there at all. The Matho in Stanislaus Stange's play is no barbarian, but a noble Roman badly in love—a romantic and staggily commonplace personage, subject to impulses of magnanimity, and sudden attacks of theatrical virtue.

Divest yourself therefore of all idea of seeing anything of the original work in Stange's "Salammbô," beyond a suggestion of plot, a faint—a very faint—reflection of the glow of a barbarously splendid epoch, which, like a blood-red sunset, lights up the fierce and flaming pictures drawn by Flaubert, and a vague outline for the character of Salammbô herself.

In the play, Salammbô is divested of the baffling and passionate charm, born of her strange, Egyptian-like beauty, her confused, virginal aspirations, her mystic ecstasies, and her almost royal isolation. She has become in stage guise a Carthaginian lady of rank, of perfectly open and comprehensible character, and of a religious turn of mind, whose pale, classic, long-limbed beauty Miss Kidder is as well fitted as any woman on the stage to represent. The actress is completely and classically beautiful in her clinging, flowing robes, and her Phœnician headgear. She has adhered to the blonde type, recognizing that the jet-black tresses of the Carthaginian maid would ill become her; and at the last, when Salammbô, stricken with the doom wrought by despair, remains seated upon her mystical throne, in the "sacerdotal attitude" of the book, a statue of pale immobility, contemplating the bleeding body of her barbarian lover, memory comes in a sudden wave, and for a moment we see that other, the real Salammbô, when she watched, in the sight of a city mad with cruel joy, the tortured progress to death of the Lihyan chief to whom her wild soul was pledged.

Warde was—well, the same old, unctuously elocutionary Warde, only considerably better than usual. "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" he quoted, alluding to the big enthusiasm of a little house. For a moment the audience misunderstood, and laughed with rich, if misplaced, appreciation. Matho was so hotly and protestingly in love, and Warde, with his bared shoulders and muscular—stage muscular—limbs hung with furs, his helmeted head and his husily uttered passion, was quite a virile figure, from the theatric romantic point of view.

The play is not a bad play—neither is it a wholly good one. It opens imposingly enough with a procession of priests, their rich vestments sending out dim golden gleams as they pass, and the dusk of the temple steps. We see these things calmly however, being by this time trained to expect all kinds of scenic

splendors from over-much experience with the innumerable musical comedies which are becoming our nightly pabulum.

Wherever it was possible, Mr. Stange has lifted from the novel some brief, striking hit of dialogue—an element which is none too common in that marvelous mosaic of jeweled description—and set it in his play, greatly to the advantage of the latter. Although it seems more like a spoken opera than a drama, it is creditably free from dullness or heaviness. Mr. Stange having utilized the character of Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, to some purpose in two or three pleasing scenes. The motive of the tent scene between Matho and Salammbô is almost wholly changed, and the author has made rather a half-hearted attempt to lighten things up a little by introducing a slight love-affair between a female slave and a Greek envoy; and he has been wise enough to make the figure of Salammbô dominate all; in this case, the pedestal is none too large for the statue. It is a statue worth going to view. Rarely, indeed, do we see an actress so perfectly Greek in type, so classically graceful in form and movement, as Miss Kidder. One feels sudden waves of aesthetic joy flooding the consciousness as, with the light shining on the gold of her hair and enriching the color of her purple brodered mantle, she slowly raises a monumentally beautiful arm, or turning her Greek profile to the audience, floats with goddess-like deliberate grace across the stage. Miss Kidder is always a skillful actress, if somewhat declamatory in plays modeled after the old legitimate; and she causes Salammbô to become very human and sympathetic in her representation of sisterly love, although in scenes depicting the sterner emotions by which Salammbô was racked, she was less moving.

Mme. Gadski now stands with a few sister singers on the highest eminence of vocal fame; a height from which her seniors must, in a few years, inevitably descend. Wonderfully preserved as are the powerful voices of these great vocalists, it is sometimes possible while they sing to detect the flaw in the crystal which denotes the presence of the thin edge of the wedge of time. But in Gadski's every note youth is evident. Her voice gushes out like a living stream; her hearers find themselves luxuriously depending upon its full volume, its ringing quality, its purity and sweetness with perfect certitude. She never fails them even in the greatest crises of passion that she is called upon to express in these imposing Wagnerian arias, which demand Titans among singers for appropriate interpretation.

The matinee concert of last Saturday, all the numbers of which were by Wagner, was like one great crescendo. Beginning with the familiar "Tannhäuser" aria, "Dich teure Halle," including "Elsa's Dream," Senta's hallad from "The Flying Dutchman," and four simple, beautiful songs, which were mentioned as a study to "Tristan and Isolde," the programme was announced to terminate with the immolation scene from "Götterdämmerung"; a long and taxing number given with splendid abandon and unshaken ardor and enthusiasm to the close. Here the freshness and power of the singer's voice, the ample range, and the richness and depth of her middle and lower notes, awakened a responsive enthusiasm. Mme. Gadski's voice rode the air as the Valkyries rode the clouds. The listeners thought it was the end, and as they acclaimed the singer, the climax came. Almost in a breath, the generous artist, warmed to the heart by the enthusiasm of her audience, had leaped into the wild, inspiring strains of Brunhild's call to the Valkyries. No one can listen to a great singer give that wonderful call with a quiet pulse. It was a magnetic moment, and at the close the audience voiced its admiration in bravos that rendered back in full measure to the singer the inspiration that had started hundreds of pulses bounding a moment before.

Whenever I turn my thoughts to Blanche Bates's impersonation of "Madame Butterfly," I find that I am not thinking of Blanche Bates at all, but of a simple-hearted, childishly trusting Japanese girl, who loved not wisely but too well, and who died because her trust was in vain. This, to my mind, is the truest test of the quality of Miss Bates's work in that touching bit of characterization. It is, too, a much truer test of what the actress can do than is afforded in "The Darling of the Gods," which has a princess of old Japan for a heroine, and contains scenes that more than tread upon the toes of melodrama. We are, perhaps, not much more familiar with the Madame Butterflies of Japan than with its princesses. But the little play stands for reality. It rings true. Cho-Cho-San's pretty pigeon English is quite patently founded upon actualities, and the episode, if we subtract its tragic ending, is, as everybody knows, quite as common in Japan as episodes of this nature are found to be in all countries where pretty and loving girls can be bought for a song. No doubt Pierre Loti's sketch of Mme. Chrysanthème, gleefully counting her dollars after her temporary husband had left her, is a

true one, but in all negotiations which deal with human flesh and blood as with mere merchandise, incalculable elements such as heart throbs are bound to creep in.

We are not wont to think of Blanche Bates as a player of pathos, and indeed it is oftener as the winsome Cho-Cho San, dealing out her dainty hospitalities and prettily and picturesquely murdering the king's English, that we recall her, than the child-woman suddenly lighted in her joy and hope by the presence of a great catastrophe. Yet the pathos is there, too; gentle rather than piercing, showing itself in sudden glimpses of pride, in brave assertions of hope, in partial realizations of despair. Altogether, a striking and finished characterization, remarkably true to the Japanese type, and as thorough as a thing can well be in its almost utter extinction of Miss Bates's almost utterly unrecognizable individuality.

The settings of Yo-Shan's *shoji* from "The Darling of the Gods" afford a perfectly Japanese interior for Mme. Butterfly's home, and the play was preceded by several pretty picture curtains, and accompanied by appropriate incidental music by William Furst, composer of the music that is so pleasing a detail in "The Darling of the Gods." Ada Lewis as Sujuki, almost out-Japaned the real article. Mr. Bruning as Yamadore was a cleverly anglicized Japanese, and Mr. Ormonde a gentlemanly pokerish consul.

"My Aunt's Advice," the comedietta by Blanche Bates and George Arliss which was used as a curtain-raiser, is an amusing trifle which is played in the spirit of broad comedy. No fineness of detail is required, only a hearty abandonment to rather old-fashioned methods. Miss Bates is the young wife who acts upon her aunt's advice, and makes love to an inconveniently adhesive friend of her husband's in order to scare him off the premises. Mr. Ormonde is the friend who, after a moment of mingled alarm and complacency, discovers the motive, and gets even by feigning to return her love. The husband surprises the pair at this moment, in such an apparently unexplainable tangle of love-making as would almost warrant a second act. But misunderstandings are swiftly cleared up in stage-land, and the curtain falls upon a reconciled couple clasped in each other's arms, and upon a rear-view of the coat-tails of the departing guest.

The playlet, being merely a variation of an old theme, the joint authors make no special pretensions, but have succeeded in their purpose of turning out a curtain-raiser which shows a pretty woman, in a pretty evening dress, gives a touch or two of love-making, and affords a brief fillip of hearty amusement.

The three players gave the piece with spirit, Miss Bates filling the more prominent rôle of the wife in a vigorous style that recalled something of her earlier manner before her Eastern experiences had put a metropolitan polish upon her Californian energy.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Author Rebukes Audience.

"Once Upon a Time," by Genevieve Grenville Haines, was presented in New York last week, with the author's husband, Robert T. Haines, in the principal part. It is a romance of Spain, and is described as starting out well, but descending into melodrama of the fiercest and most hackneyed sort. During the performance people started to leave, and the author created a sensation by mounting a seat and calling out: "Sit down! You've no right to spoil the play! Ushers, hold those doors!" The protest was effective, except in the case of one man, who, asserting that he had to catch a train, insisted upon leaving.

Sarah Bernhardt has returned to Paris from Constantinople, where she was successful in spite of the Turkish censor. The latter refused, despite all pleadings, to let her play in "L'Aiglon," insisting that for a woman to appear in a male rôle was contrary to the teachings of the Koran.

The libel suit for one hundred thousand dollars brought against *Life* by Klaw & Erlanger, the theatrical managers, was decided in New York last week in favor of the defendants. The suit grew out of a cartoon published by *Life* after the Iroquois Theatre fire.

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Two weeks, beginning Monday, January 16th, Matinée Saturday only. Frank McKee presents EDNA WALLACE HOPPER and a capable company in the comedy success,
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Preceded by the curtain-raiser, Captain January,
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Special Ibsen matinee, Thursday, January 19th. Ghosts, with Harry Mestayer and Lillian Lawrence.
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Week commencing Sunday Matinée, January 15th. Here's a Great Show.
The Ten Nelsons; Four Musical Avolos; Clifford and Burke; Will M. Cressy; and Blanche Dayne, presenting another of their inimitable sketches, "The New Depot"; Eleanor Falke; Chassino; H. V. Fitzgerald; Kine and Gotthold; and Orpheum Moion Pictures.
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c and 50c.

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THE GREAT RUSSIAN PIANIST.
ALHAMBRA THEATRE
Wednesday and Friday evenings, January 25th and 27th. Saturday matinee, January 28th.

Season-tickets, \$4.00, \$3.50, \$2.25; ready next Wednesday. Single seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Ready Saturday, January 22d. Box-office, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

Special Dr. Pachmann concert at St. Francis Hotel (Chopin programme) Thursday, January 26th. Seats, \$2.50.
NEXT—THE DOLMETSCHES.

GADSKI
EXTRA CONCERT
Popular Prices—75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.
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ALHAMBRA THEATRE
To-morrow (Sunday afternoon), January 15th.
Greatest programme ever offered. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s to-day, and Alhambra to-morrow (Sunday) at 9 o'clock.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Edna Wallace Hopper Coming.

The final performance of "Salammbo," by Frederic Warde and Kathryn Kidder, will be given at the Columbia on Sunday evening. Monday night, Edna Wallace Hopper will begin a two weeks' engagement in comedy, "A Country Mouse," by Arthur Law, an English writer, preceded by a curtain-raiser, "Captain January," by Augustus Barrett. Law's comedy tells of the adventures of a naive but quick-witted country girl who goes to London. Miss Hopper is a California actress, and this first appearance of hers in stellar rôle will be watched with much interest. The principal members of her company are Edgar Norton, Geoffrey C. Stein, Paul McAllister, Herbert Budd, Kathryn Towne, Emma Janvier, Mahel Norton, and Mrs. William Collier in "The Dictator" comes next.

Fitch and Ibsen at the Alcazar.

Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl and the Age," in which Annie Russell appeared last year, is to be given at the Alcazar Theatre next week—its first presentation by a stock company. A handsome young judge, and a girl whose father is dissipated and whose other is a kleptomaniac, are the principal characters. John Craig and Lillian Lawrence will have the leading rôles, and John Maher, Luke Connors, Julia Blanc (speci- ally engaged) will be leading parts. There will be a special Ibsen matinee on Thursday, when "Ghosts" will be presented. Lillian Lawrence will be Mrs. Alving, and the young girl will be impersonated by Harry Mes- ser, who supported Mary Shaw in the same rôle. "The Conquerors" goes on January 17.

Good Singers at the Tivoli.

The opening of the grand-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House on Wednesday night revealed some singers of great merit, and an unusually good conductor, Pollacco. "Rigoletto" was the opera, and the soprano, Tet- zini, won instant favor by her good acting and her fresh, clear, unhampered voice. The other singers are also good. This (Saturday) matinee, "La Tosca" will be given. "Rigo- letto" will be repeated this evening, and on Monday evening "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be the bill.

Change at the Grand.

To-morrow's (Sunday's) matinee will witness the Grand Opera House the "second edition" of John C. Fisher's musical production, "The Silver Slipper." The cast is considered the very best ever seen in the play, and includes Snitz Edwards, Harry Bureber, Fred Freeman, W. H. White, Beatrice Golden, Vera Lieb, Edith Sinclair, Isabelle Howell, and the Cole, and May Williams, together with Venus, student, and show-girls, also the quartet of English dancing-girls. In addition there is a chorus of forty and an orchestra of twelve. It is claimed that this year's production teems with novelty in songs, dances, and music, while the scenic and light effects have been vastly improved. As to the costumes, this season's styles from the capitol cities will certainly be on view in "The Silver Slipper."

Great Variety at the Orpheum.

The ten Nelsons, the acrobatic family, will make their first appearance in nearly three years at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. From their grandfather, Robert Nelson, down to tiny Ada, the youngest and daintiest of the troupe, five generations of brawn, agility, daring, and muscle are in evidence. The Musical Melos, two ladies and two gentlemen, will make their initial appearance in this city. Their chosen instrument is the xylophone, and they have a repertoire that includes both classical and popular works. Clifford and Burke, eccentric comedians, singers, and dancers—one appearing in black face and the other finished in a delicate saddle color—will also be new here. Will M. Cressy and Genebe Dayne for their second week will present a sketch entitled, "The New De- p't." Eleanor Falke, the singing and dancing comedienne, will be heard in an entire range of songs; and Chassino, the European shadowgrapher, promises new surprises. H. A. Fitzgerald, Kine and Gotthold, and the Orpheum motion pictures will complete the programme.

A Cigarette-Makers' Melodrama.

"A Working-Girl's Wrongs," the play to be presented at the Central Theatre the com- ing week, depicts, as its name suggests, the temptations met by a girl who has to earn her own way. The first act shows a cigarette factory, with its army of workers. There is a comedy in the play, and some thrilling scenes, including the blowing up of an old cigar factory.

"The Liars," by Amateurs for Charity.

A charity matinee performance of Henry Bur Jones's play, "The Liars," will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday, January 26th, as a benefit in aid of the Naval

Club of Vallejo. A number of prominent so- ciety women are interested in making a great success of the matinee. The Naval Club should net a very tidy sum from this benefit, at which will appear in various rôles such well-known people as Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Lloyd Lowndes, H. M. Spencer, Thomas Eastland, Courtney Ford, Royden Williamson, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Miss Olga Atherton, and Mrs. H. M. Spencer. Active rehearsals of the piece have been in progress for some days past, and an unusually clever performance is looked for. Seats for the benefit will be on sale at the box-office of the Columbia com- mencing Tuesday, January 24th.

MUSICAL NOTES.

De Pachmann, the Russian Pianist.

The next attraction to be offered by Manager Will Greenbaum will be Vladimir de Pachmann, the great Russian pianist and in- terpreter of Chopin. He will give three con- certs at the Alhambra Theatre, the dates be- ing Wednesday and Friday evenings, Janu- ary 25th and 27th, and Saturday afternoon, January 28th. His Saturday matinee will be devoted to Chopin. At his opening concert a Schumann sonata will be a special feature, and at the Friday night concert a Mozart sonata. The Turkish march and Beethoven's G-major rondo will be specially interesting. The complete programme may be obtained at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens Wednesday morning next for season tickets at the rates of \$4.50, \$3.50, and \$2.25 for the three public concerts. On Saturday, the twenty-second, the sale of single seats will open. Prices are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

The Gadski Extra Concert.

To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, Mme. Gadski and her pianist, Herr Meyrowitz, will give an extra concert at the Alhambra The- atre. The programme is as follows: "Er ist Gekommen" and "Aus Minen Grossein Schmerzen" by Franz; "The Violet" and "Sleep, My Prince," by Mozart; two songs from Schumann's "Dichterliebe"; Schu- bert's "Erl King"; "Lehn Deine Wang," by Jensen; "Still as the Night," by Bohm; a child's song by Taubert; Brahms's "Ewiger Liebe"; and Strauss's "Cæcilie." Verdi's grand aria from "Aida," "Elizabeth's Prayer" from "Tannhäuser," and the "Lieb- estod" from "Tristan and Isolde" will be the operatic numbers. Popular prices will prevail, reserved seats being obtainable from 75 cents to \$1.50, and box-seats \$2.00.

Melha's Concerts.

The concert tour in which Mme. Melha is now engaged has been planned by Manager Charles A. Ellis to include two appearances in this city. She began her tour shortly after her return to America in November, and it is to extend into the North-West and down the Pacific Coast, although but two cities in Cali- fornia have been booked—San Francisco and Los Angeles. The artists associated with Mme. Melha on her present tour are those who shared her successes during her Ameri- can tour of last year. The first concert will take place at the Alhambra Theatre on Tues- day night, February 7th. The advance sale of seats begins the preceding Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

St. Francis Musical Society's Second Concert.

The second musicale of the St. Francis Musical Art Society will take place in the white and gold ball-room of the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday night, January 26th, at nine o'clock. The artist on this occasion will be De Pachmann, the pianist. His programme will be composed entirely for this concert of Chopin works. The arrangement of the room at the Gadski affair was so satisfactory that the membership of the society has greatly increased, and the number of non-member seats has become correspondingly less. These

may be obtained by application at once to the information bureau of the hotel.

One of the musical novelties this year will be the concerts by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dol- metsch and Miss Kathleen Salmon. They carry a collection of ten thousand dollars worth of rare old instruments, and will play solos, duets, and trios on such instruments as harpsichord, lute, virginal, viola da Gamba, and viola d'amour. Miss Salmon is also an accomplished singer, and will render some of the old Elizabethan songs with accom- paniment of the old instruments. They ap- pear here during the week of January 30th.

The fourth chamber music concert of the Kopta Quartet will take place at Lyric Hall to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, with Wenzel Kopta, first violinist; John Josephs, second violinist; Charles Heinsen, violist; Adolph Lada, violoncelloist; and Mrs. Oscar Mans- field, pianist. The fifth concert will take place on Sunday afternoon, February 12th.

Stage Accident in New York.

During a performance of "Carmen" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, on Saturday evening, the bridge used in the first act collapsed and injured thirty per- sons, nine of them seriously. The structure was twenty-five feet high, and fourteen sol- diers were marching across it when it fell. Scores of members of the chorus, as well as principals, were underneath the bridge. Mme. Aino Acte, who was singing Michaela, had her foot badly lacerated by a piece of "stage" rock, but she went on with the performance. Many members of the chorus sustained broken arms, legs, and ribs. A panic threatened for a time, but the au- dience was quieted by the assurance that no harm had been done, and the performance went on after a delay of seven minutes. The stage-carpenter was arrested.

"The Triumph of Light," a modern mystery play by Charles Keeler, was presented at the Unitarian Church in Berkeley on Saturday evening. The play treated in poetic manner the passing of mortality, through the kiss of love, from darkness to light. The advent of the dawn was heralded by choruses of the song-birds and the flowers, the spirits of Cali- fornia, ruled by Dame Nature.

Frederick Stratton, collector of customs at this port, has been reappointed by President Roosevelt.

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VANITY FAIR.

The over-sea travel barometer, the booking-lists at the steamship offices, indicates a record-breaking spring and summer. The waiting list at one of the German line offices is already full for June and July sailings from this side, and the August-September sailings back to America are practically all bespoken. A few years ago the lines had to wait until March of each year to learn if the season were to be a big or small one. One of the explanations of the large number of applications for next year's accommodation is that the commercial relations existing between the United States and the chief countries of Europe are such as to cause a steady stream of agents and representatives to cross and recross. Some of these agents make as many as six trips abroad each year. Europe is buying more American products than ever before, and this necessitates much more traveling by salesmen than formerly. American buyers, too, are going abroad in greater numbers than ever. Another explanation is that members of the theatrical profession, formerly satisfied with Long Branch, Saratoga, Narragansett, Atlantic City, as summer resorts, now consider it part of their training to go abroad for recreation, new ideas, and costumes.

A pet-stock dealer in an Eastern city has in his shop window a sign that reads: "Dogs to hire by day, week, or hour. Rates reasonable." A man asked the dealer, the other day, the significance of the sign: "Oh, it means just what it says," the dealer said: "people like to hire dogs now and then, the same as they like to hire horses or pianos. I clear from this branch of my business quite ten dollars a week. Do you see that handsome Russian wolf-hound over there in the corner? Well, I hire him out a good deal to young women who are going to be photographed. In England a lot of women of fashion, and in America a lot of millionaires, have had their pictures taken of late with Russian wolf-hounds at their side. That has set a fashion. Young women all over nowadays desire to be photographed with wolf-hounds. But do you know what a wolf-hound like Pete there is worth? Well, sir, he is worth \$400 or \$500. And do you know what he can be hired for a couple of hours for? He can be hired for \$1.50. Hence he is hired often. He is in great demand. On the mantel of many a poor man's house you can see to-day the wife's or the daughter's photograph, with a magnificent Russian wolf-hound in the foreground. Aside from hiring dogs for photographic purposes I hire them for promenades. Young ladies visiting the city like to rent a Boston bull or a wire-haired Irish terrier to walk down the street with. A good dog on a morning's walk gives a young woman distinction, and it is now possible, thanks to me, for the girl to achieve this distinction for \$1.00 or \$2.00."

"In spite of the efforts of the jobbers to force the high collar on the market, the demand is still for the low, comfortable grades which were popular during the summer," says A. Stern, of Chicago. "Some of the manufacturers and wholesalers who are not familiar with the type of collar worn by President Roosevelt have been at a loss to account for the persistent demand for the low collar, but the fact of the matter really is that the President has been setting the fashion for the country in the collar line. The style was first taken up by young men, and now in the cities all over the country you see good dressers wearing what used to be ridiculed as 'middle-aged' collars. This vogue of the low, wide-front collar has brought the wide four-in-hand necktie back into favor, and if you don't believe that the President's manner of dressing has been influential in determining neckwear styles, just look at any of his pictures taken during the last few years, and then go out on the street and see how many men you will meet who will exhibit almost identically the same necktie-and-collar combination. Many of the dealers have taken in the situation and are offering 'Roosevelt' collars and neckties."

Emotion runs high in "Maman Colibri," the new play at the Vaudeville, Paris, and at the first night it was noted that the dressers were correspondingly emotional. Now it is explained by the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph that they were to a great extent designed by the playwright himself, M. Henry Bataille, who is a young man of many talents. No wonder, then, that his heroine's gowns harmonized artistically with the various and violent moods through which she passed. M. Bataille has duly published, for the guidance, presumably, of fellow-dramatists, the letter which he wrote to the costumier containing his instructions and suggestions. "Mauve for the second act, decidedly," he observes, "but not a mauve of a uniform shade. I should say that reddish mauves and bluish mauves combined with touches of embroidery would produce a happy effect, and well in unison with the sentiment of the act." It should be recalled that, while wearing this dress, the baroness, to whom an Indian summer of the heart has come at forty, is discovered by her twenty-year-old son to

be the mistress of the latter's chum, a hoy of his own age. Hence, of course, the mauve, which even plain is accepted not to be a virtuous color, and to which the dashes of red and blue shades impart an enhanced symbolism of the roses and raptures sort. M. Bataille then passes to the other extreme, the grandmamma dress of the last act. Attired in this the baroness, having dropped her acquaintance with the juvenile lover, returns to her son's home to reconciliation, to repentance, by the cradle of her two months' old grandchild, and to respectability again. What gown will express this emotion? How admirable is M. Bataille's suggestion of "dead-leaf velvet with dark sables; rather floppy generally, and heavy." It was exactly carried out in the dress worn by Mlle. Berthe Body. With it she has had on a too-youthful hat trimmed with pink roses, but there was a deep intention in that. Her daughter-in-law having made audible remarks about the hat, the baroness, once she had made up her mind to settle down as grandmamma, threw away the offending thing of pink roses and straw, and you could see she never meant to wear it again. In short, there is much business in that hat.

There are some recompenses for living in a country of snow and sleet and blizzards, as witness this account in a New York journal of a scene in New York speedways after the recent heavy snowfalls: "Tossing plumes and tinkling sleigh-bells gave a mid-winter carnival air to the snow-covered driveways of Central Park and the Speedway. Thousands of gay equipages thronged the snow-paths everywhere from Fifty-Ninth Street northward to the city limits, and the music of the bells was incessant throughout the afternoon and evening. Not in many years have conditions been more favorable for enjoyable sleighing in New York. The weather was not too cold for comfort, and the snow everywhere after last night's additional fall was deep enough on the pavements and roads to afford good going for the runners. On the Speedway there was rather too much snow for the fast trotters. It lay so loose and deep that even after the forces of Superintendent Caldwell had rolled it thoroughly with such implements as were at hand, the footing was not firm enough to enable the harness-horses to show their best speed. But there was plenty of jollity in the brushes, which made the loose snow fly in rivalry. In some places along the famous driveway drifts three feet deep hurried the park hushes. Many and marvelous were the winter turn-outs on the Speedway, the unadorned cutter of early vintage gliding along by the side of the sumptuous twentieth-century equipage, set off with costly furs and plumes on horses and sleighs."

"The lamentable extravagance and tastelessness of the young man of the present day are probably exemplified in no better way than in the wearing of fancy 'vests,'" says Mr. Waldo G. Cheston in a letter to the Sun. "Some years ago," he continues, "there was in the Sun a philippic against the padded coat. The time is ripe for an attack upon the fancy, showy 'vest.' I will illustrate concretely. Yesterday while hurrying to my office down Nassau Street my eyes were dazzled by a collection of striped, plaided, painted, gilded, and ornamented 'vests' glittering and sparkling from the show window of a haberdasher's shop. I withdrew my eyes from the window, supposing that such articles were only put there to attract the eye rather than to persuade the buyer, when I beheld coming toward me a 'vest' which completely eclipsed all I had seen. The occupant of the 'vest' was a decent enough fellow, albeit he had flung wide his coat in order to reveal the full expanse of crimson, dotted with blue and orange spots; but that 'vest'—words fail me! I trust that by calling attention to this tendency something may be done to prevent its spread. As a so-called 'gentleman of the old school,' I must sincerely protest against this parody of the old-time waistcoat."

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., author of a monumental work in two volumes on "Adolescence," is reported to have shocked six hundred Topeka teachers, the other day, in his talk before the State association, by asserting himself a strong believer in dancing as an instrument of culture. Dr. Hall's address was in the nature of giving an outline of the movement in educational theory and practice. When he reached the subject of play and its effect on education, he broached the subject of dancing, and said: "The basis of art is rhythm and the basis of rhythm is God. I think that some effort should be made to rescue dancing from its present environment and faulty tendency. It's a high and noble art. It is one of the expressions of religion, and as such has been utilized by the Greeks, the Hindoos, and other ancient races. There is nothing more beautiful than the harmony inspiring dance. It trains the person, body, and mind into harmonious relationship. Why, I would almost say that I would not have a teacher who did not know how to dance.

For my own part I enjoy the dance. I believe it aids and strengthens me morally, physically, and mentally."

A correspondent of one of the local dailies recently made an interesting sartorial suggestion: "One of the most regrettable things that has happened," he said, "is the passing of that early California style of dress for men—the large sombrero, the high huckskin boots, and the corduroy trousers. This dress is a purely California garb for men. Let us not be influenced in our style entirely by the Eastern modes, but let us rather show an independence of style which shall not only be picturesque and suggestive of strength, but shall also be serviceable. Those who cater to the French corset and such other effeminate dresses, promote a style which is far from manly. We sincerely hope that this 'California costume'—manly, picturesque, and serviceable, typical of the hardy Californian gold-seeker—shall not pass but shall once more be the vogue."

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross To see a young lady ride a white horse; With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, She drinks OLD KIRK whisky wherever she goes.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for January 5th through 11th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 11, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various securities like U.S. Coup. 3%, Bay Co. Power 5%, etc.

The feature of the week was the transactions in the shares of San Francisco Gas and Electric, which, on sales of 5,225 shares, broke five and one-half points to 49, but at the close reacted to 51 1/2, and closed strong at 51 1/2 bid, 52 asked, with small offerings.

The sugars have been in good demand, and on sales of 5,030 shares made advances of from one-quarter points to one and three quarter points, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar. Spring Valley Water was steady at 38 3/4-39. Sales of Alaska Packers were made at 93-93 1/2; Oceanic Steamship Company at 54-57 1/2; Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph at 105-107.

INVESTMENTS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Howard Paul, the London journalist, describes W. S. Gilbert, of comic-opera fame, an unsocial, ungenial man, but witty. On one occasion a woman deficient in musical knowledge, and anxious to talk to the humorist, asked him: "Is Mozart still composing?" "No, madam," replied Gilbert: "he is decomposing."

Jacob Riis told a story illustrating the ghastly congestion of the East Side. He discovered four different families, he hid, living or trying to live in a single room, each family being apportioned to a different corner. "They got along all right even at night," said Mr. Riis, "until one of the families took a boarder."

When the blizzard struck New York City recently, the mayor of Bismarck telegraphed Mayor McClellan, telling him of the beautiful weather they were enjoying in the West. "States, offering his sympathy, and asking he could do anything to help the storm-torn Eastern metropolis. Mayor McClellan replied: "Yes, come and take your infernal blizzard back where it belongs."

It is told of the late Dan Daly that once he was playing with a wandering company in a melodrama in which, each night, he was out by a rival poacher. One night, after he had been duly murdered, the curtain used to go entirely down, and stuck within a few feet of the stage. Daly saved the situation by scrambling to his feet, advancing bravely to the footlights, and saying, as he reached up to pull the curtain down: "No tigers even in the grave."

Lieutenant Robert E. Peary spoke at a dinner of the Arctic Society last winter. His talk was on the privations suffered by his party in his last expedition. In the course of his remarks he mentioned the fact that the sole article of diet for thirty days of one of the members of his party, a Dane, was seal bones. Afterward, Lieutenant Peary was approached by a friend who expressed incredulity. "That must have been a great deal of yours," said he, sneeringly. "Yes," replied the lieutenant, "he was a splendid fellow."

President Roosevelt relates a story of a grocer minister who, delivering a forceful sermon on the sin of theft, became personal, and said: "I see before me twelve chicken-steves, including William Sanders." Sanders protested this, and under threats of violence the preacher promise to retract. This he did on the next Sunday by saying that he wished to amend his statement of a week before. "What I should have said," he conceded, was this: "I see before me eleven chicken-thieves, not including William Sanders."

Congressman Dixon, of Montana, is telling the experience of a young Eastern woman with one of his constituents. She left the train at a way-station in Eastern Montana one afternoon and asked the only man in the station how she could get to her destination. "You'll have to wait for the stage in the morning," said the man; "you can't get any rig here." "But where do I stop?" inquired the young lady; "there's nothing here but the station and I can't sleep on the floor." "Guess you'll have to bunk with the station agent." "Sir!" she exclaimed; "I am a lady." "So's the station agent," said the man.

An old negro who has been working for a Southern cotton-planter for a generation or more, came to his employer, the other day, and declared his intention of quitting. "What's the matter?" was asked him. "Well, sars, yer manager, Mistah Winter, aint kicked me in de las' free mums." "I ordered him to kick you any more. I don't want anything like that around my place. I don't want any one to hurt your feelings, Mose." "If I don't git any more kicks I'se goin' to quit. Ebery time Mistah Winter used ter kick and cuff me when he wuz mad he always 'dome los' enuff money a'ready wid dis foolishness 'bout hurtin' ma feelin's."

There was once in New York an Irishman whose eccentricities threatened to bring trouble to him, but whose wit always saved him. One morning a Mrs. Murphy came to his shop and found him working laboriously with a pencil and a piece of paper. She asked him what he was doing, and he replied: "he was making out a list of the men on the block whom he could whip." "Is Murphy's name there?" inquired that man's wife. The man confessed that, like Ahou Ben Adam's, Murphy's name headed the list. When Murphy heard of this he came to the shop and a hellegrance in his eyes. He inquired the report was true. "Sure an' it's true, what of it?" returned the tailor. "You

little grasshopper," said Murphy, "I could commit suicide on yez wid me little finger. I could wipe up de flure wid yez wid me hands tied!" "Are ye sure about that?" asked the tailor. "Sure I'm sure about it." "Well, then," sighed the knight of the shears, regretfully, "I'll scratch ye aff the list."

Gomer Davies, who is editor of a paper in Concordia, Kas., has only one whole leg, and refuses to buy a cork substitute for the missing part of the other one, contenting himself with a wooden "peg" of his own manufacture. His brother editors gleefully recount that at one time green cottonwood was the only wood available for that purpose, and that Davies had to carry a pruning-knife with him to trim the sprouts from his leg in wet weather. That he still has serious trouble with his limb is indicated by the following plaint, which he publishes in his paper: "When a young schoolma'am gets inoculated with the fad of pyrography it is hard to say to what extent it will take her. She wants to hurn all sorts of pictures on all sorts of hric-a-brac and furniture, and we know a man who has to hide his wooden leg every night to keep his daughter from burning pictures of a snail, snake, or some other such reptile on it while he sleeps."

A Magazine Story a la Mode.

THE MISSING GOLF BALL.

Slitting open his left forearm with a razor, Holmes was about to inject a bicycle pumpful of cocaine, ether, Willamette water, and local-anesthetic, when the light of battle gleamed in his eyes and caused the cat to think down had come. "Some one is coming upstairs, Watson," he said. "I heard footsteps on the stairs, but— You wonder how I know our visitor is coming up instead of going down," interrupted Holmes, reading my thoughts. "It's childishly simple," he continued. "I fixed the second step from the top so that any one treading on it is shot down the whole flight. The stranger hasn't fallen yet and must therefore be coming up."

At that moment there was a crash. Holmes opened the door and stepped out. "Try again, my dear sir," he called out to the man who lay in a tumbled heap at the bottom of the stairs. This time our visitor was more successful. He entered the room and took a seat opposite the window.

"Did you have a good game?" asked Holmes. "How did you guess?" "Nothing, my dear sir," answered Holmes. "Your mouth has certain lines brought on by saying a vigorous word beginning with d, and the Sellwood transfer in your pocket tells me you are a golfer."

"Yes, I play golf. My name is McStingo," said our visitor. "I have come to ask you to solve the mystery of the lost golf ball." Holmes brightened up. The old sleuth-hound instincts awoke. In a few moments he had the story from McStingo. Four thousand golf balls had been lost in two weeks.

"Are you prepared for a long trip, Watson?" said Holmes, placing a revolver in his pocket. "Better take a Scotch glossary," he added.

I compromised on a flask of it. Reaching the ground, Holmes drew out a microscope and examined each blade of grass. "A cow has been here lately," he muttered. "How did you know?"

He showed me a cowslip. Inquiries in the neighborhood showed that there was indeed a cow. She was the picture of health.

"That cow," said Holmes, "has swallowed the golf balls. You see that big ad over there, 'Pills for the Pale.' She has taken the golf balls for pills, and the influence of mind over matter has caused her to grow well and give lots of milk."

On our return to the house Holmes turned the case over to Detective Night, with the advice to get out a search warrant.—*Wex Jones in Oregonian.*

A straight tip: *Little brother*—"Can't you walk straight, Mr. Mangle?" *Mr. Mangle*—"Of course I can, my little man; why do you ask?" *Little brother*—"Oh, nuthin', only I heard sister say she'd soon straighten you up when she married you. And ma said she'd help her."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Just a boyish prank: "So your son Henry has married a chorus-girl? Don't you feel just terrible about it?" "Oh, no. I suppose every boy has to sow his wild oats, and she seems to be willing to listen to reason without naming extravagant terms."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

High Authority.

Dr. Robert Hutchison, Hospital for Sick Children, London, says: "Condensed milk is more easily digested than that of ordinary cow's milk." For this reason the demand for Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, for infant feeding, is constantly increasing. Use it also for tea, coffee, and cocoa.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street, Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

All He Hears.

If "money talks"
I wonder why
I only hear
It say "good-by."
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Seasonable.

In times like these the doctor skilled,
His hopes of curing offers.
His pockets are with money filled,
Drawn from the public's coughers.
—*Pick Me Up.*

The Tiger.

Now listen to a tiger tale:
The tiger is a beast
Who would consider a wee boy,
Or girl, or horse, a feast;
He's just a cat grown awful big.
He wears a striped skin—
A cat is not a tiger skin,
But it's a tiger's kin.

There are so many tiger skins
Made up in rugs, I vow
I think the jungle must be full
Of skinless tigers now!
The tiger has two feet behind
And also two before;
Most all the rest is teeth and lungs—
You ought to bear him roar!

He's a nocturnal marauder
With black bars on his hide,
And yellow bars; he hunts by night
And woe, ab; woe betide!
Poor, luckless man! he goes to sleep
Beneath the twinkling stars;
The tiger carries him away;
He wakes behind the bars!
—*Houston Post.*

Grandeur.

"My land!" says little Lizzie Cohn,
Beside the sweat-shop door,
"If I wuz Mamie Cassidy,
Whose fader keeps a store,
I'd have a bat wid leaders on
An' then I'd git a beau
Who'd take me to the thee-ay-ter
Where we c'd see the show—
If I wuz Mamie Cassidy
Jest watch the pace I'd go!"

"Gee whizz!" says Mamie Cassidy,
When she sees Lottie Blank,
"Her father's awful prosperous—
He's teller in a bank.
She gets her candy by the box
And clothes to beat the Dutch—
If I was fixed like Lottie is
I wouldn't want for much!"

"Dear, dear," says fragile Lottie Blank,
"It's charming to be sure,
The life of Alice Van der Knob—
Too bad that we're so poor!
I'd go to Paris every year
And have a lovely yacht;
If I was Alice Van der Knob
I'd wed a duke—why not?"

And so does Woman weave the chain
Unto the bitter end;
The more good Fortune gives to her
The more she wants to spend.
The same small Imp of Vanity
Plies restlessly his job
In wistful little Lizzie Cohn
And Alice Van der Knob.
—*Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.*

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FIZZES
AND
RICKEYS

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WHEN ABOUT TO
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Friesland Jan. 28, 10 am | Merion Feb. 11, 10 am

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(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)
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WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
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Teutonic Feb. 8, 10 am | Majestic Feb. 22, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric Jan. 25 | Winiwrediau Feb. 8
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GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA,
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Cretic Feb. 4, noon; Feb. 18, noon
Republic Feb. 11, noon; March 25, noon
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Romanic Jan. 28, 3:30 pm; March 11, 1 pm
Canopic Feb. 18, 8:30 am
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S. S. Copic Saturday, February 25
S. S. Doric Thursday, April 20
S. S. Copic Saturday, May 13
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
The Merchants Exchange, 7th floor.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Jan. 21, at 11
A. M.
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and Sydney, Thursday, Feb. 2, at 2 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

Howell-Dutton Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Dutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dutton, to Mr. Josiah R. Howell, took place on Wednesday evening at Trinity Episcopal Church. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. Miss Molly Dutton was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Maylita Pease, and Miss Belle Harnes. Mr. Thomas Barbour acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Harry Dutton, Mr. Enrique Grau, and Mr. Lindsay Scrutton. A reception and supper at the residence of the bride's parents, 2507 Pacific Avenue, followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Howell will reside in San Francisco.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Brigham, daughter of Mrs. Brigham and the late Dr. C. E. Brigham, to Lieutenant Clarence L. Kempff, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clarke, to Mr. Frank L. Southack.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Wallace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wallace, to Mr. Charles Fickert.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Manning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Manning, to Mr. Robert Bain.

The engagement is announced of Miss Camille Rosenblatt, daughter of Mrs. R. Rosenblatt, to Mr. Alfred S. Gump. The wedding will take place in March.

The wedding of Miss Marie Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wells, to Mr. Selby Hanna, will take place on Saturday evening, January 28th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1004 Geary Street. Mrs. Truxton Beale will be matron of honor, and Miss Juanita Wells will be maid of honor. Mr. Charles Hughes, of Chicago, will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bacon, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Bacon, to Mr. Thomas Driscoll, will take place at the Santa Barbara Mission on Thursday.

The wedding of Miss Loleta McConnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. McConnell, to Mr. Robert Stockdale Graygrigge, took place on Wednesday at Grace Church. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. David Evans. Miss Dorothy Chapman was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Alice Eloesser, Miss Jean Gallois, Miss Avis Sherwood, and Miss Lillian Hodgehead. Mr. Walter Bours acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Alan Dimond, Mr. Walter Sherwood, Mr. Newton Andrus, and Mr. E. Thinkell. Mr. and Mrs. Graygrigge will reside in England.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns, to Mr. Horatio F. Stoll, took place at Calvary Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Hemphill at half after eight o'clock. Miss Florence Rochat was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ellen Page, Miss Florence Boyd, Miss Emily Rochat, Miss Marthe Chevre, Miss Alice Brady, and Miss Elizabeth Dufficy. Dr. Robert Burns acted as best man, and the ushers were Dr. Frederick Fritsch, Dr. Paul Burns, Mr. Ernest Rochat, Mr. James Firth, and Mr. James Beatty. A reception and supper at the California Hotel followed the ceremony.

Mrs. Gerrett L. Lansing gave a supper at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening in honor of Miss Kathryn Kidder. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, and Mr. William Greer Harrison.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin gave a luncheon at

the Hotel St. Francis on Monday in honor of Mrs. William Tévís. Others at table were Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a tea on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. John F. Merrill. Others at table were Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. John Swift, Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Marriner Campbell, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. William B. Harrington, Mrs. Frederick Hewlett, Mrs. James Edwards, Mrs. Norris, and Mrs. L. L. Dunbar.

Mrs. Squire V. Mooney gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Irene Sabin.

Mrs. Edward B. Young gave a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Louise Whitney. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Whitney, Miss Cecil Rogers, and Miss Katherine Herrin.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trille, U. S. N., and Mrs. Trille gave a dinner on Thursday in honor of Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Patterson.

Mrs. Henry F. Dutton gave a luncheon on Monday at her residence, 3560 Washington Street, in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford gave a dinner on Wednesday at her residence, Powell and California Streets. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop, Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan, Judge and Mrs. McFarland, Judge and Mrs. S. F. Leih, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Miss Jennie S. Lathrop, Miss Bertha Berner, Mr. George E. Crothers, and Mr. George Gray.

Miss Edith Muir gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Paula Wolff.

Count G. Vanutelli gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Sunday evening. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Miss Alice Sullivan, Judge Sullivan, and Father Sesson.

Miss Beatrice Fife gave a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Irene Sabin.

Miss Eugenia Hawes will give a luncheon to-day (Saturday) at 800 Sutter Street in honor of Miss Paula Wolff and Miss Louise Whitney.

Mrs. Leonard Chenery and Miss Ethel Patten gave a luncheon on Wednesday at their residence, 1541 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase.

Miss Helen Cheschrough gave a tea on Tuesday.

American Autos Supplanting the French.

The Paris Herald, in commenting on the recent Paris automobile exhibition, said:

There can be no doubt whatever about the fact that the Pope-Toledo automobiles, brought over from America at enormous expense to illustrate to the French manufacturers the progress that has been made in automobile construction outside Paris, have caused considerable misgivings in certain quarters. That is to say, their general excellence is so pronounced that French makers, who have relied very largely on American custom for the disposal of their outputs, have been made to see that they will shortly have to look up trade elsewhere.

Sunset from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, and the closing of night over the valleys, hay, and cities, is one of the wonders of California. The trip up the mountain on the crooked railway is an unusually interesting one. The Tavern of Tamalpais affords unexcelled hospitality.

The Carnegie Institution, in Washington, D. C., has granted \$3,000 to the Lick Observatory to be expended during the next two years in measuring the Crossley reflector photographs of the minor planet Eros, which photographs were taken in 1900.

The great race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) is the Adam Andrew Selling Stake, six and one-half furlongs, for two-year-olds and upward, two thousand dollars added. This is only one of many interesting contests.

The French cruiser *Protet*, Captain Adgard, arrived from the South Seas on Wednesday, and will remain in this harbor for several weeks.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" will have its first presentation in England in the spring.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Death of a Great Leader.

Theodore Thomas, undoubtedly America's greatest orchestra leader, died in Chicago on January 4th of pneumonia. He was a native of Germany, and was born in 1835. He was identified with music almost from infancy, playing the violin in public when only six years of age. He came to America with his family when ten years of age. Soon afterward he secured a position in an orchestra, and at sixteen toured the South as a violin soloist.

In 1855, he associated himself with William Mason, I. Mosenthal, F. Bergner, and G. Matzka, the five giving chamber music concerts for fourteen years. In 1861, he began to build up an orchestra, undertaking the task of popularizing good music. In 1864, in pursuance of this plan, he organized an orchestra for "Symphonie Soirees," which were given in New York until 1879, and which attracted world-wide attention. During this time he made a tour at the head of his orchestra. Thomas went to Philadelphia during Centennial year, but the season was a failure. He was in Cincinnati and New York until 1888, when he went to Chicago, and became director of the Chicago Conservatory of Music, and later of its permanent orchestra, which he made famous. Recently a magnificent permanent home for the orchestra was built by public subscription, at a cost of \$800,000, but Thomas had led only four concerts in it when his death came.

Thomas's constant effort was toward the elevation of musical taste, and his success in that endeavor will be a permanent monument to him.

At a meeting of the Union League Club, held on Tuesday evening, the limit of city membership was raised to 1,000, while the State and suburban membership is to be unlimited. The initiation fee for the former was raised from \$20 to \$50, and of the latter from \$10 to \$25. An election was held at which the following officers were chosen: Colonel George H. Pippy, president; S. J. Hendy, first vice-president; H. G. W. Dinkelspiel, second vice-president; J. B. Fuller, secretary; I. W. Hellman, Jr., treasurer; Alvert E. Castle, John Rothchild, George Stone, Marshal Hale, H. D. Loveland, and N. D. Rideout, directors.

Ellen Cummins, known as "Nellie" Cummins, once a theatrical favorite here, and leading woman at one time of the Barrett-McCollough company at the old California Theatre, died in this city this week. She was once with Booth, and later with Richard Mansfield. During the past few years she has been on the road with minor companies. She was fifty-four years of age.

The twenty-third annual course of Lane lectures began in the auditorium of Cooper Medical College Friday evening, and will continue every alternate Friday evening thereafter, until ten lectures are given. These lectures are free, and no ticket of admission is required.

At a meeting of the Electoral College, held at Sacramento on Monday, George H. Pippy was selected as a messenger to hear to Washington California's electoral vote for President Roosevelt.

Mr. Homer S. King, who for years has been at the head of the Wells-Fargo Bank of this city, has been elected to the presidency of the Bank of California, to succeed the late William Alvord.

A BOSTON LADY OF WIDE EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE, college degree of M. A., would be pleased to take several young lady students upon an educational trip East, to visit places of historic interest in New York, Boston, Washington, Richmond, etc. Incidentally: Congress in session; dine at Waldorf-Astoria; and opera in New York. Absent two months. Highest references. Address Box 50, Argonaut.

Pears'

"A shining countenance" is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion.

FOREIGN TOURS

Tours to EGYPT and PALESTINE sailing January 28th and February 1, 1905. Small parties under the personal charge of Dr. H. W. Dunning.

SPRING TOURS to ITALY in April

COACHING TOUR to England, SCOTLAND, and tour to NORWAY, SWEDEN, and RUSSIA.

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MONDAY, January 16th, 1905

NATHAN-DOHRMANN CO., 122-132 Sutter St.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Pearl Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin depart to-morrow (Sunday) for Fort Snelling, where they will be guests of Captain T. A. Pearce, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pearce.

Sir George Prescott, Captain de Crespinac, of the British army, and Mr. F. C. G. Menzies arrived at San Mateo from London on Monday for the polo season.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels arrived from New York on Sunday. Bishop and Mrs. Sidney C. Partridge sailed on Tuesday for Japan.

Miss Ardella Mills was at New Bedford, Conn., when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop have returned from Southern California.

Mr. W. G. Rawles, of Muskogee, I. T., is the guest here of his father, General J. B. Rawles, retired, U. S. A.

Miss A. Alden of Boston, has taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes has taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson sailed from Italy on Wednesday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent have returned from the East.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, who recently returned from Nevada, has gone to Colorado.

Mrs. J. L. Nokes has gone to Fort Russell, Wyo., where she will be the guest of Lieutenant John B. Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Havens and Miss Hope Cheney left Oakland last week for the East.

Judge James E. Fenton, of Nome, Alaska, was among the guests registering at the Occidental Hotel recently.

Mr. J. Mejira and Mr. Benjamin Baruch, of San Salvador, have taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Lady Tupper arrived from Vancouver on Monday, and is at the Palace Hotel with Sir Charles Tupper.

Rev. and Mrs. Frederick W. Clappett were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Henry F. Dutton will sail on Saturday, January 21st, for Honolulu, where she will remain for some weeks as the guest of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fitch, of Massachusetts, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hartzell, of Allentown, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McDonald, of Reno, Mrs. D. B. Martin and Mrs. D. B. Buckley, of Philadelphia, Mrs. C. D. Warren and Mrs. M. Parker, of Chicago, Mrs. A. A. Holt, of Lexington, Miss A. L. Plummer, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lamme, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones, Miss D. Baker, Miss B. Duggan, Mr. Philip Byrne, Mr. L. W. Anthony, Mr. B. P. Anderson, Mr. E. H. Ginney, Mr. F. B. Anderson, and Mr. H. R. Baker.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Rand and Mrs. C. A. Rand, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. S. Milton Townsend, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hopkins and Miss Stone, of Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Carlyle, of Washington, Mrs. E. C. Buhl, Miss Hazel Buhl, Miss Tyson, Mrs. E. C. Buhl, of Detroit, Mr. I. A. Poole, of Yokohama, Mr. H. H. Bailey, of Newport News, Mr. and Mrs. L. Grothwell, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hartzman, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mott, Jr. and Mrs. C. G. Chipchase, Mrs. Guitard, Miss Guitard, and Mr. R. G. Hanford.

Army and Navy News.

General Francis Moore, U. S. A., Mrs. Moore, and Miss Jessie Moore are expected home from Honolulu on January 23d.

Major Benjamin E. Montgomery, U. S. A., chief of the Telegraph and Cipher Bureau, Washington, D. C., will be transferred February 1st to Benicia Barracks, to assume command of Company F, Signal Corps.

Colonel J. C. Lebo, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lebo have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain T. A. Pearce, U. S. A., Captain Alexander Owenshine, U. S. A., Captain I. Carr, U. S. A., and Lieutenant S. A. Price, U. S. A., have returned to Fort Snelling, Minn.

Captain F. L. Winn, U. S. A., was a recent guest at the Hotel del Monte.

Captain Newton E. Mason, U. S. N., has been appointed chief of the Bureau of Ordnance with rank of rear-admiral, for a term of four years.

Lieutenant Henry S. Kiersted, Medical Department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kiersted have been the guests recently of Mr. Athole McLean.

Lieutenant John Yost, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., will sail about February 1st for Honolulu, where he will relieve Major William Davis, surgeon, U. S. A., who will proceed to Manila for duty.

Lieutenant R. E. Coontz, U. S. N., sailed for the Orient on Tuesday.

Rear-Admiral George A. Converse, U. S. N., has been appointed chief of the Bureau of Navigation for a term of four years.

Commander W. C. Cowles, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as a member of the

Board of Inspection and Survey, Washington, D. C., and will go to the Asiatic station.

Commander Samuel W. B. Diehl, U. S. N., has been appointed judge-advocate general of the navy, with rank of captain, for a term of four years.

Captain B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., has been detached from the navy-yard at Mare Island, and ordered to report at Washington, D. C., for sea orders.

The date of the sailing of the transport *Sheridan* for the Orient has been changed from January 16th to January 26th.

Mrs. Carter's Barnstorming Experience.

At the first presentation of "Adrea" in Washington, D. C., a few nights ago, a rainstorm nearly put a stop to the performance. Convention Hall, the huge, barn-like place in which the play was given (the syndicate having prevented Belasco appearing in a regular theatre) has a tin roof, and when, in the fourth act, the rain came, it made such a clatter that none of the people on the stage, with the exception of Mrs. Carter, could be heard. But her voice was clear and strong enough to reach all over the house. Later, according to the *New York Sun*, "rain-drops of the ordinary color began to patter down upon the stage. Before the actress finished the great scene her sandals were wet, and the rain was threatening ruin to some of the most gorgeous costumes that were ever worn upon a stage. The audience meanwhile was getting a little green shower of its own. The roof, leaking at every pore, let fall a steady trickle. The rain, acquiring a touch of green from the draperies as it fell, splashed down on immaculate shirt front and stunning evening gown. Admiral Dewey, in a box, had such a quiet little rainstorm of his own down the back of his neck that he was forced to turn up his coat-collar. But no one moved. For twenty-five minutes Mrs. Carter held that audience. Of course, she wasn't really playing her part; she was shrieking it. But when at last the curtain fell and the actress reached the wings, sobbing her heart out, the house rose to her."

Bettina Gerard, the actress, died in New York on Sunday of pneumonia. She was the daughter of General Albert Ordway, U. S. A., and became famous through escapades while a society girl, followed by marriage, divorce, and a spectacular stage career, interrupted by seasons in sanitariums. Her first husband was Arthur Padelford; her second, John J. Raffael, the tenor; her third, Harrison Wolf, and her fourth, Philip Schuyler, both actors.

The burden of the criticism of Viola Allen's production of "A Winter's Tale" in New York is that it is overburdened with scenery and ruthlessly cut to make it a three-hours' piece. "Shears and scenery," the *Sun* says, and other papers echo the cry. It is admitted that Miss Allen is more than merely good in the double rôle of Hermione and Perdita, but her performance is not notable.

The Savage company, singing grand opera in English, will appear at the Columbia Theatre early in February. The engagement is limited to three weeks.

Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis, widow of the late Hugh Tevis, was married in Philadelphia on Wednesday to A. Hart McKee.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent de Laveaga has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The Buckingham Cafe Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar table-d'hôte dinner will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, January 15, 1905:

- Fried Eastern Oysters au Citron.
- Salted Almonds. Queen Olives.
- Cream of Asparagus. Consomme Printinaire.
- Salmon Steak en Papillotes.
- Sweetbread a la Toulouse. Macaroni au Gratin.
- Apple Fritters au Rum.
- Punch Cardinal.
- Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus. Fried Chicken, Maryland.
- French Peas Saute en Butter.
- Cauliflower en Cream. Mashed Potatoes.
- Browned Sweet Potatoes.
- Celery Mayonnaise. Crackers.
- Lemon Cream Pie. Peach Pie.
- Wine Jelly, Whipped Cream.
- Vanilla Ice Cream. Assorted Cake.
- Cafe Noir.
- Water Crackers. Nuts. Raisins.
- American Cheese. Swiss Cheese.

Notice of Removal.

Dr. A. C. Kellogg, dentist, has removed from the Phelan Building to specially fitted offices in the new Flood Building, opposite the Emporium.

Celebrated "Knox" Hats.

Winter styles. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

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712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

Public-School Festival.

A monster music festival, the primary motive of which is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the San Francisco public-school system, is to take place next May under the auspices of the teachers of the San Francisco school department.

The festival is to last one week, and is to include daily afternoon and evening concerts. Among the attractions scheduled are a children's chorus of five thousand voices, an adult chorus of one thousand voices, and several prominent Eastern soloists, the whole to be accompanied by a pipe organ and Innes's Military Band of seventy pieces—the same that made such a fine record at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893.

The numbers to be sung by the adult chorus will be notable selections from the works of the famous masters, and will include choruses from "Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," and "Lohengrin." Steps are already under way to organize the adult chorus for rehearsals. Dr. H. J. Stewart, the director, and W. C. Stadfeld, chorus manager and associate director, will personally conduct rehearsals every Friday, beginning January 13th, at eight o'clock, in the auditorium of the Girls' High School. Vocalists, either professional or amateur, are invited to become members. Those who desire to join the chorus, which is to sing only in the evenings, may address W. C. Stadfeld, room 9, 320 Sansome Street, or may attend the rehearsals at the place already specified, and there enroll themselves.

The Antique in Furniture.

The taste for furniture hallowed by the quaint charm of by-gone days is growing among cultured people of our Coast. In response to this demand the Curtis Art Parlors have secured some genuine treasures—importations, most of them, for California is too young to be rich in antiques.

The old Dutch marquetry furniture—tables, desks, chairs, and cabinets of rich mahogany; the Louis XV designs in excellent state of preservation; the Buhl antique tables and cabinets inlaid with brass and tortoise shells; the Japanese pieces characteristically Nipponesque in their carvings—these make a rich and varied collection.

Lovers of the artistic antique will be well repaid for a visit to the Curtis Art Parlors on Post Street at Union Square.

Electricity will supersede steam as the motive power of the railway running through the Richmond district and along the bay shore to the Cliff House. Work toward that end has begun, and it is expected that the change will be effected within about six weeks.

Music-halls, similar to those conducted in London, have been made successful in Paris, and the experiment is to be tried in New York.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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The management of the Luxor have made the Grill a special feature of the hotel.

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cense, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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LEAVE — MAIN LINE. — ARRIVE

7:00A	Vacaville, Windsor, Hamsey.....	7:50P
7:00A	Benicia, Elmira and Sacramento.....	7:20P
7:30A	Vallejo, Napa, Callisto, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon.....	8:20P
7:30A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	7:20P
8:00A	Shasta Express—Via Davis, Williams, Willotta, Frisco, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.....	7:50P
8:00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	7:50P
8:30A	Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	4:20P
8:30A	Port Costa, Modesto, Marysville, Fresno, Goshes Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	4:50P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton) Jones, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....	4:20P
8:30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels.....	4:20P
8:00A	Aleutic Express—Ogden and East.....	5:20P
8:30A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.....	8:50P
10:00A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis.....	8:20P
10:00A	Vallejo.....	12:20P
10:00A	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno, and Way Stations beyond Port Costa Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	7:20P
12:00A	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	3:20P
11:00P	Sacramento River Steamboat.....	11:00P
3:30P	Benicia, Windsor, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.....	10:50A
3:30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	7:50P
3:30P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno, and Way Stations beyond Port Costa Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Callisto, Santa Rosa.....	9:20A
4:00P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton.....	10:20A
4:30P	Hayward, Niles, Irwin, Los Gatos, Jose, Livermore.....	11:50A
5:00P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	8:50A
5:30P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	7:20A
8:00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	8:50A
8:00P	Eastern Express—Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno, Sparks, Montello, Ogden.....	12:50P
8:00P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.....	7:50P
7:00P	Vallejo, Sunday only.....	7:50P
7:00P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.....	11:20A
7:00P	Reno Passenger—Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Dixon, Davis, Sacramento, Sparks, Toiyah, Keeler and Way Stations.....	7:50A
8:00P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Hedding, Portland, Eugene and Roseburg.....	8:50A
8:10P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).....	11:50A

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

8:15A	Newark, Cantarville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	8:55P
12:15P	Newark, Cantarville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	11:55A
4:15P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	11:55A
8:30P	Western Train (Saturday only)—San Jose and Way Stations.....	7:25P

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

8:10A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:30P
7:00A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7:40P
8:00A	New Almaden (Tues, Frid, only).....	4:10P
8:00A	The Coaster—San Jose, Sallinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Onadalupe, Osviota, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles.....	10:30P
6:00A	Oroville, Hollister, Castroville, Moote, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc.....	10:30P
9:00A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Sallinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10P
10:30A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	1:20P
11:30A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7:00P
7:15P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:38A
8:00P	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	12:15P
13:00P	Los Gatos, Wright, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, via Santa Clara and Narrow Gauge.....	11:045A
8:30P	Vallecito, San Geronimo, Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos.....	10:45A
4:30P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:00A
15:00P	Santa Clara, San Geronimo, Burlingame, and principal Way Stations (except Sunday).....	19:00A
15:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	18:40A
5:45P	San Jose, Watsonville, San Jose, Ocho, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Delmont, El Paso, St. Louis, New Orleans, New York.....	8:10A
5:45P	Palato, Watsonville, Castroville, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove.....	10:30P
16:15P	San Mateo, Beresford, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto.....	18:49A
6:30P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:39A
8:00P	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	10:15A
11:30P	San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, and Palo Alto.....	19:45P
11:30P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose.....	19:45P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mother—"Harold, darling, where is my string of pearls?" Harold—"You mean the million-dollar ones, mamma? I lent them to the poor little girl next door to skip rope with."—*Collier's.*

"Yes," said the amateur sportsman, "I had great luck on my gunning trip to-day." "Why, you didn't bag anything?" "I know, but the last time I was out I bagged a cow."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Boarder (warmly)—"Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing?" Landlady (frigidly)—"I shouldn't be at all surprised."—*New Yorker.*

Mrs. Ootoko (reading newspaper)—"Gracious me! Mr. Murdock has been arrested. It was discovered that he had twenty wives, and all are living!" Farmer Ootoko—"O-oh! another case of Brigham-y."—*Puck.*

The portrait painter—"I'm glad to hear you admire my work, Mr. Porkham. Have you ever been done in oil?" Mr. Porkham—"Not on your life! Whenever them Standard guys float anything, your Uncle Hiram dons a cork vest and then keeps off."—*Puck.*

Miss Ascum—"Do you know, I often wonder why a ship has to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port." Mr. Dumley—"Why—er—the weight is constantly changing, you know, because of the—er—hincancies and things that accumulate on the anchor."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Just resentment: 'Young husband—"Bertha, did you ask the grocer to show you some of those seedless beans I was telling you about this morning?" 'Young wife—"Yes, and if you want your slippers warmed before you put them on you can warm them yourself, sir. I won't."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Uncle John—"So you don't like your teacher, Tommy?" Tommy (savagely)—"No, I don't. I wish he was at the bottom of the sea!" 'Uncle John—"Oh, come now, Tommy! That's too much to say." Tommy—"Well, I wish he was at the bottom of Jones's mill pond, then."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Nero was fiddling while Rome burned. "Well," he mused, "whatever the critics will have to say of my technique, they will have to admit that my playing did not lack warmth." Looking to see whether he had the insurance policies, he struck up "There's No Place Like Rome."—*New York Mail.*

"Now, try to remember," said the teacher, "that Horatius won his glory by his performance at the bridge. Always keep that thought in mind and it will help you to be brave and noble." "Huh!" sneered Johnny, "that aint nothin'. You see my pa and ma at bridge almost every night in the week."—*New York Herald.*

"Paw," asked little Johnny, "what's a compromise?" "That, my son," replied the wise father, "depends on whom it's made with. For instance, if I make a compromise with a business man, I go about half way. But if I make a compromise with your mother, why, I—er—I go all the way."—*Houston Chronicle.*

"I refuse to talk to you, sir," roared her indignant old father; "if you will come around when you are sober to ask me for my daughter I may consider the matter." "When 'm shober? Thash all right, old man, thash all right. Glad to do it. Only I never seem to want 'er when 'm shober."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

As the pedestrian passed the deserted lot seven masked men sprang out and began to pummel him unmercifully. "Help! Help!" shouted the pedestrian; "what are you trying to do to me?" "Roh you!" retorted the leader of the wicked gang. "Thank heaven! I thought you were going to give me a college initiation."—*Chicago News.*

Fill glasses high, Bourbon or rye. OLD KIRK will make us frisky. If sick or dry, Be sure to try Hotaling's famous whisky.

The man—"Dear men! can't you stop him from crying so?" The kid—"I'm afraid not. I've soaked him till me arm's tired, an' still he keeps on a-hellowin' me."—*Judge.*

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Fuddy—"They say Pinchley has money to burn." Duddy—"That's because he never burns any."—*Boston Transcript.*

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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Leave San Francisco.	In Effect Oct. 2, 1904	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun-days.	Sun-days. Week Days.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	9:10 a. m. 8:40 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
5:10 p. m.	5:00 p. m.	6:05 p. m. 6:20 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	7:35 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	9:10 a. m. 8:40 a. m.
5:10 p. m.	5:00 p. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	6:05 p. m. 6:20 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	10:40 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	7:35 p. m.

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hind him, has gained an advantage. In the background of the arena, it is possible dimly to observe the massed forces who applaud and give substantial aid to either contestant. On the one side are the vast railway interests of the country, which fear the President's plans for their regulation, and giant industrial systems, which see in his plans for tariff-revision possible reduction of their enormous profits—both of which interests, by subtle methods, contrive to impress upon the congressman, with whom they have influence, the fact that they ardently desire that the President's plans be somehow blocked. On the other side, always in the background, are the people, eager to see some legislative measure adopted which shall end for all the intolerably burdensome inequalities in railway rates, and almost equally eager to see such revision of the tariff as shall prevent manufacturers from selling goods abroad more cheaply than at home.

A graphic illustration of how solidly the railways and the big corporations are aligned against President Roosevelt and his sanely radical policies, and how unitedly the people stand in favor of those same measures, is forcibly illustrated by two items that have appeared in the daily press during the week. The one is a dispatch from New York, setting forth that "twenty-nine railway systems, comprising practically every railway in the country, are being merged into a concrete unit for the specific purpose of overcoming legislation at Washington which would throw the power of fixing rates into the hands of the Federal government." Before the danger of Federal intervention in railway affairs, individual antagonisms between systems are said, in this dispatch, to have almost disappeared. It is intimated that, as the combined powers of the railways is greater than that of any other combination of interests, this combination expects to have no difficulty in defeating those measures that the President desires enacted. The news item, illustrating how the people stand behind the President, especially in the matter of tariff-revision, is contained in the *Portland Oregonian*. This sound and progressive Republican newspaper has been at the pains to ascertain the opinions of a large number of representative men in the city of Portland. "The result," says the *Oregonian*, "shows that these opinions were almost unanimous in favor of tariff-revision as proposed by President Roosevelt." Nearly a hundred expressions of opinion from men of all classes, high and humble, are quoted by the *Oregonian*. And one note runs through them all. By one it is thus expressed: "I have not followed the tariff question closely, and could not speak of it with authority, but I have so much confidence in President Roosevelt that I am sure anything he proposes is for the good of the country; and for that reason I am in favor of revision." We do not go so far as a prominent New York newspaper, which holds that if, as under the English system, the tariff-revision and railway-regulation programmes were submitted to the people, not a million votes could be mustered against the President on those issues in the whole country. Certain it is, however, that, outside the offices of big corporations and the halls of Congress, it seems impossible to find any marked sentiment in favor of "standing pat."

If this be true, it may be inquired: "How is it that Congress resists so imperative a mandate of the people? One would suppose that Congress would fall in promptly with the current political desires." The reply is, of course, that subtle, unseen, and powerful influences operate to prevent action. In the district of almost every individual congressman, there is probably some important industry, a tariff beneficiary, to which the representative is under substantial obligations, and which emphatically lets him know that any tariff legislation whatsoever meets with their com-

plete disapproval. Another thing: the most powerful personage in Washington, except the President, is Speaker Cannon. He is against revision. He will be reelected Speaker of the new Congress. It is more important to a young and aspiring representative to be in his good graces than to be in favor with the President. It has, doubtless, occurred to many a congressman that if he expects to get good appointments on important committees at the hands of Speaker Cannon, he had better side in with the "stand-patters." Congressman Needham was won over on those grounds, precisely. Besides, it is really rather too much for the average congressional brain to understand why, after stumping his district and making speeches in favor of letting the tariff alone, and being gloriously elected, he should come to Washington and start in on a campaign for revision.

The truth of the whole matter is, the political situation is anomalous. We are forced to the conclusion, at length arrived at by the *Sun*, that "Mr. Roosevelt's election was a great Democratic disaster and a great Roosevelt victory, but not a great Republican victory." There is, undeniably, more sympathy of political aspiration between the progressive faction of the Republican party which stands behind the President, and the progressive faction of the Democratic party which bolted Parker, because of his Wall Street affiliations, than there is between Roosevelt Republicans and some of the ultra-"stand-patters." Why, the *Chronicle* of this city is to-day not nearly so closely in sympathy with the President's plans for the regulation of railways as is its Democratic rival, Mr. Hearst's *Examiner*; while in the matter of tariff-revision the Republican *Chronicle* and our Republican President are as far apart as the poles. That journal had even the consummate nerve to tell its intelligent readers, the other day, that it was "not likely" that the views of the President and Congress on tariff-revision differed. "At any rate," said this festive and jocund journal, "the matter is settled." Settled!—great guns, the fight is only just begun. "An absolute fake" is what the New York *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent called the wide-spread report, at the end of last week, that "the tariff-revision flag had been hauled down from the staff of the White House." It will not be hauled down. The President has put his hand to the plow. He will not look back. An extra session may come in the spring. Or it may come in the fall. Time and method are matters of detail. The big facts that count are that the people have absolute confidence in Theodore Roosevelt; that where he leads, they will follow; that no Congress, no individual, no corporation, no railway, no combination of railways, can successfully antagonize the President, backed by the seven million and a half voters who cast their ballots for him last November.

For almost a century the books of the harbormaster at Honolulu have borne various entries about islands, reported by whalers in that part of the Pacific Ocean lying between the meridians of 133 and 138 degrees of longitude west, and the fifteenth and twentieth parallels of latitude north, almost directly in the line between Hilo and Panama. But from 1827, to the cruise of the United States steamship *Tacoma* last fall, there has been no authoritative confirmation of the reports made as late as one in March, 1902, by Captain Lawless, of the *Australia*, then running to Tahiti. The islands in this mid-ocean and most remote tract, still are fabulous, charted only in the faintest of characters, and marked with a "?" following the date it was reported and inscribed in some logbook. Yet, the evidence there are islands in this region, or, as Professor Geor-

is greatly stirring to the political observer to watch the tremendous struggle now taking place between Theodore Roosevelt and the Congress of the United States. It is a titanic struggle full of dramatic incident and surprising developments. One day it appears that the President has got the upper hand, the next that Speaker Cannon, with his congressional cohorts be-

Davidson, of the University of California, has put it, "some danger to navigation," is held by many to be so strong that, all adverse reports to the contrary, it is still believed that somewhere within the two hundred miles square of the doubtful region there lie islands, and that on these hearded men, forty years given up for lost, still move, and peer out to the brimming sea-line for a glimpse of the sail that has never whitened.

In the *National Geographical Magazine*, Mr. James D. Hague, who has always been interested in the oceanography of this doubtful region and its shadowy isles, has written a short history of the information gathered within a century by seafarers of all nations, regarding New Island and Rock Coral and Bunker Island, as the disputed bits of land are called. Mr. Hague also lays special stress on the possibility that the United States sloop-of-war *Levant*, which left Hilo, Hawaii, September 18, 1860—never to be heard of again—may have struck either some reef or gone ashore on some surf-fringed island in this tract, which lay directly in her path to Panama. Philip Nolan, the "Man Without a Country," he fancies, might still pace some strand, watching the horizon for the sail which would tell him that the world still hummed.

But few vessels have ever had occasion to traverse the tract in which these reported islands lie. Until a very few years ago, the whalers were the only craft, aside from specially dispatched warships, to cross the area. The earliest of these special exploring expeditions was that of H. M. S. *Blossom*, in 1827, under command of Captain F. W. Beachy, whose short search was unsuccessful. Ten years later H. M. S.'s *Sulphur* and *Starling*, made another futile search. In 1839, the United States ship *Kelief* crossed this doubtful sea on her way from Callao to Oahu, but she, too, found no land. Then, in 1899, the Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* made a short examination of some reported positions, but found no proof of the old whalers' discoveries. Last of all, the *Tacoma* left San Francisco last fall and looked once more for these long-lost spots of land.

Mr. Hague points out that all the expeditions, however, have touched, in their sum, hardly a third part of the sea included within the limits of the discoveries. The other two-thirds, large as the State of Maine, no explorers have traversed, and no investigating eye has scanned. In this locked sea, it is maintained, the ships that never came to port may lie bleaching, and the survivors of their crews may still crawl feebly to slight and wind-swept eminences to look for a sail. Here, with the last of the husky-voiced seamen of the *Levant*, may be the captain of the *James Campbell*, with his wife and daughter, and some of his crew, for that ship was abandoned a few years ago near twenty degrees north and one hundred and twenty west in a smooth sea, and while a smaller boat safely made Hilo in twenty-three days, the better boat, spite of perfect weather and fair winds, has never been heard of since. It is surmised that the captain may have sighted one of the islands, so often reported, and preferred its isolation to the risk of further voyaging with a wife and child in an open boat.

Probably it will not be long before the government sends another expedition to these waters, with instructions to explore every fathom of this isle-haunted sea. Sentiment, passionate desire to be the sail so yearlong hungered for by castaways, has little effect in these days of steam. But commerce demands safe passage, and trade with the South Seas must be rendered sure and speedy by the elimination of every menace to navigation. The considerations of hard cash will sooner or later define the borders and headlands and positions of these doubtful islands, or else brush them forever off the cargo steamer's chart and relegate them to the dim obscurity of a tale in the night watch.

There is grave dissatisfaction, both in the Transvaal and in England, over the workings of the coolie-importation act, by which the South African mine-owners are filling up their properties with cheap labor. The Transvaal is complaining bitterly that in every employment it is "No whites need apply," and the people at home are shocked by what purport to be revelations of duplicity in the contracts approved by the government.

The London *Chronicle* sets forth the situation by quoting the letter of a British workman, who writes from Johannesburg, telling of poverty, consequent municipal relief boards, and wide-spread dissatisfaction, because the Chinese has taken every profitable employment to himself. This workman characterizes the situation now and before the war, in the phrase of a Boer: "The past: Krüger, cash and comfort. The present: Milner, mine owner, and misery." He calls attention to instances where the avowed purpose of the newcomer, with capital, is simply to exploit the country and then leave it for other lands. This corre-

spondent also asserts that public opinion is strongly against the great influx of Chinese, not only on account of the trade conditions they instantly establish, but also because of their racial ways.

Another view of the question is an article by the Rev. Arnold Foster, of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Foster is in Central China, and the English papers lay great stress on his authority. He states that, when the convention was signed with China sanctioning the exportation of coolies to the Transvaal, all reference to any particular colony had been dropped out, and the convention stands, allowing such exportation to any part of the British Empire. The contracts themselves, Mr. Foster maintains, are beyond the comprehension of a Chinese laborer; are misleading, even when understood; and have resulted in the absolute abrogation of the very provisions which made the English people swallow the measure so earnestly desired by the mine-owners.

The sympathy of the American will be with the hungry workman, who sees his bread turn to crumbs and his butter vanish utterly in competition with rice-fed yellow coolies. It will be only partially with the hordes of deceived Chinese. The workingman, who has had to fight against the commercial taint of the coolie slave, will feel brotherly towards the Transvaal white man, Boer or British, whose struggle for livelihood in a disorganized country must be doubly hard because a government, blinded to the eternal fact that free labor can not compete with slave, has thrust him also up against the problems of race enmity and antagonism. South Africa will have hard times to come, unless all signs fail. The Pacific Coast has had enough of the Chinese, and we are like to get enough of the Japanese. But, at least, the government has not put a bounty on the importation of coolies. And we have no vast army of unemployed, either, as London has, and would like to ship to profitable fields. England is paying out in charity at home another pound for every pound she has put in the pockets of the Randlords.

A curious item, with a Chicago date-line, was printed in our daily papers the other day. It set forth that a new newspaper had come into being in the Windy City—one "not having to do with murders or similar crimes," but to contain "only the news worth remembering."

"Only the news worth remembering!"—surely a laudable purpose has this editor, but what is the news "worth remembering"? In his opinion, evidently not "murders and similar crimes," for the dispatch tells us that these are to be excluded from the new newspaper. Apparently serious things, then—sober, good, serious matters. But alas! alas!—these are the things that, from the beginning of the world, the world has been forgetting. Murders and similar crimes—these are the things that from the beginning the world has remembered.

"... let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd."

So wrote the Poet, and so, from the beginning, has the world been occupied—telling over and over stories of kings deposed, kings slain, kings by queens poisoned—murdered all. Who is it the world remembers best—what women, say? Not the noble—not the good. In all profane history, what name stands beside that of fair and faithless Helen? Calypso, wanton, who lured Ulysses by her beauty, is more alive to us than pure Penelope. The name of Jezebel rings more familiar in our ears than that of Lucrece. Delilah, Phryne, Cleopatra—who forgets these names of wanton women? How the memory of fierce Semiramis flames down the centuries! What is the theme of all poets, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, save murder and incest? "Hamlet" is the story of murders; "Othello" is the story of murder; in "Macbeth," upon murder murder is heaped. What good kings of Scotland can you name?—yet, who so dead as not to thrill at mention of Queen Mary's name? "Happy is the country whose history is short," runs the old saw, and all it means is that of the land where no kings are foully slain, where no martyrs are burned, where no bloody conqueror razes cities and devastates the plains—of that land naught is remembered; nothing history records; it is forgotten. After all, an interest in commerce and science, tariff schedules and rates of taxation, is an acquired interest. This is all mere machinery. It is all extrinsic, exterior, non-vital. While the machinery of the world whirs and rattles, you may gaze at it curiously. But time speeds, and when the thing is past, it is forgotten. Perchance, in two thousand years, the great city where this man would now establish a current record of things "worth remembering," excluding therefrom

stories of "murders and similar crimes"—perchance this city will be remembered only because there once lived therein some frail terrible woman, even as Troy is only remembered because on its ramparts walked the Argive Helen.

The two Republican daily newspapers in California of the greatest circulation, and doubtless, also, of the greatest influence, are the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the Los Angeles *Times*. One of the most influential newspapers in the United States is the New York *Sun*. We print below a part of the comment, of both the *Chronicle* and the *Times*, upon the election to the United States Senate of Frank P. Flint, and the news item announcing the fact of his election in the *Sun*.

The *Chronicle*:

As "prearranged," Frank P. Flint has been elected United States senator, and the people of California should be deeply grateful to the "organization" that it has given us a senator of ability against whom nothing can be brought except the character of some of his supporters. The work has been done neatly, and, happily, without open scandal. Mr. Flint's connection with public measures has not hitherto been so conspicuous as to attract general attention or to assure an election so promptly without the hoisting of some unseen hand, but there is no reason why he should not develop into a senator of national reputation.

The *Times*:

The election of Mr. Flint is a fact accomplished, and while opinions may properly differ as to the quality of "senatorial timber" which he supplies, he will go into the office with the best wishes of all for his success. Mr. Flint is an amiable fellow, with a clean character, pleasing manners, and a large circle of friends. All this is conceded. It remains to be seen how he will measure up in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Flint, so far as senatorial qualifications go, is an unknown quantity. It is notoriously and unfortunately true that the influences which brought about the election of Mr. Flint were not, by any means, the best in the life and the politics of California. Because the best influences did not prevail in the contest is a source of genuine regret on the part of thousands of citizens of the State, whose aspirations are for her true greatness and glory.

The *Sun*:

When Flint secured forty-two votes on the first ballot in the caucus, experts regarded his election as sure, especially as it was given out last night that nineteen votes from San Francisco, controlled by Boss Kueli, would be thrown to Flint in a body. To-day the other candidates withdrew, and only one joint ballot was taken. Flint is regarded with favor by Southern Pacific Company and Standard Oil interests. He has been prominent for years in Los Angeles, having been appointed United States District Attorney for the Southern District of California in 1897. He served out the term, and when Bard was chosen senator, Flint was his conspicuous opponent.

Our trade with China and Japan is increasing steadily and rapidly. Imports into this country from China, Japan, Corea, and Siberia, during the first nine months of 1904, were of the value of \$65,389,023, while the same period in 1903 showed, by the official figures, \$60,375,925, and in 1902, \$49,540,259. During 1904 the increase of imports from China over the previous year was valued at over three millions and a half. Japan is the greatest contributor to the total, however, though, of course, this is partly to be explained by the necessity of the war. It has been noted by custom officials at this port that more goods have been landed here during the past three months than ever before during a like period; the reason being the effort of Japan to balance her huge purchases of grain and munitions of war by sale of her own products.

The other side of the balance-sheet is equally fair looking. Our exports to the Orient, in the first nine months of 1904, amounted in value to \$56,448,225; in 1903, for the same time, the total was \$44,807,336, and in 1902, \$47,663,031. In the latter year China was our chief buyer, but since that time Japan has stepped ahead. This, however, is really no sign, as our trade with China is confessedly only in its infancy as yet while Japan has possibly outrun any trade she might normally be able to maintain. San Francisco's share of the Chinese trade for the first eleven months of 1904 was \$7,847,873—a third of the total.

That was a rather dramatic scene in the United States Senate when Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, rose to defend himself against the charge of fraudulent practices which the Oregon grand jury has laid against him. It is not often that senators listen with the attention they gave to their accused colleague, and it is not often that a United States senator breaks down and sobs and wipes the tears from his eyes in the midst of a speech. Senator Mitchell denied, in the most unqualified terms, that he was guilty of the charges that have been brought against him. We hope that he will be able to prove them untrue. Within a brief space of time three United States senators—Dietrich, Burton, and Mitchell—have been indicted for crimina-

TROUBLE OVER
CHINESE
IN TRANSVAAL.

and in England, over the workings of the coolie-importation act, by which the South African mine-owners are filling up their properties with cheap labor. The Transvaal is complaining bitterly that in every employment it is "No whites need apply," and the people at home are shocked by what purport to be revelations of duplicity in the contracts approved by the government.

SOBS
IN THE
SENATE.

offenses. It is a hitherto unprecedented occurrence. It lowers the prestige of the Senate in the eyes of the world. It is greatly to be regretted.

Baltimore and Tokio are some little distance apart, but there is a sweet and pleasing similarity between these two social items which we should, of course, place conspicuously upon our "Society Page." did we not desire to give them still greater and more honorable prominence. The first is condensed from the Baltimore Sun; the second is from the Kobe Chronicle:

Hydesaahuro Ohashi, a Japanese, now a resident of New York, was married this evening at Grace Protestant Episcopal church to Miss Mabel D. McGerry, of Chicago. Rev. Arthur Hilton Powell, rector of the church, officiated.

The wedding of Miss Hana E. Aoki, daughter of Viscount Aoki, privy councillor, to Count Hatzfeldt, attaché to the German legation, took place on the morning of the 19th inst., at the Roman Catholic Church, Tsukiji, Tokio. At noon on the same day, a reception at the viscount's residence was held, and was attended by the elder statesmen, ministers of state, privy councillors, diplomats, and some of the leading business-men, about four hundred in all.

Charmed, we assure you!

The London Daily Chronicle recently discovered in a "Vanity Fair" paragraph in the Argonaut fit matter for amused reflection on the fallibility of American journals when it comes to keeping straight the mixed relationships of British and Continental royal families. The Chronicle seems to know what it is talking about, and we fear that it is right. However, the profound depression into which we were naturally plunged at being corrected by a British journal was somewhat lightened when we turned a page and our eyes fell upon this heading in the Chronicle's columns: "Convicts Revolt. Desperate Outbreak at an American Prison. Eight Killed." "Eight killed," quoth we, noting that the account was of the late break at Folsom prison, "eight killed—that is five too many," and mentally contrasting the relative heinousness of fixing up a royal family and of causing the journalistic destruction of four convicts and one innocent war-n, quite happily we turned the leaf.

California has a considerable interest in the Statehood bill now before Congress. If the final solution of the struggle between the various interests concerned should be the election of four new States—Oklahoma, Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona—the West would have eight new senators and a number of new congressmen. The creation of these States would therefore strengthen the influence of the entire West, including California, at Washington. As it is now, the voice of the West scarcely makes itself heard. The geographical position of Washington close to the Atlantic seaboard, within a few hours by rail of New York City, makes the influence of the East, especially through the powerful metropolitan press, disproportionately large. Western congressmen are imperceptibly influenced by constant perusal of Eastern newspapers to take the Eastern view of National problems. Thus it happens that in such matters as appropriations it is exceedingly difficult for a State like California to get anything like proper share. The increase of Western representation in Congress will help along these lines. It is also, without doubt, that, if Arizona and New Mexico are admitted as States, their senators and representatives would be of considerable assistance in keeping up barriers against Chinese, and perhaps in erecting barriers against the Japanese. It is true that, thanks to the keen interest in Western matters of President Roosevelt, the West secured the passage of the extremely important irrigation act. Since its passage however, there have come rumors of discontent from agricultural districts of the South and the East, where they want to know why the West should be helped by the government to attain, through irrigation, such agricultural productiveness as to make hard bidding for the Eastern and Southern farmer. There have even been hints of an attempt to repeal the irrigation law. All these considerations should be kept in mind by California's representatives at Washington.

The contest over the recession of the Yosemite Valley to the National government is one between sense and sentimentality. On the side of those who favor recession are all the good reasons. The opponents of recession nothing but a lot of hysterical sentimentalists, inspired by pseudo-patriotism. The Examiner has very artfully and artfully appealed to State pride, but when specious arguments are sifted nothing remains but sentimental chaff. The administration of the Yosemite

affairs by California has been disgracefully slovenly. In forty years, the legislature has spent only \$500,000 on the valley, while during two years the Federal government has spent nearly that sum on Yellowstone Park. There is no probability of the legislature being able to give the valley greater financial support in the future if the recession measure should fail. By returning the valley to the government California will rid herself of burdensome taxes; the valley and its surrounding forested lands will then be under a single authority; in place of untrained and ill-advised commissioners, the valley will have the attention of the able and well-equipped foresters of the National government; it will have a hotel that will attract visitors instead of repelling them as now; the visitor will not be irritated by encounter with farmers turning the floor of the valley into prosaic fields as under the present régime; neither will he be annoyed by bad roads and by having to pay toll over roads that the State is too poor to acquire. In brief, there is every reason for recession and none against it. Mr. Colby, of the Sierra Club, says that thirty-eight out of forty newspapers the State over, from which he has received clippings relating to the matter, favor recession. John Muir favors it, so do Dr. Jordan, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the State Board of Trade, the California Club, the Sierra Club, and other men and organizations of weight. Probably the measure will be passed by the legislature, but there ought to be no doubt about it. There would have been not the slightest had not the Examiner started to round up all the hysterical sentimentalists in the State with its appeal to false State pride. It is a disgusting exhibition of the power of the Yellow Press.

All good citizens rejoice at the conviction of Charles Wyman for fraudulent voting at the primaries of the last election. In view of the great prominence given, by some of the dailies, to the accounts of the progress of the case, and the startling headlines used to announce its successful termination, it may not be amiss to remark however, that one swallow does not make a summer, and that the conviction of one fraudulent voter is no proof of great and wide-spread corruption. It is sincerely to be hoped that no technicalities will let Wyman escape. If he does escape, it will be another striking evidence of the crying need for restriction of the right of appeal in criminal cases.

The Sacramento Bee makes against the Argonaut a very serious charge. It is a charge seldom made either by men or by journals of character and standing against any person or any newspaper unless fully and completely warranted by indubitable fact, and then only after serious consideration. The charge that the Bee makes is that, when the Argonaut intimated, as it certainly did, on January 9th, that the Bee, in this controversy, had misrepresented its position and misquoted its statements, the Argonaut was guilty of falsehood—in plain words, that it lied.

As we say, this is a very serious charge, and we shall demand of the Bee that it shall present facts to warrant it. We shall select from the Bee's columns only a single example of misrepresentation, but we shall ask of the Bee a direct and unvasive answer to our question.

The Bee has said—we quote its exact words—"that this paper [the Bee] in no way misrepresented that weekly [the Argonaut]."

In an editorial in the Bee headed: "And Still that Question Concerning 'a Gentleman,'" at the beginning of the second paragraph, the Bee says:

The Argonaut declared that Dickens never drew a "gentleman," but that Thackeray was an artist in that line.

Here are two direct statements: (1) that the Argonaut asserted that Dickens never drew a "gentleman," and (2) that the Argonaut asserted that Thackeray was an artist in that line.

We ask of the Bee just one thing: that it quote the passage or passages in which these statements were made, specifying the date of the number of the Argonaut in which they are contained.

In order that the Bee may have full and complete information in the premises, we have mailed it to-day a copy of every number of the Argonaut which contains editorials relating to this controversy.

As will be seen from the annexed paragraphs there are to-day two principal sources of danger to the Chinese Exclusion Act—the South and Hawaii. As representing the sentiment of some people in the South, we quote the following letter written by W. W. Willis, of Clinton, La., to the New York Tribune:

SIR: I am amazed, when I see the universal lack of la-

borers in all parts of the country needed to do the work on farms, in factories, mines, etc., to think the Chinese Exclusion Act is still a law, and so faithfully and vigorously enforced. Must the whole country be dominated by the Sand Lots gentry of San Francisco for all time? Immigrants of a very much less desirable quality are admitted wholesale. If the Sand Lots gentry of the Pacific Coast can't bear the Chinamen, let them land at New Orleans, where I am sure they would receive a hearty welcome. Labor is the only thing that produces wealth; then why shut out this most valuable race, while admitting those infinitely less desirable? The Chinamen throughout this State are all good citizens and good workers. Oh, that we had ten times as many of them!

The degree of danger there is from the direction of Hawaii may be inferred from the following paragraph from the Washington correspondence of the New York Evening Post:

The proposal to admit Chinese immigrants to Hawaii, which was agitated in Washington last winter and finally reached a stage where the friends of the scheme felt justified in drafting a bill, has been drawn again to the attention of Congress. The recommendations of G. R. Carter, governor of the Territory, urging the amendment of the present exclusion law so as to permit the utilization of Chinamen as laborers in the cane fields, have caused some discussion. Governor Carter declares that the natives will not work in the fields, and the Americans can not, hence the preservation of the sugar and rice industries is seriously threatened by the prohibition of the importation of coolies.

THE DECEMBER GLOOM OF JAPAN.

Now Realizes What War Is—Trade in "Bones" is Booming—Afraid to Drop Their Toy—Bleeding to Death From Victory."

How different the Japan of to-day is from the Japan of four months ago! Then bonzai processions were the ordre du jour, and whenever the extras were distributed under the clanging of bells, great commotion prevailed, happy people thronged the streets, and witnessed, to the accompaniment of bands and amid gorgeous fireworks, the gaudily bedecked paraders marching through the streets! Sakô was drunk in quantities, and hat-bands wanted stretching. The people were as happy as children with a new toy that gives them satisfaction—only that the plaything in this instance was rather dangerous. But who cared then? And even now, how many, or what percentage of the population at large, realized, and are realizing, the Herculean task undertaken by their government?

The appalling truth is dawning upon them. Each letter from the front, and every wounded soldier returning for convalescence, brings it home to them. At Nagasaki—and I hear everywhere else in Japan—on the emperor's birthday, everything was remarkably quiet. It was surely expected that the investing army would present his most virtuous majesty with the news of the many times expected, and always prorogued, fall of Port Arthur. But when even the next day, and the second day after, brought no such good tidings, but instead, more details of the awful carnage going on, of desperate assaults desperately repulsed, the flags and bunting were taken in again, and the torii and poles are still awaiting—now for months awaiting—the day when they will be decorated in celebration of that event. Alas for Japan—Port Arthur has not yet fallen; but thousands upon thousands of her élite troops have, in wasteful assaults, lost their lives, and the trade in "bones" is booming.

I put "bones" in quotation marks—but this is really a mistake. The Japanese bury their dead in the native soil, if only a bone—mostly a small finger-bone will do—is available; and as no one can identify any particular bone as belonging to any particular relative or friend, the doors are wide open for a lucrative trade, and the unscrupulous Japanese dealer is not bashful in asking prices. Over ten thousand small bones were held ready at the Battle of Liao Yang for forwarding these remains to the sorrowing relatives. "Les affaires sont les affaires!"

When recently the reports of the capture of the 203-Metre hill—also greatly exaggerated as to its importance—and of the annihilation of the remaining Russian ships at Port Arthur came in, there was not noticeable any particular rejoicing. Four months ago, there was more fuss made about blowing up a destroyer than now with a few battle-ships and cruisers hors de combat, if all the reports given us here can be relied upon. All these things go far to show where the wind blows from, and while the people seem just as ready for all the self-sacrifice demanded of them as they ever were, and willing to support their government to the utmost, still, to come back to my homely parable, I wonder very much whether they would keep on playing with their toy if they were not afraid to drop it.

Is there an equivalent in English for sich todsgen? Using a circumlocution, "bleeding to death from victories" comes pretty near to it, and is pretty nearly what Japan is doing now. Her best troops are decimated, and the reserves sent out now are either strappings, or men thirty-eight to forty years old. Russia, on the other hand, is now getting out soldiers—some of her best European troops—and to judge from letters sent from the front by Japanese soldiers, who fought during the whole campaign, these are quite different from the first ones they had to fight.

KOBE, JAPAN, December 22, 1904. R. E. H.

ITS SECOND BAPTISM OF BLOOD.

How Love for the Singer Made Work for the Sword.

The girl was quite alone. She had sat for a long time in the deep *Lehnstuhl* and gazed out of the quaint little window at the children playing in the plaza below. From the campanile of the Greek church opposite, the bell had called the little colony of Pacific Street to church: all save the children who were indifferent to the maledictions of the prelate.

To-day the bell sounded panicky; seeming to fulminate a protest to the little garish world of Pacific Street. The girl hated San Francisco, she felt alien to the strange faces of the city; but most of all she dreaded the big German with his truculent and introspective manners, his insistent and overbearing personality, his love of the little Germany that had so quietly crept into her own life and filled her with a strange dread that she could not define.

For full twenty minutes she waited in the little room and watched the children in the plaza. Then a door opened at her right, and the big German shuffled into the room.

"Goot morning; we hef lost ein half hour, hey?"

He seemed a great insensate fellow; his wife was a little, shriveled woman of thirty, peevish, prying, and execrating. Often she would steal into the room during the lesson and, half-hid behind the curtain, listen to the girl's singing, growing grave when some echo of a master was struck, and tittering mockingly when the trilling voice passed beyond its scope and fell into its awful falsetto. Then the big German would stop playing on the instant and turn upon her, his thick voice rancous, his wicked eyes ablaze with indignation, his red face screwed into a rabid expression as though the screeching of saws had come to his delicate ears.

Beneath his ravings the girl shrank, nervous and afraid. The big German towered above her, a giant bearing down upon her small and frail stature. Behind the piano there hung an old engraving of Schumann, and on this the girl would always fix her eyes when the master hurled his calumny and vociferations upon her. Always afterwards, when she saw a picture of the great composer, she saw in fancy the big German towering above her and heard his railings, because her poor voice had failed to reach the perfect high note; and each time the thought of the big German came to her she saw the engraving of Schumann, while the upbraodings rang with sinister note in her ears. The two ideas were inseparable.

The odors, too, of *der melancholisch Kaffee* never left her; and often in the night, when she thought she heard the thundering voice of the big German in her dreams, she would sit up in bed as though dazed, while the smell of the fuming black *Kaffee* and the odors of stale beer would rush in upon her—the sounds and smells of her little Germany.

Often the big German would keep her waiting before the lesson; and after a time she became intrepid and turned to a scrutiny of the strange pewter plates on the sideboard, and the occult carvings of the commode. Often, too, she had wondered at the foil and mask above the mantel. Once, when the German came in upon her, he found her in the middle of the room gazing steadily at them.

The German smiled not incongenially at this. She should know of his valor, of the romances of his student days.

"Mein leedle friend, you see the foil and der mask, hey? Those are not for leedle girls. Long years past I fought mit dem, long ago at ol' Kiel, und long ago at Leipsic." He reached up and took from their places on the wall the foil and mask. He put the mask on, striking terror to the heart of the girl with his hideousness, while with the foil he began to make strange passes in the air. His big eyes shone wickedly behind the rusted bars. He drew back, he feinted, he plunged forward with lightning-like swiftness. Quickly and gracefully he moved back again for a second plunge at the imaginary enemy, his foil parrying the blade that he seemed to see meeting his own. The girl watched him, her eyes appearing to follow every movement, her small mouth opened in amazement. She had fallen back safely into a corner, half behind the curtain. Suddenly the German stopped, laid the foil on the commode and threw the mask to the floor.

"How ist dot, hey? Yust like ol' Kiel, hey?"

The girl did not speak. The big German was laughing, his mind gone back to the long ago. This was his idea of heroism, then. The girl failed to grasp the cryptic force of his meaning. Then from a closet he brought forth an ornamented sheath, and from it drew a long, shining sword, its edge whetted to razor sharpness. "Dis ist der sword dot I used at Kiel. Ach! und just to think how it went into Herr Haufmann's heart! He it was who gafe me der inzult; he inzulted mein vife, und by Gott! I killed him mit der sword. Mein Gott, how he bled; all fur mein fran. You see dot scar on mein forehead, hey? You see dot scar? Dot ist where he struck me—der dam spitzbnbe, at ol' Kiel, hey! But I killt him; by dam I killt him! Hey?" His voice had risen to a high treble; it echoed weirdly in the little room. He was a powerful fellow, insensate, enormous, aggressive.

To his full height he had drawn himself, his hair long and deep black, his forehead scarred hideously, his great eyes flaming wickedly. Behind him stood his little peevish wife, half in the doorway where she

had reveled secretly in the telling of her husband's romance, the admiring frau of the big insensate German who had killed Haufmann. She stood in the half light, her little slits of eyes sparkling gleefully, her whole being crying out, "Isn't he fine, though? Mein Gott, isn't he a grand fellow!"

When he threw back the lid of the piano and struck a note in G, the big German was alive, and again the wonderful master. The girl's voice followed the notes, her voice running easily along the scale, up and down, racing in time to the quick notes; now almost reaching the high note in G, then racing back again, blending perfectly, and in a moment going back once more, each time a half-note higher. When the time came for her to reach G she flatted, falling a half-note too low. Again she raced back along the scale, to try the same list of notes until she should reach high G. The big German at the piano ran his nimble fingers over the keys like lightning; the girl's voice ran on and on, higher and higher at each repetition of the scale, now reaching a perfect F, now a half-note higher, then to reach G! The voice again passed beyond its scope and fell into the screeching falsetto. Like a flash the big German turned upon her.

"Nein, nein; ach dam! Drei times you hef done dot."

The girl shrank beneath the thunder of that voice, the voice that arose in fierce objurgations.

Again she tried to reach that high note, perfect and round to the German's ear. Her voice sped along with the notes, now rising, now falling, cleverly coming to the perfect combination under the nimble fingers that should make the perfect note. Now F, now the F sharp, then to reach G! The notes came round, swelling full and perfect, alive with rich tone-color and inflection, but high G she flatted again.

"Ach dam; I to! you der way! Now vonce more."

He ran down the scale again, his fingers racing over the keys; and the girl, her throat tired and dry, followed him. It was a furious pace, but she dare not object. The race had been learned weeks ago. The German was like some great tyrant; some grim and cruel man she had once read about: a man who had compelled a girl like herself to perfect a discord. The other master was very cruel; he would hit the other girl over the poor knuckles with his hard baton until she would cry at the sight of the blood he drew. The other man would fly into a passion when her voice fell—but the girl belonged to that German.

Her own German master was more tolerant; but how he did swear at her! When at last the note in high G had been perfected, the German would utter a guttural sound of appreciation and let her stop. He was always so persistent, execrating, and inexorable. Before closing the lid of the piano his own voice would rattle on in some old song of the Rhine, and end up with two lines that he never sang without causing the girl to shudder:

"Sterben, ach sterben
Soll ich allein."

In its incipency the song had been gay and light-hearted; in the last two lines it had become grave, and foreboding in its echo. For days afterward those words would ring in the girl's ears:

"Sterben, ach sterben
Soll ich allein."

One day the German offered her some of the stale beer, but she had drawn away from the fuming stein in horror. Then he had leaned toward her, as she lay back in the *Lehnstuhl*, and whispered to her again the story of the scarred forehead and the killing of Haufmann. The girl tried not to hear what he was saying; she studied the picture of Schumann with a desperate fixity; then her eyes wandered to the dusty bronze of Beethoven, to the "Klopstock" and the "Immensee" on the book-shelf, to the foil and mask on the wall.

The door was closed that led into the sitting-room. The German's wife was somewhere in the back of the house.

"And all for your wife; for dear Mrs. Dorfheim," commented the girl, as her eyes ran now to the greenward of the plaza, now to the campanile of the silent Greek church that was bathed in the last rays of the sunset.

"Ach, die vife; nein! Fur dich, fur dich. Aber die vife, nein, by dam, nein!" The great voice was longing to break into its accustomed rancorous wail, the outcry that had so often penetrated and flagellated the very soul of the girl.

"Fur dich!" What did he mean?

"Fur dich, mein leedle friend, fur dich!"

For her? The girl laughed hysterically. She arose to go but the German restrained her.

"You say I kann nicht? You shall see. When she ist nicht here, then you shall see. Then you can be mein leedle girl, when she ist nicht here. You shall see; you shall see some-day. Und sooch a voice, sooch a voice!" The chin went up into the air, high as did hers when she struggled to reach that high note in G.

"When she ist nicht here!" What did he mean?

Then suddenly he moved toward her, and before she could resist he had caught her in his tremendous grip and crushed her frail little body in his great hairy arms. By his sudden movement the sharp, shining sword had been knocked to the ground where it rang like the clang of armor, sinister, threatening, foreboding—the great sword that had killed Herr Haufmann.

Once in his powerful arms she saw nothing; her

face was pressed against his coat, smeared with beer-stains, and all she heard was the vibrant voice of the big German, powerful and dominant: "Ich liebe dich! I liebe dich!"

For many weeks the girl had not dared to venture near the little Germany of Pacific Street. Her mother had never supposed but what she took the lesson regularly each week under the great German master. Then one day a reaction came over the girl, and she returned to the house near the plaza.

Timidly she knocked at the door. Then she knocked again louder, and rang the bell. She waited, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. She opened the door and peered in. Everything was silent; a pall as of death had settled over the house.

From the kitchen came the odor of the stale beer and the strong cheese, mingled with the smell of the *melancholisch Kaffee*, pungent and sickening. The long hallway was dark and dingy. Without closing the door she glided in.

Evidently there was no one in the house. In the large back room the piano was still there, closed. The foil and mask hung on the wall, and the dust had settled thicker on the bust of Beethoven. It was the same little Germany that she had fled from many weeks before. A strange sensation came over the girl. She felt that something was wrong. Everything was so still. What would the big German say when he came back and found her there?

The door of the bedroom was open and the girl approached it. She peered inside. Then she drew back in a paroxysm of horror, and shut her eyes. There was something there that frightened her. Something was wrong.

She looked again. There on the bed lay the big German's little wife—silent, upon a red spread. O! was it blood? The girl threw the door open and stepped into the room. Something lay at her feet. It was the big German's long, sharp sword—sinister threatening, its blade crimson—the sword that had killed Haufmann.

The steel had severed the little woman's head almost from her body. It hung back, the cut like a great chasm in her neck. The mouth was open, the half-closed eyelids veiling the eyes, dull and staring.

The girl wrung her hands and rushed from the room. In the doorway she tripped over the sword. Then for an instant she halted. The sound of foot steps came to her from the rear of the house. She turned; through the screen door she saw the form of the big German coming up the stairs onto the porch—he was the same great master, ponderous, enormous, aggressive; his ears red, his long black hair hanging over his forehead and curling back behind the ear. He was coming back for her.

With a cry the girl fled down the hallway, out the front door, and into the warm sunshine of Pacific Street. Away from the uncanny house she flew. Across the street the Greek church loomed like a great, cooling, insensate thing before her. She hurried past and into the plaza where the little children were playing in the warm sunshine, where the palms and the grass thrilled her with their freshness, and where the green hedges hid her forever from the sight of the little Germany.

DENISON HALLEY CLIFT.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1905.

THE LAST TREK.

[The following remarkable poem we find in the Capetown (South Africa) Times. It was written on the occasion of the interment of Oom Paul Kruger, and illustrates the changed feeling on the part of the British toward the dead Boer leader, besides having poetic qualities of a high order. We think it has not been printed in any American journal:]

Who comes, to soch of slow-breathed guns borne past
In solemn pageant? This is he that threw
Challenge to England. From the veldt he drew
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause, aghast,
Before the bastions vast
And infinite redoubts of the Karoo.

"Pass, friend!" who living were so stout a foe,
Unquelled, unwon. Not uncommiserate
The British sentry at Van Riebeck's gate
Salutes you, and as once three years ago
The crowd moves hushed and slow,
And silence holds the city desolate.

The last long trek begins. Now something thrills
Our English hearts, that, unconfessed and dim,
Drew Dutch hearts north, that April day, with him
Whose grave is hewn in the eternal hills.
The war of these two wills
Was as the warring of the Anakim.

What might have been, had these two been at one?
Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,
Taught strength to mate with freedom and heget
The true republic, nor, till sands had run,
Gripped close as Bible and gun
The keys of power, like some fond amulet.

He called to God for storm; and on his head—
Alas! not his alone—the thunders fell.
But not by his own text, who ill could spell,
Nor in our shallow scales shall he be weighed.
Whose dust, lapped round with lead,
To shrill debate lies inaccessible.

Bred up to hear the lion, youth and man
He towered—the great chief of a little folk,
Till, once, the scared old hunter missed his stroke—
And by the blue Mediterranean
Pined for some brackish pan,
Far south, self-exiled, till the tired heart broke.

Bear home your dead, sad hurgers; nor recoil
From English wreaths; for our posterity
Shall praise his stubborn worth, co-heirs made free
Of Africa, like yours, by blood and toil,
And proud that British soil,
Which here, received him back in obsequy.

—F. Edmund Garret

NEW YORK'S BIG BLIZZARD.

Hard, Sharp Snow and a Whooping Gale—Slippery Sidewalks, Useless Umbrellas—Broadway a Jam—Stalled Cars, Fallen Horses—After the Storm, the Sweepers.

We had a blizzard last week—the real thing. Had it continued for as long a time, it would have been as bad as the great blizzard of what was it, '88 or '89? It lasted for half a day and the following night, with the thermometer very low, and a wind with a knife-edge whooping through the city.

I went out in the afternoon for a tussle with the storm, which, when one has proper clothes on, is one of the most exhilarating experiences in the world—almost as good as sailing in a stiff breeze. I had stood at my window, which is high aloft, above the roofs, looking out at it for some time, before I ventured forth.

From this altitude it was a remarkable sight, entirely different from the snow-storms of pictures, where the flakes, large and white against a leaden sky, circle softly and lazily down. The snow is torn so fine by the wind that it has the appearance of a mist, which is swept forward in oblique lines. It does not whirl or eddy as ordinary snowfalls do, but lies slantingly along, a dense, opaque veil of white. There is no graceful piling up of cushions along the window-ledges or gutters. Roofs and lengths of sidewalk are sometimes swept clean by the furious gale. The snow sifts into angles, is caught in corners, curls round a roof-tank, or lodges behind a chimney. And from these deposits a feathery fringe is blown off like the spray from the edge of the wave.

In the heaviest of clothes I went forth armed with a muff and umbrella. The cars were still running, and it was not difficult to get about. The umbrella was not much use. Under the lee of walls you could hold it up, creeping carefully along, mindful of the glass pieces of sidewalk which were as slippery as ice under the thickening snow. But when you came to cross streets and gusty corners, gales leaped suddenly upon you with what seemed human malevolence. The umbrella was wrenched this way and that, as though a giant hand was attempting to tear it from you. The snow, sifted fine as salt, each crystal hard and sharp, whipped at your face and stung like nettles. The wind was so strong and the cold so intense, that it sometimes seemed difficult to breathe. It was a real lizzard, and no mistake.

Darkness had fallen when I emerged from shelter and decided to walk home. I was down town near Vanamaker's, and it was the hour, between five and six, when hundreds of working people are swarming out of the Broadway shops and offices, and pressing toward the north end of Manhattan. The wild and boisterous gale was sweeping across the great thoroughfare as though it had as unobstructed a path as it has on the prairies. The white whirl of flakes was blotting out every outline, driving across the sidewalks and the car-tracks with a long, swishing dash. It was dry snow, almost dust-like in its desiccated, powdery fineness, and it sifted into every crack and cranny—down the car-slot, between the rails, under closed windows, into people's eyes, and over their collars. The motormen, facing it, were half blinded; the truck-drivers, with their heads down, were resenting the tops of their caps to it, shouting and howling at their straining horses.

Broadway was a river of broken lights and jammed traffic. Every sharp effect of glare and shade was softened by the slanting whiteness of the storm. Through its veil one saw the street's straight length clogged with waiting cars, their lines of lit windows spattering the dimness with blotted, yellow lightness. Drays, trucks and carriages were wedged on side of them, and at intervals they moved, all together, like one conglomerate whole, pressed forward in a tight, straining mass, penetrating like a live, ruggling thing that furiously antagonistic wall of mud and snow. The noise they made rose above the hiss of the storm—swearing, shouting, laughing; the cries of the directing policemen dominating all.

There had been no attempt to sweep the sidewalks clean, and the streams of people that the offices and shops were helching forth, emerged into a blinding, porous world, with a wool-soft, ankle-deep carpet under foot, and a stinging, smarting cyclone of sleet overhead. The majority of them were women, and as they came pouring out of doorways and struck the slippery pavements and icy air, their shrill shrieks were like an appropriate accompaniment of the tumultuous scene. Clinging to one another in staggering groups, they went screaming up the street. Some of them fell, and the derisive yells of their companions rose high into the night.

All of them were making for the crawling cars, the objective point of every pedestrian. There was a thick, black phalanx of people at the Astor Place terminus, whence the Second and Fourth Avenue lines start. Huddled close together, under a forest of umbrellas, they stood uncomplaining and quiet—New Yorkers trained to a stoical patience in the matter of face transportation. Their umbrellas covered them like an irregular roof brushed with white. Now and then a car appeared, and they fell upon it in a silent, deadly determined mass; swarmed into it and took it as a besieging army might invest a town.

On Broadway the cars were strung in a long, motionless line, one almost touching the other. At inter-

vals they seemed animated by a sudden thrill of life, and, with one accord, they would all move forward, slowly and cautiously, for a few rods, then come to an abrupt halt. Sometimes they stopped for fifteen or twenty minutes; again it would be but a moment's pause. Looking into them one could see them full of standing people, resignedly clinging to the straps. Men who knew that it would take hours to get up town had taken out their evening papers and were reading them as they clung. At every block, impatient passengers were getting out, swearing at fate, life, and the weather. The entrance to the subway was black with a disappearing stream of humanity, which, in the driving maelstrom of snow, had the appearance of being sucked into an underground cavern.

I walked home in the face of the storm, and it was a strenuous promenade. A mitigating circumstance was that quantities of my fellow-creatures were doing the same thing. The wind was driving straight at us—a truly ferocious gale, armed with its stinging frost-crystals. One's face felt cut and sore with the way it was nipped by these tiny, sharp-edged particles. The umbrellas were quite hopeless, and were closed and clutched tight. With heads lowered, butting against the wind, streams of people tramped northward, lucky to be within walking distance of their homes. The front of every figure was snow-powdered from hat to shoe. As energetic ones forged past me, I looked at them in the light of windows, and saw them leaning forward on the wind—heads down, hands plunged deep in muff or pockets, and the whole front of the body white as a plaster image.

Now and then a car crawled past us, filled so tight with passengers that the platforms were choked with them, and both doors were open. But the surface traffic of every kind was congested and irregular. At intervals fallen horses lay on the tracks, and all the available men in the vicinity gathered to get them on to their feet. With the rails like glass and the ground coated with ice, it was almost impossible. The poor beasts, slithering and stumbling, rose and fell, scrambled half up and went down again, groaning with their efforts. In the end a blanket was spread on the ground and on this they could gain enough foothold to rise. Meantime, a line of cars, full of frantic passengers, had collected and the indistinct figures of motormen could be seen hurrying through the opacity of the shrouded night, like dim, distracted shapes in a dream.

The walkers went down, too. Passing over the subway stations was a dangerous experience. The pavement is inlaid, at these points, with a heavy form of glass, perfectly smooth and apparently capable of attaining a slippery polish. The snow covered it in an insidious manner, and the first thing you knew was that you were skimming perilously over what appeared to be a stretch of ice. Many good men and true measured their length in these places; also, many ladies. I am pleased to say I did not, but Providence seemed to take care of me, because several times I found myself slithering along with hated breath, wondering whether I would end by striking the man in front of me, clapping the wooden Indian in front of the adjacent cigar store, or flying down the subway stairs.

The next afternoon the storm was over, and all the world was out of doors, attending to the work and the play that the twenty-four hours of snow had interrupted. Hundreds of snow-shovelers had been turned loose on the main thoroughfares of the city clearing the streets. They worked close together in gangs, first shoveling an open path down the centre of the road, then putting the piled-up snow into carts. All sorts of men are employed in these gangs. After a storm the city gives work to thousands of them; any one who applies can get employment till the streets are cleared. One often notices among them men who look like gentlemen: decent-looking fellows, pinched and cold. Many of them wear no overcoats, and with bare hands—unused to labor—handle their shovels like novices. It is said that the work is hard. I read of a case in the paper of a starving man who had applied and had to give it up, finding it exhausting for his enfeebled strength. The end of that story was that in his despair he shot himself; no one knew that he could not work because he was weak with hunger.

On all the great thoroughfares these gangs were delving. Their progress was amazing. Broadway and Fifth Avenue were being cleared as if by magic. The afternoon was sharp, cold, and bright, and against the heaped-up mounds of snow the dark figures of the shovelers worked with what seemed a demonic fury. Between them and round them passed the line of carriages, carrying women to the shops and for their accustomed afternoon drive. It was ripping cold, and the occupants of the carriages—for the most part open victorias—were rolled to the eyes in furs. Fur jackets, fur hats, enormous muffs, and fur lap-ropes, made them look like fashionable Esquimos. From among the furs the heads of small dogs appeared. When the carriages came to a standstill—as they did every few minutes—the dogs eyed the shovelers with disdainful curiosity, but they were too well-bred to hark at these ragged, savage beings, who panted and sweated as they labored.

On Sixth Avenue, where most of the shopping of central New York is done, the clearing had not gone as far, and the tumult and turmoil of congested traffic and hurrying crowds was overpowering. At the best of times Sixth Avenue is a terrible street, but after a blizzard, with six-foot banks of snow on either side,

an unbroken line of cars, trucks, delivery wagons, automobiles, and private carriages passing down the middle, and the elevated trains crashing overhead, it is like a foretaste of the Inferno. All the surface traffic keeps to the car-tracks, which are comparatively clear, and goes, one line down, one up, in two slowly advancing, spasmodically moving columns. The cars are set into these columns at intervals, and advance in a series of jerks—the clang of their gongs never ceasing. They stop at every corner, and then the whole column brings up, in a climax of cursing and clamor.

Through these columns files of women thread their way, crossing from one sidewalk to the other. Sometimes a policeman shepherds them. With upraised arm he stops the traffic. Both columns bring up with a jerk, and the women, strung out in a scurrying, broken line, go winding in, between the fronts of cars and the backs of automobiles, dodging under horses' noses, and slipping round the wheels of enormous trucks. The last woman through, with a simultaneous forward movement the columns start, the gongs of the cars clang, the impact of horses' hoofs on cobbles sound sharply, the shouts and curses of the drivers rise on high, and over all the elevated trains go thundering by, shaking the earth.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 11, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Sparks, governor of Nevada, is the largest owner of range cattle in the United States.

Andrew Carnegie has now expended for libraries the sum of \$39,325,240. He has nearly 1,300 buildings pledged to English-speaking people, and almost \$30,000,000 of their aggregate cost has been expended in this country.

Pierre Loti, who has been seriously ill with grip and malarial fever in Constantinople, is now out of danger. He is writing a Chinese tragedy, dealing with the Boxer rebellion, for Sarah Bernhardt, in which she will appear as a Chinese queen, wearing a black wig. Mme. Sarah, who has returned to Paris for the holidays, is playing "La Sorcière" at her theatre there and is enthusiastic over the idea of her Chinese tragedy.

Ferdinand Brunetiere, of the French Academy, in spite of his eloquence and learning, has become personally distasteful to the minister of public instruction, and especially to Premier Combes, because of his increased devotion to the Pope and to the Catholic church, and has been jockeyed out of his professional functions at the Sorbonne and the College of France, thereby finding himself in straitened circumstances, without a salary.

Among the passengers sailing for New York from Paris, is Jean Patricot, the painter, whose portraits of Mme. Loubet and of the man in white are so highly appreciated by the Parisian art critics. M. Patricot has just completed a gray-toned portrait of Gaston Deschamps, and carries with him to the United States, where he is called to execute portraits in New York, Washington, and Boston, a dozen characteristic canvases which are soon to be exhibited.

Franz von Vecsey, the eleven-year-old hoy violinist, who has astonished Europe, said, when he arrived in Europe the other day, that he was only glad to be in New York because it was "near California." "When do you want to go there," asked Mr. Frohman, seriously; "to-night or to-morrow night?" "To-night!" cried the eager boy. Vecsey is a cheerful, healthy-looking lad, with black hair and a pale face, more indicative of race than any lack of health. He is constantly laughing. He is made to follow a perfectly normal life that he may continue to play twice a week and yet keep in hoysish health and spirits. He has regular sleep, regular work, and regular play. Little Franz has never seen a newspaper and does not know that he is ever a subject of comment. He has not the slightest idea of his own importance in the world of music; nor does he know that he is earning a fortune every year.

Katsukama Higashi, the Japanese master of *ju-jitsu*, who has succeeded in throwing Tom Sharkey, "Ajax," the big man of the New York police force, and other big wrestlers, was coaxed into the World Building recently, and he stayed long enough to show a few of his *ju-jitsu* tricks. He is a tiny man, and he has "the gentlest, most engaging smile you ever saw." He is full of courtesy and sudden death. He was born in Japan twenty-two years ago, and is only five feet three inches tall, and his weight is one hundred and fifteen pounds. His muscles are soft as a woman's. Many American jockeys are larger and more muscular than he. He has been practicing *ju-jitsu* since he was nine years old. He was a pupil of the great Kano, and taught the art in Doshisha College in Kyoto. The greatest weight he ever lifted is two hundred and ninety pounds. "Ajax" Whitman, whom he overthrew, has lifted twelve hundred pounds. Mr. Higashi drinks hot water every morning, eats fruit, rice, and fish, meat only once a day, and rarely drinks tea. "The fatal tricks," he said, "I did not teach them. Even Kano will put a pupil through many tests before he will trust him with the fatal tricks. He would not teach them to a fighter. We never, never teach *ju-jitsu* to a wrestler."

SPECTACULAR FRENCH POLITICS.

Detailed Story of Two Exciting Incidents—How Joan of Arc Nearly Defeated Combes—A Farcical Duel—The Shocking Syveton Affair

I suppose the cables have told you of the two extraordinary affairs which have convulsed French politics during the past month or two. But surely they can not have conveyed to American readers any but the most vague and fragmentary idea of the course of events, for, even to a dweller in Paris, affairs like the Syveton scandal are of the most bewildering complexity.

The first exciting incident occurred along in December. Trivial as it was in its beginning, it came within an ace of shipwrecking the Combes Cabinet, and throws a great white light on the astonishing vagaries of French politics. The beginning of it all was an allusion, by a professor named Thalamas, at the Lycée Condorcet, to Joan of Arc. He told his pupils, who nearly all are the scions of aristocratic families of reactionary tendency, that Joan incarnated the patriotism of the French people, and that no theory of divine inspiration was necessary to explain her singular history. The professor's students took offense. They told their parents about the incident. One pupil's parent wrote to the *Patrie*, saying that Joan of Arc's memory had been insulted. Thereupon M. Millevoje, seeing a chance to gain political prestige, organized a student demonstration in honor of Joan. These rattle-brained boys, at his instigation, paraded the streets, day after day, shouting, "Vive Jeanne d'Arc!" and "A bas le professeur!" On one Sunday, the police made a couple of hundred arrests, and the whole city was excited over the affair.

Of course, right or wrong, M. Thalamas had ended his usefulness at the Lycée Condorcet. The minister of public instruction, therefore, transferred him to the Lycée Charlemagne. The affair having by this time become famous, this solution of the problem was unsatisfactory to two parties in French politics. It was unsatisfactory to the Clericals, who wanted the minister of public instruction to dismiss the professor. It was unsatisfactory to the Socialists and Radicals, because it was an implied censure of Thalamas, whom they thought quite right.

The minister was thus subjected to a cross-fire from the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left. A vote was taken and the ministry was defeated fairly enough by sixteen votes. It meant that the Combes Ministry, after a long and honorable tenure, was to be defeated on a question of the morals of a girl who died at Rouen in 1431. Astounding situation! But, at this critical moment, when the vote had been taken and the Ministry seemingly had fallen, Premier Combes suddenly leaped toward the Socialist benches, and delivered, impromptu, an eloquent and fiery speech, with such effect that the Socialists reversed their position. Thus the Premier snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat.

But the affair did not end here. A warm controversy had, meanwhile, sprung up in the press. Among the most fiery of the polemicists was M. Jaurès, the great Socialist orator of France. The Nationalist poet, M. Déroulède, exiled to Spain a few years ago for attempting the overthrow of the government, noticing the controversy, and desiring a little self-advertisement, telegraphed from Spain that it was the Socialists who were responsible for the vile attack on Joan of Arc, and that, while she was the most sublime figure in all history, M. Jaurès was the most contemptible of her detractors.

Immediately Jaurès's fighting blood was up. He is a big, burly, hairy, thick-set man, flushed of face, bull-necked, with a thunderous voice, and little, shifting, blue eyes. Despite his Socialist principles, which should have bidden him to refuse to fight a duel, he sent Déroulède a challenge. The French Socialist party sets its face sternly against dueling, but Jaurès, the leader of the most powerful faction, simply could not refrain from doing the spectacular.

But here arose a complication. The Spanish Government forbade the duel taking place on Spanish soil. M. Déroulède, should he step upon French territory, laid himself liable to arrest. However, a way was found out of the difficulty. M. Jaurès evidently exerted his influence with Premier Combes, for orders were given secretly to the police to wink at Déroulède's violation of his order of banishment, so that he might enter France, and the duel take place. More than this—official complicity went so far as to provide a squad of gendarmes to keep the crowd in its place and to see that the duelists were not disturbed. This was, of course, outrageous. The laws of France forbid dueling. What Premier Combes really did was to suspend M. Déroulède's sentence of banishment in order that he might violate the law of France!

The affair, however, went off with great *éclat*. M. Déroulède approached the frontier in a carriage, descended a short distance from it, and crossed the line on foot, baring his head, and saluting France with a kiss thrown to the French sky. About a thousand persons were present. At the given signal, standing at twenty-five paces apart, the two men fired, Jaurès aiming in the air. Neither was hit. Indeed, if either had been hit, the effect would probably not have been serious, for these dueling pistols are loaded with so small

a charge of powder that it is practically impossible for the bullets to hurt anybody. But honor was satisfied. After the duel, M. Jaurès donated twenty dollars to the poor of the place; Déroulède did likewise, and gave an additional twenty to the parish curé. Then he bestowed a medal with his bust to the owner of the land upon which the two pistols had been innocuously fired, and triumphantly recrossed the frontier amid the huzzas of the crowd.

A splendid farce!

A few weeks later occurred the other affair, of which I spoke at the beginning of this article. It began with M. Syveton's punching the head of War Minister André. André is an old man. Syveton was a young, vigorous fellow of thirty-eight. He struck General André two terrific blows, inflicting serious wounds, and suit was immediately instituted on the charge of unprovoked assault; and it was thought that his conviction was inevitable, especially as the deputy was known as a man of violent passions, continually going into paroxysms of rage. He was, however, a scholar, taking high place at the Ecole Normale des Hautes Etudes; and had written a work on diplomacy, and was engaged upon a history of Charlemagne.

Only a day or so before the trial for assault was to take place, Syveton was found dead by his wife, in his study, at three o'clock in the afternoon. He lay face down on the floor of his study, with his mouth close to the vent of a "gas log," from which gas was escaping. The first supposition regarding his death was that it was an accident. Mme. Syveton protested that they were thoroughly united and happy, and that there was no reason for supposing the death of the deputy to have been other than accidental; certainly, none to suppose that the man was murdered.

The affair, as might have been expected, created a profound impression. The imminence of Syveton's trial led the more excitable journals to declare that the deputy had been done for by his political enemies. Others championed the suicide theory, and still others the allegations of the beautiful widow that death was purely accidental. Then, through judicial investigation and press publicity, the true story came out—an amazing and shocking one. It was alleged by Mme. Syveton, her daughter by a former husband, and this daughter's husband, that, before the marriage of this girl last May, her stepfather had made an assault upon her and also upon a servant of the house. The girl, while beautiful and fascinating, is of somewhat mystical character, and, superstitiously influenced to the confession by a strange dream, she had told her husband of what M. Syveton had done, the result of which was a terrible scene between the four, at which Mme. Syveton threatened to sue for divorce, the disgusting grounds of which would wreck M. Syveton's career. He is said, thereupon, to have exclaimed: "I have nothing to do but to get out of the way." This clinched the case for most people as one of suicide, though there are some doubters. The daughter-in-law concerned is only twenty years old, and both she and her handsome mother are socially prominent. Their pictures are everywhere displayed.

It is, perhaps, impossible for you, in America, to realize with what absorbed interest the Paris public follows the ghastly details of this extraordinary case as it was set forth column after column in the press. So strong an impress did the suicide make upon the public imagination, that three or four persons are reported to have killed themselves by precisely the same method M. Syveton is supposed to have employed.

A few days ago the whole drama of the affair was reenacted for the purpose of discovering if M. Syveton might have met his death by inhaling the gas from the stove. A dog was tied to one of the logs, with its mouth close to the aperture. The gas was then turned on and the doors closed. After an interval, the doors were opened and the dog was found to have died. Fifteen dogs have already sacrificed their lives in the prosecution of the investigation of this case.

Mme. Syveton, who at first had the sympathy of a considerable section of the press, has largely lost it. She has told too many conflicting stories. Two or three of the papers, which she claims misrepresented her, are being sued by her for libel. The case is by no means closed, and there may yet be revelations of an astonishing character. ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, January 3, 1905.

Among the recent publications of the British Royal Commission are some thirty letters found in the archives of the Duke of Portland, which bear the signature of King Charles the Second, and are addressed to thirty different members of the aristocracy. Every one of them contains a request for loans, ranging from \$5,000 to \$50,000, and each conveys the following assurance: "You are the only one of my friends to whom I have cared to address myself about the matter."

The English language is spoken to-day by 135,000,000 people. Three hundred years ago, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the language was spoken by about 5,000,000 people, nearly all of whom lived in the British Isles.

The board of supervisors of Tehama County have passed an ordinance putting a bounty of one dollar upon each bald eagle killed in the county. The birds have been killing many lambs.

ANECDOTES OF THOMAS.

Early Experiences of the Great Musician—Keeping An Audience Waiting Five Hours—Extraordinary Story of Thomas's Skill As a Leader—His Marriage.

The death of Theodore Thomas, a great orchestra leader and a great man, has revived a number of good stories about him. In his younger days, according to his friend, Gustav Kobbé, Thomas used to travel with his orchestra through small towns where it was necessary for him to write ahead and find out what facilities for giving a concert were to be had. Of one of these occasions, Kobbé writes:

He received a letter from the owner of a hall in one of these towns, in which the writer said he was sure the hall would suit and that Mr. Thomas could depend upon having a large audience if he had two good "end men" with him. On another occasion Thomas was entertained after one of his concerts, and, being introduced to a prominent citizen of the place, asked him how he had enjoyed the playing of the orchestra.

"Well," said the prominent citizen, "I don't know much about music. But, I tell you what, Mr. Thomas, the way those violinists turned over all the leaves at once is one of the most remarkable things I've ever seen!"

Here is another anecdote of these early days told by Kobbé:

Thomas probably was the only orchestra leader for whom an audience has waited patiently until one o'clock in the morning. On one of his early Western tours his train was blocked by a freshet. After much delay he succeeded in chartering a train by another road, but by such a roundabout way that he knew it was impossible to reach his destination on time. It got to eight o'clock, nine, ten, eleven, midnight—and still he and his orchestra were en route. Meanwhile, at eight o'clock, the audience had gathered in the hall. Announcement of the delay and the cause was made. The audience promptly decided to wait for Thomas and his orchestra. From time to time bulletins were read from the stage telling of the progress of the train, each bulletin being greeted with enthusiastic applause—all of which helped to while away the time. When, at 1 A. M. Thomas and his orchestra at last fled on the stage, the audience still was in its seats waiting for them; and, naturally, remained to the end, which came about 3 A. M., the conductor and his orchestra receiving an ovation.

Calm and suave as Thomas appeared at the conductor's desk, he was an autocrat with his orchestra—and with the public. Regarding this, the following anecdote is told:

On one occasion, when he was conducting Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Central Park Garden, he was greatly annoyed by the talking of some persons in the first row. He quietly conveyed a signal to the drum player, and suddenly the loud roll of a drum rattled through the delicate measures of Mendelssohn, while Thomas turned and fixed his eyes on the conversationalists, who were startled as the rest of the audience and very much confused when they realized that they were responsible for that loud drum roll.

A story of the extraordinary sympathy that exist between Mr. Thomas and the men of his orchestra told by a Chicago journal, in connection with a musical festival given in a Southern city:

One number had an orchestral prelude, the chorus to come at a certain phrase.

Four bars before the cue note was one somewhat similar and when that note was reached the chorus, being overwrought, or seized by some mania for blundering, promptly came in—four bars ahead of the proper place.

A frightful discord arose, and the manager, standing the wings, literally tore his hair. The whole performance seemed falling about his ears in hopeless ruin.

But the next instant he found, to his amazement, no discord, but orchestra and chorus moving along so smooth that only those familiar with the score suspected the imminent shipwreck. So to the end it went smoothly and perfectly.

When it was over, big-eyed and still mopping his brow the manager went to Mr. Thomas and gasped:

"Say, I wish you would tell me how you did that."

"Oh," said Mr. Thomas, "I just jumped the orchestra ahead four bars."

Here is another anecdote showing what a remarkable ear for absolute musical pitch Mr. Thomas has: It is on record that in an orchestra so numerous that it included sixteen cellists, the ensemble in a certain passage displeased him; whereupon he located the trouble in a group of cellos, and finally narrowed it down to one "cel" who was bowing the passage, not necessarily in a wrong manner, but differently from the others. This blemish, infinitesimal, his quick ear had discovered.

Of Mr. Thomas's marriage, Dr. Mason, his life-long friend, writes as follows:

Employed at Farmington, as a teacher, was a New York girl, who lived down on the west side of town, below E. Tenth Street. She was a splendid specimen of an American woman, efficient, self-reliant, and capable. We met her at the time the quartet went up there to play. Thomas was at time twenty-nine.

One day, after we had finished our concert and were waiting to take our train, he asked me to take a short walk with him, as he had something serious to talk to me about. I could tell from his manner that he was in a very serious mood.

We had walked only a few steps before he turned and asked me what I thought of Miss Rhodes, the young teacher I have referred to, as a possible wife for him. I was astonished at the question and told him immediately what I thought.

"Your education has been so different from hers," I said, "that I don't know whether you will be happy or not. Rhodes is thoroughly American—for instance, goes to church on Sunday—and I don't believe you ever went to church your life. It seems to me that your rearing has been different for you to be happy."

But they were married, and I am afraid that Mrs. Thomas had some hard times at the outset. Theodore was very determined and firm then, although he grew much softer later years.

Mr. Thomas's unique musical library will go, believed, for the most part, to a public library. The library is a collection of original scores and parts and manuscripts. Mr. Thomas had been a persistent collector of such manuscripts all his life. This collection is valued at three hundred thousand dollars.

JIU-JITSU.

Principal Features of the Japanese System of Physical Training—Eating, Drinking, and Bathing—Some "Wicked Tricks."

The term *jiu-jitsu* is not pronounced as it is spelled, "joo-jitsoo," but "jew-jitts." The accent is on the first syllable, the double *s* is given with a hissing sound, and the final *u* is not expressed at all.

So explains H. Irving Hancock in the fourth of the books he has written on *jiu-jitsu*. This is "Physical Training for Children," and it was preceded by "Japanese Physical Training," "Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods," and "Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks." Each of the books is illustrated profusely from photographs, and they are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons (\$1.25 each).

The key to the nature of the Japanese system of offense and defense, which produces such wonderful results, is found in the etymology of the Japanese word *jiu-jitsu*, which means "muscle-breaking." Formerly, in Japan, *jiu-jitsu* was taught only to the *samurai*—the fighting class—who disdained to work, and who had plenty of time to devote to physical development. Now, however, *jiu-jitsu* is taught to any Japanese man or woman, and even to any Occidental who may care to attend the schools where it is taught.

The high stage of development which the science of *jiu-jitsu* has reached may be inferred from the fact that there are six different systems, at the head of each of which is a master. Mr. Hancock studied under Inouye San, but some of the best tricks from other systems are included in his expository volumes.

A course in *jiu-jitsu* in Japan requires four years, and the progress of the pupil is guided with the utmost care. Especially is this necessary because *jiu-jitsu* is a dangerous art, and, in practice struggles between men, were one of them to lose his temper or misgauge his strength, his opponent might be severely injured or even killed.

One misconception that Mr. Hancock corrects is that *jiu-jitsu* is a system of wrestling. It is not. Japanese wrestlers are huge, obese men, with ponderous muscles, trained from their infancy to their profession, and the methods they follow do not differ essentially from those employed by wrestlers the world over. The *jiu-jitsu* expert, on the other hand, is a man of ordinary size, and not of extraordinary strength. It is his skill in tricks, not his strength, that he depends upon. In fact, one of the distinguishing features of *jiu-jitsu* is that it teaches the weak to master the strong; it is an eliminator of the inequalities of size. The Japanese *jiu-jitsu* expert, weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, is easily able to overcome a professional wrestler weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and a foot taller than his conqueror.

Mr. Hancock holds that the Japanese people are the strongest and healthiest in the world. He goes far to prove his contentions. The health of the Japanese army in this war is another proof of them. And so Mr. Hancock lays great stress on the carrying out of the Japanese system of living by Americans, who aim to master the Japanese art of offense and defense.

A healthy stomach, says Mr. Hancock, is the basis of all strength. Americans, he thinks, eat far too much, and he is probably right. The Japanese diet is principally vegetables, rice, and fish, and the noonday meal of coolies, who do the severest work, may only be "an apple, a tomato, and an onion." The results of the observations of Major Seaman in Japanese hospitals, as contrasted with the hospitals at Chattanooga and Tampa, during our Spanish war, is convincing.

Once the health of the stomach is assured by an almost ascetic diet, the next thing to be learned is deep breathing. The ancient Japanese *samurai* was accustomed to go out in the open air as soon as he arose in the morning. There he devoted at least ten or fifteen minutes to deep breathing, standing with his hands on his hips, in order that he might feel the play of the muscles.

The Japanese student of *jiu-jitsu* does not aim to get great bumps of muscle on the upper arm. Apparatus (save, sometimes, a bamboo stick), is never used. The whole system of development is based upon strain and tension. The fists are clenched, and the arms raised or lowered as if they were bearing great weights—every muscle tense. Meanwhile, the student breathes deeply, and the greatest care is taken not to get overtaxed. The Japanese does not believe in one-sided development, but aims at ambidexterity in all muscular development.

The Japanese are proverbially good-natured. Good-nature is essential in an Occidental who would learn *jiu-jitsu*. When a Caucasian applies for physical training under a Japanese teacher, he is required to furnish satisfactory proof as to the evenness of his disposition. Even after he has been admitted to the school, if a white man shows too great a tendency to sudden anger, he is politely requested to seek instruction elsewhere—*jiu-*

jitsu is not a science to be entrusted to the keeping of the ugly.

The fact that the Japanese are the strongest and healthiest people in the world is attributed by Mr. Hancock, very largely, to their liberal use of water. The Japanese does not drink ice-cold water, and if spring water is very cold, he sets it out in the sun to warm before drinking.

Rheumatism is comparatively unknown in Japan except among the aged, and this is attributed to frequent bathing, which is one of the essential principles of *jiu-jitsu*. Hot baths are those principally in favor, but after them, a Japanese often leaps for a moment into cold water, or, in the winter time, rolls over and over in the snow.

Another thing that conduces to the making of the Japanese the strongest and healthiest people in the world, is their liking for fresh air. Their houses are seldom heated. In the coldest nights of winter air circulates through the native houses without interference. If the sleeper feels chilled he adds more bedclothing. We quote:

"Draughts" are not dreaded, for the meaning of the term is hardly understood by these hardy little people. On a chilly evening in the early fall the head of the family, the *oji-san*, will seat himself in his doorway, directly in the path of a draught of air that sweeps through from the back of the house. No cold is taken, and none can be taken by any one who will accustom himself gradually to this Oriental revolution from our Western ideas. The foreigner who visits the office of a Japanese merchant, even in January, will find that the windows are at least partly open, and that a strong, cold breeze is sweeping through the room.

Night air is never considered injurious. Japanese physicians form a far smaller proportion of the population than in the United States.

Speaking of the training of women in Japan, Mr. Hancock says:

In Japan the same tactics employed by the men are used by the women. There is no difference, whatever, between the physical training of one sex or of the other. A Japanese woman, well versed in *jiu-jitsu*, is able to encounter a burglar in a dark room, and to hold him powerless until help comes. The author's wife, while possessing probably not a third as much strength as he does, is able to seize him and throw him violently upon the floor—provided he allows her to secure the proper hold.

Mr. Hancock makes the interesting statement that it is his belief, after a long experience in Japanese athletics, that there is no reason why an American woman should be weaker than an American man. "In Japan," he says, "the women are not weaker, and in this country they have no right to be. A Japanese woman is generally the physical peer of a man of her own race, who is of the same age and height." He adds:

This is due to the fact that the women of the Land of the Rising Sun exercise in about the same way that the men do, and devote fully as much time in the endeavor to gain strength. Of course, there are some cases of insufficiently developed physical power among the women of Japan, but these instances are so rare that the woman of *Dai Nippon* marvels that there should be such a word as "weakness."

From ancient times, the *samurai* women, who were to rear the sons of the next generation, were required to understand all the principles of *jiu-jitsu*. Grown men and women practiced together. In the Empire there are hundreds of schools where the science is taught, and there are thousands of instructors—millions of graduates. In these schools, women frequently enter the lists with men. An exciting time is always looked forward to when it is announced that a woman champion will contest with a male expert. Apropos of this, Mr. Hancock tells the following anecdote, a part of which has already been quoted in these columns, but which will bear repeating:

Some years ago I had the pleasure of working in a *jiu-jitsu* school in Tokio. I had had previous instruction in this country, and in Nagasaki and Yokohama, and the Tokio man was engaged in putting me through a course of the advanced tricks of combat. My muscles at that time were in as good condition as I could have desired, and my instructor complimented me upon my work. Then he suddenly asked: "You like see what Japanese woman can do?"

I assured him that it would give me great pleasure to have such an exhibition. There were half a dozen smiling little Japanese women among the spectators. My instructor spoke to one of them, who bowed and disappeared. After a little while she reappeared, and came running across the floor in a gymnasium-costume consisting solely of short trousers and a jacket. She was laughing as she approached, and her little bare feet made a swift, rustling sound on the straw of the padded mats with which the floor was covered. It did not require an expert's eye to note that hers was the body of a trained athlete. If any American woman believes that perfect physical training brings out ugly, "bumpy" lines, she should see such a little brown sprite as I then saw—a supple young woman, bounding with the vim of life, and graceful in every line of contour.

While I stood looking at her, the little woman halted before me, made a polite bow, and then backed away, in the manner that

is common to students of *jiu-jitsu* when inviting combat. She was fully six inches shorter than I and at a great disadvantage in point of weight.

"Surely you don't want me to struggle with her?" I asked my instructor.

"Oh, yes; try," came the smiling answer. "Don't be afraid. She one of my old pupils. She what—what you say?—hard as board."

The little woman stood some distance from me, still smiling, while the spectators looked on with interest. The little woman again approached and bowed. There was no help for it. I bowed, and we backed off a little way, then approached each other sinuously, each looking for an opening. There was a clinch that lasted, as nearly as I could judge, about five seconds. Three seconds later I was compelled to pat the floor in token of surrender. There were five bouts in all, of which I secured the distinction of winning one.

The author has great faith in *jiu-jitsu* for American woman, but he thinks it quite useless for them to take it up, unless they are willing to discard corsets. A Japanese master of the science has wonderful abdominal muscles, and these can not be developed beneath the constricting corset. The hardness of some parts of the *jiu-jitsu* expert's body may be inferred from the fact that he will lie upon a floor, permit a heavy bamboo pole to be placed across his throat, and allow three men on either side to press the pole as hard as they can, by any means, against his "Adam's apple." The stomach muscles of a Japanese master of the art appear, also, to be almost as hard as iron. The solar plexus becomes practically an invulnerable spot.

It is obviously impossible, in a review of this sort, to give much idea of the precise nature of the tricks by which the student of *jiu-jitsu* disables his adversary who is ignorant of the art. However, here are a few characteristic tricks described by Mr. Hancock:

There is a wicked blow that is not to be recommended unless the student finds himself in a position where he must defend himself at any hazard. When he can succeed in going over his adversary's outshot left arm it is possible to strike a blow with the edge of the nearer wrist at the base of the spine. The result of the blow is likely to be the breaking of the spine of the one so attacked. A blow equally wicked may be delivered with the edge of the hand—of course, the little finger side.

Here is one of the tricks that the Japanese employ both for strengthening of the muscles and for purposes of attack. The assailant throws his arms around the waist of the intended victim, clasping his hands in such manner that the entwined fingers press against the spine at the very small of the back. At the same time the assailant presses his chin against the left breast at a point about an inch and a half below the top of the shoulder and the same distance from the inside of the arm. The chin is dug firmly into the breast, while the clasped hands are pulled toward the assailant in such a manner that the man on the defensive finds his head going over to the ground, while it seems as if his back must break. This trick may be employed with very disastrous results, even up to the breaking of the back of the man attacked.

Attack the opponent by seizing him by the lapels of his coat. At the same instant raise the right foot against the inside of his left thigh, and as high up as possible. As a part of the same movement hop as close to the opponent as possible. When this has been accomplished, throw yourself over backward to the ground with as much force as can be employed. The opponent is sure to go over the head of the assailant. When the fall is being made the leg that is employed against the adversary's thigh should be quickly and rigidly straightened out at the same moment that the throw is made. In this way the leg will be made to act as a lever and the throw can not be resisted.

Some months ago, the *Argonaut* printed an editorial in which it was suggested that, with increased knowledge by the Occident, of the Orient, Western views about many things might be profoundly modified. Our views of religion, our attitude toward women, our attitude toward the relations between children and parents, might, it was intimated, be perceptibly altered. Curiously enough, however, it is in a different department that the first noticeable change seems likely to come. Recognizing the wide-spread interest in the Japanese method of physical training

and fighting, taking note of the fact that *jiu-jitsu* is already being taught by a number of masters of the art in this country; and considering that it is about to be adopted in the police departments of several large cities, it is impossible not to conclude that the good old American style of fighting a man with your fists will have to struggle for existence with an Oriental system of what has hitherto been called "foul tricks."

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THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

Local Writers and Representative Men Name the Books, Read in 1904, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.

Continuing the symposium, the *Argonaut* presents herewith the answers of Californians to the question: *What two books that you read in 1904 proved most interesting and pleasurable?*

Porter Garnett replies:

The two books that proved most interesting and pleasurable to me in 1904, were "Ephemeris Critica," by John Churton Collins, and "Man and Superman," by George Bernard Shaw. In the first of these (a collection of essays published some years ago), the author, while engaged in that most noble pursuit, the deriding of popular ideals, makes valiant arraignment of the writers, publishers, and reviewers, who are banded together for the further abasement of the public taste by the process known as "log-rolling." The essays are variously interesting, whether Mr. Collins be tilting at Saintsbury, Gosse, and the Oxford clique; or illuminating Catullus, Keats, or the Shakespeare sonnets. The collection, within its limits, displays a prodigious fund of classical information, together with a very distinguished scholarship and an agreeable style. Shaw seems to be more than ever adroit, humorous, witty, malignant, trenchant, fearless, perverse, original, and truthful, in "Man and Superman," in which he uses Nietzsche's conception of the *obermensch* as a battledore, with which he makes a shuttlecock of the moral code. He leers in every line like some infinitely old and bearded Puck, saying (to himself): "What fools these mortals be." G. B. S. is a past-master in the most alluring of all pastimes, having fun with the public; and I can not but think that the *Argonaut's* symposium is in some way affined to the sport.

Charles Amadon Moody, assistant editor of *Out West*, says:

Thank you kindly for the opportunity, but when one has read more than four hundred books in the course of a year, 'tis not easy to pick out two and pronounce them flatly "the most interesting and pleasurable." Books entertain, interest, and profit in so many different ways; and to select only two, or even only a dozen, out of a year's reading, seems like putting an unjust slight on the rest of them. Yet, if I must name only two, I shall select Senator Hoar's "Autobiography," and Harris Weinstock's "Jesus, the Jew."

Alfred Holman, editor of the *Sacramento Record-Union*, writes:

Replying to your inquiry: "What two books that you read, during 1904, proved most interesting and pleasurable?" permit me to say that, in the range of political and personal interest, I have read with pleasure and profit Senator Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years." In the range of general, mental, and moral interest, I have read with pleasure "Culture and Restraint," by Hugh Black.

Bailey Millard writes as follows:

In looking back over the unconscionably long list of books that I read and read at during the year just closed, I retain no such pleasant memory of any of them as I do of one which I did not really read but absorbed hoidly, and that book was Louis Tracy's stimulating and exhilarating "Wings of the Morning." That delightful salt-sea yarn, with its intense spirit of modernity, its vivid realism, and its brisk movement, gives one the very crux of the Defoe idea, which for so many generations has charmed children of all ages from eight to eighty.

The way your true literary artist—your Defoe, your Stevenson, your Tracy—approaches his story of island mystery and island happenings—the obviously keen relish he has for the work in hand—is always a source of joy to me. In fact, the greatest fault I find with our modern fiction is that it affords us so few books worthy to be placed on the same shelf with "Treasure Island." I rode on "The Wings of the Morning" twice in six months, and could easily have taken the same flight again, for the reason that, though surrounded with all the latest novels, including the very "biggest sellers," the works of the ever-so-industrious Churchill, the eager London, the strenuous Kipling, and all I could find nothing else that led me over seas to "the palms and islands of the south" in such charming company as the piquant Iris Deane and the valiant Robert Anstruther, the happy lovers of Rainbow Island.

True, there was Conrad, whom I love, but who, when I want a story, gives me nothing but pictures. Stevenson said that nobody wants to talk about scenery for more than five minutes at a time, and an occasional half-hour is all I can stand of Conrad, much as I love him. As for the historical romance, in which the hero tells General Sherman how he ought to plan a battle, or who prays with Oliver Cromwell, or is knocked down by a kick from Aaron Burr's horse, Please Excuse Me!

Of course, there were many other books, far more highly instructive and proper, and more full of burning problems than "The Wings of the Morning," which should have pleased me more, but one can't help enjoying what one enjoys.

Another book to which I was irresistibly drawn was Edith Wharton's superb "Sanctuary," which I read twice. Despite the utter absurdity of the idea of a young unmarried woman's haunting and harrowing reflections upon her possible maternal obligations, this story—chiefly because of its charm-

ing language and the wonderful insight of its author, shown on nearly every page—made a profound impression upon me.

If I had wanted to gain credit for more culture than this confession of my literary likings for 1904 would imply, I might have set down Morley's "Gladstone" and Boswell's "Johnson," both of which I read with much pleasure, though I came late to old Bozzy's feast and felt that I was alone at the foot of the table. But honestly, the very oddly assorted "Wings of the Morning" and "Sanctuary" were the two books in which I took most real pleasure.

Mary Austin writes:

The best two books of this year are, in fact, the best of every year. They are "Treasure Island" and "The Book of Job." These two, with some of the "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe," or a volume of Dickens or Thackeray, taken year and year about, give me unending profit and pleasure.

Also I have frequent attacks of the Bible or Shakespeare, and read nothing else for weeks, and all these, with some necessary books of scholarly instruction, occupy most of my reading hours. Therefore my selections from recent literature must omit very much that is worth while. Of the few new books, I found most pleasure and profit in Gummere's "Beginnings of Poetry," Edith Wharton's "The Descent of Man," and a re-reading of Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee." I think it probable that the bee book will take a place in my permanent reading list, and Mrs. Wharton's short stories are certainly the best we have. But after all, "The Book of Job" is the only book I care to take in my pocket when I go a-fishing.

Max Farrand, of Stanford University, replies:

In answer to your inquiry of December 30th, I reply that if you include current periodical literature, I should name first, without hesitation, Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." Aside from this, the most interesting and pleasurable new books that I have read are Jack London's "Sea-Wolf" and Robert Grant's "The Undercurrent," although I do not think these compare with my two old favorites, which I read at least once each year—Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and Dumas's "Les Trois Mousquetaires."

Ben C. Truman writes:

If my memory serves me right I think I replied to a similar question from the *Argonaut* last year that "Pickwick" and "Vanity Fair" are my two favorite books, and that "Prue and I" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" still hold high places in my esteem. Now, I have not read many books this year, but the two that I have liked the best are Mrs. Atherton's "Conqueror" and Charles Josselyn's "Napoleon."

Jessica B. Pexiotto writes:

My "generosity and good-nature" will stand the test. My reply has lingered while I weighed the answer I was to give you.

There seems to be no real hesitation. After due consideration, I find that of the many books I have read and enjoyed during the year 1904, two continually stand out with special prominence—Dr. Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of Business Enterprise" and Miss Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage." The first seems to me to put the facts of contemporary civilization with notable originality and keenness of insight, and so has helped me much in the struggle for an intelligent point of view regarding the society about us. The second, with its new type of heroine, its swift changes of entertaining incident and its cleverness of style, gave me three hours of entire amusement, and so added a much-to-be desired quota to my stock of good nature.

I would therefore tender my sacrificial offerings for the year just past to Dr. Veblen and Miss Michelson.

Miriam Michelson's letter is as follows:

It is news to me that a preference of mine, literary or otherwise, should be of any interest whatever. But I'm very glad to state that Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" and Conrad's "The End of the Tether" are the two books that have given me most pleasure this past year.

Among those who reply briefly are Jack London, who names Robert Hunter's "Poverty," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; Stewart Edward White, who names Joseph Conrad's "Romance," and Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln"; Joseph D. Redding, who names "Quo Vadis" ("read for the third time") and "Letters of a Chinese Official"; Charles Howard Shim, who names "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, and "Sigurd, the Volsung," by William Morris; Charles Dwight Willard, who names "Wayfarers in Italy," by Katherine Hooker, as "one of the most satisfying books of travel issued in recent years," and the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare; Trustum Beale, who names "The Social Problem," by John Atkinson Hobson, and "The History of Creation," by Haeckel; Charles Fleming Embree, who names Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and Ferrier's "Greek Philosophy"; Reuben H. Lloyd, who names "The Nature of Man," by Elie Metchnikoff, and "The Religion of Ancient Egypt and Babylonia," by A. H. Sayce; F. J. Smith, librarian of the Mercantile Library, who names "Benjamin Disraeli," by Wilfrid Meynell, and "The Nature of Man," by Elie Metchnikoff; Anna Strunsky, who names Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," and Joseph Conrad's story, "Heart of Darkness," published in his book entitled "Youth."

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
3. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "Japan: An Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
4. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
5. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.
3. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
4. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

New Publications.

"The Age of Ivory," by Henry Harmon Chamberlin. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"Exercises in Algebra," by Edward R. Robbins and Frederick H. Somerville. American Book Company.

"Sweet Peggy," by Linnie Sarah Harris. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a fairish musical love-story.

"Mediterranean Winter Resorts," by E. A. Reynolds-Ball, F. R. G. S. Fifth edition. Brentanos—an indispensable guide-book.

"The Women of America," by Elizabeth McCracken. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a series of papers that appeared in the *Outlook*.

"Completed Proverbs," by Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Profusely illustrated by C. V. Dwiggin. Henry T. Coates & Co.; 80 cents net—a clever book.

"Wit and Humor of Well-Known Quotations," by Marshall Brown. Small, Maynard & Co.—proverbs with comments upon them made by the funny men of the press.

"The Eagle's Shadow," by James Branch Cabell. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a considerably padded romantic love-story, the scene of which is a Virginian mansion.

"The Inferno: A Translation and Commentary," by Marvin R. Vincent, D. D. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50—a literal rhythmic translation, but unpoetic, dry, bald, and barren.

"My Lady Laughter," by Dwight Tilton. Illustrated. C. M. Clark Publishing Company; \$1.50—a romantic love-story of Revolutionary times in Boston; its literary quality is slight.

"Bethany: A Story of the Old South," by Thomas E. Watson. D. Appleton & Co.—semi-fiction, in which Watson, of Georgia, has set down with some vividness his memory of "before the war."

"On Holy Ground: Bible Stories with Pictures of Bible Lands," by William L. Worcester. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company—the hundreds of pictures from photographs are excellent.

"The Buccaneers," by Henry M. Hyde. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.20 net—a well-told story of a fight between two big corporations; it first appeared serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

"Bucking the Sagebrush; or, The Oregon Trail in the Seventies," by Charles J. Steadman. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons—a pretty good account of a personal experience of a cowboy; Russell's illustrations are excellent.

"The Book of Topiary," by Charles H. Curtis, F. R. H. S., and W. Gibson. Handbook of Practical Gardening Series. Illustrated. John Lane—a manual of instruction for those barbarians who like trees cropped and carved into set forms.

"A Daughter of the Revolution: A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court," by Catherine M. Bearn. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50—a workman-like abstract of "The Memoirs of the Restoration," written by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, in 1835-7; interesting and intimate gossip.

"American Short Stories." Selected and edited, with an introductory essay on the short story, by Charles Sears Baldwin, A. M., Ph. D., assistant professor in Yale University. The Wampum Library, edited by Brander Matthews, Litt. D., professor in Columbia University. Longman, Green & Co.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the hooks to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this spring, is a volume of the papers contributed last year to the London *Queen* by Gelett Burgess.

Ida M. Tarbell, author of "The History of the Standard Oil Company," is at work on the story of the career and personality of John D. Rockefeller, the founder of the Oil Trust. A large part of the material for her book was found by Miss Tarbell in her work on her history of the Standard.

Aylmer Maude's book about the Doukhobors, "A Peculiar People," is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Poultney Bigelow writes that it is not at Harvard, but before the Law Department of the Boston University, that he is about to commence a course of talks on "National Expansion, and the Elements of Successful Colonial Administration." Further: "I am working at this, now on top of this glorious oak [Tamalpais]—shall stay until the very last moment here; am due in Boston, February 2d."

It is said that Rider Haggard's first three books netted the author only fifty dollars.

During 1903, of the books called for at the Imperial Library of Japan, 166,677 volumes, or 21.6 per cent., related to mathematics, science, and medicine; 153,711, or 19.6 per cent., to literature and language; theology and religion 12,486, or 1.6 per cent., while 18 per cent. of the applications were for books on history and geography. Fiction finds no place in the classified table of books in demand by readers in this Japanese library. Works on art, industries, engineering, military and naval science, figure prominently in the lists of additions made in recent years to the shelves of the library.

The most intimately interesting chapter in professor Josiah Royce's monograph on Herbert Spencer is contributed by the philosopher's secretary, James Collier. We learn that when dictating Spencer always smoked a cigar to promote the flow of thought — the cigar carefully cut in two to avoid excess." He was also wont "to break into a little run whenever he fell into train of thought." Of course, he wore unconventional clothes. He would not go to an evening party if condemned to the formal swallow-tail," and on receiving permission to go in any garb he preferred he usually ayed at home.

A new play by Máxim Gorky, entitled "The Astics," was recently produced in St. Petersburg. The following account of its reception is published in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*: "The piece came to an end in a scene uproar. After the third act some of the blie began to hiss, whereupon the Gorky enthusiasts, mostly young people, began to applaud vociferously, and called for the author. A curtain was raised, and Gorky appeared one, his head thrown back, a look of contempt on his countenance, his fists clinched, d his face lividly pale, as if he wished to ng in the face of the people a deadly insult. Fortunately, he had enough strength to control himself, and, appearing twice, maintained s attitude and expression of defiance and preme contempt."

James Huncker has lately been paying his respects to those writers who have introduced composers into their novels. "Composers are at always fools," he says, hotly, "but the ce of a melancholy moon-struck calf long wormed its way into fiction, and the puh-will never abandon it. The musicians themselves wear their hair long not because y like it, but because they must act their t, else not be taken at their true value. Use psychology usually prevails on the stage, acc this eternal convention of a music ster who talks and acts like a somnamulist ertaken by the vision of Welsh rahbit ped in a low Dutch dialect."

The librarian of the United Service Club Calcutta is a native Indian, and his cata- ue of the library contains some remarkable ssifications, most amusing of which is the ce assigned to Mark Twain's "Extracts m Adam's Diary." The native librarian, knowing whether the Diary belongs to realm of religion or philosophy, to make e of cataloguing it properly, has placed it er both heads, gravely adding Mark ain's own words: "Translated from the ginal manuscript."

Maxwell's Theory and Wireless Telegraphy" is one of the latest contributions to rapidly growing library on this end-of-century subject. Frederick K. Vreeland written the second section, "The Prince of Wireless Telegraphy," himself, and translated from the French of H. Poincaré "Maxwell's Theory and Hertzian Oscillations."

The Rev. Victor Cathrein's book, "Soci- sm: Its Theoretical Basis and Practical lication," which has been much discussed Germany, where it originally appeared, has a brought out in an American edition.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Ballad of a Nun.

From Eastertide to Eastertide
For ten long years her patient knees
Engraved the stones—the fittest bride
Of Christ in all the diocese.
She conquered every earthly lust;
The abbess loved her more and more;
And, as a mark of perfect trust,
Made her the keeper of the door.
High on a hill the convent hung,
Across a duchy looking down,
Where everlasting mountains flung
Their shadows over tower and town.
Long ere she left her cloudy bed,
Still dreaming in the orient land,
On many a mountain's happy head
Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.
The adventurous sun took Heaven by storm;
Clouds scattered largesses of rain;
The sounding cities, rich and warm,
Smoldered and glittered in the plain.
Sometimes it was a wandering wind,
Sometimes the fragrance of the pine,
Sometimes the thought how others sinned,
That turned her sweet blood into wine.
Sometimes she heard a serenade
Sometimes she heard a serenade
Complaining sweetly far away:
She said: "A young man woe a maid";
And dreamt of love till break of day.
Then would she ply her knotted scourge
Until she swooned; but evermore
She had the same red sin to purge,
Poor, passionate keeper of the door!
For still night's starry scroll unfurled,
And still the day came like a flood:
It was the greatness of the world
That made her long to use her blood.
Like peals of airy bells outworn,
Faint laughter died above her head
In gusts of broken music borne:
"They keep the Carnival," she said.
Her hungry heart devoured the town:
"Heaven save me by a miracle!
Unless God sends an angel down,
"Tither I go though it were Hell."
She dug her nails deep in her breast
Sobbed, shrieked, and then withdrew the bar:
A fledgling flying from the nest,
A pale moth rushing to a star,
"Life's dearest meaning I shall probe;
Lo! I shall taste of love at last!
Away!" She doffed her outer robe,
And sent it sailing down the blast.
Her body seemed to warm the wind:
With bleeding feet o'er ice she ran:
"I leave the righteous God behind;
I go to worship sinful man."
She reached the sounding city's gate;
No question did the warden ask:
He passed her in: "Welcome, wild mate!"
He thought her some fantastic mask.
Half-naked through the town she went;
Each footstep left a bloody mark;
Crowds followed her with looks intent;
Her bright eyes made the torches dark.
Alone and watching in the street
There stood a grave youth nobly dressed
To him she knelt and kissed his feet:
Her face her great desire confessed.
Straight to his house the nun he led:
"Strange lady, what would you wish me?"
"Your love, your love, sweet lord," she said;
"I bring you my virginity."
He healed her bosom with a kiss:
She gave him all her passion's hoard;
And sobbed and murmured ever, "This
Is life's great meaning, dear, my lord.
I care not for my broken vow;
Though God should come in thunder soon,
I am sister to the mountains now,
And sister to the sun and moon." . . .
But soon her fire to ashes burned;
Her beauty changed to haggardness;
Her golden hair to silver turned;
The hour came of her last caress.
At midnight from her lonely bed
She rose, and said, "I have had my will."
The old ragged robe she donned, and fled
Back to the convent on the hill.
Half-naked as she went before,
She hurried to the city wall,
Unnoticed in the rush and roar
And splendor of the carnival.
No question did the warden ask:
Her ragged robe, her shrunken limb,
Her dreadful eyes: "It is no mask;
It is a she-wolf, gaunt and grim!"
She ran across the icy plain;
Her worn blood curdled in the blast;
Each footstep left a crimson stain.
The white-faced moon looked on aghast.
She said between her chattering jaws,
"Deep peace is mine, I cease to strive;
Oh, comfortable convent laws,
That bury foolish nuns alive!
A trowel for my passing-bell,
A little bed within the wall,
A coverlet of stones; how well
I there shall keep the Carnival!"
Like tired bells chiming in their sleep,
The wind faint peals of laughter bore;
She stopped her ears and climbed the steep,
And thundered at the convent door.
It opened straight: she entered in,
And at the wardress' feet fell prone:
"I come to purge away my sin;
Bury me, close me up in stone."
The wardress raised her tenderly;
She touched her wet and fast-shut eyes:
"Look, sister; sister, look at me;
Look; can you see through my disguise?"
She looked and saw her own sad face,
And trembled, wondering, "Who art
thou?"
"God sent me down to fill your place:
I am the Virgin Mary now."
And with the word, God's mother shone:
The wanderer whispered, "Mary, hail!"
The vision helped her to put on
Bracelet and fillet, ring and veil.
"You are sister to the mountains now,
And sister to the day and night;
Sister to God." And on the brow
She kissed her thrice, and left her sight.
While dreaming in her cloudy bed,
Far in the crimson orient land,
On many a mountain's happy head
Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.
—John Davidson.

Shorter on Stevenson.

Clement Shorter, writing in the London *Sphere*, says of Stevenson:

No man has been brought less under the light of criticism than Stevenson. His must have been a delightful personality. He secured enthusiastic friends. Many of these friends were critics, but that glamour of a great personal friendship absolutely destroyed their gift.

It was my misfortune not to know Mr. Stevenson, never to come under that personal glamour, although I had some very pleasant letters from him, and one of his original manuscripts is, I am happy to say, in my library. I am able, therefore, to take a purely critical attitude, and I venture to believe that my attitude is a sound one. I admit that Mr. Stevenson was a charming writer who has given a great deal of pleasure. I only regret that his various friends—Sidney Colvin, William Archer, Edmund Gosse, and a number of others—should have led a crusade of laudation.

Any half-dozen critics who are in agreement can easily place a man on a pinnacle, and the rest of the writers in newspaper-land will follow blindly in his praise.

Let it be granted that Mr. Stevenson was a pleasant writer, that his "Treasure Island" is a capital hook for boys, that his "Master of Ballantrae" is a readable story for "grown-ups," that his "Virginibus Puerisque" is a remarkable volume of essays, and that in his "Child's Garden of Verses" there is much to please the little ones. Certainly Stevenson was an industrious and an agreeable writer, and he had a sense for style that few have to-day. But that is quite another thing to his being a great writer, which, to read some of the eulogies that have been passed upon him, one might be misled into assuming.

The great writers of every epoch are those who strike a new note, who break away from convention. Not in one single department of his literary work did Stevenson break away from convention. Carlyle was a great writer, Ruskin was a great writer, Scott was a great writer, George Borrow was a great writer, exactly as in poetry Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron were great writers, because all these men did break away from convention and contributed something entirely new to English literature.

A Feeler.

We clip the following paragraph from the *New York Times*:

With a revival of the sale of "As a Chinaman Saw Us," rumors that the book is a fake have sprung up again. The publishers, D. Appleton & Co., announce that they have received a statement from the gentleman who sent them the manuscript that it is bona fide. He is a well-known public man in California, and for that reason will not divulge his name.

If "the well-known public man in California" will personally, or by letter, assure the *Argonaut* that "As a Chinaman Saw Us" is what it makes pretensions of being, we shall be happy, not only to keep his secret, but to give the book serious and extended consideration: it is worthy of it if it is bona fide; we have, in the past, doubted the fact.

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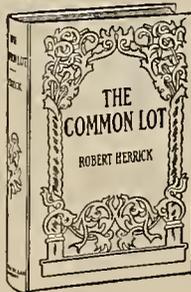
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Edna Wallace Hopper has adroitly contrived a telling contrast in her double bill. "Captain January" is all heart and sentiment and affection, while "A Country Mouse" is as hare of any, or all, of those emotions as a granite tomb-stone.

Any story that tells of a lone, lorn bachelor bringing up a baby "with the Lord's help, common sense, and a cow," is sure to blaze a straight trail to the heart of woman-kind. Witness George Eliot's "Silas Marner" "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and in a story as new as yesterday, called "The Pillar of Light." Louis Tracy has awakened a considerable number of thrills by spinning a very pretty yarn of another—a light-house keeper, by the way—who saved a babe from death under circumstances somewhat similar to those in "Captain January."

Edna Wallace Hopper plays the part of the little star very pleasingly, and is an extraordinarily accurate copy of a child, both in appearance and ways. No grown woman can ever quite compass that kitten-like look of innocence and inexperience in a child's face, but in profile, and with her long chestnut curls falling freely about her shoulders, and partly veiling features and outline, the illusion is perfect. Captain January, however, has nearly all the pathetic work marked out for him. Star merely filling the part of a simple, natural, loving child, with a tenacious affection for her salty old guardian, and a delight in listening to stories. There is just a *souçon* of self-consciousness—an absence of complete simplicity—in the portrayal, but the brief play did a good share of execution, as was testified by a number of eloquent sniffs from various parts of the house.

In the succeeding piece, "A Country Mouse," Miss Hopper looked more as we remembered her—she is always the daintiest specimen of femininity in miniature—and, as Angela Muir, a country cousin on her first visit to London, her delicately shaped little body was uniformly clothed in white, in various degrees of lace-trimmed beauty and costliness; as an expression of Angela's careful pose of "breezy, grassy, huttercuppy" innocence and unsophistication.

The play is an exceedingly bright comedy, but is permeated, through and through, with the very essence of cynicism. Not a soul in the piece, not even the demure Angela herself, but is given over to ignoble thoughts or worldly calculations. But stay—there is a butler, who is shocked by the wicked levity that reigns in his employer's mansion—his mistress is the daughter of a duke—and gives warning. The author has arranged a curious ending to the first act, by causing a British brewer—husband of the lady mentioned—to hohnob with his butler, an old and faithful retainer, because he is practically alone among the friends of his wife. The idea is socially weird, and calculated, I should think, to stiffen with amazement the spine of a member of the upper middle class—a class in which the line of demarcation between employer and servant is as rigidly marked as in the staterooms of the aristocracy.

At one time there was a sort of tacit understanding among litterateurs that the sacred person of an English duke was to be loyally exempt from satirical attacks by the novelists and dramatists, who are so industriously engaged in giving away the morale of English society. Mrs. Humphry Ward's attitude of awed admiration in "Lady Rose's Daughter" falls in line with this more old-fashioned code. Pincero, however, who is no respecter of persons, first broke away, and Mr. Arthur Law has, for one of his giddiest and most racketing characters, a white-haired duke in the amorous pursuit of charming innocence. In the end, things are wound up so neatly that the duke is tethered, a willing victim, to the soft, white lambkin that he has been hotly pursuing. But the friends of the Lady Sylvia are such an exceedingly fishy lot that there are times in the play when the spectator looks to the outcome with some dubiety of mind.

The dialogue, however, carries all the situations gayly. The lines have a quality of lightness and brightness, and the piece a deftness and compactness of construction and a cynical wit that entitle the author to be ranked with the Pincero-Carton class of dramatists.

Edna Wallace Hopper has slipped with the utmost ease into the atmosphere of po-

lite comedy; she has, down to a fine point, the elegance and extreme Englishness of accent affected by the New York players; and is the very picture of a pretty English bud, out in her first season and hunting coyly for scalps. How demure the little witch Angela is, as she plays inexperience, with just the tiniest spirit of mischief lurking in her seemingly innocent rejoinders to the eager gallantries of the London beaux. How cleverly she plants that Parthian dart at women of thirty, right in the bull's eye; which, in this case, is Lady Sylvia's jealously inflamed heart, or rather, vanity. Nobody is troubled with hearts in "A Country Mouse." We are assembled to witness the discomfiture of a group of male and female *roués*. It is not even a moral discomfiture, for nobody has morals except the butler, and possibly the husband. The husband is a poor creature, however, whose moral and mental processes are of the least consequence, and to whom we vouchsafe merely a passing, contemptuous pity.

The company is of varying abilities. Paul Everton played a very good Captain January, but in "A Country Mouse," his rôle, that of the brewer-husband, gave him little opportunity the luckless husband of Lady Sylvia being merely outlined as stupid, honest, and a bore; a dull barn-yard fowl among a lot of showy peacocks. The other men, except Edgar Norton, who impersonated that rattling old blade, the Duke of St. Kitts, did not fit into the atmosphere of the piece. They were rather crude, and Mr. Stein gave his scene of comedy entirely in the spirit of farce, and very poor farce at that.

Kathryn Browne, I concluded, after some hard guessing, is an Englishwoman. Her accent is so exaggerated that it sounds like an anglo-maniac's with native trimmings. But I think it must be the original article; variegated and highly embossed, but real. Miss Browne is very pretty one moment and only so-so the next. And similarly, her acting is variable. She dresses handsomely and with taste, has ease and elegance, and is a decidedly decorative addition to the company.

Miss Emma Janvier is as American as they make them, but she and Mabel Norton, the latter as a charwoman, did their share in making the comedy go lightly and well. The *démouement* is exceedingly apt, and well in keeping with what we have gleaned of the country mouse's demure purposes; so that, although the characters form a graceless group, amusement and a sense of satisfaction at the discomfiture of worthlessness atone for the absence of more pleasurable emotions.

Beauty and a voice united—that is Berlindi. And she is of a youngness—in the very bloom of it. So the world—at present—is her football, and she has all the pretty airs of a pretty woman, when an applauding audience calls her out. She smilingly emerges from a slough of operatic despair, yielding herself to a flattered acceptance of the audience's approval, with her charming head tilted to one side, and the prettiest of mouths showing the prettiest of teeth in the prettiest of delightful smiles. As yet, I have not seen Tetraxini, who, from all accounts, outshines Berlindi, in spite of the fine so-

prano of the latter, as the sun does the moon. But the standing of the two prima donnas alone is an indication of the vocal equipment of the company. Last week's performance of "La Tosca" was first class. Berlindi has been trained to supplement her dramatic soprano with the kind of acting that, while it lacks real intensity—an element almost impossible to count upon in the musical absorption of operatic performances—at least goes through all the motions of it.

Frosini is a tall, personable man, with a fresh and powerful tenor; something of a blaring quality it has, but one does not quarrel with that when he pours out its full strength in the exultant strains of "Dio Vendicatore." The rôle of Scarpia was filled by La Puma, whose agreeable baritone is managed with such discretion that it is only in the *fortissimo* passages that one realizes its strength and volume. La Puma never needlessly wastes a powerful note on an insignificant passage, nor does he stint when dramatic expression is called for. He is, however, in his outer man, a very un-Scarpia-like personage, his roughly hewn features and comfortable roundness bearing not even a stage likeness to the keen, cruel, crafty physiognomy and elegant person of Sardou's polished villain.

How well the story lends itself to opera. One never takes operatic emotions seriously, and the torture scene, which is quite too unpleasant in the spoken drama, merely serves to warm things up a trifle, without all getting on the nerves.

There is a reminiscence of other days in the chorus, which contains openly mature and gray-haired ladies, who are ambling around with the utmost placidity in giddy male habiliments; ladies whose first business in life is to sing, and who stand, in their little sphere, for reliability and musical competence. Operatic audiences, however, take everything quite seriously; listening to music is the business in hand, and they do not show the flippancy of ordinary theatre audiences, which seize the opportunity to laugh foolishly at the most minute and trivial happenings. When, for instance, La Tosca maladroitly placed a huge crucifix on the balance point of the dead Scarpia's ample chest, and the thing played a dizzy game of sacerdotal seesaw, the giggles from the audience were so decorously muffled as almost to pass unnoticed by the singers.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

William Collier Coming.

Edna Wallace Hopper's engagement at the Columbia Theatre continues for a second and last week. There will be Sunday night performances and matinees on Saturdays only. The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be William Collier, who appears for two weeks, commencing Monday, January 30th, in Richard Harding Davis's new farce, "The Dictator." A very profitable engagement of five months at the Criterion Theatre, New York, speaks much for the popularity of the comedy. "The Dictator" is a satire on the revolutions which are constantly occurring in Central America. It has been described as a laugh from start to finish.

"The Conquerors" at the Alcazar.

At the Alcazar Theatre, beginning Monday night, Paul M. Potter's adaptation of "The Conquerors" will be put on. There is a strong military coloring throughout this play, and the action calls for unusually elaborate stage settings. The costuming will be out of the ordinary. William Faversham and Viola Allen played "The Conquerors" in New York with success. Their roles will be taken in the Alcazar production by John Craig and Lillian Lawrence. Following "The Conquerors," E. S. Willard's success, "The Middleman," with Craig as Cyril Blenkarn, will be produced. The special matinee performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts," with Harry Mestayer and Lillian Lawrence in the leading rôles, has been postponed until next Monday.

J. H. Stoddart Coming.

There will be one week more of "The Silver Slipper" at the Grand Opera House. This elaborate musical comedy is presented by a good company, consisting, among others, of Snitz Edwards, Harry Burcher, Fred Freeman, Isabel Howell, and Edith Sinclair. The scenery is elaborate, and the costumes are pleasing. At the Sunday matinee, January 29th, J. H. Stoddart and Reuben Fax will begin an engagement in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."

Tivoli Grand-Opera Season.

The third and next to the last week of the grand-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House will begin on Monday evening. During the week several new operas will be heard, including "The Pearl Fishers," and an absolute novelty in San Francisco, "Zaza," written by Leoncavallo, the composer of "Pagliacci"; "Faust," the Gounod masterpiece, and another opera yet to be decided upon. The success of Tetrizzini and Berlini have created great interest among music-lovers, and the male singers of the company have also been winning triumphs. Much praise is given the orchestra.

A Passion Play at the Central.

On Monday night the Central Theatre will produce a Biblical play, "Jerusalem, or the Holy City," described as "a powerful dramatic story of Jerusalem at the time of our Saviour." The play will abound in elaborate scenery, the most notable effort in that line being a tableau, an exact reproduction of Michael Angelo's painting, "The Crucifixion."

Novelties at the Orpheum.

The Carter De Haven Sextet will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. Mr. De Haven will be remembered as one of the singers of the Weber & Fields aggregation, and he and his associates, five women, furnish an act that contains a burlesque of a once popular play—a "sister" dancing act, a piano-playing feature, a big ensemble number with a dance, and two songs with chorus attachments. Alvide Capitaine, "the perfect woman," will present her gymnastic and trapeze act. Binns, Binns and Binns, who are primarily musicians and secondarily comedians, and who are known as "the vagabonds," come direct from England with their unique entertainment. Binns and Binns have been seen in this city before, but this will be the initial debut of the third Binns on the local stage. Thereses combines hypnotism and acrobatics in his entertainment. The holdovers will be Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne in one of Mr. Cressy's sketches, "Bill Biffin's Baby"; the four Musical Avolos, in new selections on the xylophone; Clifford and Burke, in new songs, dances, and small talk; the Nelson family of acrobats, who will appear for the last time, and the Orpheum notion pictures.

For the Naval Club-House.

An interesting event of the coming week will be the benefit matinee of "The Liars," to be given at the Columbia Theatre next Thursday afternoon, January 26th, in aid of the Naval Clubhouse at Vallejo. The rehearsals, under the direction of Frank Mathieu, show the players to be well fitted for their respective parts in the comedy. The cast includes Dr. J. Wilson Shiels as Sir

Christopher Deering; Lloyd Lowndes as Edwards Falkner; H. M. Spencer as Gilbert Nepean; Thomas Eastland as George Nepean; Courtney Ford as Archie Cooke; Royden Williamson as the French waiter; Miss Frances Jolliffe as Lady Jessica Nepean; Mrs. Mark Gerstle as Lady Rosamond; Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels as Beatrice Ebernoe; Miss Olga Atherton as Ferris; Mrs. H. M. Spencer as Mrs. Sreshin; and Eleanor Haber as Dolly Coke. The advance sale of seats for Thursday's benefit commences Tuesday morning. Nearly all the boxes and loges have been spoken for, and hundreds of seats have been sold on the outside to be exchanged at the box-office.

Mrs. Carter's New Triumph.

"Adrea," written by David Belasco and John Luther Long, has been produced in Belasco's New York theatre, and the critics have been almost unanimous in proclaiming it a success. There is one dissenting voice: the morning Sun (which does not comment on the star's work), while admitting that Belasco is the greatest stage-manager, the most potent magician of color and harmony in the world, says that the play "was a tale told by Mr. Belasco, full of the Belasco sound and fury—and, as usual, signifying nothing." The Mail, while admitting the beauty and power of the play, and giving Mrs. Carter the highest praise, says that there is too much of it—the mind was wearied with a surfeit of beauty, the senses clogged with unabsorbable thrills.

But the World, the Herald, the Tribune, the Evening Sun, are almost unqualified in their praise of both play and star. The Herald devotes most of its criticism to the personnel of the audience, but finds room to say that "Adrea" is "not only a strong, but even a great play. Mrs. Carter proved herself a tragedian of compelling power, and far surpassed anything she has done before."

William Winter, of the Tribune, is unusually laudatory. He characterizes the play as "a fabric of exceptional imaginative scope and of great dramatic power... a vigorous and splendid work of art, moving freely in a broad field." He admits that there is an excess of everything, but says that defect can be modified. Of Mrs. Carter he says that she "seems to have found a part in which she can liberate all her powers." She "moved firmly, steadily, triumphantly—commanding every situation, and rising to every climax, whether of agonized frenzy, shuddering horror, delicious rage, or... the fateful transfiguration and maddening ecstasy of despair." Nothing Mrs. Carter has ever done before has, according to Mr. Winter, indicated her power of portraying "such depth of tragical feeling and such power of dramatic expression."

The World calls "Adrea" a "fascinating and thrilling drama of passions which are common to all people of all ages." The Evening Sun says that "never before have playwrights taken a raw and awful theme of love and hate and handled it in so hold and masterful a manner. There is nothing in the records of American drama with which 'Adrea' can be compared. Its authors have harked back to the old classic models and have built their drama reverently and well." The critic says of Mrs. Carter, that not once did she approach the brink of rant. "In gesture, voice, and tone, the actress was classical... Her voice had taken on a new contralto range, which amazed its hearers while it electrified them."

The time of the play is about 500 B. C., the scene an island in the Mediterranean Sea. The plot is too complicated to give in detail, but embodies a struggle for a throne, the love of two women for one man, his renunciation of the woman he loves for the furtherance of his ambitions, his death at her hands, and, finally, her relinquishment of the throne in favor of his son.

Mrs. Carter's support is, in the main, characterized as good. Tyrone Power is her leading man, and J. Harry Benrimo and Francis Powers are in the cast.

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VANITY FAIR.

No apology, we hope, is necessary for the publication of the following article, "The Experiences of a Model," written for the *Argonaut* by Sarah Francis Montague, a California girl in New York. The few "damns" scattered through the story are, we think, more than excused by its absolute sincerity and its utter candor. Nothing could be left out without spoiling the fidelity of the portrait she draws of her unconscious, and therefore natural, portraiture.

Although there are models galore in New York (writes our correspondent), probably none have ever thought to relate their impressions of the famous men they have met. Probably they have been debarred by the thought that if anything uncomplimentary were to be said, a future means of livelihood might be affected. By mere chance I had the opportunity to serve in the capacity of a model for three of the best-known artists in New York. Knowing their drawings to be so popular with the general public, it occurred to me that a study of the men themselves, from the model's point of view, should prove interesting. Early in the spring I had come East, never doubting that my theatrical experiences in California would procure me an immediate engagement with the managers of the great metropolis. Oh! the dauntless, sanguine Western girl! How many of them have left home with that same dream of fame and spirit of independence, only to spend months of waiting in the proverbial hall bedroom, disillusioned, but still undaunted. My experiences differed little from others', though in some ways I was more fortunate. My finances were in such a condition that I could lodge nearer the parlor floor and afford to wait a few months. Still, *il ennuie à qui attend*. In spite of my efforts to convince the managers that they could not get along without me, it was some time before I was placed. Being almost a stranger here, time began to hang heavily upon my hands, so when a friend suggested that I pose to while away the hours, I welcomed the suggestion gladly. Then the novelty of the idea impressed me, for I would see a phase of life of which I knew nothing. My friend volunteered to introduce me to the popular *Life* artist, whom she was sure would rave over my long lines and ask me to pose without any suggestion upon my part. Accordingly, one afternoon, as I returned from my managerial rounds, we called at the illustrator's studio. He had just returned from luncheon, where he had evidently partaken freely of liquid refreshment. "Experience—that shroud of illusions!" In imagination, I had expected to see a living representation of those famous creations. What a disenchantment! Instead, here was a man, utterly *blasé*, carelessly groomed, and entirely lacking in dignity and spirituality—evidently a bohemian and jiv of the world. We were greeted very jovially, and my "lines" did impress him, for I was asked to pose the following week. He examined the photographs I had with me, so as to select the costumes which he desired to sketch. This called forth the remark: "By Jove! you are tall, but you've got a damn fine shape. Where did you come from? Are there any more at home like you?" A little more good-natured chaff, and then we left.

The next Monday, when I entered the studio at the appointed time, his mood had changed. He gave me a grunt of recognition, and told me to sit down until he was ready. Evidently his affairs had gone wrong. Several men called upon business. He growled with them for a few minutes, and then slowly made preparations to work, giving me a curt, "Change your dress." I retired to the dressing-room, which was just a corner curtained off. The studio itself was a large room, very restful to the eye, so extremely simple were its furnishings, containing only what was absolutely necessary for use and comfort. A fireplace, several large chairs and davenport, chests of drawers for his materials, an easel and drawing table, and a few tapestries on the walls were all. There were no pictures or drawings of any kind, except in one corner, near the door, where a few canvases were tacked away. A caller, picking up one of the latter—the study of a very beautiful woman—asked if it were finished. "No," he answered, "she is too damned self-conscious."

As I fastened my gown, I glanced out at the artist himself. He sat before the easel, a picture of boredom: a tall and rather well-built man, but not otherwise prepossessing. His head was nearly bald, and a protruding lower lip and heavy jaw gave him a rather sensuous countenance. As I came out, he glanced up critically from under his knitted brows. "Got good arms, haven't you? There's not one tall woman in a hundred who has." Now that he had vouchsafed me at least one pleasant remark, I was a little more at ease. After several attempts he finally settled upon a pose that suited him. I was astonished at the ease and rapidity with which he drew. Except for a nervous tattoo, which he constantly kept up with his shoes on the floor, he worked in silence. Soon,

however, he commenced to sigh and ejaculate: "God! God! but I'm tired! Work, work, from morning until night. I have so much to do. I don't know where to commence!" I ventured to remind him that this was the penalty of fame. But even fame seems to have palled upon him. He has already exhausted life of all its treasures.

Not being accustomed to posing, in a few minutes I became so stiff I tried to shift my position a little. He at once exclaimed: "Don't you move!" And I didn't move again until the drawing was nearly completed, for he kept up a continual mumbling of "Don't you move—don't you move." Finally I was relieved by a knock at the door. In response to his call, "Come in," an old lady entered. The artist nodded to her, and told her to wait outside. Turning to me, he said: "Throw something about your shoulders. I have to talk to that old slob for a few minutes. Do you want a book to read?" He handed me one. Evidently he indulged in choice literature, for it was a collection of *risqué* French cartoons and jokes. When the "old slob" had gone, and while he put the finishing touches on his sketch, he became garrulous, and began showering compliments upon me. Then he turned to the theme of love. His remarks becoming too broad, I changed the subject, and interested him in the details of my stage career. This brought to his mind how he had struggled to gain a foothold. With a few drawings under his arm, he had trudged from one newspaper office to another, only to meet rebuffs. Finally his opportunity came, and he seized it. It was all he needed. Then—"nothing succeeds like success."

My second pose began. The instructions I was given were forcible if not elegant: "Sit behind that table over there. Put your hands in your lap. Turn your eyes this way, and look mad, as if the fellow opposite had said something improper. Now, scowl like hell!" I scowled in earnest. "He gave a low chuckle, and, glancing at me, said: "That's it. But do you mean that for me or the fellow?" I did not answer, but continued to scowl. As he worked, he gradually became good-humored, and joshed about gay and festive city life. I could not but help being amused by his remarks, and unconsciously my face relaxed its severe expression. I was soon recalled to my pose by an angry, "Now, you're too damn pretty again." As I left the studio, I could not help wondering how the wonderful drawings, so full of sentiment and beauty, could have originated in the brain of this seemingly commonplace man. I say "seemingly," for after all great men are but poseurs—and finally the pose becomes a habit.

In most decided contrast was my second experience with the celebrated poster-artist. I looked forward to this appointment, for in a monthly magazine I had just read an interesting article by him on "The Poster." I expected to meet an interesting personality, and I was not disappointed. Entirely in accord with his personality was his appearance. He was tall and muscular, with well-shaped hands and feet. The lofty brow, earnest, thoughtful eyes, and sensitive mouth and chin denoted the artist and student. His manner was easy, well-bred, and courteous. When I arrived, I found him hard at work. He gave me a quiet "good-morning," and showed me into the dressing-room. He called to me that he was going out for a hurried lunch, and would return shortly. This gave me the opportunity to inspect the studio. I knew that I could learn much of the man from his environment. The room was simply overflowing with curios of every description: armor, tapestries, costumes, and books galore. The walls were thickly covered with pictures and posters—chiefly the results of his own efforts. In one corner was a large couch, littered with inviting cushions, and almost concealed by hanging draperies. Just opposite were a large easel and stool, standing in front of a broad mirror that extended from floor to ceiling. Near by was the immense tray of pastels and crayons. I glanced at the books. They were typical of the man. All of the standard works were there, books of travel, essays, the higher class of fiction, and the best magazines. Indicative of a sentimental vein was a volume of love-letters, with the most beautiful passages heavily underlined. Numerous art journals and studies in the nude were piled on a stand. I sat on the couch to await the artist's return. As he entered, he gave me an approving glance, and then went to work in a quiet, business-like way, making a rough sketch to show me the pose he desired. I took my position, and before I had time to get tired, he had suggested a rest. Between poses, he talked of his work, of his studies abroad, and the struggle necessary for success. To my surprise, he said he had as many as twenty applications in a morning from models to pose. When I first saw him he had hardly given me a glance, so I asked why I had been selected. He replied that one glance sufficed to show him what he wanted. I remained an

hour or so longer, and then my pose for that day was ended.

Acting upon the suggestion of the poster-artist, the next day I called upon the illustrator of "The Castaway." He was entertaining a couple of his bohemian friends, and I was somewhat disconcerted when I was forced to undergo a trying ordeal of inspection. First he commented upon my unusual height, and I had to stand to let him take a general survey of my figure. Then my hair and features were inspected, and finally I was asked to remove my waist so he could pass judgment on my neck and shoulders. I suggested that he take their merits for granted, as they had pleased other artists quite as critical as he. He did not insist, and told me to come the following Thursday to pose. On that day as I entered the studio, an old man, who looked as if he might belong to the G. A. R., was receiving his morning's wages. They were evidently satisfactory, for as he left he called out a cheery good-by, and questioned, "To-morrow at the same time?" I was greeted with, "Well, you haven't grown any shorter, have you?" He having forgotten to grow himself, my inches seemed to impress him. There was nothing bashful about him. While I was in the dressing-room he thrust his head between the curtains several times, proffering his services in helping me dress. After declining his offer once or twice, I managed to convince him that I needed no assistance. But just as the last look was fastened, he called to me, "That is a stunning gown you have on." I was surprised, and asked how he knew when he could not see it. He laughed, and then I saw that he had been watching my reflection in a mirror through the opening in the curtains. During the pose he kept up a constant chatter, in a good-humored way, about the books he had illustrated and the news of the day. I noticed he was left-handed, and enjoyed watching him work, he did it with such ease. His personal appearance was quite ordinary, but he was apparently an all-around good fellow, thoroughly alert, and lacking all conventional restraint. His studio was his work-shop. There were no attempts at decoration, but everywhere were evidences of his ingenuity and industry. When an artist paints a portrait he paints two—himself and the poser. In all of this artist's work there was that spirit of independence and energy which characterized his nature.

In a few days from this I joined a company, so my experiences as a model were ended. I often wondered how nearly correct were my impressions, and then I recalled the words of Balzac: "Before you judge a man, you must know the secret of his thoughts, of his sorrows, of his feelings; not to be willing to know more of his life than its material events is to make it a chronology—the history of fools."

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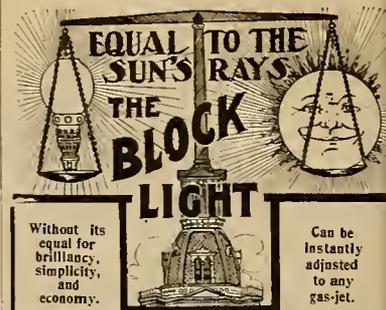
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Charles Lever, the novelist, had little faith in the sincerity of the claims of Neapolitan eggars. He says that when he threw out handful of small coins to them, the blind were the first to see it, the paralyzed to run for it, the maimed to pick it up, the naked to put it in their pockets, and the dumb to blaspheme their ill-luck in heing out of the scramble.

"Now, my dear children," said an arch-bacon, "I will ask you a few questions in our Catechism. Which of you can tell me the two things necessary in baptism? Quite right, 'water.' Water is one thing, and that is the other? What! Can none of you think what else is necessary? Well, little girl, what do you say?" "Please, sir, a baby," was the reply.

A glutton once made a bet that he could eat ten apple-dumplings at one sitting, if the other party would pay for the accompanying wine. After the ninth dumpling, however, he declared himself beaten. Sadly he regarded the tenth dumpling, which still rested on his plate. Shaking his finger at it, he said: "Ab! If I'd known you'd be left over, I'd have eaten you first."

A Kansas clergyman who prided himself on his precise and scrupulous use of words, was praying for elevating grace and renewed working force. "O Lord," he pleaded, "awaken Thy cause in the hearts of this congregation and give them new eyes to see and impulse to do. Send down Thy lever-er, according to Webster's or Worcester's dictionary, whichever You use, and y them into activity."

According to Mark Twain's own account, once wrote to Queen Victoria: "I don't know you personally, but I have met your n. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand and I was on a bus." During a visit to London, Mark Twain was presented to King Edward, when his majesty greeted him cordially with: "I have met u before. You must remember. It was the Strand and you were riding on a s."

A jurymen who appeared before Sir James Hannen in a London court-room recently, in deep mourning and claimed exemption on service on the ground that he was interested in a funeral that day at which he sired to be present. "Ob, certainly," said the courteous judge, and the man went sadded away. "Do you know the man you ve exempted?" asked the clerk. "No," said Sir James. "He is an undertaker," was e reply.

An American colored gentleman, by some suspicious bad got into a poker game in a ndon club. His vis-a-vis, an Englishman, ked up three kings and a pair of deuces d said: "I raise the pot one pound." e colored gentleman picked up four aces. s eyes almost popped from his head. He id, stammeringly: "I don't know much out de system of weights an' measures in e head country, but I'se agwine to raise u a ton!"

A woman called at the Philadelphia morgue, the other day, and ventured the opinion that her husband, who had not been me all night, was probably dead and in e mortuary. "What kind of a looking man s he?" inquired the keeper. "He was medium beight, bad red hair and blue es, and weighed about one hundred and ety pounds," replied the woman. "Is t the only description you can give me?" tinned the keeper. "Ob," replied the man, "I forgot. He is very hard of bear- g."

A New York Irishman, who began bis eer in this country at street work, and o became a rich contractor, died recently. e widow—who, since her rise to wealth, l put on society airs and cast off many er old friends—came into the room in ich the coffin lay. It was full of flowers l mourners. A prominent floral piece was anchor. The widow gazed upon it. The a that some of her cast-off friends were ing to call up memories of former days ne to her mind. Turning to the assembled npany, she haughtily demanded: "Who divil sint that pick?"

The view that the average government rk at Washington, D. C., takes of his poon, is that it is a gift, and that the out of work that it imposes is only as ch as can not be avoided. Therefore, when eral Ainsworth, chief of the Record and sion Office at Washington, D. C., ordered t all his clerks must remain at their desks il four o'clock, there was much rebellion; l the injured feelings of the women clerks nd vent in a protest to the general. The keswoman, who went to him, pointed out t if all the clerks went out together, the

women would be jostled in the corridors by the men, who were hurrying to get away. Sbe suggested, therefore, that it would be a graceful act on his part to restore to the women clerks the old privilege of going home half an hour before the closing time. "Madam, I had not considered it," said Ainsworth: "but what you say is very true. I suggest that you and the other ladies who do not want to be jostled remain in your offices until one minute past four. I will guarantee that at that hour you will not be jostled in the corridors by anything except ghosts."

Lawrence Townsend, the American Minister to Belgium, recently said: "In Belgium, as a rule, when English is spoken to you, it is excellent English. Now and then, though, you come upon some very curious mistakes. I attended a musicale one day at an English woman's apartment. An admirable amateur on the violin was the guest of honor. The man played and played, for the encores were persistent, till finally he got a little tired. He wished to say politely to his hostess that he was too weary to play any longer, and the words he used were these: "Madam, der ghost iss ready, but der meat iss feeblele."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Orthographical Gymnastics.

The Japanese josh jiu-jitsu is a terrible thing if it gets u. You're up in the air Before you know where You're at when the awful thing hits u. —New York Mail.

Collectors.

Mother has a lace collection, Sister goes for rugs; Others go for books and pictures, Butterflies and bugs. One thing, though, they all omitted— So, the whirl to join Father works with toil unceasing; He collects the coin. —McLanburgh Wilson in Exchange.

Her Sinlessness.

Was it wrong to let him kiss me? Was it sinful on my part To permit my cheek to nestle There so closely to his heart? Was it wrong for me to listen To the words of love he spoke While another still was fastened To me 'neath the galling yoke? Nay, 'twas innocent—but, goodness! What a sinner I should be If the old judge had been stubborn And refused me my decree. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Hymn of Praise.

Put away Port Arthur's maps! We shall never need them more; And we only wish that we Could have spared them long before.

Good-by, Etse and Keekwan, Shakushan and Peiyu, too; Heartily we're praying that Never more we'll hear of you.

East Uhlung and Old Chair Fort, Metre Hill and Eagle's Nest; Heaven be praised for Nogi's works— Now, at last, we'll have a rest. —New York Sun.

Sorrows of the King.

The king went pacing to and fro, He kicked the queen's small poodle pup; The clown shied off and murmured, "Oh! I prithee, sire, what is up?"

"Dost feel thy conscience pricking, hey? Or does thy liver play thee tricks?" The monarch sadly answered, "Nay," And dealt the door a dozen kicks.

"Alas, uneasy rests the crown," The jester said, whereat the king Let fly his mace and knocked him down, And smiled to see him quivering.

"It ain't my crown, you caiffit bout!" The potentate in anger said, "Nor has my liver knocked me out: My conscience, you should know, is dead.

"But at the queen's behest I swore Off smokin' yesterday, and it"— He bit his nails and frowned some more— "Ain't time to light another yit!" —S. E. Kiser in Exchange.

Freddie—"That creature actually told me to mind my own business, y'know!" Cholly—"The impertinent wretch!" Freddie—"Positively insulting. As if to insinuate, don't y' know, that I was in business." —Cleveland Leader.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdee, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for dates from Jan 12th to 18th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 18, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Associated Oil Co., Bay Co. Power, etc.

The market has been active for sugars, and about 13,300 shares changed hands, and gains of from three to seven points were made, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold up to 83, the whole line shading off at the close. Giant Powder has been strong, and advanced four and one-half points to 68; closing at 67 bid, 68 1/2 asked. Spring Valley Water has been steady at 38-38 1/2. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, 2,040 shares changing hands at 50 1/2-51 1/2, closing at 51 1/2 bid, 51 3/4 asked. Alaska Packers Association sold off seven points to 86 1/2, but at the close reacted to 90 on small sales. Bank of California sold up twenty-two and one-half points to 44 1/2 on sales of 120 shares.

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ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT. Menominee, Jan. 25 | Mesaba, Feb. 11 Minnetonka, Feb. 4 | Marquette, Feb. 15

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS. (Calling at Dover for London and Paris.) Vaderland, Jan. 25 | Zeeland, Feb. 11 Kronland, Feb. 4 | Finland, Feb. 15

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL. Baltic, Feb. 1 | Oceanic, Feb. 15, 2 pm Teutonic, Feb. 8 | Majestic, Feb. 22, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool. Winifredia, Feb. 8 | Cymric, Mar. 1

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From Boston. Romanic, Jan. 25, 3.30 pm; March 11, 1 pm Canopic, Feb. 15, 8.30 am

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Spreckels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, to Mr. Harry Holbrook.

The engagement is announced of Miss Belle Harmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Harmes, to Dr. Alanson Weeks, son of the late Captain Harrison S. Weeks, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jean Jeffrey Smedberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Smedberg, to Mr. Arthur S. Ehbets.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Tobey to Mr. L. Maynard Dixon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Lennor Center, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Center, of Alameda, to Mr. Ralph Kirkham-Blair, son of the late Lady Mary Leilah Kirkham Yarde-Buller.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annie Bruce Fyfe, daughter of Mr. Joseph Fyfe, of Stockton, to Dr. Thomas D. Maher.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bacon, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Bacon, to Mr. Thomas Driscoll, which was to have taken place at Santa Barbara on Thursday, has been postponed on account of the illness of Mr. Driscoll.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. C. A. Spreckels. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Miss Carol Moore gave a tea on Saturday at her residence, 2404 Broadway.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper and Miss Elsa Draper gave a tea on Sunday in honor of Miss Kitty Johnson, of Vancouver. They were assisted in receiving by Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Beatrice Fife, Miss Turner, Miss Russell, and Miss Dorothy Draper.

Mrs. Max Rothschild will give a luncheon to-day in honor of Miss Marie Wells, Miss Leontine Blakeman, and Miss Helen Wagner.

The first dance of the Friday Cotillion Club will be held next Friday evening at the Palace Hotel. The patronesses are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. W. P. Collier, and Mrs. James P. Langhorne.

Mr. Richard M. Hoteling gave a Japanese costume luncheon at the Bohemian Club recently, in honor of Miss Blanche Bates.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovell will give a tea on Thursday at her residence, 2229 Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss C. L. Lovell.

Miss Elizabeth Mills gave a tea on Wednesday at her residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith gave a dinner at the Claremont Club, Oakland, on Saturday evening, in honor of Mrs. Mason, Miss Winifred Mason, and Miss Mabel Mason, of Sausalito.

Miss Gertrude Palmer gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 2446 Jackson Street.

Mrs. J. Groom gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening in honor of Sir Charles Tupper and Lady Tupper.

Mr. William Greer Harrison gave a supper at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Mrs. Gerrett Livingston Lansing, Mrs. George Colburn, Miss Maren Froelich, Miss Maye Colburn, Mr. Theodore Wores, and Mr. Sherrill Schell.

Mrs. William Kohl gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday in honor of Mrs. Goday, of Washington, D. C. Others at table were Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. W. B. Bourne, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Richard Ivers, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. B. B. Cutler, Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs.

Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Gerstle, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle, Mrs. Beverly Macmonaghy, Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Kohl, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, and Miss Kohl.

Mrs. Richard Bayne gave a tea on Wednesday at her residence, 1525 Washington Street. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. James Tucker, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Milton Latbam, Mrs. Charles McIntosh, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Susie Russell, and Miss Katherine Herrin.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner on Sunday evening in honor of Mme. Gadsdi. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Goday, Miss Kohl, Mr. Tauscher, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. William Berry.

Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper will give a tea on Friday, January 27th, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Guido Musto (née Sbarboro) gave a tea on Thursday at her residence, 2312 Van Ness Avenue.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winship gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Charles S. Aiken gave a supper at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Pingst, Miss Mary Bell, Mr. Samuel Adams, Dr. Arnold Genthe, and Mr. Carlton Greene.

Mrs. Frederick S. Palmer gave a tea on Sunday in honor of Miss Agnes Buchanan.

Dr. and Mrs. Russell H. Cool gave a supper on Saturday evening at their residence, Greenwich and Larkin Streets, in honor of Miss Blanche Bates.

Mrs. R. D. Girvin gave a dinner at the Hotel Rafael recently. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. G. Heazleton, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilly, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Johnson, Baroness von Schroeder, and Mr. Page.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin gave a luncheon at the Hotel Richelieu on Wednesday. Others at table were Mrs. Whittell, Mrs. Selfridge, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Nuttall, Mrs. Taylor, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Death of T. G. Walkington.

Thomas Greer Walkington, prominent in business circles, died at his San Mateo residence on Monday. Mr. Walkington was born in Paterson, N. J., May 1, 1851. In 1865 he came to this Coast, and had resided ever since in San Francisco and San Mateo. He began his business life as a clerk, afterward was a steamboat purser, and finally went into the warehouse business, at which he remained until his death. He was one of the first members of the old Produce Exchange, and when that was merged into the Merchants' Exchange he became, and continued, prominent in that organization. A widow survives him.

The fourth chamber-music concert of the Kopta Quartet and Mrs. Oscar Mansfield, which was to have been given Sunday, has been postponed until to-morrow. (Sunday) afternoon at three o'clock at Lyric Hall. The programme will be the same as announced, containing Raff's sonata chromatique, harp quartet by Beethoven, and piano trio by Tschaiowsky (by request). Tickets may be procured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

A burlesque of "Hamlet" is to be produced at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, next Friday night, by the Sophomore class of the University of California.

The Round Table Debating Club, which has been holding its meetings at the Hotel St. Francis, will meet hereafter at The Buckingham.

The Mansfield Club gave its third recital at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening.

To Secure Spring Stock.

Last week Miss Olga Widrin, of 958 Geary Street, left for New York, where she will purchase her spring stock of millinery. Miss Widrin will also arrange for the importation, from one of the largest and finest establishments in Paris, of one hundred pattern hats.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

A MEAL WITHOUT MEAT, YET GOOD THINGS TO EAT. Vegetarian Café, 755 Market Street.

Wills and Successions.

The final account of George A. Pope as administrator of the estate of Emily T. Pope has been filed in the probate court with a petition for the distribution of the residue, amounting to \$1,660 cash and three hundred and forty shares in the Pope Estate Company, valued at \$615,315. This is all to go to George A. Pope in trust for purposes named in the will. The original appraised value of the estate was \$1,572,810, and of this amount \$955,835 has been distributed—\$524,270 to George A. Pope and \$175,000 each to Florence Pope, Frank Pope, and Mary Pope Murphy.

The Savage English Grand Opera Company, which was founded in Boston nine years ago, is soon to make its first visit to this city, appearing at the Columbia Theatre in the latter part of February and the early part of March. There are a hundred and fifty people in the company, and it requires fourteen cars to transport them and the immense productions. The season lasts for thirty-five weeks, during which time they will play in sixty-seven cities, traveling ten thousand miles. There is a triple cast for each opera in the repertoire.

A party of Filipino students, numbering thirty-one, three of whom are girls, arrived Sunday on the transport *Sherman*. They are sent here by the insular government, and will be distributed among several high schools and colleges in various parts of the country, principally in the South and East. None of the present lot will go to Berkeley or Stanford.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, J. Wadsworth Harris, of the Warde-Kidder Company, gave a pleasant hour's reading to his friends and their guests at the Irving Institute. Mr. Harris's selections, which were from Shakespeare, Longfellow, Field, and others, were highly appreciated by his hearers.

The trouble between *Life* and the theatrical syndicate culminated last week in a resolution adopted by the latter, barring James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, from the syndicate's theatres. Despite the manifesto issued, Metcalfe attended two performances in the proscribed theatres last week, and was not molested.

The "Café Chantant," given at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening for the benefit of the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association, was largely attended. A vaudeville programme was rendered, and refreshments were served.

"Grossstadtluft," a German comedy, will be given at the Columbia Theatre on the afternoon of February 5th, by the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble, for the benefit of Mrs. Josephine la Fontaine, the aged opera-singer.

Georgé Ade has gone to the West Indies for his health. His drama of New York life is to be produced in a few months.

James Woods arrived from New York this week, and has assumed the management of the Hotel St. Francis.

Modern Languages.

Miss Elly Hempel, formerly pupil of Prof. de Philippe, teacher of German, French, English, and Spanish, has opened a studio at 951 Sutter Street; lessons also given at pupils' residences.

FOR SALE: DECORATIVE ART STUDIO WITH established patronage. Address Studio, Argonaut.

Notice of Removal.

Dr. A. C. Kellogg, dentist, has removed from the Phelan Building to specially fitted offices in the new Flood Building, opposite the Emporium.

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REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin expect to start to-day (Saturday) for New York... Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, of Honolulu, is expected to arrive here to-day (Saturday)...

MUSICAL NOTES.

De Pachmann's Concerts.

An attraction of the week will be the three concerts by Vladimir de Pachmann, the Russian pianist, at the Alhambra Theatre, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, January 25th and 27th, and the Saturday matinee, January 28th.

Melba Coming Soon.

Mme. Melba and her company will appear at the Alhambra on the evenings of Tuesday, February 7th, and Friday, February 10th. During Mme. Melba's long absence from San Francisco, she has had her time fully occupied with professional engagements in Europe and the Eastern cities of this country...

Concert on Old Instruments.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch and Miss Kathleen Salmon will appear at Lyric Hall, on Tuesday and Thursday nights, January 31st and February 2d, and Saturday matinee, February 4th, in concerts of old music, played upon the original instruments for which they were composed.

A Week of Band Concerts.

Creator, with his Royal Italian Band of sixty artists, is coming. His programmes are far above the average of band programmes, and among the works that will be heard during the season in this city will be Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust"; Massenet's suite, "Scenes Pittoresques"; selections from "Carmen," "Gioconda," "Aida," "Die Walkure," "Parsifal," and other great operatic works...

The St. Francis Musical Art Society has acquired a number of new members. The second concert will be given on Thursday night, January 26th, when Vladimir de Pachmann will give "an evening with Chopin."

From a Loving Mother.

George Mayerle's Eyewater helped my little girl's eyes wonderfully. Mrs. S. Saly, Centerville, Cal.

Another Shaw Comedy.

"You Never Can Tell," a comedy by G. Bernard Shaw, was given its first American production in New York last week. The play deals with the troubles and joys of an unordinary family, has both comedy and melodrama in it, and, according to some of the critics, is brisk, intellectual, bright, witty, cynical, clever, humorous, and altogether delightful.

The play is concerned with a divided family, the wife having left her husband, taking the twin daughters with her. They all met unexpectedly after a lapse of eighteen years. The conflict between the father and mother for possession of the children's affections, and a love-affair between one of the girls and a dentist, give Mr. Shaw plenty of opportunity to air his peculiar views on love, marriage, and life in general.

A benefit performance will be given Mme. Inez Fahri-Mueller on Thursday evening, at Lyric Hall, the occasion being also a celebration of her seventy-third birthday. Three one-act sketches will be presented by amateur and student talent, several songs by Mme. Fannie Franciska, Mme. Caro Roma, and others, and instrumental music.

The leading event at the Oakland track to-day (Saturday) will be the Lissak Handicap, \$2000 added, for two-year-olds and upward. Many other interesting contests are programmed.

E. S. Curtis, the Seattle photographer, will hold an exhibition of his work at the Press Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, and will give a lantern show there on Tuesday evening.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

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857 Sutter Street; five and six room apartments. Electric dumb-elevators connect all apartments with Café.

The Luxor Grill, with its harmonious environment and thorough equipment, has become a favorite place for the fashionable diners-out, and on many occasions is the scene of pleasant dinner-parties, at which are assembled many of our city's most prominent people.

The management of the Luxor have made the Grill a special feature of the hotel.

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The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.

The Buckingham Cafe Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar table-d'ôte dinner (with \$1.25) will be served from six to eight o'clock, Sunday evening, January 22, 1905:

- Blue Points. Queen Olives. Pickled Walnuts. Consomme Imperial. Bisque of Lobster. Striped Bass Farci. Saratoga Chips. Chicken Patties a la American. Beef, Mushroom Sauce. Croustade of Pears. Plum Sherbet. Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus. Roast Domestic Duck, Apple Sauce. Fried Parsnips, Drawn-Butter Sauce. Stewed Tomatoes. Mashed Potatoes. Browned Sweet Potatoes. Mexican Salad. Crackers. Prune Pie. Huckelberry Pie. Steamed Apple Roll, Brandy Sauce. Chocolate Ice Cream. Assorted Cake. Black Coffee. Water Crackers. Edam Cheese. Roquefort Cheese. Nuts. Raisins. Music by Professor Graeber's Mandolin Club.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
 FROM JANUARY 15, 1905
 FERRY DEPOT
 (Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Humboldt, 7:50 P	
7:00 A	Benicia, Knights Landing, 7:20 P	
7:30 A	Vallejo, Napa, Lillito, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon, 6:20 P	
7:30 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, 7:20 P	
8:00 A	Shasta Express (Via Davis), Williams, Willow, Eureka, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle 7:50 P	
8:00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, 7:50 P	
8:30 A	Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, 4:20 P	
8:30 A	Port Costa, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Golden Gate, 4:50 P	
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Millton), Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, 4:20 P	
8:30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels, 4:20 P	
9:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East, 6:20 P	
9:30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations, 6:60 P	
10:00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, 6:20 P	
10:00 A	Vallejo, 12:20 P	
10:00 A	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshute Junction, Hanford, Colusa, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, 7:20 P	
10:00 A	El Paso, Kansas City, St. Louis at Chicago, 7:20 P	
12:00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, 3:20 P	
1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers, 11:03 P	
3:30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville and Oroville, 10:50 A	
5:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, 7:50 P	
5:30 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Benicia and Fresno, 12:20 P	
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, 9:20 A	
4:00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, 10:20 A	
4:30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, 18:50 A	
1:00 P	The Owl Limited—Ogden, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, 8:50 A	
6:00 P	Golden State Limited—El Paso, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, 8:50 A	
6:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, 7:20 A	
6:00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, 9:50 A	
6:00 P	Eastern Express—Santa Clara, Deuver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno, Sparks, Montello, Ogden, 12:50 P	
6:00 P	Vallejo, Sunday, 7:50 P	
7:00 P	Vallejo, Sunday only, 7:50 P	
7:00 P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations, 11:20 A	
7:00 P	Peno Passenger—Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Eureka, Dixon, Davis, Sacramento, Sparks, Topo-pah, Goldfield and Keeler, 7:60 A	
8:00 P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East, 8:50 A	
8:10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only), 11:50 A	

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge),
 (Foot of Market Street)

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Bonder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, 5:55 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations, 10:55 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, 10:55 A
4:35 P	Hunters' Train (Saturday only)—San Jose and Way Stations, 7:25 P

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge),
 (Foot of Third and Townsend Streets)

6:15 A	San Jose and Way Stations, 6:30 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations, 6:40 P
8:00 A	New Almaden (Tues., Frid., only), 4:10 P
8:00 A	The Coast—San Jose, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Merced, Mariposa, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Gaviota, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles, 10:30 P
8:00 A	Gilroy, Hollister, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc, 10:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Castroville, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations, 4:10 P
11:15 A	San Jose and Way Stations, 1:20 P
11:15 A	San Jose and Way Stations, 1:20 P
12:15 P	San Jose and Way Stations, 8:35 A
3:00 P	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc, 10:45 A
3:00 P	Los Gatos, Wright, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, via Santa Clara and Narrow Gauge, 10:45 A
3:20 P	Vallejo St., South San Francisco, Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, 10:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations, 18:00 A
6:00 P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations, 9:00 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations, 9:40 A
6:45 P	Hubert Express—Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Hending, El Paso, New Orleans, 9:10 A
6:45 P	El Paso, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, 10:30 P
6:45 P	Palajo, Watsonville, Del Monte, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, 10:30 P
6:16 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, 18:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations, 6:36 A
6:00 P	Palo Alto and Way Stations, 10:16 A
11:30 P	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park and Palo Alto, 19:45 P
11:30 P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Los Gatos, Santa Clara and San Jose, 19:45 P

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY
 (Foot of Market St.)
 17.16 A M 8:00 A M, 11:00 A M,
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 Sunday excepted 1 Sunday only
 1 Saturday only
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The derrick isn't handsome, but it has an uplifting influence.—*Philadelphia Record.*

New Year's: *First Resolution*—"How are you feeling?" *Second Resolution*—"Broke."—*Life.*

Mrs. Caller Early—"Miss Oldgirl is looking for a husband." *Mrs. Cutting Hintz*—"She can have mine."—*Houston Chronicle.*

Miss Snowflake—"What did Jim Jackson get married for?" *Miss Washubb*—"Laws only knows—he keeps right on workin'!"—*Puck.*

Men think it's awfully funny to see a girl trying to control a three-acre cold with a three-inch handkerchief.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

She—"Do you think that a woman can truly love but once?" *He*—"Well, if that's the only chance she has—yes!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Papa, will you send me to Europe to study music?" "No; you can study it here, and I'll send you to Europe to practice."—*Houston Post.*

Father—"But do you think you can make my daughter happy?" *Sutor*—"Happy! Say, you should just have seen her when I proposed!"—*Brooklyn Life.*

Proofreader—"Sappy speaks here of his ideas 'wroughten in verse.' Is that good?" *Editor*—"No; make it 'rotten in verse.' Sappy never could spell."—*New York Times.*

McFlub—"A United States ambassador has a cinch." *Sleeth*—"Why so?" *McFlub*—"because what passes for ignorance in other public officials is diplomacy with him."—*Courier-Journal.*

Wouldn't Work Overtime: "What happened to Kohlman?" "He drowned." "An couldn't he swim?" "He did, but eight hours, but he was a union man."—*Ironers Statesman.*

Miss Stalmate—"No man who kisses the wine cup can kiss me." *Ferguson*—"And I suppose it is only the man who has kissed the wine cup who has any desire to kiss you. Awfully awkward, isn't it?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Nervous old lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—"Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?" *Porter*—"Yes, mum; he has the place inshoored for twice wot it's worth."—*Richsburg Gazette.*

Frenzied Finance: *The farmer* (excitedly)—"Say, Mister Constable, I've jest bin bunkered out uv every durn cent!" *The policeman* (irritably)—"Well, don't holler to me, you come on! I ain't no magazine publisher!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Watkins—"Henry, I want a dollar this morning." *Mr. Watkins*—"Great Caesar, woman! Do you think that I am made of money? When you want large amounts you ought to let me know twenty-four hours in advance."—*Somerville Journal.*

"What can we do to improve the present method of dancing?" thundered the parson; "dancing is merely hugging set to music." "We might cut out the music," softly suggested the bad young man in the rear of the auditorium.—*Evansville Courier.*

Temperance-lecturer—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, this here chart shows the terrible effects of whisky on the linin' of the stomach. Now, what would you call a man that deliberately drinks whisky after knowin' the facts?" *The village wag* (not strictly sober)—"Well, prof., suppose we call him an interior decorator."—*Judge.*

Irate employer—"See here, you young Rip Van Winkle, I only hired you yesterday; and I believe, on my soul, you've been asleep around here ever since!" *Sleepy Joe*—"That's what I thought you wished, sir. Here's your advertisement: 'Wanted: An office boy, not over sixteen; must sleep on the premises.'"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A GREAT COCKTAIL, I.E., A DASH OF ANGSTURA Bitters, half a teaspoonful of bar sugar, twisted lemon peel, OLD BARK whisky; stir until cold. This whisky is especially adapted for cocktails on account of its delicate bouquet and flavor. Try it.

"What is worse than owing money you can't pay?" "Being owed money you can't collect."—*Cleveland Ledger.*

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need *Steedman's Soothing Powders.*

"Do you think Banks ever fooled his wife successfully?" "I know it. He married her."—*Detroit Free Press.*

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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 \$85,000—Large corner, vicinity California and Sansome Streets.
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A desirable list for speculators—\$10,000 to \$75,000.

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 WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a m.; 12:25, 3:30, 5:10, and 6:30 p m. Thursday—Extra trip at 11:30 p m.
 Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:50 and 11:30 p m.
 SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, and 11:30 p m.
 San Rafael to San Francisco.
 WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 6:20 p m.
 Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p m.
 Sundays—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:45, 5:05, 6:25 p m.

Leave San Francisco	In Effect Oct. 2, 1904	San Francisco	Arrive San Francisco
Week Days	Sun- days	Destination	Sun- days
7:30 a m	8:00 a m		9:10 a m
3:30 p m	9:30 a m	Ignacio,	10:40 a m
5:10 p m	3:30 p m		6:05 p m
7:30 a m	5:00 p m		7:35 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Novato	9:10 a m
3:30 p m	9:30 a m	Petaluma	10:40 a m
5:10 p m	3:30 p m	and Santa Rosa	6:05 p m
	5:00 p m		7:35 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Fulton,	10:40 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Windsor,	10:40 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m	Healdsburg,	10:40 a m
		Lytton,	7:35 p m
		Geyersville,	6:20 p m
		Cloverdale,	
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland	10:40 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m	and Ukiah.	7:35 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Willits and Sberwood,	7:35 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m		10:40 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Guerneville,	10:40 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen,	9:10 a m
5:10 p m	5:10 p m		6:05 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sebastopol,	10:40 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m

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ployers, addressed to the Czar a manifesto, requesting him to confer with them before his palace; the Czar, upon the advice of his counselors, gave no heed to the demands of the strikers, and when they approached the palace under the lead of a renegade priest, they were met by troops; these troops ordered the mob to disperse; this they refused to do; individual soldiers and strikers came into conflict; the strikers having by this time been ordered several times to disperse, one volley and then another were fired with blank cartridges; the third was with ball, and men, women, and children were slain. In other parts of the city, during the day, mobs which resisted the order to disperse were fired upon. The estimates of the number killed vary widely, but 500 seems a liberal estimate. Since Sunday, the city has been fairly quiet, and no well-verified account of really serious conflicts between troops and the mob has been reported from any other part of Russia, though rumors are rife.

Sympathy with the people as against the tyrant is the predominant feeling in this country. However, it may not be amiss to point out that the Russian Government's course was simply one which almost any government might be compelled to follow under analogous circumstances. Suppose, for example, the United States were in the midst of a great war; that failure of crops and other disasters combined to bring in its train profound industrial depression; that a mob of workmen, disaffected with the war (as were the Copperheads with the Civil War) should demand that the President meet them in conference before the White House; suppose that his Cabinet should counsel him against meeting them there, and that the mob should assemble and clamor vainly for him. It would then be the duty of police officers to disperse the mob; in the event of their being powerless to do so, the Federal troops would be called upon, and, in the event that the mob still refused to disperse, it would be necessary to fire upon it. When, in time of peace, and during industrial depression of no seriously distressing character, the so-called "Coxey's Army" endeavored to invade the White House, it was not received by the President. The ringleaders were arrested. In time of war it might well happen that in countries far more civilized than Russia such a tragedy as that in St. Petersburg might occur. The draft-riots in the City of New York during the Rebellion are not yet forgotten.

We are, of course, not defending the Russian autocracy. But it is just as well, at a time like this, to look at events soberly and calmly in the light of history, rather than through the eyes of hysteric journalists. "Woe unto thee, O Land, when thy king is a child," saith Ecclesiastes, the Preacher. Even more woeful is it when he is a man in stature but a child in wisdom. From the conclusion that the Czar is an amiable coward, a well-intentioned weakling, it is impossible to escape. Six months ago, in an editorial leader on the subject of the prospects of a revolution in Russia, we remarked that "as every bully is a coward, so none are more cruel than the weak." The same weak man who weakly dreamed of an impossible universal peace is the same weak man whose vacillating policies now bring him to a point where he needs must order the slaying of his own subjects in the very streets of his capital while he himself cowers, trembling, behind his palace walls.

It is now seen by every one, of course, that the Czar's policy was fatally wrong. Allowing for all newspaper exaggeration, it is still doubtless true that the faith of the people in "the Little Father" has been shaken. They believed him their friend. While vindictively hating the bureaucracy which taxed them burdensomely, they still believed that Czar Nicholas had the welfare of his people close at heart. Now they

are undecieved, and, in the striking words of the renegade priest Gopon, for them "the Czar no longer exists."

Two questions the world to-day is asking. The first is, Will there be revolution in Russia? The second is, Will these disturbances put an end to the war?

Those who look forward to a veritable revolution in the Czar's domain lay stress upon what they call the "most remarkable parallel between the outbreak in Russia and the French Revolution, not only in the condition of the uprising, but also in the physical aspects and the progress of events; both movements, beginning merely as protests against conditions which imposed discomforts and hunger upon the working classes, soon burst all bounds, and became political revolt."

Too much stress, it appears to us, is laid upon this so-called similarity between Russia of to-day and France of 1780. The French Revolution was preceded not only by a religious revolution, but by an intellectual renaissance. Old creeds were dying in France. Social philosophers were abroad in the land, impregnating the minds of the people with the thought of liberty. There were thousands upon thousands of men, intelligent thinkers, neither nobles nor peasants, but belonging to the bourgeoisie. "The French people," says one historian, "were singularly well fitted to be the heralds of the new conditions of political life in Europe." But how is it to-day in Russia? The Greek church, infinitely more sterilizing and paralyzing in its influence than the Roman catholic church, still remorselessly weighs upon the people. There has been no intellectual renaissance. The vast mass of the people are immitigably ignorant. Where they are not so, but well educated, they belong to the nobility numbering some eight hundred thousand persons whose interest it is to maintain, not to destroy, the present autocracy, of which they art a part. Between the peasantry and the nobility there is a great void—in Russia there is no great, intelligent, progressive middle class, in which, in all other countries political ideals have taken their rise, and which have been the backbone of revolution.

France, a hundred and twenty-five years ago (as, indeed, to-day) was a comparatively small country with a homogeneous population. What was thought in Marseilles was also thought in the Rhenish provinces. The soldiery were in sympathy with the desires and aspirations of the people. The capital, Paris, was not so far from the furthest corner of France but that men intent upon overthrowing the rule of the weak king could easily make their way thither on foot. How different it is in Russia to-day! Here we have an empire vast in extent, not homogeneous but heterogeneous, counting mutually unintelligible tongues by the score, differing in race, in methods of thought, and in aspiration. This is strikingly illustrated by a chance phrase in one of the newspaper accounts of the massacre. It sets forth that Circassian troops were being employed for duty in St. Petersburg because "the Circassians have the reputation of liking to kill Russians." Thus we see that not only is the savage soldiery of the outlying provinces not in sympathy with the aspirations of the workmen on strike in St. Petersburg, but they actually are their racial enemies. While Central Russia might, perhaps, by itself effect a revolution, the Czar by drawing savage Cossacks, Circassians, and Uhlans from the wild borders of the empire may easily succeed in quelling disorder.

Too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity, before there can be successful revolution, of the existence of a small and intense minority able firmly to wrest from the Czar and his grand dukes the reins of power. Mobs are nothing. It is easy to mow down leaderless mobs. If there is no earnest, ardent, intrep-

Although the events of the bloody drama enacted at St. Petersburg on Sunday last have been greatly exaggerated and distorted by the press, enough facts remain to render January 22 a date long memorable in history. Robbed of all rhetoric, the events of Sunday are these: 100,000 workmen, having gone on a strike, and being unable to secure demanded terms from their em-

intelligent band of men, full of the *semper martirum*, willing to face death for their cause, neither dreamers nor doers, but both, and *men*, there can be no representative government builded now on the ruins of the monarchy. Mobs may sack St. Petersburg, and Moscow may burn with a redder flame than Napoleon's armies saw, but if a country is not fit for self-government, the destruction of one tyrant only makes room for another. "The idea that a country may be given a beneficial constitution in a day," says the historian Reich; "the Benthamite conception that a form of government can be drawn up upon ideal lines to fit the requirements of any nation, and that that nation will be able to do it and wear it like a new suit of clothes—has long been proved false. A constitution, unless it has been won by the efforts of the people themselves, is not likely to prove a good fit, and in Russia the lower classes have not manifested any desire for a form of government superior to that under which they at present live. The class that desires constitutional reform is the middle class, and this class, in the real sense of *bourgeoisie*, we have already shown does not exist."

If we accept the views of this historian, therefore, we shall look for no effective revolution. It is, of course, not intended to convey the idea that a strong revolutionary movement would not bring light to dark places in Russia, if successful. The people of a republic look with horror upon the evils of a tyranny where the autocrat is a weakling. They would welcome successful revolution and the advent of representative government for Russia. But if revolution in any real sense of the word is impossible because there are not enough strong men of high ideals to usher in the new day, then it is better that the weak Czar should rule rather than that the mob should bring in a reign of terror. If the Czar were slain some strong grand duke would seize the reins of power as regent, and evil would thus be piled upon evil. That vast sluggish mass of ignorant, superstitious peasants which forms the great part of the Russian people is not to be stirred into revolution by the more enlightened men of the towns—who, after all, are only one-twelfth of the population.

As for the second question, Is the war likely to be brought to a sudden end?—it is not impossible. We have constantly pointed out in these columns that that was the hope of the Japanese. We have expressed the belief that Kuropatkin had proved himself a general of distinction; that the Russian soldier had shown himself quite the equal, in battle, of his fanatically brave enemy; that the Siberian railway, under the masterly administration of Khilkof, had stood the terrific strain of transporting supplies and men to the Far East. The danger to ultimate Russian success, we said, lay in internal disturbances at home. It is perfectly obvious that so vast is the quantity of supplies required for Kuropatkin's army that any interruption of traffic for even a brief period of time would mean the starvation of the army, or, at least, such a weakening of its fighting strength that the Japanese could win an easy victory. Seemingly, much will depend upon the events of the next few days. If strikes and riots continue all Kuropatkin's strategy can not save him from humiliating disaster.

We pointed out some weeks ago that the anarchistic conditions in the Republics of Santo Domingo and Venezuela might compel the intervention of the United States in the interests of international law and order. We said that while such events impended, and so long as the American people desired to preserve unannulled the doctrines of Monroe and its logical corollaries, it was in the highest degree absurd to talk of reducing naval expenditure. Realization of those predictions have come quickly. Dispatches from Washington tell us that a protocol has been signed by President Morales and Commander Dillingham to go into effect February 1st, whereby this government undertakes the control of Dominican revenues and guarantees the territorial integrity of the Dominican Republic—a republic having a population of 400,000 people, with two railways, 430 miles of telegraph, and a commerce with us amounting to about four million and a half dollars a year, mostly in sugar, cocoa, coffee, bananas, wax, leaf tobacco, hides, skins, cabinet woods, etc. It will, of course, be necessary for the United States to maintain the present Dominican Government by force of arms against revolution or foreign invaders. Indeed, according to a San Juan, Porto Rico, dispatch, work has already been found for our revenue cutter *Dexter*, which has been dispatched to Mayaguez for the purpose of intercepting an expedition carrying arms and ammunition to Santo Domingo for the leaders of the contemplated revolution. It is also stated that the gunship *Newark*, the cruiser *Detroit*, the gunboat *Cassin*, and the collier *Sterling*, besides the torpedo-boat *Stewart*, are already in Santo Dominican waters, while

the cruisers *Tacoma* and *Denver* are on their way thither. It is further stated that these naval forces will be used to overawe the rebellious natives and establish the American dictatorship, when the protocol goes into effect, February 1st.

From Venezuela comes the news that the negotiations between the United States and the government of that country have reached, temporarily, an unsatisfactory end, and that relations between the United States and Venezuela are under a decided strain. It is intimated from Washington that our government may at length be forced to take some action of a coercive nature.

It is, of course, a matter of regret that this government should be compelled to assume responsibilities in Santo Domingo, or force Venezuela to act justly with American citizens who have business interests in that country. As we have previously pointed out, however, a certain responsibility for the good conduct of American republics is a logical corollary of the Monroe Doctrine. This idea was clearly enunciated by President Roosevelt in his annual message, and he now acts upon it.

Under these circumstances, the people will look with extreme disfavor upon any attempt to curtail the estimates for naval expenditures submitted by the Secretary of the Navy. We have work for it. Let every cent of the estimates be appropriated. We urge upon our representatives and senators the necessity of using every effort for the defeat of the plans of those who talk of naval retrenchment. The President wants an adequate navy. The people demand an adequate navy. In the eventful years to come we shall not regret the money that we spent to make us strong upon the sea.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, who, says "Who's Who," is a lecturer and author and president of the National Legislative League, has issued an appeal to the public in behalf of one Mary Rogers, of Vermont, and one Kate Edwards, of Pennsylvania, who are under sentence to be hanged. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake desires that "every woman who believes in justice" should write to the governors of Vermont and Pennsylvania, urging them to commute the sentence of these two women so, says Mrs. Blake in conclusion of her appeal, "that this republic will not be disgraced by the spectacle of the killing of these two poor shrinking beings." This appeal, we are sure, does great credit to the sympathetic character of Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake; but in order that any woman readers of the *Argonaut*, who may be inclined to address an appeal to the two governors concerned to spare the lives of Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Edwards, may have full information in the premises, we seize the occasion to indicate the nature of the crime with which Mrs. Rogers is charged, assuring our feminine readers that the crime of Mrs. Edwards is not dissimilar. Mrs. Rogers, whom Lillie Devereux Blake describes as a "shrinking being," had for some time previous to the murder lived apart from her husband, and was in love with an Indian half-breed. The evidence at the trial showed that the murder was committed for the purpose of getting Rogers's insurance, and thus being able to marry the Indian. Under pretense of effecting a reconciliation, the Shrinking Being, by letter, asked her husband to meet her at night in a wood near their home. When they met, this Shrinking Being kissed her husband affectionately and promised devotion to him for the future. As they talked, the Shrinking Being picked up a rope from the ground and offered to show him a trick with it, for the accomplishment of which Rogers placed his hands behind his back while the Shrinking Being bound them tightly. Once tied, the Shrinking Being summoned her half-breed lover, who was in hiding, and together the Shrinking Being and the half-breed threw the bound man to the ground, and the Shrinking Being held a handkerchief saturated with chloroform to her husband's mouth until he was dead, when the body was thrown by the Shrinking Being and her lover into a river. All this the half-breed confessed. For the information of all the women readers of the *Argonaut* who may desire to appeal to the governor of Vermont for commutation of the sentence of this Shrinking Being, we offer gratis the information that his name is Charles J. Bell, and that he should be addressed at Montpelier.

At nearly all the great universities of the country, men of note are frequently asked to address the student-body upon subjects with which the speaker is particularly familiar. These addresses have a marked educative value, undoubtedly. We must confess to some slight sensation of surprise, however, that Mr. Jack London should have been asked by the authorities of our State university to address the students upon the subject of

Socialism. Had he discussed, in his address referred to, merely the history of Socialism, or Socialism in its academic phases, the address might have been one eminently proper to be heard by his student-audience. But unless the press accounts convey an altogether erroneous impression, Mr. London made a direct appeal to his hearers to join the Socialist party, to vote the Socialist ticket, to throw themselves heart and soul into the Socialist movement. It is scarcely necessary for us to point out that the Socialist party is a political party just as the Republican and Democrat are political parties. Certainly the authorities of the university would not have invited a Republican orator to make before the students a campaign speech, nor would they have permitted a Democrat to appeal for votes for his party. Why, then, permit Mr. London to urge the students of the State university to cast their lot with the Socialist cause? Apart from this, there are still other grounds for amazement that Mr. London should have been permitted to carry the Socialist propaganda within the walls of our State university. Three of the existing political parties—the Republican, Democrat, and Populist—are parties of reform, not of revolution. They propose a continuance of the present form of government, with its legislative, judiciary, and executive departments; they hold sacred the Constitution; they do not deny the right of individuals to hold and use property for the production of wealth, upon the admission of which right our existing form of civilization is based. But the Socialist party has aims quite different from those of the Democrat, Republican, and Populist parties. It is a party of revolution rather than of reform. It aims at overturning the present form of government; the destruction of the Constitution, together with all the present machinery, legislative, judicial, and executive. It proposes to abolish the right to hold wealth-producing private property, and such property it aims to wrest from those who now hold it with or without remuneration therefor. Waiving all question as to whether such revolution is desirable or not, we may remark that it seems to us singular that a revolutionist like Mr. London should be permitted to advocate revolution under the auspices of the university of the State. Further, many Socialists frankly admit that they expect the socialistic commonwealth to be a temporary state of social organization—one which will break down into an anarchistic society—one without law. As some Socialists phrase it: "I am a present Socialist but a prospective anarchist." Would the authorities of the State university take the further (and perfectly logical) step of inviting a philosophical anarchist to appeal to students to join his party? Mr. London is quite blameless. Having been offered an opportunity to make political converts, he would have been recreant to his political faith had he not done his best to accomplish it. But what of those who invited him to speak?—has Socialism already a strong hold among university professors, or was it just a little piece of thoughtlessness on the part of somebody or other?

A private letter from an American gentleman now traveling in Japan has somewhat more weight with us than the opinion expressed by a Wisconsin University professor that the spectre of the "yellow peril" is "the most chimerical phenomenon that has appeared in political thought since the Middle Ages." Our intelligent correspondent, an educated man of affairs, after traveling through Japan, China, and the Far East generally, is "glad to see" that the *Argonaut* takes a different stand from that taken by most American papers about the meaning of the Japanese victory, if it comes. "According to a great many men here," he says, "it would be a calamity for the white people of the world if the Japanese had a walkover. I think so, too. Japan for the Japanese!—well, no one can blame them for that; but let them win this war, and they will be so proud and arrogant that . . . well, some one else will have to lick them!"

Coincident with the transfer to the Navy Department of the whole system of wireless telegraphy on this Coast, which was formerly in charge of the weather bureau, is the announcement of the discovery by Major George O. Squier, of the United States army, that trees can be used as stations for receiving and sending "space messages," as they are now called. Further, the navy has already established twenty-four stations where vessels can report by wireless, and whence storm warnings and marine news will be distributed to craft at sea. These stations are strung up and down the Atlantic seaboard, the West Indies, the Pacific, from the Farallones to Cape Flattery, and in the Philippines. But the most interesting discovery of all this prog-

SANTO DOMINGO AND VENEZUELA.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

PROGRESS OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

JACK LONDON AT BERKELY.

TEUTONIC PECULIARITIES.

By Jerome Hart.

Germany is the land of limitations. The word you see there most frequently is *Verboten*— "Forbidden." When you approach a railway station you see gigantic *Verboten*s stuck all over the station before you see anything else. It is forbidden to cross the rails. It is forbidden to go down a certain staircase. It is forbidden to go up a certain other one. It is forbidden to get out of the railway carriage on the side furthest from the platform. It is forbidden to get on or off of the railway carriage while it is in motion. It is forbidden to get out at all until you have given up your *Ausgang* coupon and are discharged free. It is forbidden to stick your head out of the window. It is forbidden to throw bottles out of the window. It is forbidden to break the window. It is forbidden to sound the danger signal unless your life is in peril. And when you have complied with all the regulations, been ticketed, punched, counted, and have gone through the *Ausgang*, you are apt to find a big sign—*Durchgang Verboten*, "No Thoroughfare"—owing to repairs. But if you try to go back through the *Ausgang*, whence you have just emerged, you will find that it is *Verboten*. You must go back into the station through some other *Eingang* and then go out again through some other *Ausgang*. All through the German-speaking parts of Switzerland you find the German *Verboten* also prevails in railway stations and elsewhere; in fact, my observations in German Switzerland would lead me to believe that the German-speaking Swiss have picked up all the disagreeable customs of the Germans without any of their good ones.

Apropos of railway stations: We were traveling north through the Rhine country in "Elsass-Lothringen." Those are the names by which the former French provinces "Alsace-Lorraine" are now known; those are the names which the inhabitants must use; when they travel, they see the letters "E. L." woven into the upholstery of all the Prussian railway carriages—woven by the million—woven into patterns like the flowers in the fields. It is an object lesson—no Alsatian need ever be in any doubt as to where his allegiance lies.

One day I heard an American woman in a restaurant carriage say to her husband as the train stopped: "I wonder what the name of this station is?"

"Don't you see it there?" replied the husband. "Güterschuppen—that's the name of the station."

"Is it, indeed," placidly replied the wife. "I've seen that same name on the last six stations we have passed, and I don't believe that even in Germany they would call six successive stations by the same name."

A well-meaning German professor here leaned across the aisle and informed the lady that "Güterschuppen" meant "Freight-shed." Probably the professor was unmarried. After that a silence fell between the married pair.

It was the little rift within the lute.

If Germany abounds in rules, restrictions, and limitations, so also does it abound in sesquipedalian titles. The length of social and political titles in Germany is remarkable. For example, in addressing a court official who would seem to us not particularly important, you must write: *Seiner hochwohlgeboren dem Königlichen ober Landes Gericht Rath, Herr* — ("the highly well-born royal superior state justice counsellor, Mr. —").

Women share in their husband's titles; those of rank are always addressed by their title, as Frau Baronin or Frau Grafin. There is even a card in existence on which the lady has her name engraved, *Königliche Kammerfagerin* ("Royal sweepers of the apartments"). But the most remarkable of these feminine titles is *Königlichen Hof-Silber Geschirr Putzertochter aus Berlin* ("Royal silver plate cleaner's daughter from Berlin"). Another gem taken from a hotel list is: *Fleisch Waaren Fabrikanten Gemahlin*; or, "Meat goods manufacturer's spouse."

When the emperor is addressed by letter, he is called "Most serene and august emperor and king, most gracious king and lord." Speaking of him in the third person, the government newspapers always entitle him *Der Allerhöchste* ("the all highest"). This reminds one of Captain Coghlan's irreverent parody on the Kaiser in the ballad, "Me and God," for which our Navy Department disciplined the captain.

I was much surprised to see that the old State Lottery still exists in Prussia. That this iniquitous system—a government robbing its people—should endure in poor countries like Italy and Spain is not so surprising, but that it should exist in the twentieth century in Prussia, one of the most highly civilized and best educated of the European states, is indeed remarkable. The Prussian Government—that is to say, the empire—virtually suppressed the gambling tables at Baden and other German spas. It likewise suppressed the Frank

PRUSSIA'S ALTRUISTIC MORALITY.

Harvard may be right, and the Gratwick laboratory right, too. But it is a far cry from a mouse to man. It might be possible to cure cancer on the exterior surface of the body, and be impossible to heal an internal tumor of the same character. The serum might cure once and fail twice.

So terrible a disease as cancer is bound to stir humanity to hot endeavor to find a remedy. But it also gives the snapshot scientist excellent opportunity to work upon the credulity of mankind. When we die we will take any chance. When we are drowning we will grasp at straws. Therefore it behooves the careful and conscientious investigator to go slowly, to weigh minutely, and not to speak as with authority until knowledge is beyond all doubt. In the present instance doctors disagree terribly. Harvard says flatfootedly, without reserve or acquiescence in the possibility of future progress in medicine, that there is one remedy and only one—the knife. Most of us will turn hopefully to the cheerier view of the New York experimenters, who at least give hope. Some of us are willing to buy a bit of hope at any price. And this seems indeed a good hope, and while we suspend judgment in a matter of life and death, the world will watch with deep interest the outcome of this audacious challenge to the black death which has almost as many victims as the white plague.

It is stated that there has never been a time of more railway building than at present, no less than four transcontinental lines now being under construction to the Pacific Ocean. The great part of this work is at present being done in the Rocky Mountain region, actual construction nearly always starting in some short stretch of track designed to hold a valued pass or utilize a cut-off. Aside from these systems, there is a vast deal of construction of feeders, cut-offs, and little lines meant as speculative enterprises. And in the future there are other lines in prospect, their projectors meantime poring over the reports of their surveyors.

The most interesting line to Southern California is the Clark road from Ogden to San Diego. This line brings Salt Lake and Los Angeles a day closer to each other, and when it is opened it is thought that it will quickly have connections with the Denver and Rio Grande on one side and with the Oregon lines on the other, thus not only opening up a vast country to the seaboard, but also giving an inland outlet.

The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient is a road dropping from Kansas City by Oklahoma, Texas, and Mexico to Port Stilwell on the Gulf of California. Its northern counterweight is the projected Grand Trunk in Canada crossing the provinces from ocean to ocean at a high latitude.

The Western Pacific, which is to extend the Rio Grande to San Francisco, will have a Salt Lake connection with what is known as the Moffat line—the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific, which is considered the most important railway advance made in Colorado. The Western Pacific across Nevada is promised within two years.

Coincident with the projection, construction, and equipment of these roads, other enterprises are taking form. Mines, mills, and manufactories follow the first train, and the richest portions of Colorado, Nevada, and Utah are now being opened up by these new lines. Other industries are exploring, developing, and preparing to load the first cars. In former days, a road opened a new country and waited for its traffic to grow to paying proportions. Nowadays the road and its traffic are built together.

The fall of the Combes Cabinet does not, by any means, indicate that the policies so ably championed during his tenure of office are to be reversed by his successor, M. Rouvier. Indeed, M. Combes was not defeated, but resigned while he still had a small majority in the Chamber, and thus he retires with the honors of war. He has had large part in the naming of his successor, and that successor has already agreed to continue his predecessor's policies. Chief among these is his interpretation of the law against the religious associations, in relation to which Combes's course has been repeatedly approved by the country, even when the controversy between France and the Vatican reached the point where diplomatic negotiations were broken off. During the past two years Combes has come to believe that the repeal of the Concordat was the ultimate solution of the religious question. The particular matter which finally brought about the crisis was Combes's discovery of a system of espionage and tale-telling in the army, the exposure of which involved prominent men in the army, who finally assembled a sufficiently large number of malcontents in the Chamber to make his position untenable.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

is that made in San Francisco at Fort Mason by Major Squier. By experiment on some growing trees front of headquarters he has made sure of the following facts: every living tree will act as a vertical antenna for sending and receiving; the ground surrounding these trees is also responsive for receiving; leaves of the trees will transmit the oscillations in the ground to the air in the same way that metal

The advantages of this discovery are many, though naturally Major Squier in his report lays special emphasis on the value of the new system for the purposes of war. Hereafter no huge mast will disclose the instruments' position, no apparatus other than what may be carried in a small box will be required, and so long there are trees there the wireless operator has his life to his hand. But, incidentally, it is surmised that electrical activity of the trees may be used as a means of soil exploration with consequent benefit to agriculture, the discharge between the leaves affording spectroscopic means of determining the ingredients of soil.

What is a little closer to our every-day life is the proposed installation by the New York Central of wireless telegraphy for train dispatching and the use of signals. It is asserted that messages can be received and sent by an operator on a train going ninety miles an hour. If this is true, the wires which form so large a part of the expense of maintenance of railway systems will be done away with, winter storms can no longer disable a whole system by bringing down poles and wires by the mile, and a train will not have to lose time stopping for orders. Automatic signals of danger, of course, be arranged, and the engineer warned of an instrument in his cab of changes in his orders and obstructions ahead.

The principal objection urged against wireless telegraphy—that it was good only for short distances—has been pretty much disproved. Messages have been successfully sent over the Alps and out to sea for hundreds of miles, conclusively proving that rarity or thinness of the atmosphere has little to do with the wires which are used for transmission.

In its usual clearheadedness and bluntness in stating facts it sees, the *Oregonian* has come out flatly for tariff-revision, and warns those who would "stand pat" that a party can't stand pat against a large public sentiment in favor of tariff-reform, or anything else, for a length of time. The *Oregonian* states that it takes this stand from motives: first, because it believes that economic changes have rendered correction of the present duties imperative; and, second, because the welfare of the Republican party depends on its ability and distinction to meet wide-spread criticism on a fair basis. It believes there is now a very influential public sentiment against maintaining schedules long outgrown and only productive of trusts. It asserts that unless Republican leaders follow Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion and take up tariff-reform immediately, they may lose the experience of suddenly finding themselves out of position to do anything but bite their nails, and radicals blow the whole tariff into the clouds, to come down without any magic regaining of form and elasticity.

The *Oregonian* denies that it believes in free trade, and repeats that it thinks revision to be absolutely necessary. "It is the *Oregonian's* opinion that the Republican party, acting through its representatives in Congress, must revise the tariff or suffer a fall. How can one man say, but in these times of rapid movement it might come sooner than those who feel themselves entrenched in place and power imagine."

There have just been two announcements made with regard to cancer: the scientists of the Gratwick Pathological Laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., think they have found a parasite of cancer and a serum which is antitoxin; the Cancer Commission of the Harvard Medical School, after lengthy investigation, that cancer is not contagious, and has no cure but the knife. The Gratwick investigators have been working since under the patronage of the State of New York. They are careful and learned men. They have been working in conjunction with experts on cancer from all over the world, and they make their announcement with confidence, and point to a long line of experiments confirming their contentions. They have produced a cancer in mice, developed from these affected mice a serum, and by this cured other mice afflicted with the disease.

There is really but one way to test the efficacy of a discovery. That is the ancient test of life and death. Cancer may be parasitic and yet incurable. It may be without parasite, and yet not defy the physician.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF CANCER.

fort lottery. But after thirty years, Prussia still keeps running her own profitable skin game.

"Do as I say, not as I do," as the wicked parson said. Prussia's care for the morals of other German burghers, as contrasted with her care for the pfennigs of her own, is delightful.

A curious fashion throughout Germany is the placing of inscriptions on the outside of houses—permanent ones, I mean. Sometimes chiseled into the stone you see mottoes or epigrams which show what the owner thinks about things in general. Frequently they are short and pithy proverbs in German, like "Fast find, fast bind." Then again they are longer. We saw one inscription which covered the entire side of the house, reading, when translated, as follows: "A BENEFIT SHOULD ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED BY HIM WHO RECEIVES IT, AND FORGOTTEN BY HIM WHO CONFERS IT." True—but it looks odd emblazoned all over the side of a three-story house. On another and smaller house we saw the Latin motto: "Parva, sed adapta mihi." There is sound sense for you. If all of us could only think so. Yet how few of us do. And we struggle for bigger houses until we occupy at last the little one in which we live so long.

The German nature is franker and more effusive than the American. Few of us, I fancy, would care to proclaim our innermost thoughts and feelings, either from our house-tops or on our house-fronts, nor would it always be well to do so when they were sincere.

An historic saying of a multi-millionaire is embedded in the American mind. Had he followed the German fashion there would be set forth in large letters on the front of his Newport palace—"THE PUBLIC BE D—D!"

Years ago I studied German, but little of it stuck. I imbibed vast quantities of German grammar, but no German. I could talk learnedly of *nmlauts*, but could not talk in German. In class, I spent most of my time wondering how the Germans ever learned their own language. Likewise, I used to listen to our professor (a South German) warning us against pronouncing final *g* like soft *sch*, which pronunciation he invariably used himself when not engaged in warning us not to do so.

In after years I tried to read German, but the enormous distance between the nominative and predicate, between the substantive and the verb, appalled me. Even in reading German translations of the Bible and Shakespeare I have been astonished at the inversions of these versions. The language seems to me to work backward, inside out, upside down, askew and askew.

For a simple illustration of what I mean, take the word *nach*. It is used on railway trains for "to" or "toward." "Hamburg *nach* Berlin" means "Hamburg to Berlin." But to my mind *nach* expresses the reverse of "toward." *Zu* Berlin; *bis* Berlin; *gegen* Berlin; these express to me the idea of going toward Berlin. But *nach* seems to me to work backward; for example, you say, "Meine Uhr geht 12 Minuten *nach*," which means that my watch is twelve minutes behind-hand, or "Meine Uhr geht *nach*," which means that my watch is slow. Still, all of these phrases to me have shades of meaning which are backward rather than forward. Of course, it is folly to suppose that the Germans do not correctly apply their own language; still if you look up *nach* in a German dictionary, you will find its significations are backward instead of forward.

The poet and sculptor, W. W. Story, did not like the German pronunciations of Latin—"Kikero," of "Kiesar," etc. He used to say that it was reserved for a people who never had agreed in the pronunciation of their own language to instruct the world in the pronunciation of a dead one.

I was reminded of this when we were traveling to Hamburg—once from Königsberg through Prussia and Mecklenburg, and once from Switzerland through the Rhenish countries. As we neared Hamburg it seemed as if a different pronunciation came from every part of Germany. The name was variously pronounced: *Homboorg*, *Hamboork*, *Hambourch*, *Homboursssech*. This sounds like an exaggeration. I assure the reader that it is not. Final *g* is pronounced in many ways in Germany.

It is not well, however, to sneer at any foreign tongue. Linguistically, we always have troubles of our own. Once I happened to be in company with a sarcastic American in Germany, who, pointing to a sign on a gardener's place, said: "*Baum Schule*—that means 'Tree School,' doesn't it?"

I said I believed so. "What a very ridiculous phrase!" said the sarcastic American. "The idea of having a *school* for trees—as if trees could be educated."

"Yes," I replied, "it is indeed absurd that trees should be trained up in the way they should go as children are. As you say, the phrase is indeed ridiculous. 'Tree school'—why, it is to laugh! Now, our phrase is a great deal more sensible—we call it 'tree nursery.' To look upon trees as being trained like children in a 'tree school,' as the Germans phrase it, is absurd. But to look upon trees as infants, and to call the establishment for training them a 'tree

nursery,' as we do, is entirely sensible—don't you think so?"

The sarcastic American looked at me suspiciously, but did not reply.

It is remarkable that so practical a people as the Germans should continue to use their blind black letter. The German text is ugly, and when printed from small type, on dingy paper, with high-speed presses, as is the case with most daily newspapers, it is difficult to decipher. Ever since the days of Cadmus, alphabets have been designed to convey ideas, and those alphabets which transfer thought with the most quickness, clearness, and precision, are the best. Considered from these standpoints, the German alphabet is one of the worst. That it is a failure is shown unconsciously in many ways. Advertisers, for example, have no sentiment about them. They want to reach the reader and reach him quickly. Therefore nearly all the displayed advertisements in German newspapers are printed in Latin characters. So, too, with the commercial and financial pages. Stockbrokers and merchants have no time to waste in deciphering badly printed German text; therefore the commercial page in the German dailies is now nearly always set up in Roman type. Circus advertisements, theatre placards, and advertising posters generally; the names of streets on the corner signs; the lettering on cars and omnibuses; even temporary signs, such as "No Thoroughfare" or "Street Closed," you nearly always see in Latin characters. Written placards also, such as "Wet Paint" or "Please Wipe Your Feet" you will now generally see set forth, not in the German cursive, but in the ordinary script used by the English, French, Spanish, and Italians.

The chief merit about the German typographers is that they still capitalize all nouns. This is an excellent rule, and was followed in our language up to a century ago. In all old English books, the nouns are printed beginning with capitals. But these capital letters were expunged by the printers. Those gentlemen always want to make the printed page "look neat," as they call it, and so they left off the capital letters; then they abolished small capitals; now with the linotype machine the italic letter is gone. Thus, a monotonous "neatness" having been accomplished, the printers are satisfied. In the United States nowadays every daily newspaper looks exactly like every other one—all individuality is gone. Once it was possible to recognize your favorite paper by its face, as you recognize a friend in a crowd—now all the papers present to you the meaningless faces of a crowd.

The function of the printed page is to convey ideas, and to convey them with speed, effect, and precision. Printers have no right to impose their mechanical ideas of "neatness" on readers. The average law-book—whether treatise, digest, or code—is intended not only to be read, but to be used for rapid reference; therefore it has page-headings, chapter-headings, side-headings, syllabi, side-notes, foot-notes, numbered sections, numbered paragraphs, indexes, and tables of cases. Such a page may not look "neat," but it is easy to read and it is easy to find things in it quickly. So in reading the ordinary book, the capitalized noun attracts the eye and accelerates reading and comprehension.

Another proof of the inferiority of the German text is the fact that nearly all German scientific works are printed in Roman. This has been the case for years, but it has had little effect on the printing of books of a general nature. Bismarck did much to retard this needed improvement, for he clung stubbornly to the German text, and frequently sent back books which were printed in Roman, refusing to read them.

Since 1871, ardent Germans have been striving to banish all French words from the vocabulary. In line with the German attempt to de-Gallicize the German language, I noticed with interest the use of a German neologism for "telephone." This is so recent an invention that the American word, coined by Americans, has made its way all over the world. It is used everywhere, even in countries with different alphabets, like Russia and Turkey, where you can distinguish "Telephone Number" on advertisements and shop signs. So has it been in Germany. But of late years the wave of linguistic reform has extended even to non-Gallic words. For example, nowadays you see the word *Fernsprecher* far more frequently in Germany than you do "Telephone"; the latter word is doomed to disappear. It is an excellent idea; no German child of three or four could fail to understand what "far-speaker" meant, although he might not readily guess the meaning of the word "telephone."

The German crusade against Gallicisms in the German language has at last extended even to the restaurant bills of fare. It rather puzzles foreigners to read, in place of *dessert*, *Nachtsitz*; for *rôti*, to read *Braten*; for *entrées*, to read *Mittellesen* (middle eating); for *légumes*, to read *Gemüse*; for *hors d'œuvres*, to read *Voressen* (fore-eating). This patriotic expurgation has been much impaired by the fact that for many of these dishes there is no precise term in German. For example, *Voressen* might be applied more fittingly to the snack which the Russians take before a meal, and which they call *Zakouska*, rather than to the

hors d'œuvres, which are served with the meal itself. So with the *Mittellesen*—many people would declare that the *entrées* are not the middle course of the dinner, and that *Mittellesen* is expressed more precisely by another French word. Furthermore, the German in different parts of Germany by no means agrees on the names of even staple dishes. For example, haunch of venison is variously termed *Gedampfte Rehkeule*, *Wildbitt*, or *Hirschkeule*. Even so simple a viand as rib roast of beef has such varying names as *Geratene Ochsenrippe*, or *Gebratene Rindfleisch*, or *Geratene Ochsenfleisch*, or plain *Rindsbraten*, or *Ochsenrippenstück*.

I thought I could stump a German friend by defying him to give a German name for what the American delicacy, Mince Pie. For was forced to throw up the sponge when he triumphantly assured me that it is well known in Germany and is called *Fleischpaste*, or "flesh-pie." There is a slightly synonymous term for mince meat, *das Gehackte Fleisch*, but the deadly mince pie he said, is known by the name as given above. But do not think he played fair. I think his *Fleischpaste* is merely the ordinary meat-pie of commerce, with nothing in it but salt and pepper. I can not believe that it is the toxic compound of suet, cider, citron, apple raisins, cloves, cinnamon, allspice, brandy, vinegar, at hash, of which vaudeville artists sing "that moth used to make."

Most people would consider the French language richer in terms concerning food and cookery than the German. I have always thought so. But I was much surprised in Germany by the richness of the language in food phrases that I took the trouble to count the columns in a French-English and a German-English pocket dictionary. Result—French, eight columns; German, eleven.

But when one reflects, it is really not extraordinary that the German should have more words for articles of food than the French, for they certainly seem to have more things to eat and to eat them more frequently. Where did I once read a description of the German heaven? Was it in Heiner? I remember dimly a writer describing the celestial abode dreamed of by good Germans. A land where the sausage tree bent under the weight of plump sausages hanging in bunches like bananas; where golden salmon swim ashore a wriggle into your plate, promising to be eaten raw where the sturgeon come and voluntarily offer up you their young in the form of caviar; where cucumbers and gherkins grow in beds all ready for the consumer, and may be picked, ready pickled, and eaten at once; where the wandering swine come up to the pond of raw ham, and let them cut slices off their joints; where the roast goose, brown and succulent, flies through the air on its tearless wings, alight with a flop on your plate, and turns up its plump breast ready for your knife.

A land where there are lakes of soup and rivers of gravy. A land where it is ever raining beer.

Yum, yum.

Extent of the Dogger Bank.

If the floor of the North Sea were raised rather more than a hundred feet, the Dogger Bank, notorious by the Russian attack on the trawlers, would form a third member of the "British Isles," about the size of Scotland, or 6,000 square miles. The entire North Sea has an average depth of only ninety feet, and the bank is beneath the surface about forty feet. Curiously enough, a stony submerged isthmus connecting the bank with the land at Flamborough Head known to the fishermen as "California." It is a curious fact that the value of this enormous repository of fish was discovered so late. As early as the days of Henry the Seventh English ships were fishing off the coasts of Iceland, and laying the foundation of future voyages of Arctic discovery, in order to get salt fish for consumption on fast days and in Lent. They, well as the Dutch, were in frequent collision with Danish fishing fleets on the same errand in the sixteenth century. Yet this veritable gold mine on the Dogger, within a hundred miles of the English coast, lay neglected.

There is still in existence the log of the *Victory* the day of Trafalgar. That clerical hand so clear, distinct, wrote amid the echoes of French and Spanish guns. What does he say? "The Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., commander-in-chief, wounded in the shoulder 1h. 30m." Later, on the other page: "Partial firing continued until 4h. 30m., with a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., and commander-in-chief then died of his wound." And all the time in the margin the variations of the wind are calmly noted.

The most valuable London realty, according to recent transactions, is near the Bank of England, the "V Street district" of London. Land has been sold there at the rate of \$375 a square foot, or \$16,335 an acre. In the district of the Strand values are from \$60 to \$100 a square foot. In Bond Street, West End, \$175 a square foot, or more than \$7,500,000 an acre has been reported in recent sales. New York values are considerably higher.

UNDER FLYING HOOVES.

How Bone-Headed Hartley, the Sheepman, Met His Fate.

"Mormon Jack" stretched his generous length in the saddle of the bed-wagon, thereby disturbing the morose slumbers of Johnny Layton, who muttered inmolent imprecations as he rolled over to make room.

"You blasted Mormon renegade," he growled. "Why don't you go and lie down where you won't disturbin' a fellow that has to stand guard to-night."

"You're a cantankerous cuss," Mormon Jack calmly turned. "If I wasn't a stranger in a hostile camp I climb your carcass for them insultin' observations, besides, it aint good for a kid to sleep too much. I don't see how you got the heart to lay here snorin' like cayuse chokin' down, when you could be sittin' up enjoyin' this here beautiful scenery that's bein' desecated with bawlin' cows and buckin' bronks and easy, old round-up wagons. You aint got no sense nachelor beauty, Kid. You're just about as ornery yarmint as old man Hartley, what once inhabited is same flat."

"I've heard of him," answered the now thoroughly awakened Layton. "He happened before my time, though. Were you in the country when they cleaned 'em out?"

"You bet I was!" Mormon Jack replied. "I knew 'em before he came over here, and I was here and saw 'em finish. There was high old jinks on this little green bottom that day."

"So I've heard. He wanted to make a sheep-feedin' pound of the east bench, didn't he? How was it?" Layton propped himself up on his elbow to listen.

Mormon Jack settled his head comfortably against the rolled-up bed. He rolled a cigarette daintily and inhaled many breaths of fragrant smoke before replying.

"Old man Hartley was a bone-headed cuss," he began, at length, "that wouldn't learn better—even by experience. He was like a fool huck-sheep that persists in buttin' everything that gets in his way, no matter how much he hurts his head. It aint the sheep's fault; it's the breed of him, and the way he was raised and I guess that was the trouble with old Hartley."

"I come across him, first time, over in the Hash-Knife country, a little while after they quit drivin' 'em out on the Long Trail. The railway come in, and it could bring a bunch of cattle from the Panhandle there in a week—it took five months on the trail, kewise, the railway brought farmers and pilgrims of woolly backs by the train-load, and turned 'em into promiscuous on the country, where they made more trouble with their homestead rights and barb-wire fences than all the Injuns that ever run buffalo or ted hair."

"It wasn't long till there was heaps of trouble on the range. A tenderfoot would file on a claim, prove it, and as soon as he got his papers a big sheep outfit would own the land—you know how they do. Pretty soon the big sheepmen began to fence the water-holes, and no claim, and hell broke loose. After considerable killin' and burnin' and layin' for each other, they patched up a peace: the sheepmen that didn't get killed off stayed on the creeks where they was settled, and the cow outfits held what was left of the open range."

"That was where old Hartley got in his work. He had a bunch of sheep, and stay where he belonged he couldn't. He'd slip out on good grass and fence up a ring or little lake that might be waterin' a thousand head of cattle. If a bunch of cows come in to water, he'd sic his dogs on 'em till they'd quit the earth. If round-up swung his way he'd knock down his fence and move out. It was a big country and hard to watch, so they caught him once or twice, and drove him back where he belonged. They give him all the show in the world to be on the square, but he wouldn't—he isn't built that way. He swore 'by God' that he'd do as much right to drive his blattin', stinkin' woolly cks all over the range as the cowmen had to turn 'em out like longhorns loose on the country. He was a big, rlv, noisv-mouthed cuss, with the muscle of a pack-ule and the soul of a prairie-dog. He was game, for his low-down ways, but he went up against the women once too often; a round-up headed him north one day with his sheep and a camp-wagon, and sent a couple of riders along to see that he kept a-goin'. Then he swung around to his home ranch and made a bonfire of it, to show the rest of the ca-na-na's that there'd be no monkey business on the Hash-Knife range."

"I didn't see nor hear of him no more till that fall, when the layout I was workin' for bought a bunch of 'em over here and sent me to rep for 'em—same as I doin' now. I was huntin' for the Big Four wagon, which was supposed to be workin' on the upper part of the White Mud, when I struck his trail. Comin' north along the creek one day I turned a bend, and there on a fellow talkin' to a girl. It was Stella Hartley. I met her once at a dance on Powder River, and I knowed her the minute I laid eyes on her. She was about as nice a little girl as ever struck Custer country."

"I rode up and says 'Howdy' to her, and then I see it was Bobby Collins she was talkin' to. I knew 'em, too—one of the whitest boys on earth, and the

swiftest waddy that ever turned a cow. 'Hash-Knife Bob' they called him, over in Custer.

"'M' son,' says I, 'I'm sure glad to see you. But how'd you come to stray off into this wilderness?'"

"He told me, then, the whole deal, Stella sittin' on her horse tryin' to smile, though she was nearer cryin' than anything else; she'd been sheddin' tears pretty considerable, as it was. Away along in the winter Stella 'd promised to marry him, but when the old man got to hear of it he just tore up the earth and swore he'd rather see her dead than married to a cow-puncher. Hash-Knife was for tellin' him to go to the devil and gettin' married anyway, but Stella wouldn't have it that way. His wife bein' dead, she was the only womankind the old man had, and she couldn't bear to leave him like that. She said to wait awhile and the old man would come around. So in the spring Bob goes to the head of Powder River, and while he was gone the cow outfits put the run on the old man. When Hash-Knife comes back, Stella and the whole Hartley outfit had vanished plum off the earth."

"But Hash-Knife Bob was no quitter. He followed 'em up and located 'em on Milk River. Then he got a job with the Big Four, so's to be near his girl. He had it figured out that when round-up was over that fall he'd take up a ranch on Milk River, marry Stella, and settle down. But he hadn't more'n made his plan when old man Hartley breaks out in a fresh place."

"As I said before, old Hartley was a bull-headed old hucko. He was worse'n that; he was pig-headed and sheep-headed; he had the contrary stubbornness of all the no-account animals on God's green earth. You'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' taken a tumble to himself after livin' so long in a sagebrush country, and 'specially after bein' run out of one part of it. But, no, sir! his way was the way. He wasn't content on Milk River—he wanted a whole hamed county to graze over. So he went pokin' around on the north side, and stumbled onto the Crossin' here. It looked good to him, and without sayin' a word to anybody but his herder—who was a knot-head like himself and crazy after Stella—he picks up his traps and sashays in here."

"There was probably seven or eight big cow outfits rangin' east of the White Mud then, and they'd just got through havin' a scrap with the sheep-wranglers, alongside of which the fuss in Custer County was about knee-high. Both of 'em had lots of men and money, but the advantage was on the cowmen's side, for their boys was fightin' for their livin', for outfits they'd been raised with, and the sheepherders was in it for coin and because they didn't know any better. Anyway, the sheepmen hacked off after awhile and made peace—said they'd be good, they'd had enough. The cowmen made the White Mud the dead line; there was to be no sheep-camps on the creek or east of it. And the cowpunchers rode the high pinnacles to see that no sheep crossed the line."

"This here, Hash-Knife explained to me, was the way things stood: Hartley was located on the Crossin' with a bunch of sheep—about twenty-five hundred head. He'd built him a cabin, and had likewise strung a four-strand barb-wire fence across the coulee that led down to the flat. And he was goin' to stay there, he said. He had a squatter's right, and if he wanted to live there and fence his place he'd do it. It was government land, and to hell with the cow outfits! He was from Missouri, he was! And up on the bench, about six or seven miles back, the Big Four and the Ragged H was swingin' up to the Crossin' with a beef herd apiece, and the wagon-bosses was mad, for they'd heard of old man Hartley."

"'Old 'Peek-a-Boo' Johnson's runnin' the Big Four,' Hash-Knife told me. 'I got him to let me ride ahead and see if I couldn't talk some sense into the old man. But it's no go. He's got his neck hewed, and he's fool 'nough to try and run a whizzer on Peek-a-Boo's riders: they'll clean him out if he does. I saw Stella ride off as I was comin' down to the ranch, and when I got through with him I rambled down this way and found her. I want her to stay away from the flat for two or three hours, till the thing is settled one way or the other, but she's bound to go home. So I guess we'd better be goin'. The wagons ought to hit the Crossin' pretty soon.'

"We went up on the bench, Stella and Hash-Knife and me, and loped along toward the Crossin'. Pretty soon we could see the two sets of wagons and a bunch of riders headin' for the creek, the two herds—big ones—trailin' along behind, about a mile apart. At the head of the coulee I turned my string loose for the horse-wrangler to pick up. With Stella cravin' and Hash-Knife tryin' to comfort her, we swung down the coulee to the shack."

"When we got there we found the herder had brought the sheep in to water. They'd moved back off water and was bedded down, hunched close, about half way between the cabin and the creek. There was three of 'em at the cabin: old Hartley, the herder, and a pilgrim that'd come out to work on the ranch."

"Old Hartley looked pretty black at us as we rode up, but he didn't have time to say much before the wagons come rollin' out the mouth of the coulee. They was almost at the house before he knowed it. Then he ducked into the cabin and come out with a Winchester across his arm. The outfit went past without battin' an eye at him. They went round the sheep and started to pitch camp on the creek-bank. Then Peek-a-Boo and Tom Jordan, the Ragged H boss, come a-riding up to the cabin.

"They was nice and polite about it. They told old Hartley that seem' lie was a stranger they thought he'd probably made a mistake and got over on the wrong side of the ridge. They didn't want to make any trouble for him, but he'd have to take his sheep off the creek. Sorry to bother him, but it was range law."

"'You can't bluff me,' says Hartley. 'This here's government land. I got as much right here as anybody. You dassent run me out.'

"Then old Tom Jordan tells him about the big scrap they'd had with the sheepmen, and how they'd agreed to stay the other side of the ridge, but the old bone-head kept a-shootin' off about his rights, and how they couldn't bluff him, till Tom got mad and rode off, sayin' that he'd see his blasted sheep was across the ridge by sundown."

"Peek-a-Boo stayed talkin' to him, tryin' to persuade him to be reasonable, and showin' him how foolish he was to run up against the cowmen after they'd fought a dozen big sheep outfits to a standstill and whacked up the range fair and square. They talked and talked, old Hartley gettin' more and more on the peck. Neither of 'em noticed that the lead of the first herd had strung down the coulee—the cowpunchers had done business with the fence. There was probably a thousand head of big, rollicky steers hunched on the flat, and the rest of the herd was pourin' out the mouth of the draw. Two point riders was holdin' 'em up so they wouldn't scatter."

"Old Hartley saw 'em first. The sight of that big bunch of longhorns on what he called his land made him see red. I reckon. He shoved the lever of his gun forward and back, clickity-click, and started on a run for the bunch, hollerin' as he went: 'You can't drive them cattle across my flat! I'll kill you, by God, if you do!'"

"Peek-a-Boo stuck the spurs in his horse, and started after him, callin' to him to keep away from the herd. Hartley kept a-goin' till Peek was about twenty feet from him, then he whirled with his gun to his shoulder, and cut loose, bang—hang! and Peek-a-Boo tumbled off his horse."

"Things happened then. Stella had started after the old man, but Hash-Knife grabbed her and made her stop. When old Hartley dropped Peek-a-Boo, Bob says to me: 'Mormon, take Stella over to camp. I got to get Peek out of there. Maybe he aint killed, and them steers 'll be a-runnin' over him in about ten seconds.'

"Hash-Knife had the situation sized up correct. I helped Stella onto her horse and started for the wagons. A lot of riders come like hell across the flat toward the herd, but they was too late to do any good. Just as Hash-Knife nicked old Peek-a-Boo up and flopped him across his horse, Hartley hegin to smoke up the two riders that was holdin' the herd—which was hunched tight, ready to run. But he missed first shot, and when he fired the second time they was scuddin' for the tail end of the herd, lavin' low along the backs of their horses. As they run they jerked the slickers off the backs of their saddles, swingin' 'em round their heads, and yellin' like Gros Ventre graves strikin' the war-post they rode into the herd."

"When them cattle surged first one way and then the other, and then swept across the flat, trampin' old Hartley down like he was a lone stalk of bunch-grass stickin' up out of the prairie, Stella screeched and hid her face in her hands. But I watched; it was horrible and fascinatin'. You've seen the ice gorge in the Big Muddy, when it breaks up in the spring; it jams at some narrow place and piles up and piles up till the river below is bone dry. Then the weight of the water 'll bust the jam and there'll be a grindin' smashin' uproar for a minute, and all of a sudden the river is flowin' peaceful again."

"That was the way them cattle did. They passed over old Hartley like he was nothin', and struck that bunch of slumberin' sheep like a breakin' ice jam. Two thousand strong they was, runnin' like scared antelope, packed shoulder to shoulder, with horns and hoofs clatterin' like a Spanish dancer's castanets, and the gallopin' weight of 'em made the flat tremble. This wise they passed over the band of sheep, wipin' 'em out like the spring floods wipe out the snow in the low places, and thunderin' by the round-up camp hit the creek with a rush that knocked it dry for a hundred yards. The lead of 'em had hardly got to the level before the riders was turnin' 'em. In fifteen minutes them cattle was standin' bunched on the flat, puffin' and blowin', the big steers starin' round as if they were wonderin' what had scared 'em. But they'd done the trick. There was no sheep left to quarrel over—nary one. It was an Alamo for the woolly backs!"

"After we'd found and buried what was left of old man Hartley, we moved up the creek to camp. The herder and the pilgrim hit the trail for Milk River. Poor little Stella sure felt bad on account of the old man, and the boys was all sorry for her. But she had Hash-Knife, and Peek-a-Boo—who wasn't hurt bad enough to make him cash in—said he'd brand a hundred calves for her on the spring round-up. So I guess she was winner on the deal."

"That's been eleven years," Mormon Jack concluded, reminiscently, "and I aint been here since. I didn't make no protracted visit the first time, but I want to tell you, in 'son, it was sure excitin'!"

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

WHEN PORT ARTHUR FELL.

How the News Was Received in Tokio—A Very Quiet Celebration of the Event—People Satisfied but not Gleeeful—New-Year's Calls.

Admirals Togo and Kamimura drove amid a storm of *banzais* through an endless avenue of waving bamboo and pine trees, of straw fringes, and fluttering paper *gohci*, beneath crossed flags of scarlet and white. Every house hung out its colors, every house was hung with *banzai* lanterns. Deprecatingly the admirals received the people's ovation.

Then came New-Year's Day, bright and snappingly cold. The thousands of soldiers in the city had extra dinners and *saké*, yet I did not see one drunk. One is forced to the conclusion that in this war there is a *noblesse oblige* among them. How else can one explain this extraordinarily good behavior and absolute sobriety? With their uniforms they seem to put on an added dignity and responsibility, a feeling that the fate of the nation depends upon them. One soldier wrote: "For myself, I can conceive of no more honorable life than that of a soldier."

Akasaka district has hundreds of soldiers quartered in the houses around in every direction. One sees them vanishing into noble's *yashiki* or down side alleys where two or three together may be billeted in some lowlier dwelling. Just above, under the cherry trees in the temple garden, is a temporary kitchen where eight cooks seem to be always busy, preparing vegetables and fish and boiling rice in huge caldrons.

Twice a day, great bamboo baskets, borne by two soldiers each, are taken out. These are filled with boxes of hot rice. Other soldiers follow with wide litters on which, in blue and white dishes, are portions of fish, vegetables, and pickles. They stop before the houses, where often a hungry man awaits them and carries in the rations for himself and his comrades. Later we see them returning, going by with the empty rice-boxes and dishes.

Just across the way, in an upper room, five soldiers are quartered. I grieve to relate that two of my neighbors moved out rather than have soldiers in their houses. As one is the editor of the paper publishing the best war news, his lack of patriotism is amazing. They do not put the men in foreigner's houses. We can look over into that room as if it were a doll's house, and a more orderly, quiet five it would be hard to find. They sweep out the room and dust in the morning, folding away their own *futons*. They do their own bits of washing, hanging socks, towels, and such small things out to dry on the veranda rail. They sit in a gay, laughing group around their *hibachi* after the soldiers have been around with their rations.

I hear orders shouted up as some one in authority comes by, and they shout back, "Hai! Hai!" exactly as our servants do in our own houses. Down the street in the *yashiki* of a marquis, are harbored three hundred soldiers, men up to forty-five years of age. All have left children behind, and they tell me that more of them have five children than three and four. The marchioness, with her own hands, aided, of course, by her maids, prepares their food. It is the Japanese custom for the mistress of the house to prepare the food for especially honored guests, and the inference is obvious.

A sentinel in heavy overcoat stood under the pine and bamboo decorations before the great gate as we whirled by late last night. Did he know what was going on at Port Arthur and what it might mean to him? The emperor knew, and New-Year's night must have been a glad one for the imperial court.

The news came like a thunder clap, however, to Tokio. No one expected such tidings for days to come; and when little Rin, our soldier's wife, burst into the room, her body fairly quivering with excitement, her cheeks aflame, eyes dancing, and shouted, "Port Arthur has fallen!" no one believed it.

"But it is true this time, really. It came by telephone from a staff-officer to the house across the way, where the soldiers are. Twice they telephoned back, and twice came the same answer. There is no mistake." We looked across the way. The soldiers were placidly reading newspapers. Rin flew about the neighborhood like a distracted little bumpy hen. Every one was excited, every one waited. Then there arose a distant shouting and babel below at the foot of the hill.

"Extras!" cried everybody, dashing out into the street. The first runner was already hoarse and breathless from his efforts to distance his rivals and have the first extra. His paper was printed from beginning to end in red ink. After him they came in quick succession, one man after another, from all the different papers. "Fallen, fallen, fallen," shouted one. The last of the string had no voice left, but his bells jingled noisily. But no one knew the why and wherefore, whether the fortress had been taken or had surrendered.

In the afternoon Kichi, the *kurumaya*, said, "It is sure to be lively at Hibiya Park," and that way we went. *Kurumas* were dashing here and there, also carriages carrying high officials. The men were still making New-Year's calls, and all feminine Tokio was indoors receiving.

No one seemed to be very gleeeful; faces looked satisfied, but I am sure they were not as beaming as the

foreigners'. Into Hibiya Park we flew. It might have been any day. A company of soldiers were drilling, little girls were feeding gold-fish in the pond. The boys were walking the swaying logs or flying around on the rings and bars. Kichi went all around, and then turned disappointedly in the shafts. "It is nothing," he said; "it might be Sunday."

We went on to make the promised New-Year's visit at the big brocade and embroidery house of which Nishiki San is son and heir.

It is supposed to bring great good luck to an establishment if a visitor comes to "make bargain" on one of the first days of the year. The usual pine and bamboo were before the door; on a brocade-covered table was a tray piled with cards, and another and larger one filled with little blue and white towels, each done up in a paper bearing congratulatory designs. The usual New Year visitor has no time to come in. He appears at the door, bows, and says all the polite things, leaves his card, and oftentimes a towel, and goes on his way.

Nishiki San, in rustling silk *hakama-a*, plaited divided skirt, and beautiful silk *kimono*, received us with ceremony. His old father sat on a raised platform by a curious old bronze *hibachi*. Gold brocade hangings, which belonged to the imperial household, hung impressively at either side. Hangings with great embroidered crests, from *daimyo's yashiki* and temples, decorated the walls. At the congratulations on the fall of Port Arthur, they seemed to wish to change the subject, as if they did not consider it courteous to show undue pride in the achievements of the army. The newel-post of the staircase was decorated with a charming straw ring with danglers, white paper *gohci*, and ferns, to keep away all adverse luck, and to bring prosperity to their business, or to whatever occupation one may be engaged in. I saw one on a sewing-machine in a tailor shop along the way. I found one hanging over the kitchen rod in our own Japanese kitchen, and the servants had thoughtfully placed one over my work-table in the studio. The room above at Nishiki San's was a riot and glory of color. There was no place where one might sit with any peace of mind. For tables and chairs and couches were covered with beauteous stuffs. The mistress of the house brought tea in fine Kagaware, with New-Year's cakes fashioned in the shape of bamboo leaves, pine-cones and needles and plum-blossoms. We looked out on the street below; all was quiet and orderly. "You certainly are the most amazing people, Nishiki San," I said. "In such a time as this our nation would go crazy. We would be firing salutes, ringing bells, and tooting horns, and here you people are not doing anything at all. I can't even see smiles on your faces." The self-possessed, silk-clad *señora* beside me looked solemnly out of the window. "But I think," said he, "if you could look inside some of the houses you would see some happy smiles."

Down on the principal business street, the Ginza, it was like another holiday. We wended our way up along the moats back to the residence quarter, where, at a friend's house, I met a Japanese officer who had come to thank her for certain goodies sent his men. From him we learned that the fate of Port Arthur was not quite sealed, and that at that moment they were probably arranging terms of surrender. Later the extra of our *Japan Times* came in. This paper is owned and published by Japanese, and its editorial was remarkable as showing the moderate tone of the people in counter-distinction to what was expected of them by many.

As I was on my way home a young Japanese girl rushed out of a house, charmingly dressed in holiday attire. She was full of excitement, but had not forgotten the shivering soldiers at the front, for her left hand held the inevitable knitting, while her right hand grasped mine over the *kuruma* wheel. "Oh!" she cried, "Oh! aren't you glad? *Banzai* Japan!" and—politely—"banzai America!"

"*Banzai* Japan, truly," I answered, "but why *banzai* America? She has done nothing."

"Oh, yes," she said, "she has been so good to us."

This morning (January 3d) all is quiet. Not a gun, not an extra; but our own private news-gatherer comes in from marketing. "It is settled," says he. "The fortress has been surrendered." And he proceeds, using a Canton chair in illustration, to show us how: "Nogi San was so clever, he dug and dug, and had more and more medicine [powder] put in, oh, many, many pounds, and then when he thought it enough, he fired it, and Stoessel and his officers heard a great bang! And *ma!* the before-time high mountain was not. Astonished he sent out his men to parley, and the august Son of Heaven sent word to give the vanquished all the honors of war. The big guns are to be ours, but all their own things, their *kimono* and guns and swords they can keep, and they are probably going to Shanghai. As they came closer, Nogi San's heart was very strong, and the corners of his eyes went up [Japanese eyes are supposed to grow more oblique in anger], for his two sons had fallen, and he probably wished to avenge them; but this message came from the august Son of Heaven, and the Russians were very gentle in their letters and in their speakings, so Nogi San hid his own thoughts, and treated them with all courtesy. Wasn't he brave? The august Son of Heaven gave his own watches that he himself had used to Togo San and Kamimura San. What has he left to give to Nogi San?"

TOKIO, JAPAN, January 3, 1905. HELEN HYDE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Phipps, the steel man, formerly of Pittsburg has planned to give one million dollars for the creation of improved tenements in New York.

The Servian throne is shaky. There is another report that King Peter has threatened to abdicate a return to private life. The blood-stained throne totters on its foundations.

In each of the four corners of President Roosevelt's office in the White House annex there is loaded rifle—a contrast to the beautiful flowers which each day adorn the President's desks.

General Kuropatkin is an expert in botany and geography, and he is interested in the progress made from week to week in all the sciences. Scientific periodicals are sent to him in Manchuria from Russia, France, and Germany. As an author he is best known by his geographic works. Agricultural problems engage much of his attention.

Adolf Beek, who was wrongly convicted by the British courts, and served seven years in prison, has been given \$25,000 by the government in compensation. It was offered \$10,000 before, but refused it on the advice of the *Daily Mail*, which has been his stalwart champion, and which offered to pay him the \$10,000 if the government's offer was withdrawn and no other man.

Reports from Berlin regarding Mrs. Arthur Paget continue most satisfactory. She is expected to return to England in a few weeks. The plaster of Paris cast has now been removed from her leg and replaced, bandages. She leaves her bed every day for several hours, and has occasional walks around her room. She reads and writes a good deal, and astonishes the doctors by her indomitable good humor.

General Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, command-in-chief in India, has just entered upon his thirty-first year of army service, he having joined the Royal Engineers as a lieutenant on January 1, 1871. He remained exactly twelve years a lieutenant, being promoted to captain on January 1, 1882. From that point his promotion was somewhat rapid, he passing through the ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel to that of colonel in little more than five years, his colonelcy being dated April, 1888. He became major-general in 1896, lieutenant-general in December, 1899, and general in June, 1902. Lord Kitchener is now in his fifth year.

It is said of Mme. Loubet, mother of the president of France, whose death has just occurred at the age of ninety-two, that when the president paid his first visit to his native town, he disregarded all official etiquette and ran up to the balcony, where his old mother was watching the presidential procession, and kissed the old lady, who was overcome with emotion. She was then in her eighty-seventh year, but retained clear eye and the energy of a neasant woman of twenty. She had received the news of her son's election to the presidency with some regret. "Oh, my poor Emile," she cried, "I saw little of him as it was. Now that he has gone higher I shall no longer see him at all. *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*"

According to a news item, Sallie Johnson, a Congregational missionary, who has been in the Que Tung province of China for the past twelve years, returned to this country in the steamship *Manchuria* week. She is known by her maiden name on account of a custom prevalent in China, but she told the porters that she was the wife of Joe Hop, a Chin merchant at Greenville, Miss. She married him in 1874, when only fourteen years old, the ceremony taking place at Waco, Tex., at the request of her parents who admired the thrifty Chinese. Mrs. Hop, or S. Johnson, as she chooses to be known, says she has been happy with her Mongolian husband. She bore him seven children—three sons and four daughters, and all are now nearly grown. For twelve years past she has lived in China with her younger children, while Joe Hop remained in this country to provide all hands. She received word some time ago that he was ill, and she is returning to look after him.

According to the *Sun*, William Bishop, a young very vigorous-looking boilermaker of Oxford, England, was debarred from entering the United States because he is a Socialist. When he arrived from Liverpool he had a letter to Secretary Kuhn, of the Social Labor party of America. He passed the first line of inquiry, and was sent to the New York room, the formal question as to what friends or relatives he had, he answered that he had a letter to the Social secretary. The inspector thereupon decided that young Englishman ought to be sent to the board of special inquiry for further examination. The board of inquiry asked questions calculated to draw out Bishop held anarchistic views, if he really did, dropped that and finally excluded him at the suggestion of Inspector Ryan on the ground that he was likely to become a public charge. Mr. Ryan said to his fellow inspectors that, although Bishop was not an anarchist, his views came pretty close to those of an anarchist, and as he had only twelve dollars, he might be sent back as a person likely to become a public charge. The board unanimously decided that Bishop should be deported.

THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

Local Writers and Representative Men Name the Books, Read in 1904, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.

Continuing the symposium, the *Argonaut* presents herewith the answers of Californians to the question: *What two books that you read in 1904 proved most interesting and pleasurable?*

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler replies:

My opportunities for general reading during the past year have been so limited that I hesitate to send an answer to your inquiry lest it weigh false. You naturally do not expect a report on hooks of a technical scientific character, and yet these have been the chief occupation of my little leisure. I have read, I believe, but one book from the imaginative field, Jack London's "Call of the Wild," which I greatly admired for its artistic quality and its infusion of "human interest" into animal life.

Most of my general reading has been in history, travel, and the description of sociopolitical conditions. I think I have been most interested by the two following books: Miss Ellen Churchill Semple's "American History and Its Geographical Conditions" and Lafcadio Hearn's "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation." The latter impressed me because it involved an interpretation of a national life on the basis of its fundamental religious conceptions.

Edward Roheson Taylor writes as follows:

The question you ask is not as easy as it looks. In fact, for a reader to look back over his year's reading and rank his sensations in regard to it is rather difficult. As usual, I have at leisure times done some reading outside of my professional work—more perhaps than I should, for those of us who are readers are likely to read too much and observe and reflect too little. In fact, there is a lot of vanity connected with reading; while one of the superstitions which still rides us is the one that the worst of us may be made happy and good by reading plenty of the right kind of books. But this is not what you want of me, so I address myself, without more ado, to your question.

Independently of George Sterling's "Testimony of the Sun," whose sustained poetic loftiness of language is certainly remarkable, and Bailey Millard's "The Lure of Gold," whose spiritual significances, coupled with the intensity of the story, make it a notable hook, particularly for boys, and Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," which, whatever may be said of its defects, is powerfully arrestive and tragic, the two books read by me in 1904 which were perhaps the "most interesting and pleasurable" were Fanny Burney's "Evelina" and Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia"—both classics, and both dealing with the manners of the times of which they treat, although, of course, Landor's work is much less besides. Miss Burney's book was the itery sensation of the hour, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, Gibbon, and Burke all reading it eagerly. Sir Joshua sitting up all night to do so, and Gibbon devouring it in a day. And he book still lives, as it deserves to, for he who would know something of the manners of the English in the eighteenth century, depicted charmingly and vivaciously, can do no better than to read "Evelina." It stands as securely in its class as does Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

The "Pericles and Aspasia" I had long laid out to read, for Landor is a great favorite of mine, but other things pushed it aside until last year, when, happening to get hold of a fine, large type edition of it, I could resist no longer, and fell upon it with suchavenous appetite that no book ever pleased me more in the reading.

Charles F. Holder replies:

Replying to your favor of the 1st inst., in which you ask what two books proved most interesting to me in 1904, I beg to say that my mind dwells on General Gordon's life as representing a splendid picture of modern hivalry and the ideal American gentleman, and a book entitled "As A Chinaman Saw Is" by all odds the cleverest thrust into the weak points of Americans ever made. I may ay the first-named interested me the most, and the second gave me the most pleasure, and it must be understood that I read Shakespeare all the time as a tonic, and Dickens, hackery, Scott, the "Arabian Nights," ever, Marryat, "Robinson Crusoe," the Bible, Dumas, and a number of others every year. They are to me the delight-givers of literature and go far toward making life worth living.

Christian Binkley writes somewhat at length as follows:

Surely, said my conscience to me on the receipt of your request, it is no business of ours to sift and sort your pleasures, separating the interest springing from the book itself from the reasonable joy in doing the work of our hand and brain. Shall you make a sensation-registering machine of yourself—a pleasure-thermometer, as it were—adding your ttle to spread the pleasure-madness already epidemic, helping to father divorce lawyers and coroners and supplying texts to moralists? But my conscience, like Lancelot Gobbo's, is a kind of hard conscience and an unscientific withal. It knows not that in the therapeutics of aesthetics this pleasure-madness is considered chronic, endemic to the race, not epidemic; the editors of the *Argonaut* know this. My recollections are at their command; I will open the door to them, admit the first two troops of impressions on the theory that might to enter implies right to enter, then bar the door.

So here they are: First, of Spencer's "Autobiography," only the first volume, read in the early fall; and, second, of readings on

last winter evenings, as nearly consecutively as its condition would permit, from a veteran volume of Eugene Field on one of its periodical returns to service. The Eugene Field I liked partly because the music of it is neither too crude nor too fine for me, but more because the audience was fit though few, and the book had been absent long. Spencer's "Autobiography" I liked because it is a first-hand account of the building of a simple life, mechanical even, with no fourth dimension or fifth, but with the few materials laid down true, usable as experience in our own notions of the building of a life. There was in my interest, too, I suspect, the somewhat mournful pleasure of seeing this accurate observer make natural history out of the system of philosophy upon which he had spent his life, reducing it to results of environment, an unstable thing, scarcely to outlive himself.

These were the first impressions to return to me. There are others in the anterooms of consciousness (or, not to amplify the details of my figure, let us say outside the harred door where we left them), the effect of which, and therefore their interest—for they get their effect only through their interest—is more pervading. But fortunately the editors have not asked for these.

Miss Gwendolen Overton replies:

As happened last year, I am unable to tell you of any hooks of the year which I have enjoyed, for I have only read two new ones, so far as I can recall, but of the older publications, if you care to be told of those, Lecky's "History of European Morals" and Mrs. Austin's "The Land of Little Rain" have given me most interest and pleasure. As the Lecky is of probably too long standing for your list, I can only speak of the one—"The Land of Little Rain." For this my admiration is quite without limits, not so much because I am familiar with the land of which Mrs. Austin writes, but for the poetry and workmanship of the book's self.

The letter of Lucius H. Foote is as follows:

In reply to your query I would say that I have just closed the covers of "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett. I like the hook: it is a vivid picture of the transition period of English statecraft. The characters are taken from real life, and the art of its construction, and the holdness of the delineation, make of it idealized history. I can not refrain from giving it high commendation.

Some months since I reread "The Pilot," by Cooper, and tried in vain to recall a sea-story which could be compared with it. The vast majority of hooks die young, and if one lives to maturity, we can rest assured that it is worthy of mention.

The athletic young gentleman from Oxford or Harvard might smile to see his father turning the leaves of "Ivanhoe" or "The Last of the Barons," and might even tap his forehead significantly if he surprised him in some postprandial moment with "Bracebridge Hall" or "The Reveries of a Bachelor" in hand. But men of the older régime go back to their first loves with keen delight. They will sometimes watch the shifting scenes of the new drama across the footlights, and conjure up the old English comedies with invidious comparisons. Amid the fanfare of modern trumpets there will come to them the tender recollections of a thrilling note from the past.

William E. Smythe's letter is as follows:

The two books which I read last year with most interest and pleasure were "New Conceptions in Science," by Carl Snyder, and "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by George F. Hoar.

Mr. Snyder's hook is a joy, not only because of its fascinating revelations of man's growing knowledge of the universe, but also because of its rare literary quality—the kind that makes one linger over sentences and paragraphs and return again with renewed delight.

Senator Hoar's reminiscences gave me the intimate acquaintance with the life and mind of a great man, which I have coveted ever since, as a hoy in Worcester. I learned to love him for his sturdy honesty of conviction and fearlessness of utterance.

Robert W. Ritchie, literary critic of the *San Francisco Call*, writes:

In brief answer to the question propounded by you as to my hook preferences for the year past, I would say that, confining the issue to the new hooks exclusively, Metchnikoff's "The Nature of Man" proved the most interesting, and George Sterling's "The Testimony of the Sun" certainly the most pleasurable. I cite the latter because it gives more permanent pleasure than the score odd of novels which, being once read, are straight-way forgotten.

Captain Robert H. Fletcher replies as follows:

I am not quite sure which two books have given me most pleasure during the year. Perhaps I might select "Masks and Faces," and Sven Hedin's "Central Asia and Thihet." The former, which is not new, is a compendium of information on the subject of symbolism among primitive races; a sort of imaginative picture and image-making, combined with ceremonial, of which our American Indians were rich in material; while the latter hook of travel lifts the cover off that mysterious corner of the earth, where occult powers had supposedly hidden themselves, to be summoned forth by Mme. Blavatsky, and other followers of so-called esoteric Buddhism. It is always interesting to pry into secret and forbidden places, but also disenchanting. In the case of Thihet, the interest is given a new complexion by the recent expedition of the British.

Having picked out these two volumes, however, pleasant memories of other hooks begin to assert themselves and demand re-

cognition of their claims, and I find myself wavering. I will compromise, with your permission, by mentioning two other works of a lighter character: the excellent "Gordon Graham's Letters to His Son," which is so characteristic that no American can read it without an amused smile of recognition; and "Bucking the Sage Brush." This latter recently published book is a plain, a very plain narrative, of driving a band of cattle from John Day's River, in Oregon, through Idaho and Wyoming to Laramie, in the seventies, and its interest, in my case, is largely one of personal associations with that country in its early days.

James D. Phelan replies:

The romances which interested me most during the year were "The Lightning Conductor" and "Rulers of Kings." In conjunction with the former, I read Henry James's "A Little Tour in France," and "Old Touraine," by T. A. Cook, and, at the same time, I visited the Château of the Loir, which the hooks describe. The authors of "The Lightning Conductor" tell the story of the country with rare fidelity and charm. They have, in a most interesting manner, woven a modern romance around the departed glory of other days.

Mrs. Atherton, in her book, has opened a new view of broadening possibilities in picturing the ultimate uses of "frenzied" accumulations, and if the work is not quite convincing, it has the merit of originality and handles with true American freedom the venerable and vacuous pretensions of the old world. Furthermore, the book is high enough to be forbidden. Tauchnitz, I am informed, for this reason, has refused to place it on his list. It is gratifying, however, to observe that a Californian has grown so formidable in the Republic of Letters as to invite reprisals from the "Empire of Silence."

Lloyd Osbourne answers:

In reply to your letter, I shall put first Martin Hume's "Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots." Second, Marcel Prevost's "Lectures de Femmes"—both series.

Idah Meacham Strobridge writes as follows:

Replying to your question, "What two books—old or new—that you have read during 1904 proved most interesting and pleasurable?" I can only say that it has been a work-crowded twelvemonth in my defense for having read less than any other year of my life since I began to read at all. Of the too few books that I have read and that now come to my mind, I can say with a surety that no old hook gave me such renewed pleasure as "Reveries of a Bachelor." Of the new hooks, I was about to name "The Sea-Wolf," but while it was interesting—vastly so—it was not pleasurable. So I substitute "The Land of Little Rain," which was both—and very nearly as interesting, if not so powerful.

Some letters still remain for future publication.

Lalo Decries Monuments.

Regarding the project to erect a monument to Beethoven in Paris, Pierre Lalo writes as follows of the custom of honoring the illustrious dead in effigy: "Of all methods to keep alive the memory of a great man, the erection of a monument is the weakest and the most uncertain. Is Shakespeare's fame any the greater because one now is able to see him in stone and marble on one of the public places in Paris? We have enough monuments as it is, and they vie with one another in ugliness. In Paris it is almost impossible to take a step without stumbling against a statue, and our magnificent parks resemble nothing more than vast cemeteries, with their marble and bronze poets, musicians, painters, and warriors! What distressingly trivial effigies are all those grand personages who lie, sit, or stand in our parks as statues, either stretching out their right hands with grandiose gesture or else gazing with rapt expression at the third button of their frock coats! If one is really anxious to do honor to Beethoven, there are plenty of chances to do so by going to hear his symphonies and sonatas at the concerts this winter, and by listening to them with reverence and trying to penetrate into something of the exalted spirit of the composer."

Dangerous Gallantry.

John Drew, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, tells the following story of the late Mrs. Gilbert:

During one of our visits to California, while we were at Monterey, Mrs. Gilbert was very anxious to take a drive. The party in the

carriage consisted of herself, Augustin Daly, his brother Judge Daly, and myself. While we were driving along a cliff, Mrs. Gilbert, who loved flowers as she did everything beautiful in nature, espied a little plant—some species of California edelweiss, perhaps, bearing white blossoms and growing just over the edge of a sheer descent of rocks. Nothing would satisfy "grandma" but its possession, and for us what "Grandma" Gilbert wanted she must have. Having no apparatus for scaling the cliff, I balanced myself over the edge while the judge and Mr. Daly held tightly on to my legs. But the flower was still beyond reach. "Pay out more leg!" I called. They did so, with such startling unanimity that their grasp slipped, and they nearly let me go down what seemed to me a mile of rock descent. I secured the flower, and was finally hauled back, but the assorted possessions of all my pockets—coins, keys, etc.—went forever to the bottom of the precipice—at least, so far as I ever knew.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Seven Books of Special Interest.

Though January is not a month of special publishing activity, there are some brand new books of special interest at hand for review, and there are a few remaining from December that ought not to be passed over too briefly.

Among these is "The Land of Riddles: Russia To-Day" (Harper & Brothers; \$2.00), translated from the German of Dr. Hugo Ganz by Herman Rosenthal. Dr. Ganz is a Viennese journalist of some note. He went to Russia a few months before the beginning of the war with Japan, and was there for several weeks after the opening of hostilities. His travel-letters were published in the Berlin *Nation* and the Frankfurt *Zeitung*. Dr. Ganz affirms that he visited the country with a perfectly unbiased mind and tried only to portray adequately what he saw, and to reproduce accurately the words of the distinguished men that he interviewed and to whom he had letters of introduction. The book is interesting. The author, however, scarcely convinces one of his freedom from bias, since he permits himself to become hotly denunciatory of Russian institutions. He is bitter, not to say revolutionary, throughout. The fact that he does not give the names of the "prominent men" whom he interviews and upon whose veracity the reader must rely, is to be regretted. However, "The Land of Riddles" is well written, vivacious without flippancy, and all in all is perhaps the best of recent books on Russia. Its especial merit is timeliness.

A. E. W. Mason stands pretty well to the front among British novelists. His "Four Feathers" was a strong novel. Now comes "The Truants" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50), which, while a clever and interesting book, strikes us as just a shade below Mr. Mason's standard. It is the story of a young English officer and his wife who are tyrannized over by a paternal old hypochondriac until finally the young fellow can stand it no longer and strikes out for himself. He has adventures as a fisherman on Doeger Bank, in America, and in Algeria. The descriptions of a fisherman's life and of the African scenes are particularly graphic. Meanwhile, at home, the deserted wife has fallen into the hands of a would-be seducer, but Pamela Mardale, a fine young woman that it does the reader good to make the acquaintance of, guards her from temptation. Thus it will be seen that the book is a mixture of the adventurous and the social novel, and a clever one it is.

The average hurried reader, eager to keep pace with the latest from the literature factories, would hardly spend the time necessary for a thorough reading of "Broke of Covenden" (Herbert R. Turner; \$1.50), by I. C. Snaith, the English novelist. But the lover of real literature, of passages full of "meat," will find delight in every chapter, in nearly every page. It must be confessed that in some of his love scenes Mr. Snaith is not at all happy—he is almost "Duchess"-like at times. The love-passages are not very plenty, however; and the inanity of them is a hundred-fold counterbalanced by chapter after chapter of clear-cut characterization, keen insight, fine analysis, and rich and subtle humor.

The story deals with the misfortunes of an old—very old—English family: a hard-headed father, as feudal as the barons from whom he descended; a wife who is a strange mixture of the modern and the long ago, of tenderness and hardness, but who is the brains of the family; a pampered army-officer son; and five homely, fox-hunting, un-intellectual daughters, and one pretty, poetic one. There are others, too—a poor tutor, a whisky-drinking nobleman, his "literary" wife, and an upstart, rich vulgarian. The theme of the novel is family pride of the kind that impels parents to auction their daughters to the highest bidders in order that the estates may not pass into other hands—to some *nouveau riche*, perhaps, who has no ancestors, but plenty of cash. The story is almost socialistic in its tendencies, and is a bitter arraignment of modern conditions in England.

But that which recommends it to one surfeited with popular pap is its consummate art, its masterly construction, its clothing of old characters in such garb as to make them seem absolutely new and altogether delightful. It is almost a great novel.

We have already reviewed the first book about the war, Frederick Palmer's "With Kuroki in Manchuria." Two others are now at hand—"The Russo-Japanese Conflict" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$2.00), by K. Asakawa, Ph. D., and "From Tokio Through Manchuria" (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50), by Louis L. Seaman. The author of the first of these books is a lecturer on the civilization and history of East Asia at Dartmouth College and author of "Early Institutional Life of Japan." His present book is a clear, concise, wonderfully dispassionate setting forth of the causes of the present conflict. Very properly, he does not deal out praise or blame, but shows how the war grew out of political and economic necessities. The various phases of the diplomatic struggle are treated succinctly with copies of the many notes that passed between the two nations up to the

moment when negotiations were broken off. We have nothing but praise for this book, which indicates again what a masterly mind has the Japanese scholar and how formidable a competitor the Japanese will be in all economic, political, and military struggles in the world henceforward.

Dr. Seaman's book is of quite a different order. He went to Japan early last year to inspect the Japanese hospital and commissary arrangements. He found them admirable, and describes in detail his interesting experiences. It will be recalled that it was Dr. Seaman who made such a stir by his speech at St. Louis in which he compared American with Japanese military methods of preventing disease in time of war—a comparison that was to our infinite discredit.

"The Clansman" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50), a new novel by Thomas Dixon, author of "The Leopard's Spots," is bound to be popular, and therefore deserves attention. Like his first book, it belongs to a trilogy of the South, the third part of which remains to be written. This deals with the Ku Klux Klan, the secret order which terrorized the blacks during the reconstruction era, and prevented them from voting, thus, by violent means, preserving white supremacy. Of course, Mr. Dixon, a Southerner by birth and heredity, justifies the existence and policy of the Klan. The book is melodramatic, violent, and lurid. Yet it holds the interest with its crude strength far better than many books of greater "literary" merit. It will repel a few readers of fine literary perceptions, but The Many will peruse it eagerly. The book is very well illustrated by Arthur I. Keller.

In Joseph Conrad we have the somewhat singular phenomenon of a man whom every critic praises without stint, and yet who is comparatively little read. Proclaimed—and justly—one of the great romanticists of modern times, his books are not among "the best sellers." Indeed, even men who praise him in print are fain to acknowledge that it is hard work to read Conrad for half a day at a time. The reason is, of course, that he is too intense. Poe said that a long poem was an impossibility. The value of any poem, he said, was the measure of the emotion it excited. "But," he continued, "all excitements are, through a psychal necessity, transient. After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags, fails, a revulsion ensues; and then the poem is, in effect and fact, no longer such." So, precisely, it is with Conrad. His splendid passages of description of characterization are full of poetry. They move us, thrill us, stimulate us. But as fine passage is heaped upon fine passage, as vivid description follows vivid description with bewildering rapidity, the attention tires. The reader puts down the book. This fault—if fault it be—in Conrad is emphasized by the absence of plot in his long stories. They are a succession of wonderfully told incidents, and that is all.

"Nostromo" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50), the last and greatest of Conrad's books in its sheer power, is a story of a South America republic, a hotbed of revolution. The centre of the dramatic struggle of the book is an ancient silver mine, whose treasure by exciting the cupidity of savage men, causes blood to be spilled and honor to be destroyed. Nostromo, who gives name to the book, stands out in contrast to the cutthroats of this Spanish republic in strong relief. He is a simple Italian sailor-captain, whose honor is his dearest possession. But at length he, too, falls before the mad fiend of cupidity, and the book is the story of it.

A notable contribution to the literature of socialism is W. J. Ghent's "Man and Class" (The Macmillan Company)—a book written with considerable ability, in a convincing style, and with much able assembling of facts in support of the theories of social reconstruction to which the author adheres. In view of the wide-spread ignorance among the classes of what socialism is—an ignorance far more wide-spread than among the masses—Mr. Ghent's book, polemic as it is, comes as a valuable source of information. Too much praise can not be given the power with which the arguments for socialism are marshaled in this book, however vicious may be the conclusions.

It was the habit of Victor Hugo to think out his work lying on his back on a yacht at sea (much as W. S. Gilbert works in his easy chair in his study at Harrow Weald), far from the madding crowd. Once he had his new creation well in his head, the rest was purely mechanical; he could write off anywhere. On the other hand, Charles Dickens wrote in his study, in solitude, for a stated time every day. Thackeray carried his manuscript, written on blue paper, about with him, and whenever he had a minute to spare—for instance, waiting for a check to be cashed at his bankers—out would come the manuscript, and, if necessary, some corrections would be made. Lord Lytton dressed for the occasion, and wrote in his library, with twelve candles burning and two powdered footmen in attendance.

The Disraeli centenary was not marked by any visible revival of interest in the novels of the famous statesman and author, according to the reports of the booksellers.

INTAGLIOS.*

A Ballad of Trees and the Master.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame,
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.
Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him
last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lamer.

The Apparition.

She is not happy! It was noon;
The sun fell on my head:
And it was not an hour in which
We think upon the dead.
She is not happy! I should know
Her voice, much more her cry;
And close beside me a great rose
Had just begun to die.
She is not happy! As I walked,
Of her I was aware:
She cried out, like a creature hurt,
Close by me in the air.

—Stephen Phillips.

Memory.

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you, remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me: all things leave me:
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,
Other moments I may know
That shall waft me, in their going,
As a breath blown to and fro,
Fragrant memories: fragrant memories
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you, remaining,
A hid sweetness, in my brain.
Others leave me: all things leave me:
You remain.—Arthur Symonds.

Song.

O to think, O to think as I see her stand
there
With the rose that I plucked in her glorious
hair,
In the robe that I love,
So demure and so neat,
I am lord of her lips and her eyes and her
feet!

O to think, O to think when the last hedge is
leapt,
When the blood is awakened that dreamingly
slept,
I shall make her heart throb
In its cradle of lace,
As the lord of her hair and her breast and her
face!

O to think, O to think when our wedding bells
ring,
When our love's at the summer but life's at
the spring,
I shall guard her asleep
As my hound guards her glove,
Being lord of her life and her breast and
her love!—Norman Gale.

Woman and the Sonnet.

Somet, he not rebellious in my hands
That ply the spindle oftener than the lute!
Without our woman's singing thou wert mute,
O sonnet, horn of us in sunnier lands!
Think how the singing women trooped in bands
To seek the greenwood, dancing to the flute.
Hast thou forgot the refrain dissolute,
The circling dance, the chant, the ivied wands?
Sonnet, a thousand years ago to-day
Thou wast indeed the wild instinctive song
That women chanted for the Feast of May.
But now, O solemn mirror of the mind,
Now it is I am weak, and thou art strong—
Keep me a coin of clearness, and be kind.
—A. M. F. Robinson (*Madame Darmesteter*)
author of "A Handful of Honey-suckle."

*It is a singular fact that in A. T. Quiller-Couch's otherwise quite admirable "Oxford Book of English Verse" not one of these poems is included, nor any other poems by Phillips, Lanier, Symonds, Darmesteter, and Gale.

Hall Caine maintains that moments of the greatest inspiration come in great solitudes. He himself was alone half-way up a bleak and rugged mountain in Iceland when the thought came to him to end his latest novel, "The Prodigal Son," by having Oscar die in an avalanche instead of being killed by his brother Magnus, as he had originally intended. He immediately decided to make the change, and at the same time made a note of the incident for a future press notice.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Two Plays by Californians.

"The Triumph of Light," by Charles Keeler, is described in a sub-title as "A California Midwinter Sun Mystery." The principal characters of the mystery are a jest of the sun, Mortality, a seraph of dawn, e spirits of different California trees, rivers, and mountains, various birds, numerous powers, Nature, and Love. What might be called the *motif* is to show how Mortality, through Love, attains immortality. From a literary standpoint, Mr. Keeler's play is disappointing. In all its thirty-odd pages of blank verse and lyrics in various metres, there is scarcely a line that gives one use. There is not a phrase that is pure poetry. The epithets are hackneyed, the figures flat and lifeless. The lyrics lack vigor and originality; some of them descend to the level of childish patter. Evidently Mr. Keeler lacks strength in his lines, for he has instantly endeavored to supply what is lacking by means of the weak emphasis of exclamation points. We should judge that "The Triumph of Light," with its opportunity for turesque costuming of the characters which present trees, birds, and flowers, might have been rather successful for presentation in a theatre by amateur players, children and adults. This play, however, is not literature, and does it approach to it. Mr. Keeler has done no better and can do better. It has been printed in print that "The Triumph of Light" is written in a week. It is charitable thus to account for its lack of inspiration. Published by the author, Berkeley.

"The Florentines," a play by Maurice V. Luels, of this city, has its setting in Florence in the year 1545. The chief characters are Cellini, the sculptor, one of his rivals, a ke of Florence, his ward, the duchess, the prince of a neighboring province, and various other gentlemen; there is also a pretty model. It has been said that there are only two acts of plays: that in which two lovers, together in the first act, separated in the intervening acts, are united in the last act, which comedy, and that in which two lovers, united in the first act, are kept apart until the end, which is tragedy. "The Florentines," then, is a comedy, and a very good one, too. We like it to be Mr. Luels's first endeavor, but that would not be guessed from the book, which begins to end it is written easily, simply, and well. The plot is excellently conducted, and well knit together. The characterization is good: in the first act, the dramatist introduces us at a dinner to the greater number of the characters, and in a few pages has them limned for us clearly and unforgettably—the vain, generous, amorous old aggart Da Trotti, the fine and noble youth Arsilio, the basely envious Bandinello, the in, but able, sculptor Cellini. Unlike most amas in blank verse, this one is interesting, art from all poetic qualities. There are real wit and humor in the lines and situations, and the reader finds himself fitting along with more effort than is required by a good novel. And right here, perhaps, is both the merit and the fault of "The Florentines," here it more "poetical" it would be more difficult to read; but it would take higher rank. As it stands, the lines seldom are sighted with a poetic burden. The interest in the play lies in its wit and subtle humor, good plot, and its masterly characterization, rather than in its poetic charm. At a time when poetasters with a bent toward drama all seem to be inclined toward bloody tragedies, it is indeed a pleasure to find a book of this—sweet, whimsical, workmanlike, owing a fine insight into character and a proper appreciation of comedy that is not too flowery. Published by Brentano's, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An early copy of Swinburne's "Poems and Hymns" came into the hands of Dallas, then literary reviewer to the London Times, who, after ruminating on the poems, strode to Moxon's with an ultimatum. Either, he said, let them withdraw the book or he would denounce it and destroy it. As they did not wish to be denounced or destroyed themselves they preferred to accept the former alternative. John Camden Hotten bought out the book. America now has three Jesuit novelists. The first is Father Finn, another Father Henry Spalding, but Father J. E. Copus, S. J., is considered the superior of either. He has written "Harry Russell" and "Saint Cuthbert's." "Shadows Lifted," just published, is a distinct advance. Born and reared, at least in part, in England, Father Copus has been a journalist, an editor, a traveler, and now a professor of English literature at St. Ignace's College, Chicago.

A certain invalid gentleman in the neighborhood of Liverpool has hit on a device whereby he can amuse himself without assistance, and can also obtain a certain amount of intellectual exercise. He reads Henry James's latest novels, and keeps a bridge partner meantime. If Mr. James has a sentence which he understands he gives a mark

to himself; if, on the contrary, he meets a sentence which heats him, he gives a mark to Henry James. So far the game has been going on a couple of weeks, and Henry James is far ahead of his admirer, but, of course, the tables may be turned when the contest is concluded. The process is tedious enough, since, in justice, every sentence has to be analyzed; but the invalid declares that it is a capital exercise, and he is recommending it to his friends.

The death of Theodore Thomas on January 4th at Chicago lends unusual interest to the definite announcement from A. C. McClurg & Co. that they have decided to bring out their book on the great musician's life in April of this year instead of in the fall, as previously stated. This book, as already announced, is to be called "Theodore Thomas: A Musical Autobiography," and will consist of two large volumes—the first devoted to his life work, and the second to contain all his representative and most significant programmes from 1855 to 1905, which may be called the period of his public career, carefully edited and explained when necessary. They number several thousand, and constitute not only a notable contribution to the musical history of the United States, but a record of the musical progress of the country during half a century.

The month of February promises some important volumes of literary value and seriousness from the Scribner Press. George Santayana, Ph. D., will present two volumes of his "Life of Reason," upon which he has been engaged for the last seven years. Professor Santayana's general view of the universe and its problems is said to be a variant of the most recent and popular phase of philosophy known as "pragmatism," but it is an original and brilliant statement of this general view, and the most important recent work in philosophy by an American scholar.

In one of the recently published letters of Ibsen he says that while he was writing "Brand" he had on his desk an empty ale glass with a scorpion in it. Now and then the animal would grow sick and the author would throw a piece of soft fruit to it, whereupon the scorpion would fall upon the food furiously, empty its poison into it, and then get well again. "Is it not a good deal like this with us poets?" Ibsen continues: "nature's laws apply in the domain of the spirit also."

Mme. Emily de Laszowski-Gerard, novelist and literary critic, is dead, aged fifty-six years, at Vienna. Her husband, Chevalier Miscalas de Laszowski, who was a lieutenant-general in the Austrian army, died five weeks ago. Among Mme. Gerard's works are "The Land Beyond the Forest," a book of descriptive sketches of Transylvania, and the following novels: "Reata," "The Waters of Hercules," and "Beggar My Neighbor."

At last Italy has recognized fully the national importance of her greatest living poet, Carducci, whose songs of independence are part both of Italian literature and history. After a service of forty-five years as professor of literature in the University of Bologna, he has been forced to retire from active life on account of failing health. The government has passed a decree giving him a pension of about \$2,400.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, has stirred up an interesting discussion by his suggestion of an American Central Library of facsimiles. E. A. Richardson, librarian of Princeton University, and the librarian of the University of Chicago, also hail the plan with approval. American students are often greatly hampered by having to deal largely with second-hand material in work requiring original research. Professor Gayley's own Christmas play, "The Star of Bethlehem," for instance, which Ben Greet's players have been acting, could not have been written under present conditions if the author had not been able to make primary visits to the Bodleian Library and to the British Museum for his manuscript sources.

Paciot has just published in Paris a very sensational book, entitled "Jeanne d'Arc: Histoire et Legende," written by Professor Thalarnas, who occupies the chair of history at Charlemagne College, and whose unconventional ideas in regard to the Maid of Orleans, it will be remembered, recently were the occasion of riotous demonstrations in the streets of Paris and caused the iconoclastic professor to seek temporary seclusion in Versailles.

A curious item of news is being commented on in certain literary circles, if not in book-selling circles of the same character. It is that Henry James's most recent novel, published only a few weeks ago with the title, "The Golden Bowl," is in its third edition. The significance of this fact will become apparent when it is remembered that literary workers have always claimed Mr. James as their own particular novelist, and have actually fought against his occasionally threatened popularity. According to a New York writer the third edition of "The Golden

Bowl"—a two-dollar-and-fifty-cent novel, by the way—invites the following speculative alternative: An increase in the number of literary workers or an irresistible curiosity on the part of the reading public. That the growing popularity of Mr. James is due to any intrinsic element in his work is not believed possible.

Persons having material—especially unpublished manuscripts or letters—likely to be of service in the preparation of a biography of the late Edward Rowland Sill, are requested to communicate with W. B. Parker, 30 Stoughton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley Weyman.
4. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.
5. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
4. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.
5. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "Memoirs," by Moncure D. Conway.
2. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
3. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
4. "The Brethren," by Rider Haggard.
5. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

Hall Caine's Unpublished Novel.

Hall Caine recently made the interesting confession in print that he once commenced a novel "with the pathetic and inspiring person of Mary Magdalene as the central figure." He adds that the story was never completed. "Before I had gone far," he says, "I realized the fundamental difficulty of the enlargement of the beautiful theme without disturbing preconceived ideals and alienating settled sympathies. It was the same difficulty with me as a novelist as that which the painter of sacred subjects has always encountered, but was intensified a hundredfold by the necessity for amplification upon the lines of the sanctified original. My story of Mary Magdalene shall never be published." Caine doesn't say what he has done with the manuscript, and, as the British *Literary World* remarks, if he doesn't destroy it before the time for his departure comes, it is probably just one of the things which would get itself published. A posthumous story by Hall Caine on Mary Magdalene would be sufficiently tempting to his literary executors and editors.



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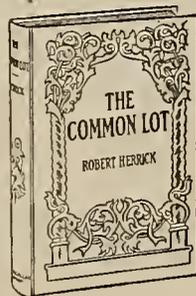
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Tetrazzini, the big little soprano who is making things boom at the Tivoli, seems to fix her preference on the operas of the older school, while Berilindi's more dramatic style is better suited to those modern music-dramas whose composers have more or less followed Wagner's initiative. Tetrazzini's method is that of which Sembrich is at present the most famous exponent. Only a high, pure soprano like hers can scale such airy ladders of sound, sending from each silver rung a spray of liquid pearls. Her voice is almost altogether made up of the white notes, and in effect her singing is as effortless as the flow of a running brook. It is odd to see how little she opens her mouth. Yet the tones come forth pure, sterling silver, unalloyed by a single vocal blur resulting from misplaced effort. "Lucia" is as good an operatic vehicle as any for the display of a voice like hers. In that opera the prima donna has a great amount of singing to do. Edgardo plays a good second, but, although he has the last word, and a lengthy scene, in which he practically holds the floor, I have always thought that the tenor was rather shabbily treated in "Lucia." The prima donna and her white satin despair are safely over and done with, and Edgardo starts in for a good, long, vocal weep. And then some hapless group of suburbanites always starts to go home. Poor Edgardo! He sees them out of the tail of his weeping eye, and probably says to himself, "Why can't they let me die in peace?"

Colli was the Edgardo, and sang the arias of that woeful young Scot with a voice full and running over with sobs and tears. He seems to take by temperament to the drowned-in-love style, and, with his youth, his slender build, and his operatic despair, has a very good appearance for a romantic tenor. His voice, while big and expressive, and capable of the ringing tenor notes which evoke bravos, is not a perfectly reliable organ. It comes with effort, and ever and anon it deviates by a fraction of a tone from the true pitch, and he has, too, a noticeable inclination to affect the tremolo.

La Puma's melodious baritone was heard to advantage in the part of Enrico. De Marco contributed an unconcerned front and a small, sweet tenor to the rôle of Arturo, and Mugnoz was a good Raimondo. The chorus was pure Italy, except for a younger trio from the Tivoli rancors, who indulged in refreshing social intercourse while the old girls conscientiously went through all the motions of horror and amaze.

"Lucia" always seems to be leading up to the well-loved sextet, which the audience invariably interrupts in the good old immemorial way. Tetrazzini's wedding dress, as is the way with bridal finery, was unbecoming, so we could shut our eyes in peace and become all ears, listening with delight to Lucia's long, silvery wail of despair, winding in and out among the plaintive harmonies. The real climax comes in the flute solo, which displayed not only the purity of Tetrazzini's voice, but the ease and brilliancy with which she duplicated all the chromatic flights of the flute.

Taking them in sum total, the Tivoli has flown higher with this company than ever before. Their very wardrobes show prosperity. The two prima donnas dress expensively, and their fingers are loaded with jewels. Tetrazzini was altogether splendid in the yellow gown that matched her hair, although it is plain to see that her heart is not wrapped up in dress. Else would she abjure the too-numerous petticoats that prevent Lucia's white lace dressing-gown from clinging statuesquely; and likewise would she know by instinct that all those jiggetty little bouces cut down her already diminutive height.

The men, of course, are costumed strictly according to usage, although La Puma broke out violently in the matter of shoes and stockings; not, however, with the loss of one whit of his dignity. Only an opera singer is capable of remaining majestically oblivious to the fact that his white satin shoes and flesh-colored stockings are steadily staring the rest of his costume out of countenance.

The Alcazar has certainly contrived to present a complete contrast between this week's bill and the last. "The Girl and the Judge" is one of those agreeable, interesting little plays in which a domestic tragedy that occurs is just sordid enough to throw into charming relief the loving devotion of a daughter who stands yearning and suffering between her estranged parents. Clyde Fitch, as usual, has

utilized thoroughly an ingenious idea, which, in this case, constitutes the core of his drama—the mother is at once a lady and a kleptomaniac. Her uncontrollable mania threatens the daughter's happiness, but the judge, before whom the couple have brought their case, and who is surfeited with his sad knowledge of the sinning half of humanity, reads the girl too truly to allow his immediate love for her to be clouded by his knowledge of the mother's fault.

The manner in which the motive is worked out, showing the impossibility of the mother's reform in such a manner that the embittered husband intervenes to save his daughter's happiness, causes an appeal to the better feelings, and none of the worldliness of Clyde Fitch's New York set of subjects is allowed to obtrude.

Mr. Fitch has an almost womanish perception of the important part that domestic and social trivialities play in a woman's life; hence the fitting up of the bed-sitting-room, the numerous incursions of the inquisitive Mrs. Brown, and the fond maternal coquetries of the judge's mother, are all pleasant and entertaining elements, and go to make up a thoroughly cozy atmosphere. There are two—almost three—fat parts for middle-aged women in the piece, and the ladies who filled these rôles did so in a manner that made the characters alive. Laura Adams in particular gave a very realistic sketch of the garrulous, bustling, country town housewife, who lets rooms and who is all eye and ear for the affairs of her lodgers. Miss Woodson, who, as understudy, was obliged to assume the rôle of the daughter at short notice, was particularly attractive through the graces of her youth and the sympathy with which she played her part.

The love-affair that springs up between the girl and the judge is, save for the extreme rapidity of its development, all that is wholesome and natural, and the audience almost experiences the sympathetic delight of a successful matchmaker in seeing the curtain go down on their happiness.

It is far from being so in "The Conquerors," a play in which the lovers get in thoroughly bad odor with the spectator. Never before did dramatist so deliberately set about making his hero odious in the eyes of the audience. And the thoroughness with which he embarks upon the job is only equaled by the completeness of his success. The one poor rag of decent feeling that Eric von Rodeck shows, when the passionate reproaches of his intended victim awaken compunction, pity, and respect in his heart, is used by the dramatist as the pivot on which to swing things around to the pathway of romance.

But it is too late. For Eric we have only abhorrence, and when we learn that Yvonne, even while still believing that he had foully wronged her honor, begins to feel love toward him, our pity for her needless suffering is strongly tinged with contempt.

There is something rank and brutal in this conception of womanhood. Nor is this after-knowledge of Yvonne's nature, compatible with the first impression made by the proud, brave, high-minded girl when she faced her conquerors with such passionate disdain. Eric is like a mad dog; a creature with a terrible and destructive sort of playfulness in his composition. We may perhaps assume that he is supposed to be something in the nature of a spoiled child, but his treatment of all women shows him to be innately heartless and vicious. He is in double disgrace with his regiment when, in the last act, he goes away on a perilous, almost hopeless, undertaking; a feat by which he hopes to redeem his badly smirched name. Who can wish him good luck? Not I, for one. Any leanings we may experience toward this graceless youth are due solely to the charm of the actor who plays the part. Mr. Craig enacts

all the disagreeable deeds conscientiously and with complete realism; but naturally, when Lieutenant von Rodeck's better feelings are awakened, he is practically another person. No actor can afford to be anything but his most attractive, magnetic self when he is trying to induce an audience to forgive the unforgivable in the character he is impersonating.

Miss Lawrence appears to advantage with the dark hair appropriate to a maiden of France, and, as far as the dramatist allows, makes the French *demoiselle* attractive. Miss Woodson is a daintily Gallic little figure as the young Bahiole, but the comedy in the piece is altogether too silly to palliate its general unpleasantness of motive.

The men in their tight Prussian uniforms are altogether killing enough to threaten the peace of mind of the feminine part of their audience. "The Conquerors," however, is scarcely a play for young girls to see. Brutal, revolting sensuality forms its prevailing motive. Nobody seems to be in the right state of mind on any proposition. The Baron of Grandpré is harsh and cruel toward his sister for her guiltless misfortune when she most needs brotherly help and sympathy. Eric, after having previously incurred the odium of his far from impeccable brother-officers, fails to remove from their minds their misconception concerning the carrying out of his threat toward Yvonne. Captain Korner punishes the young Bahiole for her rejection by threatening to lead in the vices of the regiment, and Yvonne falls in love with her supposed ravisher. Pah! These people are as offensive as a bad odor. May we never meet their like in life.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Barrie's New Play.

The highest praise is given to J. M. Barrie's new play, "Peter Pan," produced recently at the Duke of York Theatre, London. It is a children's play that appeals to adults as well—a delightfully humorous, whimsical, fanciful, and, altogether unhackneyed production; full of fun, frolic, and surprises. Briefly, it details the adventures of three sleeping children who are visited by Peter Pan. Arrayed in cobwebs and autumn leaves he flies in, gives the children the power to fly, and takes them away. They go to "Never-never-land," a wonderful region in the centre of the earth, where they become acquainted with Esquimos, Indians, and pirates. The latter capture them, and just as they are to be compelled to "walk the plank," Peter Pan again appears, rescues them, and takes them home in safety.

A New York exchange's London correspondent writes of the play:

So full of tenderness is it, so free is the flight of whimsical fancy, that there does not seem ever to have been a real drama for the little people before. He takes their story books about fairies, redskins, pirates, and grotesque animals, and weaves a simple fantasy out of the substance of their dreams; and when it is done the middle-aged spinsters and the veterans with gray hair enjoy it as much as the children themselves.

The London *Mail* says that it is "the amazing freedom of fancy that is the precious thing about 'Peter Pan.' Also, it contains 'a message, first and last, to the mothers . . . who will like to fancy, sometimes, that the children they have lost have only flown with Peter Pan through the nursery window, and will, perhaps, fly back some day.'" The London *Express* says that "the piece is a triumph in its universal appeal."

Lillian Russell is doing so well in "Lady Teazle" that it has been decided to keep the piece on at the Casino indefinitely.

Lawrence D'Orsay will soon be seen at the Columbia Theatre in "The Earl of Pawtucket."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

William Collier for Two Weeks.

"The Dictator," with William Collier in the leading rôle, will be presented at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. This will be the first appearance of Mr. Collier in San Francisco since he became a star under the direction of Charles Frohman. "The Dictator," which is by Richard Harding Davis, had a prosperous engagement at the Criterion Theatre, New York. It ran into July, and again opened that house this season. The story centres around Brooke Travers and his valet. Travers has struck a hackman during a quarrel, and being afraid of arrest for murder, flees to Central America with his valet. On the way they become acquainted with Colonel Bowie, consul to Porto Banos. After their arrival complications arise which make it necessary that Travers shall take Bowie's place. This substitution creates many very funny situations. There is a love-story in the play, with Travers as a central figure. During the two weeks' engagement there will be Sunday performances and Wednesday matinees.

Stoddart and Fax Coming.

At to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee, J. H. Stoddart, the veteran actor, will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." Reuben Fax, who was with Stoddart on his last visit to this city, is also in the cast as Posty. The story of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" is of a daughter driven from home by her stern father because she can not prove her marriage, and of their final reconciliation. The cast includes Irma la Pierre, W. S. Gill, Adelaide Cummings, F. Elliott Jenkins, Louise Rutter, Robert Craston, Edith Talbot, Carlyle Moore, William Hall, and M. D. Stepper. A male quartet and a Scotch bagpipe player are with the company. Several Scotch societies will attend the performances in a body on different nights. "Mother Goose," with three hundred and fifty people in the cast, comes to the Grand on February 6th. Seats for this will be on sale Thursday.

Tivoli Grand-Opera Season.

The fourth and last week of the season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House will begin on Tuesday evening, with a repetition of the "Faust" performance. On Wednesday night, Puccini's "La Bohème" will be given its first rendition at the hands of this company. Berlindi will sing Mimi and Bazelli will appear in the rôle of Rodolpho. Polacco will likewise conduct this opera. On Thursday evening, "Lucia" will be given, with Tetrzinni in the title-rôle and Colli as Edgardo. The rest of the cast will be the same as in the previous performances of the piece. On Friday evening "Zaza," with Berlindi, will be given, and the Saturday matinee will be devoted to "Traviata," with Tetrzinni in the leading rôle and the rest of the cast as formerly. Saturday evening there will be a second performance of "La Bohème," and on Sunday evening "Faust" will again be billed.

Attractions at the Orpheum.

The Prosper troupe, six European gymnasts who come direct from Berlin, will appear at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. Four of the artists are men, and two women, one of the latter doing the heavy work usually assigned to the largest man of the combination. John and Bertha Gleeson, dancers, will return, offering an addition to their act in the person of Fred Houlihan, pianist and comedian. Miss Gleeson has the distinction of being the champion woman dancer of America. Many are graduates from light opera into vaudeville, and one of the latest of these is James F. Macdonald, of "King Dodo" and "Sultan of Sulu" fame, who sings and tells stories. For their fourth and final week, Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will revive "Town Hall To-Night." The other hold-overs are the Carter de Haven Sextet; Alcide Capitaine, in her aerial exhibitions; Binns, Binns, and Binns; and Thereses. The Orpheum motion picture, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

The Alcazar's Bill.

"The Gay Lord Quex," by Pinero, will be the Alcazar's offering next week. John Craig will have the rôle of Lord Quex, and Lillian Lawrence will play the part of the vulgar, quick-witted, and warm-hearted manicurist, Sophie Fullgarney. The play offers opportunities for rich gowning and good scenic effects, the manicure-parlor scene being especially interesting and unusual. The postponed production of Ibsen's "Ghosts," with Lillian Lawrence as Mrs. Alving and Harry Mestayer as Oswald, will positively be presented Thursday afternoon, February 9th. "Are You a Mason?" will be presented February 6th.

Japanese War Drama.

The Central Theatre management announces that, despite requests for a continuance of "The Holy City," the plan of presenting a change of bill every week will be adhered to. On Monday night, Theodore

Kremer's "A Prisoner of War," a drama dealing with the present great war, will be put on. Herschel Mayall and Juliet Crosby will have the leading rôles, both of them being cast as Japanese. Great pains will be taken with the scenic effects.

German Theatre Benefit.

Blumenthal and Kadelberg's comedy, "Grossstadtluft," is to be given at a special matinee at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, February 5th, by the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble as a testimonial benefit in aid of the veteran German actress, Mrs. Josephine La Fontaine, who for years was connected with the various German productions at the Baldwin Theatre, and aided materially in the success of some notable performances.

London's Historic "Haymarket."

The new Haymarket Theatre, London, is the third built on the historic site. The first one was erected in 1720, and after a century of successes, vicissitudes, and reconstructions, gave place in 1821 to a larger one with a Grecian porch. This theatre was remodeled in 1880 by Sir Squire Bancroft, and the pit was taken out. During the last five months the theatre, with the exception of the stage and the colonnade, has been rebuilt from the foundations so as to be as fire-proof as steel, concrete, and brick can make it, according to a London correspondent to the New York Tribune. The picture-frame proscenium and the drop curtain with the oval picture of the minut in "The School for Scandal" still remain to remind play-goers that they are in the familiar Haymarket where Charles Mathews, Buckstone, Macready, Helen Faucit, Mrs. Nisbet, Mme. Vestris, and the Bancrofts delighted the public.

A romantic career was closed in New York last week by the death of John Matthews, an actor. Matthews was not only on the stage of Ford's Theatre when Lincoln was shot, but was Wilkes Booth's room-mate. He was arrested as one of the plotters, but was subsequently released, asserting that, despite the fact that he was a close friend of Booth, he knew nothing of the plan to assassinate Lincoln. Matthews was one of the original members of A. M. Palmer's Union Square Theatre stock company, and had a part in the original production of "The Two Orphans." He was exceedingly charitable, and was known as "the actors' friend."

David Bispham, the baritone, will give a series of concerts at Lyric Hall in February. Manager Greenbaum promises one of the most interesting programmes of song ever given here. Bispham's repertoire is large, and he will give many numbers for the first time in this city. Of course, there have been many requests for "Danny Deever."

It is reported from London that Louis N. Parker is rewriting his play, "The Cardinal," so that the dominating rôle will be the female part, which is to be taken by Mrs. Russ Whytall, an American actress, a member of Willard's company.

James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, although presenting tickets which the management of Daly's Theatre acknowledged to be good, was barred out of that house one night last week. It is said that Metcalfe will sue for damages.

Sir Charles Wyndham, at the Lyceum, New York, has revived Henry Arthur Jones's "The Case of Rebellious Susan," described as "just naughty enough to make you laugh, and just nice enough to make you forget its naughtiness."

For March, Will Greenbaum promises Von Vecsy, the violin prodigy; Eugene d'Albert, the Beethoven player; and Kreisler, the violinist.

Two Musical Failures.

The New York Tribune's Berlin correspondent says:

Sensational in a certain sense was the production at the Royal Opera House here of Leoncavallo's "Roland of Berlin," the romantic opera which the Kaiser ordered of the Italian composer ten years ago, and which now at last has seen the light. To put it briefly, it was an immense disappointment to everybody, the Kaiser himself included, though he did everything humanly possible to sugar-coat the pill for the composer, treating him with great affability and making both him and his wife handsome presents. It was no wonder, however, that Leoncavallo did not succeed with this opera. Its subject is as intensely and exclusively German and medieval as Wagner's "Meistersinger," and nobody but a German could have approached the text in a sympathetic spirit. Aside from that consideration—and it alone would have been fatal—Leoncavallo has not done himself justice with the music, for that is an incoherent jumble—the orchestration very noisy Wagnerian motifs mingled with florid passages interspersed with a few really pretty arias, especially the love duet in the first act. As a whole, even musically, this opera is a distinct failure. The first performance, however, looked upon as a society event, was fine enough. Never before has Berlin had to pay such prices for seats—\$50 and even \$75 for orchestra seats—and never before was an opera audience such a galaxy of elegance, beauty, and refinement. Among the 2,500 in the house on the opening night, there were persons who had come expressly from Rome, Milan, Paris, and London to view the performance. Nevertheless, this opera is doomed. The Kaiser has no lucky hand with his artistic ventures. Such is the general verdict here.

Another long-looked-for event, but strictly in musical circles, was the first performance of the "Symphonia Domestica," by Richard Strauss, and that, too, was a fiasco. Even the most ardent admirers and disciples of the composer agreed in the general verdict—that this symphony had been mistaken; for, looked upon as an interpretation of musical sentiment evoked by contemplation of the domestic charms, virtues, and amenities, it was incongruous. The torrents of robust sound were "military" rather than domestic, but even viewing the composition from that angle it was poor in invention and inadequate in conception. And yet Richard Strauss is looked upon by many as the musical Messiah of these days.

Sir Henry Irving announces that he will never play "Hamlet" again.

— IF TWO MEN GO IN TO HAVE A DRINK, AND one man says to the other, "I'll have the best whisky on the market," what is the answer? (You will find it on another page in this issue.)

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(Established in 1889)
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Paid In Capital..... 3,000,000
Profit and Reserve..... 400,000
Monthly Income Over..... 200,000
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Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

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Banks and Insurance.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,474,518.82
Capital actually paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1904..... 37,281,377.60

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM H. FRENSEN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNV; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
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532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1905.....\$33,940,132
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 976,109

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ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.
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Established March, 1871.
Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Paid-Up Capital..... 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 265,000.00
Deposits, January 1, 1905..... 4,230,379.59
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President
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MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.
Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital..... 300,000
Surplus..... 265,000
Deposits, January 1, 1905.....9,579,000
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. STORY; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.
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(Formerly 619 Clay St.)
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The Oldest Incorporated Savings Bank in the State
GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000
Capital stock, paid up in gold coin.....175,000.00
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Loans made at lowest rates on approved collaterals and on city and country real estate.

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CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco
Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.
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Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00
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BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.
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ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets..... 5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,414,921.16

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Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
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Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

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Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,500,399.46
Total Assets..... 7,665,839.38

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
Safe Deposit Building, SAN FRANCISCO

VANITY FAIR.

President Roosevelt is a hearty eater. He consumes three big meals a day, and sometimes takes a supper before he goes to bed. He breakfasts at eight o'clock. The ordinary breakfast menu, unless there are some special guests, is the same as in thousands of American homes: some fruit, a cereal, eggs, chops, or sausage; sometimes a steak, but usually meat that is not so heavy. The President drinks one or two cups of coffee or cocoa. There are always guests for luncheon. This is also a simple, homelike meal, with a soup, a meat, a vegetable or two, and perhaps a salad. White wine is served to those who want it. The President usually drinks a mineral water. The President's dinner is more elaborate, usually consisting of five courses—oysters, soup, fish, a fillet, or roast; sometimes a duck or chicken, or some game, salad and sweets. The President, however, has not dined alone with his family more than five or six times since he has been in the White House. There are always house guests or friends to dinner. The President has no dish that he likes to the exclusion of others. He is a versatile and enthusiastic eater. He is fond of chicken, quail, and ducks roasted. He likes Yorkshire pudding with his roast beef. The President likes a bottle of white wine with his luncheon or dinner occasionally. He drinks a glass or two of champagne at a big dinner, but no more. He does not smoke. All this is on the say-so of a writer in the *World*.

A. Gillespie Pemberton, who ever he may be, is greatly disturbed by the had manners of Americans, and writes thus in the *Herald*: "After an absence of ten years in foreign lands, I return to my native city to find a people compared to whom the Berserkers were Chesterfields and the Tartars a race of Talleyrands. The stations of the subway and elevated railways and the ferry houses at rush hours remind me of the fight of frenzied camp followers. In public conveyances the lack of good breeding is the most noticeable. Men sit with their faces buried in newspapers while women stand, or if they relinquish their seats they do so with a hurt and injured air. Is it any wonder that the recipients of such scant courtesy often fail to say, 'Thank you'?" I find the average New Yorker jostling his fellow-man, jabbing him with umbrellas, now treating him like a door-mat, and again as a human buffer. Men extend their gloved hands to women acquaintances, whom they stop in the street, and stand talking to them without so much as lifting their hats. I have seen foreigners ridiculed to their faces for slips in the use of English, and strangers treated with contempt by well-dressed New Yorkers, to whom they have appealed for some direction to guide them in the maze of streets. Can it be that the denizens of this metropolis, in their mad rush for riches, have decided to trample under foot every amenity and courtesy which make life tolerable and mark the growth of civilization?"

In a lecture before the Ethical Culture Society at Carnegie Hall, New York, the other day, Felix Adler said that he was opposed to divorce for any cause. He favored what he called a separation between married persons only for the reason that it left open a chance for reconciliation. The law, he thought, could he so applied that each party would be effectually protected from the other during the estrangement. He saw in the constantly increasing number of divorcees this great danger—that it weakened the expectation of permanence of the marriage state. "What I urge," he said, "is the most extreme punishment for intolerable conditions is separation. Separation is sometimes very good for persons who love one another very dearly. Some persons get a certain mental vertigo when they live long with one another. Give them a little respite from one another, and the chances are that they will meet again with an invigorated affection. Separation to my mind would fill every requirement—there should be no divorce—there's my position."

Representative Robert Adams, of Pennsylvania, has recently been going into the subject of "Woman and the Law," and has cited, in print, many interesting passages showing the status of women in various countries at different times. Speaking of the subservience of women to their husbands, he remarks that "during the whole Anglo-Saxon period the law gave the power to the husband to exercise restraint by correcting her if necessary. Civil law allowed the husband for some misdemeanors to castigate his wife moderately. Authorities do not agree as to what constituted a moderate castigation, or the instrument wherewith it was to be inflicted. Welsh law fixes as a proper allowance 'three blows with a broomstick on any part of the body except the head.' A second law limits the size of the stick at the 'length of the husband's arm and the thickness of his middle finger.' Another rule was that 'a man may lawfully correct his wife with a stick no bigger than his thumb.' No wonder, then, when Justice Brooke (12 Henry VIII, fol. 4) affirms 'that if a man beat an outlaw, a

traitor, a pagan, his villain, or his wife, it is dispunishable, because by the law common these persons can have no action.' He says, 'God send gentle woman better sport or better compane.' 'But,' said Blackstone, in his Commentaries, 'with us in the politic reign of Charles the Second this power of correction begins to be doubted, and a wife may now have security of the peace against her husband. Yet the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exact their ancient privilege.' It was not until 1829 that the act of Charles the Second, which embodied the old common law and allowed a man to 'chastise his wife with any reasonable instrument,' was repealed."

Albert Sterner, who is illustrating Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels for *Harper's* and the *Century*, has drawn a most artistic and satisfactory portrait of the author. It is done in chalk of three colors—black, white, and red—and, with the help of the rubber, a fine tone has been secured. It is a front-face half-length, with hands folded, the figure posed with dignity and grace and the face admirably drawn, so that the most is made of the best features—the shapely, intellectual forehead and the resolute yet tender brown eyes. The dress is of white lace, and over it is worn a black fur boa, and about the beautiful gray hair there is a fringe of delicate lace. The contrasts of the darks and whites are most effective, and the reds in hands and face are finely toned. The likeness is remarkably close, and the portrait has vitality and character. Mrs. Ward's friends unite in saying that it is the best portrait which has ever been made of her, and she is so well pleased with it herself that she has purchased it for her own house. She has been considered a most difficult subject by painters, and there has been no satisfactory portrait of her until this keen-eyed American illustrator took his chalks in hand and made her look like herself—and that self a genius.

What was probably the most elaborate and most expensive dinner-party ever given in this country took place at the St. Regis Hotel in New York the other night. It was given by John H. Hanan, the millionaire shoe man, in honor of his wife. About sixty guests were seated at a table arranged in the shape of a horseshoe. The service for the entire dinner was of solid gold and gold plate. Not a fork or spoon, not a platter in use but was fashioned of the precious metal. Even the water goblets were of gold, and the wine and champagne glasses on solid gold stems and bases and were rimmed with the glittering metal. It was reported that the banquet cost fifty thousand dollars.

"Everybody wears spats at Lakewood," says a Philadelphia man who passed the holidays at this famous New Jersey resort. "Here in conservative Philadelphia they are considered a trifle dressy, and the majority of those who indulge, content themselves with black ones. But there it's another story. Yellow is the proper color for men. There's no color limit for the women. The girls sit around on the porches, their legs crossed, displaying the most gorgeous and varied spats. A girl in a checked suit had spats done in the same material. A matron in a rig the color of an eggplant had her ankles incased to match. Why, it kept me busy noting the different effects. There I went for rest and recreation, and got headaches keeping tab on the feminine spats, which were of every color of the rainbow, not to mention many post entries of which Iris never heard."

The annual report of William C. Moore, landing agent at Ellis Island, issued recently, shows that 162,389 cabin passengers landed at the port of New York in the year 1904. In cabin transportation the North German Lloyd is ahead in both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean trades. In the former trade this line landed at New York 31,406 people, and in the latter 5,602. The Hamburg-American brought 23,175 cabin passengers from European-Atlantic ports, and 1,008 from the Mediterranean. The four lines, comprising the International Mercantile Marine—the White Star, Red Star, American, and Atlantic Transport—landed at New York in the past year 45,038 cabin passengers, the White Star service leading with 23,011 cabin passengers. The Red Star, American, and Atlantic Transport service follow in the order named. Other lines that did a big west-bound business were the Scandinavian-American and the Holland American.

"Some very attractive women," says the *Boston Herald*, "can not wear flowers at all. No matter how fresh the blooms may be, in a very short time they droop, and roses especially will fairly fall over themselves, soon fading away. If this peculiar effect arises from some natural cause, what is it? One young girl, who is devoted to flowers and never more happy than when surrounded by them, said rather sadly to me the other day: 'What can it be about me, for I have only to look at a flower to have it fade? Is it the evil eye?' I did not think it could be that,

for her eyes are lovely in color and expression, but as she is by no means the only 'victim,' as one may call it, some reason there must be for this antagonism. Can it be physical or spiritual?"

G. H. Mumm & Co. New Champagne Record.

The name of G. H. Mumm & Co. and that of their representatives, Messrs. Fredk. de Bary & Co., have for years been known among the lovers of the superior qualities of champagnes from one end of the country to the other. That the quality of wine imported by this firm is appreciated is attested by the numberless occasions on which it is used by the most discriminating lovers of the sparkling wines of the Province of Champagne. Messrs. Fredk. de Bary & Co., brought over last year to this side of the water a greater number of cases of champagne than has ever hitherto been known, and these importations speak in the strongest terms of the great popular esteem in which G. H. Mumm & Co.'s champagne is held on this continent.—*Bonfont's Wine and Liquor Circular, January 10th.*

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdee District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
January 19th	54	50	.40	Cloudy
" 20th	56	48	.00	Cloudy
" 21st	58	48	1.08	Cloudy
" 22d	50	52	.17	Rain
" 23d	60	54	.01	Cloudy
" 24th	60	54	.70	Pt. Cloudy
" 25th	56	46	Tr.	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 25, 1905, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000	@ 104 1/2		
Bav. Gov. Power 5%	56,000	@ 102 1/2-103	103	
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%	33,000	@ 8 1/2-8 5/8	8 5/8	
Edison L. P. 6%	10,000	@ 124 1/2		124 1/2
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	106,000	@ 105 1/2		105 1/2
Los Angeles Ry. 4%	9,000	@ 117		116 3/4 117 1/4
Market St. Ry. 5%	9,000	@ 116 1/2		116 1/2 116 3/4
N. R. of Cal. 5%	3,000	@ 120 1/2		120 1/2
North Shore Ry. 5%	2,000	@ 100		102 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%	2,000	@ 119		120 1/2
Oakland Transit 5%	27,000	@ 112-112 1/2	112	112 1/2
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	1,000	@ 121 1/2		121 1/2
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	61,000	@ 106 1/2-106 1/2	106 1/2	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 101 1/2		101 1/2 102 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1009	10,000	@ 107 1/2-107 1/2	107 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	106,000	@ 105 1/2	104 1/2	105 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd	24,000	@ 108 1/2		108 1/2
S. V. Water. 4%	5,000	@ 100 1/2		100 1/2 100 3/4
S. V. Water 4% 3ds.	2,000	@ 99 3/4		100
S. V. Water Gen. 4%	12,000	@ 98		97 1/2 99
United R. R. of S. F. 4%	69,000	@ 87 1/2-87 3/4	87 1/2	
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa Water	40	@ 30-40	25	31
S. V. Water	475	@ 37 1/2-38 1/2	37 1/2	
	BANKS.			
American National	10	@ 130		130
Bank of California	200	@ 445-446	444	450
	POWDER.			
Giant Con.	160	@ 64-65	64 1/2	
	SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. S.	1,060	@ 83 1/2-91 1/2	91	
Honokaa S. Co.	3,615	@ 25-24 1/2	24 1/2	24 3/4
Hutchinson	1,785	@ 17 1/2-18 1/2	17 1/2	
Kilauea Sugar Co.	100	@ 5 1/2	5 1/2	5 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.	925	@ 37 1/2-37 1/2	37 1/2	37 3/4
Onomea Sugar Co.	3,165	@ 30 1/2-30 1/2	30 1/2	30 3/4
Pauhanu Sugar Co.	5,130	@ 25-27 1/2	27 1/2	
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	810	@ 51-54	51 1/2	
	MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers	665	@ 85 1/2-91	85 1/2	86
Cal. Wine Assn.	145	@ 82-82 1/2	82 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.	595	@ 4-5 1/2	4	4 3/4
Pacific States Tel.	137	@ 104-105 1/2		

The sugars continue to be active, and about 15,800 shares changed hands, making advances of from one-quarter to eight and one-half points, Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling from 83 1/2 to 91 1/2; Honokaa from 23 to 24 1/2; Hutchinson from 17 1/2 to 18 1/2; Makaweli Sugar Company from 37 1/2 to 37 3/4; Onomea from 30 1/2 to 30 3/4; Pauhanu from 25 to 27 1/2; at the close, the market was steady, the whole line closing in fairly good demand at 91 bid for Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar; 24 1/2 bid for Honokaa; 17 1/2 bid for Hutchinson; 37 1/2 bid for Makaweli; 39 1/2 bid for Onomea; 27 1/2 bid for Pauhanu.

Spring Valley Water sold off three-quarters of a point to 37 1/2 on sales of 475 shares, closing at 37 1/2 bid. Contra Costa Water sold up nine points to 40 on small sales, but at the close sold off to 39 on sales of 25 shares, closing at 25 bid, 31 asked.

Giant Powder was weak, selling off three points to 64, closing at 64 1/2 bid.

Alaska Packers sold off three and three-quarter points to 85 1/2 on sales of 665 shares, closing at 85 1/2 bid, 86 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric advanced two and one-half points to 54 on sales of 810 shares, and at the close sold off to 51 on small sales.

INVESTMENTS.

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A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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Can be instantly adjusted to any gas-jet.

The famous **BLOCK LIGHT** gives more light at less cost, than any other light manufactured. It burns eight parts of air to one of gas, thereby greatly reducing your gas bills and at the same time giving an agreeable and powerful light. The mantles are the best; the glassware made in Germany, under the highest tests, and the light, complete, fully guaranteed.

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Block Light complete (With mantle, shade, and burner) **\$1.25**

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ALWAYS RELIABLE
MARKET AND JONES STS.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS GIVEN

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DISCOUNT ON EVERYTHING
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is natural and the first mark of beauty. Wrinkles, scars, and thick skin are unnecessary, and quickly cured by my treatment. Private home, personal care for patients.

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EDWARD B. HINDES, Proprietor.
F. B. SIGNOR, Manager.
Telephone Main 3180.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Somebody once said to George Ade that some pretty bright people come from the West. "Yes," Ade is said to have replied, "and the brighter they are the quicker they come."

A little girl, when a lesson was being given on snow, volunteered the information that the snow was swept out of heaven. "But how does it get into heaven?" asked the master. "Please, sir, the angels scratch it off their wings."

John Morley kept his lips sealed against the interviewer in the United States, but a private mot of his did get into circulation. He was asked what were the two things which impressed him most in the States, and he replied: "Niagara Falls and the President. Both were great natural forces, and both gave you the impression of going on forever."

After Disraeli was created Lord Beaconsfield, and had attained every distinction he could wish for, he was dining one day at a fashionable London home, and was asked by the lady whom he had taken in to dinner: "Is there anything, my lord, that you can now possibly want which you do not already possess?" His characteristic reply, after due consideration, was: "Yes, a potato, please."

"A short time ago," says a school-teacher, "I was giving a lesson on the use of the hyphen. Having written a number of examples on the blackboard, the first of which was 'bird-cage,' I asked the boys to give a reason for putting the hyphen between 'bird' and 'cage.' After a short silence, one boy, who is among the dunces, held up his hand, and said: 'It is for the bird to perch on, sir.'"

At one of the registration places in Alabama, the election officers were testing a colored man's qualifications for exercising the right of suffrage. The negro was unusually intelligent, and answered every question correctly. Then, as a little joke, he was asked to explain a writ of certiorari. The negro, after scratching his head, said: "'Deed, boss, reckon you done got me. I doan know what 'at is, 'lessn' it's somethin' to keep a nigger rotin' votin'."

A North Carolina lawyer was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner, a man charged with making "mountain dew." The judge was very hard on him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The lawyer moved for a new trial. The judge denied the motion, and remarked: "The court and the jury think the prisoner a rascal and a fool." After a moment's silence, the lawyer answered: "The prisoner wishes me to say that he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a court and a jury of his peers."

A story is told illustrating the great age that people attain in the bracing air of the Adirondacks by a member of a hunting-party who had been deer stalking there. In a rather wild part of the country, the party came across a log cabin. At the door was standing an aged native of the Rip Van Winkle sort. One of the gunners, after a short talk, asked him how long his father had been dead. "Father dead!" the old man replied in a tone of surprise; "father ain't dead, he's in the back room puttin' grand-ather to bed."

Uncle Cyrus had come up from the country to visit his nephew. One morning he was taken out to hear an open-air concert. As the concert progressed, Uncle Cyrus waxed enthusiastic. Toward the end of the programme a solo on the slide trombone was announced. It was a really fine performance, and the audience demanded an encore with a storm of applause. The nephew noted that his uncle was among the most appreciative, but he was somewhat puzzled by the smile which played around the corners of the old man's mouth, for the selection had been mournful rather than gay. At the conclusion of the encore, when the applause had finally died away, he turned to his uncle: "That was fine, wasn't it?" "Mighty fine, mighty fine," was the reply; "but you city folks are easy fooled. He didn't fool me a bit. I knew all the time he was playing that he wasn't really swallering that thing!"

There was recently a passage at arms between Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, and a certain Miss Coals, a school-mistress, who was a class immediately across the street from the writer's home. Part of the school exercises, it seems, consists in the study of music, and this proved particularly disagreeable to Miss Corelli. So the following note was sent across to the music-teacher: "Miss Corelli presents her compliments to Miss Coals, and begs that she will be good enough

to arrange so that there may be no singing class between the hours of ten and one, these being Miss Corelli's working hours, when distractions are peculiarly distasteful." The white-aproned maid who bore this rather unusual missive, was detained long enough to bring back the answer. It ran: "Miss Coals presents her compliments to Miss Corelli, and begs to state that if such a course is likely to prevent the writing of such book as 'The Sorrows of Satan,' she would rejoice in arranging a singing programme for every day from nine to two."

Dr. L. E. Wilson, a wealthy young Baltimore physician, was awakened one stormy night last week by a man who declared the doctor's services were wanted three miles out in the country. Just before the doctor called up the stable for his horse, the visitor asked what the charge would be. "Three dollars," was the reply. When the house containing the supposed patient was reached, the man alighted first, and handing the doctor three dollars, remarked: "That will be all, doctor. I couldn't find a hackman who would do it for less than six dollars."

At one of the recent lectures by Professor George Kirchwey, dean of Columbia Law College, New York, the students were uneasy. There was something wrong in the air. Books were dropped, chairs were pushed along the floor. There were various interruptions. The nerves of all were on edge. The members of the class kept their eyes on the clock and awaited the conclusion of the hour of the lecture. The clock beat Professor Kirchwey by perhaps a minute, but at the expiration of the schedule time, the students started to their feet, and prepared to leave. "Wait a minute," objected Professor Kirchwey; "don't go just yet. I have a few more pearls to cast."

Furnishing the Material.

The two men were seated at a table in the farthest corner of the restaurant. "May I ask you for the score-card?" said the one with the bristling mustache, pointing to the bill of fare. "You may, sir," replied the other, a man with closely cropped hair, "but that's all the good it will do you. I'm not a waiter." "Maybe not, sir," returned the other. "But if you had requested such a favor of me I should have taken pleasure in complying." "Quite likely. Some men are horn that way. They'd just as lief be taken for a waiter as not."

"And some men are born boors. They couldn't be gentlemen if they tried." "Think you'd know a gentleman if you happened to meet one?" "I think I should. He'd look as different from you as he possibly could." "How do you know anything about what a gentleman would do or what he'd look like?" "I'm intimately acquainted with several, and they don't any of them act like you." "That so? Say, who began this conversation, you baboon-faced—"

"I did, you bullet-headed barbarian. I asked you in a civil way if you would be kind enough to hand me the bill of fare, and you insulted me. You haven't the manners or decency of a walrus. You're a hunk of mule-meat in a shape something like a man, with a—"

"You can't talk that way to me and live! I'll—"

"Don't you do it! If you move your hand one inch nearer your hip-pocket I'll fill you full of holes right here!"

But the other did not stop. He thrust his hand into his hip-pocket, pulled out a silk handkerchief, wiped his eyes, picked up a paper, and began to read it.

Then the man with the bristling mustache turned to the unmistakable Englishman who had been sitting at the next table and listening with horrified astonishment to the conversation.

"We thought you'd like to have a little exhibition of our native freedom of manners," he said, pleasantly, "to use in your forthcoming book, don't you know?"—Chicago Tribune.

"CANNED LIFE"—LIVING IN APARTMENTS. Make it happy with Hotaling's Old Kirk whisky, the best on the market.

Meat As An Article of Diet.

By an eminent authority on dietetics it is declared that meat is not necessary as a part of human diet, except in such rare circumstances where more wholesome food can not be secured. In his professional experience of many years, he has found no condition of disease in which he thought it necessary to prescribe flesh-food, beef-tee, or animal products of any sort. On the other hand, he has observed marvellous benefits resulting from the disuse of flesh-foods altogether in cases of many hundreds of patients. The Vegetarian Cafe, 755 Market Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, affords the ideal diet without meat—fruits, nuts, cereals—prepared according to the most scientific ideas.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street, Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Never.

If ignorance were really bliss, There'd never be a dearth Of gay and happy folks, I wis, On this benighted earth. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Word to the Wise.

Look not upon the wine when it Is red within the cup, But summon all your native grit And boldly drink it up: Or if on this constructive act The sage grammarian frown, Hold fast to the substantial fact, And blithely drink it down. For naught to him can signify What Lindley Murray thinks it, Who, having wine, and being dry, Incontinently drinks it. —William Winter in New York Tribune.

Nature's Son.

His the unfettered freedom of the hills! His the whole world bounded but by the horizon! His the infinite variety of nature! His the forest, the stream, and the prairie; His to see the forests stripped for battle with Grim Winter; His the tumbled glory of the autumn! He leans upon the straggling rail fence; His eyes sweep the fields and the forests; His gaze rests upon the stripped limbs of the trees "Gee!" he sighs, "that reminds me! I had the price I'd go ter town an' see that v'riety show ter-night!"—Houston Post.

Sonnets of An Engaged Girl.

O joy! O ecstasy! He's coming back; To-night he will be here—to-night!—and I Will feel his arms around me, hear him sigh With sweet contentment after every smack! When he has entered I'll peep through a crack. And then, emitting a glad little cry And giving pent-up love sweet freedom, fly To meet him in the heavenly attack.

How broad his shoulders are! How lithe and slim His splendid body is! His chest is wide, His biceps are immense, his legs are trim, And in about ten minutes I will slide My soft cheek up to his, and, clutched by him In glad contentment nestle at his side.

If Paradise is even half as grand As making up with one whom you adore It is no wonder angels care no more To journey back to earth! There by the stand He caught me in his arms, as I had planned; 'Twas there we let our souls tear loose and soar, 'Twas there he kissed me twenty times before Supplies began to equal the demand.

'Twas well worth waiting for—that first glad swoop— When, having suffered all restraint to flee, I met his eager rush and felt him stoop And almost lift me from the floor! Ah, me, What rain is to the flowers that sadly droop Love is to her whose heart beats longingly. —Chicago Record-Herald.

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From Boston. Romanic Jan. 28, 3:30 pm; March 11, 1 pm Canopic Feb. 15, 5:30 am First-class \$65 upward, depending on date.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel Noonan, of Los Angeles, to Dr. Walter Gibbons.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Hecht, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, to Mr. John Rothschild.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Brevoort Starn, daughter of Mrs. G. W. Starn, of East Orange, N. J., to Lieutenant Hugh L. Walthall, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rosie Cunha, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cunha, of Honolulu, to Dr. H. V. Murray, of Honolulu.

The wedding of Miss Marie Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wells, to Mr. Selby Hanna, will take place this (Saturday) evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1004 Geary Street. The ceremony will be performed at nine o'clock by Bishop William F. Nichols. Mrs. Truxtun Beale will be matron of honor, and Miss Juanita Wells will be maid of honor. Mr. Charles G. Huse will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Paula Wolff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wolff, to Mr. William P. Humphreys, will take place on Wednesday evening, February 22d, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1312 Washington Street.

The wedding of Mrs. Gertrude McCauley, daughter of Mr. Charles H. White, of Colorado Springs, to Mr. George H. Fields, took place at 800 Sutter Street on Thursday evening. Mrs. J. E. McNeill was matron of honor, and Mr. Frank Owen was best man.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell and Miss Florence Whittell gave a dinner, followed by a ball, at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening. The dinner guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Abby Parrott, Miss Emily Parrott, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Constance Crimmins, Miss Ethyl Dean, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Sir James Prescott, Captain de Crespiigny, Mr. F. C. G. Menzies, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. John C. Kittle, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Eugene de Crulton. Miss Dorothy Eells gave a tea on Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Katherine McCann and Miss Deering. Others at table were Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. George McAneny, Miss Constance Crimmins, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Miss Lillie Spreckels.

Miss Christine Pomeroy gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday.

Mr. Charles G. Huse gave a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Marie Wells and Mr. Selby Hanna.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner on Monday evening at her residence, 2040 Broadway, in honor of Major William B. Rochester, Jr., U. S. A. Others at table were Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Florence Cole, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mr. Philip Paschal, and Mr. Davis.

Miss Burney Owens will give a luncheon on Tuesday, February 7th, in honor of Miss Elsie Dorr.

Mrs. Jane Stanford and Miss Jennie Stanford Lathrop will give a reception at their residence, Powell and California Streets, on Wednesday, February 8th.

Mrs. Robert Armstrong Dean (née Lawrence) and Mrs. M. V. Tingley Lawrence will be "at home" on Tuesdays in February at 1450 Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. L. P. Wiel gave a tea recently at her residence, 1817 Jackson Street. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. William Gerstle, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Irvin J. Wiel, Mrs. William Fries, and Mrs. Helen Hecht.

Mrs. Silas Palmer gave a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovell gave a tea on Friday at her residence, 2229 Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss C. L. Lovell. Those who as-

sisted in receiving were Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. Elliot McAllister, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. William Boericke, Mrs. George Hellman, and Miss Ida Bowen.

Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing gave a card-party on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will give a dance on Friday evening in honor of Miss Katherine McCann and Miss Deering.

Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and Mrs. Jabish Clement held their first "at home" at 800 Sutter Street on Monday.

Mr. James D. Phelan will give a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels.

Miss Charlotte Wilson gave a tea on Saturday at her residence, 2027 California Street.

Miss Marie Wells gave a tea on Monday at her residence, 1004 Geary Street, in honor of Miss Grace Hecht.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will give a ball at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening in honor of Miss Katherine McCann and Miss Deering, of New York.

Miss Elizabeth Cole and Miss Florence Cole will give a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Constance Crimmins and Miss Katherine McCann.

Miss Jennie Blair will give a dinner this (Saturday) evening in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Miss Beatrice Fife will give a tea next Saturday in honor of Miss Elsa Draper.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels.

Miss Florence Bailey will give a luncheon on Monday at her residence, 1915 Franklin Street, in honor of Miss Lurline Spreckels.

Mrs. Thomas Magee will give a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening.

Miss Elsie Gregory will give a tea to-day (Saturday) in honor of Miss Kitty Johnson. Mrs. Edward T. Houghton gave a card-party on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Elmer W. Clark.

Mr. Charles Felton will give a ball at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening, February 9th, in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Conried's grand-opera company leaves New York on its tour March 6th. It will be here from April 5th to 16th, and in Los Angeles April 17th and 18th. The women singers with the company will be Sembrich, Nordica, Fremstad, Homer, Walker, and Alten, and the male singers will be Caruso, Scotti, Geraldini, Plançon, Dippel, Van Rooy, Burgstaller, and Elossi. Three conductors, Vigna, Hertz, and Franko, will travel with the company.

Mme. Ida Gray Scott, the well-known soprano, who is soon to be heard here in concert, is said to have an unusually extensive and varied repertoire. She has studied under such great musicians as Randegger, of London, and Mmes. Leonard and Damerick, of Paris. Mme. Scott for some time was soprano at Grace Church, New York, and has sung in many concerts in Europe and throughout the East.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Park Commissioners, A. B. Spreckels was re-elected president. William H. Metson, who was recently appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the expiration of the term of Francis J. Sullivan, presented his commission. John McLaren, superintendent, and James de Snea, secretary, were re-elected.

Again the rains have made the atmosphere crystal-clear, enhancing the beauty of the wonderful view from the top of Mt. Tamalpais. There is no more pleasant day's outing than a ride up the mountain on the crooked railway and a sojourn at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

At a special meeting of the members of the Bohemian Club, held on Tuesday, the following nominating committee to propose officers for the official year was elected: Colonel A. G. Hawes, Frank P. Deering, C. K. Field, W. H. Lowden, and Edgar Mathews.

L. Maynard Dixon and Xavier Martinez departed on Monday for Guadalajara, Mexico. Mr. Martinez's native place, to be gone about two months. It is Mr. Dixon's first visit to Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Tully have arrived from New York, and are at Berkeley, where they will remain for several months.

High-Speed Autos at Ormonds Bench.

The "Pope-Toledo" again distinguished itself for speed, a regular stock 30 h. p. touring-car doing five miles in five minutes, thirteen and two-fifths seconds, defeating all competition in touring-car class. The "Thomas" 40 h. p. was over one-half mile behind at the finish.

A LADY OF EDUCATION AND REFINEMENT (widow), who speaks English, French, Spanish, and Italian fluently, wishes to act as chaperon for one or more young ladies intending to travel abroad. Highest references given. Address Argonaut, Box 40.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mme. Melba's Concerts.

The first appearances here of Melba in several years takes place at the Alhambra Theatre on the evenings of Tuesday, February 7th, and Friday, February 10th. The concerts in this city and those to be given at Los Angeles are all that will be sung by the great prima donna in this State, and already Gottlob, Marx & Co., who are directing the concerts here, are being sent orders by telegraph from near-by cities. The advance sale of seats is to commence next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, and the prices are to be \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.00, with box-seats at \$5.00. These concerts will afford music-lovers an opportunity of hearing this great singer under the most favorable auspices. During Mme. Melba's present tour, she has frequently, by request, included the "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia" in her contributions to the programmes, and this famous selection will make one of the features of her opening concert on the evening of February 7th. Her numbers on that evening will also include Tosti's "Serenata," with harp obligato by Signorina Sassoli, and the brilliant vocal waltz, "Se Saran Rose," by Ardit. The numbers to be contributed at the first concert by Signorina Sassoli, the young Italian harpist; Ellison Van Hoose, the tenor; M. Charles Gillbert, baritone; Miss Llewella Davies, pianist; and C. K. North, fustist, promise to make the opening concert a most enjoyable musical event.

The Dolmetsch Concerts of Old Music.

Interest is being shown in the concerts of old music (to be played on the instruments for which originally composed) by Arnold Dolmetsch, of London, assisted by Mrs. Mabel Dolmetsch and Miss Kathleen Salmon. The programmes include works by Bach, Handel, Couperin, Scarlatti, Rameau, Lawes, and other great masters of the early times. At the opening concert on Tuesday night, a trio for the viola d'amore, viola da Gamba, and harpsichord, by Rameau, will be a special feature, and Miss Salmon, in addition to playing, will render some old French and English songs, with accompaniments and obligatos on some of these old instruments. The second concert will be given on Thursday night and a matinée on Saturday afternoon, all at Lyric Hall. Seats are \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents, and can be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the complete programmes are also to be secured. On Wednesday night these artists will furnish the programme for the third concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society at the Hotel St. Francis.

Creator's Italian Band.

During the entire week commencing next Monday, and with matinées on Saturday and Sunday, Creator, the Italian bandmaster and his sixty artists, will give concerts at the Alhambra. On Monday night a "Carmen" arrangement is promised, as well as some fine selections of various kinds, including the quartet from "Rigoletto." Tuesday night will be devoted largely to "The Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz, and the sextet from "Lucia." Wednesday night will be a Verdi night, Thursday a special request night, Friday a Wagner night, Saturday Italian night, and Sunday a grand farewell popular night. The programmes at the matinées will be arranged from the hits of the week, besides some novelties. Mme. Barilli, an excellent soprano, will appear at each concert. Seats will be popular-priced, \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents, and are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

De Pachmann's Chopin Matinee.

This (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock, De Pachmann, the great Chopin player, will give an afternoon devoted entirely to the works of that great Polish composer. The beautiful sonata in B-flat minor, with its wonderful funeral march, the ballade in G-minor, the polonaise in C-sharp minor, and other important works, form an attractive programme. Manager Greenbaum is endeavoring to secure some additional Chopin recitals by De Pachmann, and if successful will soon announce the dates.

Ida Conquest is starring in New York in "The Money Makers," a comedy by George Rollit, an English writer.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Charles P. Eells and Miss Dorothy Eells departed on Thursday for New York, and will sail from there on February 18th for Europe. They will be joined later by Mrs. Eells.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow have returned from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin departed on Friday for a few weeks' sojourn in New York.

Mrs. Jane Stanford is spending the week in San José.

Miss Ethyl Hager is sojourning for a time in Los Angeles.

Miss Katherine McCann and Miss Deering, of New York, are guests of Mrs. C. Frederick Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale arrived from Berkeley on Wednesday, to remain for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Haven and Miss Carrie Haven, of Oakland, departed on Sunday for Europe.

Mrs. Samuel E. Dutton departed on Wednesday for a six weeks' visit East.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley, of Sausalito, are taken apartments at The Luxor.

Mrs. George A. Crux has returned from a visit to San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sutro have returned from Los Angeles.

Miss Katherine Powers has gone to Boston for a two months' visit.

Right Rev. Henry B. Restarik, Episcopal Bishop of Honolulu, is registered at the Oriental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Janke were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. W. J. McCabe and Miss Edith McCabe departed Thursday morning for Washington, D. C., and New York, and from there will sail on February 11th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald have returned to Santa Barbara for a few weeks' stay.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rarick were Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Verra, Mrs. Berryman, Miss Sutherland, Miss Taylor, Mrs. R. Warren, Miss A. Head, Mr. F. M. Gerstaff, Mr. N. P. Nye, Mr. J. B. Price, Mr. C. D. Clark.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Holland, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Holmes, of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. F. Ullman, Mrs. Es. Steinhardt, and Mr. W. J. Connor, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Miseroe, of Kansas, Mr. and Mrs. M. Oppenheimer, of Kansas, Mr. P. B. Lawson, of Africa, Mr. D. G. G. India, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heywood, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Kalisher, Miss Irma Burgh, and Mr. L. S. Ramsdall.

Among the week's visitors at Byron Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Burnes, Mr. A. W. Tibbals, and Mr. Fred Willens, of Pasadena, Mrs. C. T. Rhodes, of Honolulu, Mr. R. Milton, of New York, Mr. Edwin Rockwell, of Guatemala, Mr. John Erickson and Mr. J. E. Sheridan, of Seattle, Mr. Vincent Rice and Mr. M. Wise, of Portland, Dr. E. Sell, of Spokane, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pitt, Mr. and Mrs. L. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Angus, Mr. and Mrs. William Angus, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Helin, Mrs. H. Gorkon, Mr. N. Nesbit, Miss O'Connell, Dr. Brandly, Mr. W. L. Gage, Mr. J. J. Haviside, Mr. Thomas B. O'Neill, Mr. W. H. Soderby, Colonel Martin Brady, Mr. P. F. Nolan, Mr. Leo F. Nolan, Mr. R. E. Grevove, Mr. Bert Day, Mr. Isaac Gratton, Mr. W. M. G. G. n, Mr. C. A. Paulden, Mr. J. S. Killilea, Mr. Peter Dorge.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., returned on Monday from Honolulu. Mrs. Moore and Miss Jessie Moore will return on February 15th.

Major William R. Rochester, Jr., U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on Wednesday.

Mrs. Crimmins, wife of Lieutenant Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., arrived from Fort Worth last week, accompanied by Mrs. Constance Crimmins, of New York.

Major Lea Febiger, U. S. A., arrived from Honolulu on Monday.

Colonel J. L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines, and will sail for San Francisco and report for duty.

Colonel Thomas C. Lebo, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan* on Monday.

Captain B. C. Morse, U. S. A., has been appointed on special duty in the Department of California.

Captain John J. Pershing, U. S. A., will sail on February 14th for Tokio, where he will have military attaché.

Lieutenant John Babcock, U. S. N., and Mrs. Babcock (*née* Eells) will occupy the residence at 2415 Pierce Street during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells. Miss Dorothy Eells is in Europe.

Lieutenant Creed Cox, U. S. A., returned from Honolulu.

The seawall for the protection of the bay-embankment at Fort Mason is to be completed.

For the Seamen's Institute.

A concert for the benefit of the Seamen's Institute, at 33 Steuart Street, will be given at Trinity Episcopal Church, Bush and Gough Streets, on Thursday evening at a quarter-past eight o'clock. This institute was established and is maintained for the benefit of sea-going men, and aims to give them, when ashore, a comfortable home. Reading matter is provided, and there are facilities for amusement and recreation. Moreover, successful efforts have been made to induce the sailors to save their money. Altogether good work is being done, and the institute deserves support.

The Brahms Quartet, consisting of Miss Millie Flynn, soprano; Mrs. Decker Cox, contralto; A. A. Macurda, tenor; and H. R. Perry, basso, will take part in the concert. Others to appear are Mrs. Klippel Schafiter, soprano; Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson, contralto; and Arthur Weiss, cellist. Oscar Weil will direct the concert. Tickets, which are one dollar each, may be purchased at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, or at Trinity Church on the evening of the concert.

Good Record for First Year.

The San Francisco Maternity held its annual meeting at St. Dunstan's recently. This organization, which has as its object the care of poor women in their own homes during the period of confinement, has been in existence only a year, and has already attended over one hundred cases. Attendance from first-class physicians and trained nurses is provided, and the services are free, unless the patient cares to contribute something toward the support of the dispensary, which is at 1215-1217 Harrison Street. Any one interested in the work of the maternity is invited to visit the dispensary, where full medical records of all cases are kept. The organization is indorsed by the Merchants' Association, and its list of patronesses embraces some of the most prominent names in San Francisco.

The Loring Club will give the second concert of its twenty-eighth season at Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Cora Hall will sing with the club in Rheinthal's "The Bellringer's Daughter," and will be heard in solos. Several seldom-heard compositions for male voices will be rendered, and interesting instrumental numbers will be on the programme. The concert will be under the direction of W. C. Stadfeldt, with Oscar Maurer, Jr., as pianist.

The Henry W. Savage Grand Opera Company, which comes to the Columbia Theatre the latter part of February, has among its singers Joseph Sheehan, the high-C tenor; Winifred Goff, the baritone; Gertrude Rennyson, soprano; Marion Ivell, contralto; William Wegener, the Wagner tenor; Jean Lane Brooks, Rita Newman, Arthur Deane, Francis J. Boyle, Harrison W. Bennett, and many others.

The twelfth annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, will take place at the Alhambra Theatre, Friday afternoon, February 17th. The performances are given to help along the good work of the "men behind the scenes," and every theatre in the city has promised to contribute the best features from its current bill.

Henry Hamilton and Ivan Caryl have made a light opera out of Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne," and are producing it in New York. "The Duchess of Dantzic" is the title of the opera, which is said to be bright and tuneful. It is presented by a company of English players.

A vaudeville entertainment for the benefit of the endowment fund of the Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital will be given in the Alhambra Theatre on the evening of February 15th.

The Buckingham Cafe Sunday Dinner.

- The following one-dollar *table-d'hôte* dinner (with wine \$1.25) will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, January 29, 1905:
- California Oyster-Cocktail.
 - Queen Olives. Salted Almonds.
 - Consomme Pattie. Mock Turtle a la American.
 - Broiled Striped Bass, Maitre de Hotel.
 - Saratoga Chips. Sliced Cucumbers.
 - Fresh Mushrooms on Toast.
 - Sweetbreads Sauté en Cases.
 - Rice Croquettes, Currant Jelly.
 - Florodora Punch.
 - Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus.
 - Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressing, Cranberry Jelly.
 - Green Peas, en Butter. Fried Egg Plant.
 - Mashed Potatoes. Browned Sweet Potatoes.
 - Whole Tomatoes, en Mayonnaise.
 - Crackers. Apple Pie. Orange Meringue Pie.
 - Charlotte Russe. Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream.
 - Assorted Cake.
 - Cafe Noir.
 - Water Course.
 - Swiss Cheese. Roquefort Cheese.
- Music by Professor Graeber's Mandolin Club.

Is Bernhardt to Retire?

Despite the announcement that Bernhardt is to appear in a Chinese play by Pierre Loti, there is a rumor, which a writer in *M. A. P.* says seems to be well and truly founded, that she contemplates retirement. For some time past, the writer says, the actress has been in the habit of condemning, in private conversation with her friends, the folly of the player, male or female, but especially female, who clings to the stage with quivering and enfeebled hands, and can not see that a new generation of play-goers want something more for their money than a great name and a great reputation chiefly made when they were in their cradles. It is a continually haunting fear with Mme. Bernhardt that she might one day hear herself spoken of as "a woman who really used to be a grand actress," and not long ago she told an old friend that she seriously thought of retiring from the stage in something like a year's time. It is pretty certain, if the "divine Sarah" keeps the good health she is enjoying at present, that the end of 1905 will find her in as fine form as ever for her dramatic work. But what the "rare and wondrous gem" of the French stage has in her mind to do is to retire from the boards with dignity—to make a firm and graceful exit, and not to hobble off to murmurs of pity and relief.

"La Massière," a four-act comedy by Jules Lemaitre, is pronounced the first decided hit of the season in Paris. It deals with the excessive friendship of an artist for a young girl, the wife's jealousy, and, finally, their son's love for the same girl. It all ends happily by the father seeing the foolishness of his course and by the marriage of the two young people. The *Herald* critic described the dialogue of the play as "infinitely alert, joyful, and witty," and says that it is marvelously acted by Mlle. Brandes, Mme. Judic, M. Guitry, and M. Maury.

"Mrs. Lefingwell's Boots," a new comedy by Augustus Thomas, has been produced in New York. Marital jealousy is the theme, and the comedy is said to be full of bright dialogue. William Courtenay is prominent in the cast.

The California Oaks will be the handicap race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday). It is for a two-thousand-dollar added purse, and will be run by three-year-olds of 1905, the distance one mile and a furlong.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM JANUARY 15, 1905

FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

Table of train schedules for San Francisco, listing train numbers, destinations, and times.

Table of train schedules for the Coast Line (Narrow Gauge), listing train numbers and destinations.

Table of train schedules for the Coast Line (Broad Gauge), listing train numbers and destinations.

Information regarding the Oakland Harbor Ferry, including departure times and contact details.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He's out a good deal nights, isn't he?" "He was last night. I won a hundred from him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Business: "How much have you got, Billy?" "Fourpence." "I've got twopence. Let's put it together and go halves!"—Punch.

"They say there's no chance for the rich in the next world." "That's probably the reason they're getting most everything here!"—Detroit Free Press.

Mother—"Do you like my new gown, Millicent?" Millicent (aged five, with conviction)—"If there is a Lady-God, you look just like her in those clothes."—Life.

Mr. Goodley—"Her age really surprised me. She doesn't look twenty-eight, does she?" Miss Snappe—"Not now; but I suppose she did at one time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nell—"Somebody told me to-day that I was handsome." Belle—"When was that?" Nell—"To-day." Belle—"No; I mean when were you handsome?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

An unknown commodity: Rachel—"Vader!" Cohen—"Yah." Rachel—"I want some spending money." Cohen—"Spending money? Vat kind of money is dot?"—Toson Topics.

Teacher—"What great difficulty was Demosthenes compelled to surmount before he became an orator?" Soffmore—"He had to learn how to talk Greek."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother—"Ob, you bad boy! Dirty hands again! I'm afraid you're a hopeless case." Tommy (eagerly)—"Ob, ma! does 'hopeless' mean you're going to give up talkin' about it?"—Philadelphia Press.

An absent-minded butcher was asked by a young mother to weight her baby. He put the little one on the scales, and, glancing at the dial, remarked: "Just nine pounds, hones and all. Shall I remove the bones?"—Ex.

"I understand," began the large, scrappy-looking ward politician, "dat youse bad a piece in your paper callin' me a thief." "You have been misinformed, sir," said the editor, calmly; "this paper publishes only news."—Cleveland Leader.

"Why do so many actors insist on playing Shakespeare?" "I suspect," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that it's because they can take all the credit if they succeed, and blame the public's lack of literary taste if they fail."—Washington Star.

"What's the matter?" asked the optimist; "I thought your uncle had left you \$100,000?" "He did," replied the pessimist, "but, confound it, he provides in his will that I've got to use \$150 of it to buy him a tombstone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She—"I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose." Her husband—"Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time."—London Tit-Bits.

"If yoh husban' beats you, mebbe you kin hab him sent to de whippin'-pos'," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson. "If my husban' ever beats me," said Mrs. Tolliver Grapevine, "dey kin send him to de whippin'-pos' if dey wants to. But dey'll have to wait till he gits out'n de hospital."—Washington Star.

Patient—"Great Scott! Doctor, that's an awful bill for one week's treatment!" Physician—"My dear fellow, if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Younglove—"Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were ancient." Grocer—"Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the layin'." Mrs. Younglove—"Ob, to be sure. Of course, I hadn't thought of that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Next to having health give me Hoffalting's OLD KIRK whisky. Best on the market.

Hewitt—"How many meals did you have on the voyage?" Jewett—"Gross or net?"—Brooklyn Life.

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—Judge.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:05, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

Table of train schedules for California Northwestern Railway, showing departure and arrival times for various routes.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs, at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sandherr Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Sawers; at Sherwood for Cahto, Clover, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Peppercod, Scotts, and Eureka.

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On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building. JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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ARRIVE DAILY at 16:40, 7:35, 8:15, 8:50, 9:35, 10:50 a. m., 12:10, 1:30, 2:55, 4:25, 5:05, 5:42, 6:22, 6:57, 7:40, and 11:25 p. m.

DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, daily at 7:45 a. m., also 3:15 p. m., Saturday and 5:15 p. m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday, except Sunday.

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Ticket offices—641 Market Street and Ferry Depot, San Francisco; also 1112 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.; also 27 South 1st, San Jose.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Table of train schedules for Mt. Tamalpais Railway, listing departure and arrival times.

Ticket office 650 Market St., North Shore Railroad, 0770105 and SAUSALITO FERRY, Foot Market St.

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The Argonaut.

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The ablest of all British reviews, the *Spectator*, contained, some weeks prior to the late disturbances in Russia, one of its characteristically profound discussions of the prospects of revolution in Russia, which contained the following sentence:

As yet all the symptoms point rather to a vast *jacquerie* than to what is commonly known as a revolution.

A striking thought is here embodied, and while many

of our journals still appear to anticipate a real revolution, like the French Revolution, in the Czar's empire, it may be interesting to examine the *Spectator's* prophetic suggestion. Do the conditions in Russia to-day more nearly resemble those in France of 1358 than those in France before the Revolution of 1789-93?

First, what were the conditions that preceded the *jacquerie*? History replies that the ignorant peasantry of France were utterly powerless against the oppression of the feudal nobles and the contempt of the bourgeoisie. They were overcharged with taxes and pillaged by the soldiers who were constantly abroad engaged in waging the wars of one lord against another. Upon the peasantry pressed the entire weight of the misfortunes of the country. It was at the peasant's expense that battles between nobles and burghesses were fought. A proverb of the time describes how intolerably miserable was the condition of the common people. The nobles were in the habit of calling these unfortunates by the name of Jacques Bonhomme, saying, ironically: "Jacques Bonhomme does not part with his money unless he is thrashed; but Jacques Bonhomme will pay, for he knows that he will be thrashed." But in the summer of 1358 the peasants ceased to endure, and began to act. From the account of the historian Bonnechose we quote:

The instinct of despair united the peasants; one sole sentiment seized their minds, that of mad vengeance. In the Beauvoisis they rose in a mass, and swore war to the death against the nobles. They burned their castles, the inhabitants of which they tortured and massacred; they violated and murdered women and girls, and pushed their fury even to forcing children to eat the body of their father, which they had burned before their eyes. They tortured their prisoners, outraged the most noble women, even burned up little children, and left only ashes and blood where they had passed. In fact, they committed every excess to which ignorant and barbarous men, for a long period victims to cruel oppression, could abandon themselves to. This rising received in history the name of the *jacquerie*. It was soon suppressed. The nobility, invincible under its iron armor, exterminated these half-naked wretches. Dispersed before Meaux, they nearly all perished, and the plains throughout many provinces became deserted.

Let us see how far the parallel runs between the conditions in Russia to-day and in France at the time of the *jacquerie*. First, Russia to-day is feudal as France then was feudal. In France there was the peasant and his lord; in Russia there is the poor tiller of the soil and the noble landed proprietor. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed. The poverty of the peasant is pitiable. The noble lives luxuriously. The rural laborer earns, on the average, fourteen cents a day; the day is from fifteen to seventeen hours; a Russian peasant family's annual expenditure is about thirty-four dollars; the peasant is constantly underfed; between eighty and ninety per cent. of the people are illiterate; even in St. Petersburg, forty-three per cent. of the population can not read; the burden of taxation is constantly greater than the servile peasant can bear, and now is laid upon his back the expense of a great foreign war. Are these conditions much different from those of the France of the Middle Ages? True, the Russian peasant does not suffer military arson, rape, and pillage in internecine struggles, but famine constantly stares him in the face.

Of this inert, ignorant, immobile mass of servile humans there are 100,000,000. Think of it!—twenty millions more of these human cattle than there are people in the whole of this vast country of ours. We talk of their receiving a "constitutional government"—these peasants know not the meaning of the word "constitution." Imagine a people ninety per cent. illiterate with the right of universal suffrage!

Is it not true that the Russian people as a whole, with their low grade of intelligence, their economic misery, their blind superstitious faith in their ritualistic and rotten church, are still Mediaeval, still six hundred

years behind the forefront of European civilization? And, if so, must it not be that Russia must first pass out of her Middle Ages, must travel the same hard road that all the nations of Europe have traveled, before the real revolution can come? Between the mad revolt of Jacques Bonhomme and the dawn of liberty in France there were four centuries of time.

It has lately been recalled that so long ago as 1842, the historian Motley, then in St. Petersburg, wrote: "It seems to me that just as this city may at any moment, by six hours' too long continuance of a south-west wind, be inundated and swamped forever, so may Russia at any moment, through the succession of half a dozen bad Czars, be submerged in its original barbarism." Plainly, he too foresaw a brutal, barbarous *jacquerie* as a result of grinding oppression and poverty, rather than a sudden transformation of this Mediaeval autocracy into a liberal empire.

There is, however, one star of hope in the clouded Russian sky. It is a hope that lies in the shame expressed by the tyrants at their own tyranny. Nobody can read Herr Ganz's account, in his book from which we quote on another page, of his interviews with Russian statesmen without the realization that, with their knowledge of liberal institutions in other countries with which their own contrasts so unfavorably, influenced by persual of Western literature, infused, as it is, with the spirit of liberty and freedom, and influenced also by contact with thinking men of all progressive European countries who can not hide their contempt of the brutal methods of Russian rule, Russian statesmen have gradually and almost unconsciously come secretly to share, in a measure, the views of all non-Russians. But they are in the grip of the system. No one man can overturn it. Yet, as they read the horrified comments of the civilized world upon the massacre in the streets of St. Petersburg two weeks ago, these grand dukes and nobles, many of them men of a high degree of intelligence and aesthetic culture, broadened by travel, or perhaps residence abroad, must feel a sense of shame. Whether that sense of shame, wide-spread among the grand dukes and nobles who are the real rulers of Russia, will indeed impel them to bring about reform, is too much to predict. We merely suggest it as a possibility. But in such matters as the immunity of Tolstoy from persecution and in the decision not to mete out the punishment of death to the novelist Gor'ky, it may be recognized that the world's opinion really has a profound influence within the Czar's domain.

As we conclude this article, interesting news comes from St. Petersburg singularly in accord with the views herein expressed. The dispatches of Thursday morning tell us that De Witte, Russia's great Liberal statesman, is to be recalled to power. There are to be reforms of remarkable character. Pensions are to be granted the orphans, children, and cripples of the bloody occurrence of January 22d. The Czar has received in conference a deputation of thirty-four workmen, and addressed them in a conciliatory spirit. All of which, of course, is voluntary on the part of the autocracy, since riot has been put down, and the strikes are for the most part ended. The Czar's act is truly because of "the shame of the tyrant at his own tyranny." In spite of this alluring news, the present moment is perhaps not one for too pronounced rejoicing. The Czar is an amiable weakling. To-day his better impulses are uppermost. To-morrow—who can say? A few months ago, the Liberal minister, Sviatopolk-Mirsky, took office, and great things were expected. But his resignation is now in the hands of his emperor. So long as the throne of Russia is occupied by this timid, superstitious, pitiful man,

about by every wind of influence, no really effective and consistent policy of reform is to be expected.

It is a fact worth noting that a great proportion of the population of the United States contemplates with complacency the prospect that the sinners of this world will hereafter enjoy the tortures of eternal fire. The fact which makes this first remarkable is the conviction that these same believers in hell have that corporal punishment in this present world is a relic of barbarism. They delight to think that the wife-beater will writhe in sulphur flames after death, but cry aloud in horror of the President's proposal to give the brutes a taste of the pangs while their fellow-creatures can profit by the lesson.

Nearly everybody possessed of a tongue or pen has given the world the benefit of his opinions—or less often her opinions—on the subject of the whipping-post. These expressions of personal feeling are valuable, not only to the lawmaker but to the student of human nature.

In nearly every instance the protestor against the whipping-post has based his argument on the barbarity of the punishment. We are told that to inflict pain on a man is a step backward in civilization. We are informed, almost tearfully, that to flog a citizen of this commonwealth because of a slight leaning toward kicking his pregnant wife, is to return to the days of the Middle Ages, brass money, and wooden shoes. Hands are lifted high to heaven in prayerful exhortation not to put upon our culture the blot of ancient shame.

This is well and good so far as it goes. We should, of course, strive to maintain our present high standard of social refinement. But what are we to do with the man who abuses our sight by thumping his wife, or injures our health by clubbing us on the dark corners of nights? It is almost impossible to educate a thug so that he will confine his operations on our property to a polite demand at thirty days' sight. The wife-beater, the child-beater, and the ruffian who assaults in the byways have consistently evinced a repugnance to soft doctrine, amounting to practical rejection of the tenets of the moral suasioner. Again, what are we to do? To jail the thug for contempt of civilization does not really strike at the root of the matter; to imprison the man who has beaten his wife to a pulp somehow fails to meet the case. We are confronted, not with a theory, but with a fist; not with a gentle cadaver for aesthetic dissection, but with a strong beast with arms and legs and propulsive powers thereto.

With all due regard for the tender sensibilities of the wise and gentle folk who would preach to the thug, it is really not practicable. If, as the *Chicago Record-Herald* contends, the sentiment of Chicago is against the whipping-post for the wife-beater, it simply shows that Chicago has not reached the stage where its male inhabitants are physically the superiors of the women. The Chicago judge who states that the wife-beater is frequently rather justified in view of his wife's conduct, should know the conditions in his own city.

But there are still men, plenty of them, who boil with wrath when they hear of man's striking a woman. There are still souls so coarse and uneducated as to feel a violent impulse to beat the beater and to thump the thug till his hoarse cry is for mercy. To these President Roosevelt's recommendation for the whipping-post will appeal forcibly. Let it brutalize the citizens if that brutality will take the form of condign punishment of the man who lifts his hand against a woman. Let us get coarse, so we get brave beyond shrinking at the thought of crushing a heast. Let us put away aesthetic refinements, so we learn the old lesson of manhood and pull off our coats and avenge the woman whose feeble cries were unheard by the sodden brute who promised to protect her. Let us trust less to the hell-fire of the future, and give the women of our land the satisfaction of knowing that there are men who will treble revenge her wrongs by the orderly and inevitable processes of law. Let us cease to say over the bodies of the women who have died struggling against bestial men, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away"; instead let us write the judgment of men upon the brute's back in stripes beneath which he will cringe and groan and howl for the mercy he showed no woman.

The third great battle of the war—an engagement that will go down in history as the Battle of Hun River—has been fought—but neither lost nor won. Like the Battle of Saakhe River and the Battle of Liao Yang, the result is indecisive. On January 26th, General Kuroki, perceiving by the movement of the Japanese that he was about to be attacked, grasped the opportunity to attack first, and was successful in cap-

turing the village of Santepas, in taking prisoner some hundreds of Japanese, and in achieving other successes. On the following day, however, storms and fogs and intense cold tended to frustrate the Russian plans. Artillery bombardment continued with varying success on both sides until January 31st, when the battle appears to have ceased, leaving the two armies in practically the same position that they were at the beginning. The statement that the Russians have lost 42,000 men to the Japanese 7,000, is plainly a gross exaggeration. General Kuropatkin admits a loss in killed and wounded of 10,000. The hardships of the men in fighting on these snow-covered plains, during bitter weather, must have been terrible. Very graphic on this point is the Associated Press correspondent's account of the horrors of the battle:

Exposed to the intense cold of a Manchurian winter, mounds of earth had become like granite and as impenetrable as the steel sides of a modern battle-ship. For five days Russian soldiers hurled themselves against the defenses and the field artillery pounded them until the frosty air reverberated with the thunder of cannon, the din of bursting shells, and the rattle of musketry, but neither steel-pointed shell nor nickel bullet availed against the frozen earthworks. The gunners actually wept with despair at the impotence of the attack. Mortar batteries came up in the hope of demolishing the fortifications. Night and day the stream of shells was poured against the earthworks, but it had very little effect.

Men seemed indifferent to hunger and cold, which latter was of Arctic intensity. Their fingers, hands, and feet were benumbed, while stinging snow and dust blinded them. The slightest wound caused excruciating pain. Warm blood no sooner exuded from lacerated flesh than it began to freeze. The wounded could not be left exposed, and if they did not receive attention within an hour they died. The surgeons, their assistants, and nurses were almost powerless in the bandaging of wounds, for they were obliged to wear leather gloves or mittens in order to resist the cold. The men seemed to be living again the horrors of the winter campaign of 1812 against the Turks. Everything that could be done, was done, but man was powerless in the face of nature, which heaped tortures upon the troops and defeated the well-thought-of plan of the commander.

It is very evident from this that the Russian army is still patriotic and brave, despite the physical hardships it is forced to endure and the depressing influence of stories of riot and bloodshed that have come to it from Russia.

It is worth while to quote in its entirety the semi-official statement of the Department of State regarding the considerations that control our proposed intervention in the affairs of Santo Domingo—especially so since the statement undoubtedly is, as the *New York Sun* affirms, "perhaps the most important declaration of American policy respecting the Western Continent in its relations to Europe that has appeared since the Monroe Doctrine itself was first promulgated":

The government of the United States having been explicitly, repeatedly, and emphatically informed by more than one of the great Powers that it ought either to try to evolve some order out of the financial chaos in the Dominican Republic or assent to certain European creditors of that republic doing this and to the administration of the Dominican custom-houses by them, supported by their warships, has deemed it advisable, in view of the unfortunate financial conditions in Santo Domingo, which for the last ten years have been rapidly growing worse, to accept the invitation of the Dominican Government, and therefore representatives of this government and of Santo Domingo have signed a memorandum of a proposed agreement looking to the American control of the fiscal affairs, upon the request and with the consent of the Dominican Government. The United States proposes to guarantee the territorial integrity of the Dominican Republic.

Some little stir has been caused in Santo Domingo by the announcement of the imminent ratification of an agreement between the two governments, and it has been necessary to recall the cruiser *Dixie* from the Isthmus in order that she may be within reach if it becomes necessary to land marines to quell disorder.

The United States Senate, always jealous of its prerogatives, has exhibited considerable agitation at what it inclines to pronounce the President's extension of his authority, but only insignificant opposition is anywhere observable to the general scheme, and it is to be supposed that a *modus operandi* will be discovered whereby order will be maintained in Santo Domingo until the treaty is duly ratified.

Venezuela appears to be the next candidate for the disciplinary attention of Uncle Sam. Minister Bowen reports that the Castro government remains defiantly uncompromising on the questions at issue between the United States and Venezuela, and he therefore recommends to the State Department that he be recalled, diplomatic relations severed, and a naval demonstration at La Guayra immediately made to bring the dictator to time. If this fails, the custom-houses will doubtless be seized.

Still another South American country whose obligations to European powers, long overdue, will make it necessary for them forcibly to coerce her to act justly or compel us to act in their stead as the keeper of order in the Western Hemisphere, is Guatemala. The end of the Japanese-Russian War, will, it is said, be the signal for European powers to press their claims un-

less the United States prefers to act as their agent, which it undoubtedly will.

It is not exactly a pleasant programme, this of debt collecting; but we are constrained to point out again that such action follows logically from our maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine in full force and effect, and can scarcely be avoided.

The South American news of each passing day furnishes argument against the proposed cutting down of the estimates for the navy during the fiscal year. Men like Cannon and Hale, who argue for such reduction, fail to read the signs of the times aright. "By Godfrey, Watson," the President is said to have exclaimed when told by a representative recently that Congress was likely to cut down the naval estimates, "if Congress does not give me my three battle-ships, I will call an extra session of Congress and get them." If Congress is wise, it will make the appropriation gracefully now, rather than sullenly some time next fall. The Monroe Doctrine must have a navy behind it.

The American is too prone to make chance acquaintances and take them home and make them free of the place. Let a man of almost any kind do something plucky—straight we must be off with him to tell him he's all right. And this has its disadvantages. The man who whipped three thrice his size is very likely to see something of ours he wants and take it. Men who pull babies out from under horses' hooves often in the seclusion of our homes eat with their knives and spoil napery. Our country, like our homes, should not be at the service of any chance wight who swaggers along with a trophy, or whose bellow of defiance to our enemy rejoices the cockles of our heart and brings us to the roof to see the rumpus. If we exclude the Chinese because he outbid us for bread and dirtied our cities and overturned our economics, why should we give the house and the latch-key to the Japanese simply because he suddenly made a good fight and whipped an over-pretentious Russian navy?

It is pretty nearly time the American people took thought of the morrow. We have excluded the Pacific Chinese, whose commercialism was the only thing to fear, apart from his tendency to marry his white Sunday-school teacher. And we are receiving with open arms, at the rate of twenty thousand a year, the Jap, who, like the historic Celestial of the mining-camp, will work all day for the privilege of eating rice with two sticks. And the Jap can't be excluded. We could have shut the door two years ago. But there is a foot thrust in which we dare not thrust out. We threw up our caps when Russia got the worst of it, and yelled *banzai* with the dwarfs who did the work. If we attempted an exclusion law now we should have to fight to enforce it. The Japanese resentment would be forcible, and we don't care to risk it. Consequently, as the *Springfield Republican* points out, there may be trouble for the next generations. Some time or other the man we have taken in with so careless a hospitality is going to serve notice on us that we must quit. He breeds fast, and will need our room.

If there is one thing that history should teach us it is that the ultimate limits of our society are the sharp lines of race. It is certainly time that the American people took thought of the morrow and laid plans to preserve the safeguards of our existence—the homogeneity of our society. We have many things to fight out to a finish. We should never have had this problem, and now that we have it, we must learn that all the talk of universal brotherhood, of one world race, of some Utopian evolution, where grandfathers don't count and the black lies down with the yellow and the white, losing his feeling of race distinctness, is all a dream bound rudely to be shattered when the brown hand is laid on our dearest possessions, a brown face snarls defiance at us, and we draw the bitter breath of all life—the long, quivering breath of the man settling down to a fight for life.

It is possible that Francis Joseph will be the last emperor of that tumultuous empire known as Austria-Hungary. Always seething, the pot of Magyar politics has boiled over, and the past six weeks have seen spectacles in the parliament houses at Buda-Pesth rarely equaled in Continental history. These weeks have seen the opposition unite so rapidly that the old cry of "*Los von Rom!*"—a protest against the dominant Catholic Church influence—has changed into that deadly call "*Los von Oesterreich!*"

The country known as Hungary has a population of twenty millions. Hungarians, Roumanians, Germans, Slovaks, Croatsians, and Servians make it up. Ten millions speak the Hungarian language. According to the statistics of M. Paul Musko, of the Central Bureau of Statistics, there are 4,322,960 persons in Hungary over twenty years of age and entitled to vote under an

THE WHIPPING-POST AND CHICAGO

THE JAP TWO GENERATIONS HENCE.

THE BATTLE OF HUN RIVER

TROUBLE AGAIN IN HUNGARY.

equable distribution of the franchise. But as it is now, less than one million of all the kingdom of Hungary are allowed to vote, and over one-half of these are Magyars—the minority but dominant race.

Given these conditions it is easy to see that the battles of the races will inevitably be fought out in the Chamber of Deputies. The Croatian and the Magyar and the Slovak and the German do not make consistent alliances nor form a stable party. The opposition is a mere jumble of minorities—it may be, and in this case is, a genuine majority. Over all this tumult of counsel is the shadow of Austria—the intangible working majority of the government.

Naturally, in such times as these, when parties have many aims and little means of attaining them, certain leaders have arisen to give the whole scene color and the vitality of individuality. Francis Kossuth, Count Albert Apponyi, Count Tisza (the premier), ex-Premier Banffy, and one or two others, are the principal generals of the bands now struggling. Count Tisza, of course, has the upper hand, and yet the views of experienced observers seem pretty much united on the possibility of a revolution which will throw Austria-Hungary once more into the arena of Europe to be torn asunder and devoured.

The opposition, crying openly for release from enforced union with Austria, hopes that out of the strife it may pull Hungary aside and set her up as an independent and self-sustaining kingdom. But it is doubtful whether a country whose legislators, even with the heavy hand of an emperor over them, destroy the furniture of their parliamentary house and hang the effigy of their premier over the debris, could gain enough momentum to go its own unaided way. Hungary has always been a debatable ground, and the hot, impetuous inhabitants of it will never cease from troubling the rulers that chance, or might, or choice may put over them. In the language of the sanitary engineer, Hungary has no elevation for a drainage system, no political outlet. It ferments upon itself.

We believe that the *Call* in the last election supported Theodore Roosevelt for President. We "NON-PARTISAN" believe that the *Call* is normally a Republican newspaper. Yet we find in the editorial columns of the *Call* a political argument vigorously at variance with its Republican affiliations. What the *Call* advocates is a non-partisan municipal ticket at the coming election. An extraordinary suggestion, we think, perfectly extraordinary! The last election shows San Francisco to be Republican by eleven or twelve thousand votes. The fourth congressional district embraces only a part of the city, and yet Kahn had a majority over Livernash of 7,204 votes. It was a rousing, fine, big Republican triumph. Why then fritter it away by putting up a "non-partisan" or "tax-payers" candidate for mayor?—which almost invariably in San Francisco means a Democrat. Here we have just had a splendid Republican victory, and now the *Call* talks of weakly surrendering. Pure foolishness!

On Monday, before the State senate at Sacramento, Frank D. Nichol, attorney for William Corbin, manager of the Continental Building and Loan Association, who had been arrested and brought before the senate to answer to a charge of contempt, read an affidavit that Corbin had made to the effect that four State senators—Harry Bunker and Frank French, of San Francisco, Eli Wright, of San José, and E. J. Emmons, of Bakersfield—had accepted three hundred and fifty dollars each or "protecting" certain building and loan associations. Corbin further alleged it to be his belief that the Committee on Commissions and Retrenchment, of which the accused senators constitute a majority, had been appointed at the instigation of the *Examiner* for the persecution of the Continental Building and Loan Association against which the *Examiner* has been conducting a fight. That paper alleges that prior to May, 1902, Corbin embezzled, for private speculation, \$207,000 belonging to the Continental, and that the association had misrepresented in various ways, to its own profit, the contracts and certificates it sold to the public. Corbin was cited by the Committee of Commissions and Retrenchment to appear before the senate for the examination of the finances of his company. On his failure to do so, he was arrested, and brought before the senate on Monday, with the result stated.

The reading of Corbin's affidavit caused a profound sensation. Corbin was purged of contempt, and a committee was appointed to investigate the charges he had made. The committee went into session on Tuesday. The first witness examined was Clarence Grange, president of the Phoenix Building and Loan Association. Grange testified that he had been approached on January 21st by Joseph Jordan, then the Sacramento repre-

sentative of the *Evening Post* of this city. Jordan told him that Bunkers, Wright, Emmons, and French were out for "business," and were willing, in their report on building and loan associations, to protect those who would do business with them. The price demanded was \$2,250 from the Phoenix, the Renters Building and Loan Association, and the Pacific States Association, collectively. Of this sum, according to Grange's testimony, the four accused senators were to receive \$500 each, and Jordan, for acting as agent, was to receive \$250. The Continental was to be approached separately, Jordan is alleged to have said, as the senators would not protect it and brave the wrath of the *Examiner* for less than \$2,500 each. Grange, in order to trap the alleged bribers, assented to the scheme. He conferred with the other two companies, and the Renters agreed to divide the expense with him. The sum of \$1,550 was secured in bills, and, according to Grange's testimony, taken to the office of the *Bulletin*, which had been given the details of the scheme. There marked bills, a record of which were kept, were substituted, the bills made into four packages of \$350 each and one of \$150, and sent to Sacramento.

Gavin McNab, attorney for the Continental, testified that he took charge of sending the money to Sacramento, and had it taken there by one Tichenor. The latter testified that he passed it over to Jordan; that he saw Jordan hand Emmons and Butler their share; and that Jordan told him that he had paid French and Wright their \$350 each.

As a result of the scandal, the *Bulletin* and *Post* are after the *Examiner*. The former alleges that the *Examiner's* attacks on the Continental were for the purpose of damaging Assessor Washington Dodge, president of the Continental, and Gavin McNab, both its political enemies; and that there was an understanding between the *Examiner* and the four accused senators that they were to report adversely on the Continental. The *Post* has an editorial in the same vein, and has a signed article by its publisher, beginning: "I denounce Dent H. Robert, managing editor of the *Examiner*, as a liar," and denying the *Examiner's* allegation that Jordan was a "confidential" representative of the *Post*, and its insinuation that he was acting with the knowledge and approval of his employers. (Jordan has been dismissed from the staff of the *Post*). The *Chronicle* and *Call* are for the conviction of the accused if guilty, but have nothing to say editorially of the *Examiner's* alleged connection with the scandal. And the *Examiner*, ignoring editorially the accusations against itself, clamors for the conviction of the guilty ones, and reiterates its charges against the Continental.

The work of investigating the affairs of the Continental has been assigned to a specially appointed committee of five senators.

The *Argonaut* is in receipt of the following letter:

BERKELEY, January 29, 1905.
DR. WHEELER, EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have just been reading your very reasonable editorial about Jack London at our university meeting. Before you pass, however, to final judgment, I think you ought to know that we never stipulate or inquire concerning the subject a speaker is to discuss at such a meeting. We intend to ask only such to speak as have by achievement earned the personal right to be heard. We seek the man and not the subject. I conceive it to be of highest value for students to meet and hear men who have honorably wrought and done in various fields. I introduce them to the students, and rarely, if ever, mention any subject. Jack London is a former student of the university, and has surely won an honorable distinction in the field of letters. And, after all, is it best for us to start an *Index* of tabooed subjects? One way to deal with a hard-boiling tea-kettle is to take off the lid.
Yours faithfully, BENJ. IDE WHEELER.

We wish that we were able to believe, as President Wheeler appears to, that the Socialist agitation is only a tea-pot tempest, and may best be dealt with by leaving the pot strictly alone to boil itself harmlessly dry. Some observers—perhaps too pessimistic—are more inclined to compare it to a rising storm that may overturn long-standing governmental structures, wrench from its foundations the institution of the family, and destroy our individualistic society, unless, in anticipation, we begin—now!—to put props to our social order.

The fight between Representative Hearst and John Sharp Williams, the leader of the Democratic minority of the House of Representatives, is an interesting one, but it is yet by no means clear whom Hearst has in mind as a new leader. Does he want the leadership himself? Could he get it? In answer to the first question, it may be remarked that Mr. Hearst is certainly nothing of an orator, has so far not made a speech in Congress, and therefore appears to be "quite impossible." As to whether he could get it for a man favorable to him—De Armond, for example—there appears to be some probability that the thing could be done. John Sharp Williams is a discredited leader. His by no means effective service to his party in the last Democratic

National Convention, his unfortunate speech in notifying the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee of his nomination, and his petty campaign against the Hull Amendment, when only thirty-one Democratic representatives stayed by him, while sixty-eight repudiated his leadership—all these things have combined to destroy his prestige. Mr. Hearst's newspaper campaign against Williams is, in large part, soundly based upon fact, and it will be interesting to see if he wins out.

Of large importance is the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the United States Beef Trust *versus* Swift & Co., usually described as the Beef Trust Case. It is an unanimous decision supporting that of the lower court, and making permanent the injunction enjoining the beef-packers to enter into agreements to fix prices, etc. The court decides that the mere act of buying and selling meat—which, almost invariably, either before it enters the packing-house or after it leaves it, crosses the State boundaries—is interstate commerce. This decision applies not only to beef and its by-products, but to all articles of manufacture. In its effects, it is one of the most far-reaching decisions ever handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States. Next we shall see whether it is possible to secure rigorous enforcement of this sweeping injunction.

NO JAPANESE ENTHUSIASM.

Apathy Shown Over the Fall of Port Arthur—Are They Growing Tired of the War?—An Incomprehensible Race—The Heavyweight and the Lightweight.

What is the matter with the Japanese? This is the fifth of January—the third day after the news of the fall of Port Arthur, the impregnable, has reached here, and it fell absolutely flat! Who would believe it?—but there was no spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm apparent, no celebrations, no *banzais*!

I can not grasp it—nobody can. Even old-time residents can not explain this lethargy. We are used to seeing the Japanese do just opposite what any one else would do, but this is wholly unexpected. On the third and the fourth, a few people ventured to decorate their houses, but this mostly in the foreign section. Whether the gross of the population, having seen the event postponed so many times, were still doubting the reported victory and wanted to make "dead sure" first, or whether they were just getting over the New-Year's celebrations (and libations), or whether there is no money available for the purpose, who will tell—but where is to be found another country on earth where a victory like that would not have made people hoarse with shouting? And, by Jingo, they are entitled to it!

Instead of this—nothing, absolutely nothing! Are these people so apathetic all of a sudden? Are these the same people that went mad with joy and celebrations during the earlier stages of the game? Or—are they getting tired of this war? *Quien sabe?* Who can tell?—and who will ever be able to understand them? I certainly now give it up for a bad job—I am nonplussed, outwitted, up against the real thing!

Traveling in Europe, in Central and South America—everywhere there is some common ground, some association of ideas, some traits comprehensible to our minds. We are not before a blank; we can see and criticize that which is obnoxious or ridiculous to our own views. We can see and love some traits (and where are they not to be found?) that are lovable. Here is a field for specialists in psychonomy; and to any one embarking on that job let him first get a bronze or wooden image of Buddha and study it for a couple of years to get the patience! I am disgusted.

What is the good of organizing some celebrations now, after all spontaneity has been scummed off the enthusiasm? What would the rest of America have thought of San Franciscans if they had waited with their cheers for five days after the news of the victory of Admiral Dewey was flashed over the wires?—if they had waited for the celebration to be organized? There is only one word fit to describe the situation. It was used by a certain French commander at the Battle of Waterloo when surrender was intimated to him. I don't know whether your paper would print it.

Speculation is going on and forms the topic of conversation at the clubs and hotels: Will the fall of Port Arthur hasten the end of this bloody war? Will the Russian bear bandage his claws and crawl into his Siberian fastnesses? I was struck to-day by the dictum of a distinguished American from Shanghai, on his way home, of what he thought about it. "It looks to me very much like a clumsy heavyweight of one hundred and ninety pounds fighting a lightweight who knows his business. The heavyweight got a few spars and uppercuts, is bleeding badly from the place where his nose was, and puffing for wind. He is reeling, and if he should fall on the little fellow will crush him under his weight."

In the meantime, Japan is going on fighting England and America's battle, and England and America will probably sell a lot more war materials ere the strife is ended.

ROBE, JAPAN, January 5, 1905.

THE YAQUI DEATH LINE.

How the Bundle in Black Came There.

"Uno!"
"Dos!"

It was important that the two guards should keep each other awake. If the twelve Yaqui prisoners were to be shot at sunrise, as *el capitán* had ordered, it was necessary that they should not escape from the corrugated iron ore-shed, the use of which, as a temporary prison, had been grudgingly granted by Mr. Tom Bird, the man in charge of the Sahuaripa Mine. One guard, in his muffling *serape*, leaned with infinite languor upon his rifle at one end of the shed, and now and again yawningly bawled "Una!" through the still night; on which the other, to show that he was not asleep, called back "Dos!" from the other end of the shed and the very borders of dreamland. Occasionally the order of calling was reversed. As for the Yaquis, they were quiet enough.

Now Mr. Tom Bird's window was not thirty feet away from the nearest guard, whom he was execrating vehemently from under the covers.

"Thank the gods, they'll be moving on to-morrow!" he breathed forth from amid a very ornamental set of curses incited by a particularly loud challenge. "It will be Sunday, and I can sleep all day." He lay very quiet for half an hour, and was just dropping off, for the night wind had come up and the palms were whispering their mystic secrets.

"Una!" sharp and shock-producing.

"Dos!" quickly on its heels, with a "you-don't-catch-me-napping!" note.

"That settles it!" gasped Bird. He got up, lit his lamp and a big, black cigar, and, going back to bed, turned the pages of his paper-covered "Tess" until he found his place. Angel was just beginning to tell his love to the dairy-girl when there came a quick, spasmodic knock at the door. Of course, none of the *mozos* was awake, so Bird had to slip out in his pajamas and go to see what it meant.

When he opened the door, a Yaqui woman, with a three-year-old child in her arms, fluttered past him in her loose black gown and *mantilla*. He slammed and barred the door and strode after her into the *patio*.

"Oh, *señor!*" cried the woman, her high voice a-quiver, "*mi niña*—she is so—so sick. I bring her to you to make her well again. *Las Americanos* they have the power. I carry her here from La Puerta—it is two miles. I have done all I can—everything. But the *yerbas buenas* do not help her, nor the rosary."

"Come in!" Bird took the tender little bundle from her arms, led the way into a side room, and deposited his unexpected and embarrassing charge upon the couch.

"The rosary?" he repeated, absently, wondering what he could do for the child which moaned and pressed its clenched hands upon its little round stomach.

"Yes, the rosary. It was glass and very beautiful. I ground it, oh, so carefully, put it in the *tasa sagrada* which the good padre gave me last year, with a little water, and gave it all to the child. *Parvida*, there was was not one drop left. She is a good *niña*—she swallowed it all."

"Ground glass!" gasped Bird. "And she swallowed it all!"

"*Sí, señor*—all. But, *Dios!* it do her no good. If I had had a Bible to boil in the water, too. But you, good *Americana*—you can save her."

"It was enough to kill her," said Bird, in his own speech. "How the devil do children ever live to be twelve years old in this country? Let's see—let's see." He went to his own room and stood reflectively before the medicine-chest he had brought up from Mazatlan the summer before. He read the labels: "*Quinina?* No good. *Glicerina?*" He hesitated. "*Aciete de Castor?* That's the stuff. It isn't very fresh, but—"

He grasped the bottle, and ran back to the bedside. The child took the medicine from his hand willingly. She was a good *niñita*, as *la madre* had said. Then, too, she had lapsed into a lassid, indifferent state. *Yerbas buenas*, ground glass, castor oil—they were all one to her now. She lay with her pretty round little face wreathed in its tangled clusters of black hair, turned toward the ceiling beams, her eyes staring up there and her lips now and then drawn with quick twitches.

"No, *señor*. It was not the *calentura*. It was the *agua mala*. We come many miles—from San Esteban, on the Rio Yaqui. The soldiers came for us. They took fifteen—twenty of our people. We were among them—my husband, my child, and I. They put the women and children away from the men. They would send us on the long voyage to Yucatan. But I escaped, with the *niñita*. It was one good *señora* who helped me. I come here. My husband—I do not know where he is. Perhaps the soldiers have killed him. They kill all—but the women and children."

"From San Esteban," thought Bird. "That's where that crowd in the ore-shed are from. Of course, her husband is there with them. And she doesn't know he's within forty miles of her. There's tragedy. But this poor little *niña*—what can I do for her? The pain she's in from that ground glass! Morphine? If I only dared."

He looked at the child. She seemed a little quieter. There was less of the rubbing of the clenched fists against the round little stomach. The palm leaves

whispered outside. The lids of the tired eyes that had been staring so hard at the ceiling drooped drowsily.

"Una!" barked the first sentry.

"Dos!" barked back the second guard.

Startled out of her doze, the *niña* turned her weary head this way and that, the lips twitched again, and the fists rubbed the tortured stomach.

"Hang those chaps!" muttered Bird to himself. "If I could only stop their senseless explosions. But it's no use. Think I'll have to use the morphine. A very small injection in that little arm, and they can bawl at each other all night."

The morphine worked so magically that its results alarmed him for a time. But the breathing was strong and regular, and there was no growing paleness nor other bad symptom. The travel-worn mother fell nodding in her chair in spite of herself, and so Bird had the watch all to himself. He was glad of it, too. He wanted to smoke again. Smoking had become very essential to him down in this country, as it does to every man, white or brown. But it was not to be thought of now. He fixed a shade on the lamp, fanned the gnats away from the child, and after the guards had called again and again to each other, sometimes with an awful weight of sleepiness in their tones, and as the roosters shrilled from a corner in the corral and the quick dawn of the tropics began to spread its rose-burst over the palms, there was a bustle about the ore-house.

"Pretty near sunrise. Guess they're getting ready to lead those poor devils out."

It would all be done right before the window, not two hundred feet away from the little rise where the company's adobe house stood. If he wished, he could see it all without moving from his chair.

The woman was awake now, looking at the child, and he left it in her charge while he went out to wash and get a cup of coffee. Also he wanted to get something to hang over that window. He was gone longer than he thought. When he returned the child was alone and a frenzied woman was flying toward the place of execution.

"God!" groaned Bird. "And I could have saved her this. Poor, wretched, tortured soul! Soul? Of course, she's got a soul, just as much of a soul as *el presidente* himself, who is ordering all this butchery, or his wife, or anybody. And I can't—I simply can't look out there and see this thing done."

But he did, just the same. He saw the calm-faced Yaquis in their poor, gray cotton clothing, bare feet, and old straw sombreros, their arms tied behind them, standing in the death line. Creatures of the desert, wonted to its naked cruelty, its spikes, its spines, its thorns, its fangs, its swift strokes of vengeance, go to their death with stoic front.

He saw the soldiers in their dirty duck suits, with their absurd little caps on their heads, fasten the cheap, gaudy bandanas over the faces of the doomed men. All but one face was covered. It was a quiet brown face, with eyes that looked straight toward the firing squad, now resting on its rifles. The woman had run a little way toward the man with the uncovered face—he stood at the end of the line—and had stopped there looking toward him appealingly. Once she put her hand to her forehead, but she did not venture to call aloud to him, nor even to wave her hand. If he saw her he made no sign.

"And that—that's the father of the *niña*. He's a brave father, little girl," he said to the sleeping child—"a brave father to meet death with clear eyes. I suppose he sees *la madre*, but he won't look at her for fear he'll flinch."

The firing squad was moving back to its place.

"What can I do? What can I do?" groaned Bird. "I might speak to the captain and have the thing postponed, even for a day or two. But after all, he wouldn't listen to any Gringo interference. Use-
less!"

As the men leveled their rifles he saw the woman move forward, and just before the word was given she flung herself toward her husband and between him and the squad. There was a breath-cutting racket of shots, the smoke-puffs cleared away instantly, and there, with their arms and legs sprawled any way, lay the line of men who had faced the squad a moment before, and, a little nearer, the breeze ruffling her cheap, thin skirt, lay *la madre*.

Bird leaned over the child's couch reverently, and touched his lips to the brown little forehead. Before he could straighten up two salt tears fell upon her pillow.

"I'm not much in the father line," said he, "but I guess—Well, *niña, cara*, you shan't miss anything that Tom Bird can do for you."

He walked over to the firing ground, and stared at the dead Yaquis. How flat they lay, in their inert, flaccid state against the gray earth! It was as if Nature were drawing her children back to her great bosom to hide them away forever. Bird looked at the crushed straw sombrero lying under the head of *la niñita's* father, and glanced down, over the slim form to the poor, bare feet, the soles of which were hardened by many a weary tramp over the desert. But he could not bring himself to look at the bundle in black that lay out there by itself, and which, such a little while ago, had been an alert, eager, appealing woman, with a woman's heart and a woman's sorrows.

He begged the two bodies from the captain, and had them buried very decently in one grave, with a

coyote-proof pile of stones upon it and a-top of the pile a little wooden cross.

Two American women from San Ignacio, who happened over during the day, took care of *la niña* until evening. When Bird came to resume his night watch the little patient was sitting up, sipping some beef extract, and soon afterward she was sleeping quietly and without apparent pain.

The soldiers had not gone that day after all. More Yaquis had been brought in during the afternoon. There were eight of them confined in the ore-shed awaiting the work of the firing squad in the morning. In the intervals between the calls of the sentry Bird had his thoughts all to himself. He was planning for the *niña*, and wondering how his bride of the coming October would take to the idea of having a three-year-old Yaqui in the family. Ah, well, when that little brown hand should reach up for Dorothy's, it would be sure to catch at her heart.

"She won't be as much worried about that as she will be about lots of other things—the heat and the dust and the gnats and the centipedes and all that," he thought. "What a country it is for a white woman to live in! What a cruel country!"

The palms rustled quietly while he looked down at the *niña* who had curled one little arm under her head while her long black lashes lay upon her cheek.

"Or a brown one, either, for that matter," he added

"Una!"

"Dos!"

BAILEY MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1905.

A JAP SOLDIER'S LETTER.

The following description of episodes in the fighting on the Shabke is a translation (made by a friend of the *Argonaut* traveling in the Orient) of a letter that was sent from the front by a Japanese sergeant of the guard. Considering that the writer is an ordinary soldier, son of a small merchant and brother of the wife *pra tem* of a German resident of Japan, the letter is remarkable for its vivid description:

I thank you very much for your friendly greetings. Happily I came out hale and hardy this time, too, after a series of fearful battles, and you need not be anxious about me. We are not allowed to write much about the battles on the Shabke, but maybe the following will interest you:

Since the beginning of October we lay behind the earth works and ready for defense, when suddenly on the 10th of October we received orders to advance. The Russians not attacked us uninterrupted for several days and nights. We could not help noticing that the morale of our opponents had improved tremendously by the last reinforcements from Europe. They fought like tigers, and especially during the day we could gain absolutely no advantage over them. Our brigade therefore got orders to await the night for the storming of a certain hill held by the right wing of the enemy army. At three o'clock in the morning the dance began. It was a quiet struggle, comparatively, few shots being fired. Cold steel was murdering this time, as friends and foes battled with bayonets only. At last we forced the Russian to retreat, occupied the ridge, where we immediately threw up entrenchments.

Next morning our battalion received orders to advance further, to take another hill. We advanced in open line when, about half way, we were simply showered upon by a hail of shrapnel and small-calibre fire. In the first moment, general paralysis seemed to take hold of us. Any further advance or retreat was not to be thought of, so we threw ourselves flat upon the ground, and every one sought cover for himself by furrowing in the earth. Inside of two hours we lost our chief of battalion and his adjutant, the next commander was seriously wounded, many of the officers were *hors de combat*, and over one-half of the sergeants and privates were either killed or disabled.

You can not imagine what terrible scenes took place. One can not describe this, one must have seen it to understand. One dared not look around or glance sideways—the sight was too sad, too terrible. Heaps of dead friends and foe piled over one another, the last quivers of the dying—never shall I forget this. I have taken part in many battles since, but this was the most gresome thing I ever witnessed. Miraculously fortunate I remained unhurt. As soon as night came, we, as well as the enemy, tried to get our wounded to the rear. It had become so dark though that neither of us could recognize our own men by sight, and, strangely, both sides had recourse to the same means for distinguishing friend from foe—namely, by passing the hand over the face. Did we find a big nose we left its owner to the Russians; was the nose flat, we carried its proprietor to the rear. In spite of this, some mistakes occurred, always causing merriment to the environment. It was the only intermezzo during these days of fire and blood. (Literally translated!)

As mentioned above, the Russian gentlemen have become a great deal braver in battle than formerly. Whereas we then had accustomed ourselves to see them run away after an energetical attack, to-day nothing will dislodge them from their positions, and they fight to the finish with extraordinary bravery. Retreat seems to be quantity unknown for these new troops, embittering the fights therefore on both sides and more than once, when ammunition was gone, the struggle was continued with stones. I myself was once in one of these tussles.

It is beastly cold here. We are made to exercise daily besides this we have not much to do. Clothes and provisioning are ample, but it is regrettable that we have all the time the same thing to eat. Shall write you again soon.

English-speaking people cry "encore" if a song pleases them. A performer is "encored." In France the French cry "bis," and a performer who is recalled is said to be "bissed." But we have not a monopoly of these absurdities. In France what we call "society" is there termed "high life" or "the high life pronounced 'thig leaf'"—rhyming with fig leaf.

Of Secretary of Commerce and Labor Metcalfe "Walsingham" writes in the Boston *Herald* that his "penetrating glance recalls that of the late William C. Whitney in its exceptional sagacity."

In London recently a firm advertised for a clerk: \$7.50 a week, and received 998 applications for the position.

THE ART OF DAVID WARFIELD.

His Work in "The Music Master" at the Bijou Theatre, New York—
Delicately Tempered, Finished Acting, Which Saves a
Rather Poor Play—One Girl's Opinion.

Off and on during the past two months I have been hearing people speak of David Warfield in "The Music Master." I heard that it was "very good," that "Warfield was really excellent and quite worth seeing"; that it was "too pathetic, and one cried all the time"; that it was "a first-class show"; and so forth and so on.

I had never seen David Warfield in anything. I vaguely knew that he had once been at Weber & Fields', and was known to fame as a skillful impersonator of Jew character parts. For some reason or other I did not see him last year in "The Auctioneer," which will now remain with me as a life-long regret. That he was in any sense a great actor I had never heard. One of the few things I had heard about him—whether true or not I can't say—was that in his boyhood he had been an usher in the Old Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco. It remained for me to see him for the first time last week, and to realize that he is far and away the finest actor in this country.

It was a matinee performance, and I dropped into a theatre full of women, most of them very smartly clad. The Bijou is small, and every seat was taken, with a fringe of standees round the back. The women all settled themselves comfortably in cheerful anticipation of "a good cry," for the general comment made on "The Music Master" is that it is "just too pathetic for words." Three young girls in front of me with amazing coiffures, where a small mound of hair was jealously guarded by ramparts of tortoise-shell combs, took out their clean, perfumed handkerchiefs, and prepared for a delightfully lachrymose afternoon. It was a house alive with the stimulating stir of anticipation. Its temper was easily felt, and I realized that Warfield and his play—whatever they were—had undoubtedly got a tight clutch on the emotions and interests of the city.

The first act was not over when I began to wake to the exciting fact that I was witnessing a truly remarkable portrayal, played with a fineness, an art, a subtlety, that I have never before seen in an American character actor. In its finish, its quiet fidelity, its perfect adjustment to the key, it was like the best kind of French acting. It was so different to what the average American theatre-goer is used to, that a great many intelligent people who have seen it do not realize its greatness, and simply think their sympathies were played on by a clever actor in a pathetic play. We are so accustomed to regarding yelling and shrieking and falling over the furniture as a requisite of "fine acting," that a work of delicately tempered, finished art is looked upon with suspicion as a meagre performance at which the spectator is not getting his money's worth.

Warfield's part of it is all the more remarkable because the play is not a particular skillful production, and in parts is extremely naïf and clumsy. It bears the name of Charles Klein as the author, but it sounds to me as if it might be an adaptation, probably from the German. The sentiment, with which it is fairly brimming, is very Teutonic. Perhaps its strongest point is that it is impregnated with a sense of the kindness inherent in man, and that terrible "heart interest" that we are all so bored with is replaced by the charity and faith that lie in simple natures. The generosity of the poor, the sympathy of the humble, the gratitude of the feeble, these are the sentiments that rule its lesser characters, and against which the dominating passion of the piece—parental love—stands forth naked and unashamed.

The story is uncomplicated and moves freely forward without any entanglement of the sub-plot variety. It is much in its favor that it is not crowded with incident or an intermingling and distracting secondary story. The main theme is of the barest, and yet adequately fills and carries the three acts. Herr von Barwig, a German musician, sixteen years before the play begins has lost his young wife and laughter. They have been taken from him by his best friend, with whom the wife eloped. He has started out in search of them, tracked them to America, and here apparently lost them. His desire to find his child strengthens with the passage of time, but he has no means to prosecute the search, as he is very poor, and with the flight of the years becomes poorer. At the time the play opens he is living in a boarding-house in an old and dingy quarter of the city, his finances at the lowest ebb, his main source of livelihood being an engagement as pianist in a dime museum.

It is at this stage in his career that his child suddenly appears before him. A rich young woman, who has dabbled in charity, has discovered that a little gamin of the neighborhood has remarkable musical talent. She learns that Von Barwig is a respectable cacher in the same locality, and one evening as dusk is falling, brings the child in to the music-teacher to arrange for lessons. Of course, it is part of the situation that she should bear a strange likeness to her mother, who died years before and left her as a charge to the man who has always passed as her father. The likeness strikes Von Barwig into stillness and amaze, and the scene, restrained and kept at the proper pitch by Warfield, is impressive to a de-

gree. With a face full of a tremulous yearning of curiosity, he follows her about the room, draws the curtain up as she stands by the window, lifts the sickly lamp aloft as she talks, hungrily, staring, dropping vague monosyllables, unable to take his eyes from her, thrilled, stirred, awed.

From this on the story is a very simple exposition of the father's attempt to gain access to her, which he does as her music-master, his discovery that she really is his child, bearing another name and brought up as the daughter of another man, his desire to claim her as his own, and his relinquishment of this in fear that his humble standing may interfere with the marriage she is about to contract. Nothing could be more obvious, less original, and in many scenes more sentimentally commonplace. A good actor could have carried the play, as the figure of the music-master is exceedingly lovable and sympathetic, but only a great actor could have lifted the whole performance from the plane of the ordinary and second-rate, to which it naturally belongs, to that of the purely artistic, where Warfield's acting places it.

In the last act very little happens, but of the three it is really the best. The girl has married that day, and the music-master, knowing her safe and well provided for, his quest ended, the revelation of the relationship never to be made, resolves to leave the country and return to Germany. There is a possibility in the scene for a riot of pathos, but there is none. It is rather, in fact, amusing, with that natural amusement which so often relieves the strained moments of life. Even when the bride—having in some way discovered the secret of her parentage—comes to seek her real father, whom, as her teacher, she has grown to love, there is no display of that stage pathos of sobs and gurglings which attends the uniting of fond parents and long-lost children. But the small, natural things that people do were done in this scene, and rendered the feeling poignantly deep. It was an inspiration to have her give Von Barwig her little bridal bunch of orange blossoms. This was a perfect opening for the interview which intelligent spectators feared might wreck the play, and which was really the last touch in its charmings. Von Barwig, sitting drooped in his chair, the little bouquet of wilted blossoms in his hand, his face, not twisted with false emotions, but gentle with the deep melancholy of a life of renunciation, was a stage figure that will stay in the memory of those who saw it with Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle and Salvini's outlaw, with Coquelin's Cyrano and Booth's Brutus.

The character of the music-master was one that is popular in novels, but that, as far as I know, has not been a predominating stage figure. It is the Colonel Newcome type of man, reappearing as a simpler and less high-bred figure in the Père Goriot and Cousin Pons of Balzac, and the Jean Valjean of Victor Hugo. It is the nature of the large heart and the ready sympathies, which is not clever or complex, but has a deep, intuitional wisdom. The shrewd, progressive world is wont to set this type down as kindly but stupid, the sort of being who always gets "done." The simplicity of its desires and ambitions, and the optimism of its point of view, seem signs of a deficient mentality to those who gauge their fellows by worldly successes and power to meet neighbors' machinations with others even more adroit.

Such is Von Barwig as his author conceived him and Warfield acts him. From first to last he is a consistent, living figure. His dialogue is always good and in keeping with his character, which is saying a good deal. Even in the scene where he talks to the fashionable young ladies and meets the distinguished parents of his daughter's fiancé—they are like the rich New York relations in "The Old Homestead"—he is never once off the key. And in this scene the whole play is for a time exceedingly out of tune and false. Without Barwig in the centre, keeping it forcibly on the key, it would be nothing but discord for ten or fifteen minutes. The rich New Yorkers were dreadful, the daughter's putative father nearly as bad, and even the daughter herself, who acted quite nicely most of the time, felt the general falseness of the situation, and began to reflect it. Only the music-master remained a living being in the midst of these grotesque puppets—a real character, with his teacup in his hand, the tiny bunch of violets he has bought for his pupil tucked into his waistcoat.

The pathos of the piece, which is so poignant that people who never feel the pathos of a play have been moved by it, lies almost entirely in Warfield's acting. To the hardest natures there is something touching in a gentle and beautiful spirit bearing the buffets of fortune with a smile, and never losing hold of hope or charity. The music-master in the first act, making light of his misfortunes, with an exceedingly human shame in his connection with the dime museum and an equally human interest in and affection for the "freaks," is a figure that one forgets to subtilize about, and frankly and crudely loves and is sorry for. The very smile, apologetic and a little ashamed (for he is lying) with which he turns to the rich young lady and accounts for the taking of his piano on the ground that it was so bad, is one of those human touches that go deep. But the play is full of them—or, rather, Warfield's acting is full of them. I have tried to imagine what the former would be without the latter, and have come to the conclusion that "The Music Master" would be nothing but a cheap, sentimental comedy without the star.

In the second act, where he has what dramatic

critics call his "strong scene," he showed how fine an artist he was by his tempered and yet impassioned acting. It was the gentle nature rising in its might to demand its own. It was not like acting; the spectator forgot that it was acting, and felt only a grip of fierce sympathy with the father who was demanding his child. His cry, sudden and loud and hoarse, "I am selfish, I am selfish, I want my child," had the heart-clutching note of the absolutely genuine. The house sat hushed and staring. Nobody seemed to think it was a piece of fine playing. It had seized upon the spectators' sensibilities, gone deeper than their reasoning powers. It was a cry of the soul's anguish, and they were awed by it.

I came out into the dusk amazed at what I had seen, and with a bad headache, the result of two hours and a half of emotional strain. All the women were red-eyed and nosed, and I am not saying that I wasn't myself. Then I went into a tea-room to recover over a stimulating cup, and met a girl I knew, who asked me jubilantly where I'd been.

"At 'The Music Master,'" I said, with what I felt to be solemnity.

"Oh," she said, effusively, "isn't it the cutest thing! And isn't Warfield too dear?"

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 24, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William J. Tyndall, congressman from the fourteenth Missouri district, is reported to have taken his first ride in an elevator after reaching Washington to look over the city, where he is to work for the next few years.

Prince Mohamed Ali, brother of the Khedive of Egypt, has just returned from Europe, where he undertook an automobile trip through several countries, accompanied by his private secretary and two European friends.

Marconi's thirtieth birthday is due on April 25th. The inventor began his experiments with wireless telegraphy on his father's estate near Bologna nearly twenty years ago. He was still a boy when he succeeded in sending his first wireless signals a distance of a mile.

A critical surgical operation has been performed on Thomas A. Edison at his home near Orange, N. J. The operation was for a mastoid abscess, behind the ear. As is generally known, the inventor has been deaf for many years, and the affliction has been growing worse. The operation occupied more than two hours.

John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, offered this toast at a dinner recently: "Here's to Teddy Roosevelt, the man who, as an author, has been grossly over-rated by the American people, but who, as a politician, has been grossly underrated by the Democratic party." The toast made a great hit with the dinner company.

Whitelaw Reid, who will succeed Mr. Choate as ambassador of the United States, has secured Brook House, Park Lane, as a residence. The property is owned by Lord Tweedmouth. Mr. Reid occupied Brook House for a month when he was in London as the special American envoy at the coronation of King Edward. It is expected that Mr. Reid will entertain lavishly.

The astute officials at Ellis Island, New York, who were going to deport William Bishop, Socialist, because he might become a "public charge," changed their tune, and decided to exclude him because his views "while not anarchistic, protrude on anarchism." But when the case went to Secretary Metcalf, he promptly ordered the young fellow admitted. It is said that he is one of the most intelligent workingman immigrants that has passed through the Ellis Island gates in a long time.

New York's first typewriter girl celebrated recently the thirtieth anniversary of her start in the business. She is Mrs. M. A. Saunders, now stenographer for the National Audubon Societies. Mrs. Saunders was not only the pioneer operator, but was also the first typewriter agent and the inventor of the standard keyboard. "I was a young widow with a baby to support," said she to a *Sun* reporter; "I'd been making a living in Nova Scotia teaching music. I came to New York. One day—January 16, 1875, to be exact—I answered an advertisement from 707 Broadway, and they showed me the machine. 'What's that?' I asked; 'it looks like a sewing-machine.' 'I'll show you,' said the clerk. He did, and I was fascinated. He showed me how to put in the paper and how to start a new line by pressing a pedal with my foot—that was how the old thing worked—and then I sat down and began to write. But it was an awful old trap. The connections between the keys and the type bars were wires, and they were everlastingly breaking. And the types were just driven into pegholes with a lick of a hammer and they had a way of flying out. Often when you had written a page you found the machine had skipped every *i* or *e*. Then you'd have to fish around in it and find the missing type." Mrs. Saunders it was who told the inventor that the keys were awkwardly arranged, and sketched out a better keyboard. With the change of one or two letters that is the universal keyboard of to-day.

THE RED VIRGIN.

Louise Michel—How She Fought in the Commune—Preached Assassination Yet Was Tender to the Weak—Often in Prison, Twice in Exile.

A would-be murderess, yet compassionate to the wretched, hungry dogs of the Paris streets; one who laid torch to the palaces of Paris, yet who tenderly taught the children of the poor to spell; one who, rifle at shoulder, fought like a demon on the blood-splashed barricades of the Commune, and yet who recoiled in horror as a child from eating the flesh of animals; in masculine garb, a companion of the anarchistic outcasts of the slums of the French capital, and yet one against whose personal character not a word has ever been spoken—such was Louise Michel, known to the world as the Red Virgin, the most famous of all women anarchists, whose death occurred at Marseilles a few days ago, in the seventy-fifth year of her long and tempestuous career.

Louise Michel was born in 1830 at the Castle of Vroncourt in the Department of the Haute-Marne. Her mother was a farm-yard maid at the château of this noble family, and her father was M. de Mailly, the master of the castle. Thus, though illegitimate, Louise Michel had in her veins noble blood. Her father took an interest in her, and she received a good education, and very early showed the bent of her sympathies. She studied music; she wrote poetry; she read all the great French authors—Lamartine, Molière, Corneille, Voltaire; but "Les Paroles d'un Croquant," by Lammenais, the anarchist, was her favorite book, and Hugo was her hero. In the loneliness of the big castle, the ardent girl even studied chemistry, and, with a single playmate, inspired by stories of the Reign of Terror told her by her grandfather who had fought in the Revolution, erected a crude stage and peacefully re-enacted the scenes of blood.

When Louise was fourteen, the death of her father compelled the girl and her mother to leave the castle, which descended to the legitimate heirs, while Louise and her maternal parent were provided for with a modest pension. They went to Paris, and Louise became a teacher at the school of Mme. Vollier in the Rue du Château d'Eau, and for a time served there quietly. But the fanatic spirit in her was not to be subdued. She became the associate of revolutionists. She attended lectures. She even spoke at revolutionary meetings. She distributed Republican manifestos, and there is an anecdote that once, in 1865, she audaciously pasted her last one of them on a gendarme's back. Her verses, earlier embodying ecstatic religious ardor, now were transformed into appeals for liberty. Yet Hugo praised her; by her talents she won the admiration from other men of note.

Then came the stirring events of 1870, which began with the assassination of Victor Noir by Pierre Bonaparte. Louise was still a teacher; still lived with her mother; and was nearing forty years of age. But, nevertheless, with unabated revolutionary ardor, she determined to kill the Third Napoleon; made all her plans; and was only prevented from the attempt by the intervention of Ferre and the fact that Napoleon took the field in the war.

Soon followed the Commune. During the Siege, Louise devoted herself to nursing the wounded in the ambulances, but when the Versailles troops attacked the Parisians, who refused to surrender to the Prussians, she put on tunic and képi, and fought like a demon. She helped take Les Molineaux and the Fort d'Issy. Her coat was pierced by bullets (she was never wounded, as often reported), and her ferocious determination, her high spirits, and indomitable courage nerved all about her to daring deeds. At length, when the Communards had been forced back into the streets of Paris, Louise fought, still bravely, on the barricade across the Clignancourt *chaussée*. On one occasion, so it is said, the defenders of the barricade were all slain but three—a dauntless federal captain at the left, a Breton soldier at the right, and Louise in the centre. But so fast did the three fire that the attackers were unaware how few they were fighting. Then appeared on the scene some National Guards, and they were received into the barricade, its defenders discovering only too late that they were men of the Versailles troops in disguise. Louise was captured, but escaped, and then it was, the fiercest *petrouleuse* of them all, she dashed oil on the walls of the palaces and public buildings, and touched torch to them, exalting at the devastation of the flames. But another side of her character we see in the incident told of the last stand of the insurrection in the Montmartre Cemetery. There, hiding behind rude defenses of stones plucked from the walls with bleeding hands, in the last red moment of the Commune, a shell burst in a cherry tree in bloom near by, showering Louise with the flowery branches. Laughing, while bullets shrieked and shells screamed, the woman clasped the flower sprays in her arms, and brought them to the graves of her two dead friends, Mlle. Poulin and the poet Murger, and spread them on their tombs!

And after all, she was not captured by the troops. It was only when, her mother having been seized and publicly threatened with death at the point of a rifle, and her daughter not give herself up, that Louise surrendered at the Bastion 37. At her trial, she was unshaken, undaunted, wildly defiant. She dared her judges to sentence her to death. Triumphant she

confessed that she had laid fire to the edifices of Paris and had fought behind the barricade. She exulted in her deeds and promised, with oaths, to repeat her crimes if ever the chance should come again. Her sentence, finally, was not death, but life imprisonment, and, after a brief period of imprisonment at Auberive she was banished, in 1873, to New Caledonia, the French island prison off the north-eastern coast of Australia, sailing with her fellow-Communist prisoners on the ship *La Virginie*, the voyage occupying four long months. During this time Louise occupied herself teaching the illiterate among her fellow-prisoners, and it is related that once, chancing to see two live albatross hanging head downward, as some officers were desirous of keeping their plumage intact, she did not cease her efforts until the birds had been released. In New Caledonia, again, she devoted herself to the care of the sick and the suffering with a self-sacrifice which rivaled even that of the Sisters of Mercy. Besides, she taught the children of the natives—among the lowest specimens of humanity—and when, at length, a full pardon was offered her, she refused it unless her fellow-prisoners might also receive the same boon of freedom. While still a prisoner, she wrote a book for children, said to contain some really charming tales, revealing how tender was her woman's heart for all weak and helpless things. In 1880, an act of amnesty permitted Louise to return to Paris with her fellow-Communards, among whom was Henri Rochefort, the fiery editor of *L'Intransigeant*, who had shared with her the privations of life in a prison wilderness. A great crowd met Louise to welcome her back to Paris. She appeared all in black, with a red flower in her hat, carrying under her arm a strange long-tailed red cat, which she had brought with her from the Antipodes. Immediately she began to make revolutionary speeches, denouncing Gambetta and the government. She was at the head of every riot, the idol of revolutionists and anarchists and the discontended. She saw the inside of many prisons, which moderated her hysterical fanaticism not in the least, and, at length, the government, tired of her agitation, banished her. She lived in the anarchist section of London for many years, and often harangued the mob. It was only in her last years, when age had made her less fiery, that she was permitted to return to France.

In appearance, Louise Michel was not pleasant. Back from a high but curiously curved forehead streamed her grayish disheveled hair that the wind tossed as she spoke. High cheek bones, small, fiery, invasive eyes, a heavy jaw, a big nose, a straight, harsh mouth, whose lips bore traces of an incipient mustache—all this gave her a sinisterly masculine look. Added to which, her dress of black, her tall, bent, gnarled, lean, ungraceful figure, her long arms, her shrill, penetrating voice, and her stride like that of a peasant soldier, made her a forbidding personality.

She left some books of no great moment. They will be forgotten. But she will long be remembered as the Red Virgin, the Joan of Arc of the Commune; as a strange product of civilization, one who cherished a tender love of dumb beasts and children, and a fierce, fanatic hatred of emperors and kings.

PARIS, January 13, 1905.

ST. MARTIN.

SWINBURNE TO THE CZARS.

The first poem following is from Swinburne's "Russia: An Ode," published in 1890. It was written of Alexander, the father of Nicholas, and the ode is said to have lost Swinburne the laureateship. The second, a sonnet, Swinburne contributes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it was cabled to the *Sun*:

III.

"God or man be swift: hope sickens with delay;
Smite, and send him howling down his father's way!
Fall, O fire of heaven, and smite as fire from hell
Halls wherein men's tortures, crowned and cowering, dwell!
These that crouch and shrink and shudder, girt with
power—

These that reign, and dare not trust one trembling hour—
These omnipotent, whom terror curbs and drives—
These whose life reflects in fear their victims' lives—
These whose breath sbeds poison worse than plague's thick
breath—

These whose reign is ruin, these whose word is death,
These whose will turns heaven to hell, and day to night,
These, if God's hand smite now, how shall man's not
smite?"

So from hearts by horror withered as by fire
Surge the strains of unappeasable desire:
Sounds that bid the darkness lighten, lit for death;
Bid the lips whose breath was doom yield up their breath;
Down the way of Czars, awhile in vain deferred,
Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.
How for shame shall men rebuke them? How may we
Blame, whose fathers died, and slew, to leave us free?
We, though all the world cry out upon them, know,
Were our strife as theirs, we could not strike but so;
Could not cower, and could not kiss the hands that smite;
Could not meet them armed in sunlit battle's light
Dark as fear and red as hate though morning rise,
Life it is that conquers; death it is that dies.

Czar! Louis XVI! Adsit Omen

Peace on his lying lips, and on his hands
Blood, smiled and cowered the tyrant, seeing afar
His bondslaves perish and acclaim their Czar.
Now, sheltered scarce by Murder's loyal bands,
Clothed on with slaughter, naked else he stands—
He flies and stands not, now the blood red star
That marks the face of midnight. As a scar
Tyranny trembles on the brow it brands,
And shudders toward the pit where deathless death
Leaves no life more for liars and slayers to live.
Fly, coward, and cower while there is time to fly.
Cherish awhile thy terror-shortened breath,
Not as thy grandsire died, if Justice give
Judgment, but slain by judgment thou shalt die.

LUTHER BURBANK.

The Man Who Came With Ten Potatoes—What He Has Accomplished Since—Some of His Wonderful Fruit, Flower, and Vegetable Creations—The Thornless Cactus.

When Luther Burbank came to California, nearly thirty years ago, he had with him ten Burbank potatoe the partial result of his youthful study, research, an experiment. As a boy, working in his uncle's potato factory, he was of an investigating turn of mind, and his instinctive desire to better the things at hand resulted in the invention of wood-working machinery that was so valuable that he was offered special inducement to remain at the factory. But he had been working among plants, following out the bent inherited through his mother, whose family included famous horticulturists. So he quit his factory work, and turned his attention to the development of plant life. The potato was the first subject of his research, and this he perfected until the Burbank potato was produced. Then his health failing, he sold all his potatoes but ten, and with them as his plant stock in trade came to California, settling permanently near Santa Rosa.

This was in 1875. Since then, the Burbank potato, which gave him his first fame, has added millions to the wealth of the world. But it was only the beginning of his work. During the generation that Burbank has worked in California, he has originated, developed, and placed at the service of the world new and improved plants, fruits, vegetables, and grains so numerous that it would be difficult to catalogue them. He has not only bettered what he found at hand, but has originated totally new species, creating, apparently from nothing but in reality out of hitherto worthless material, plants that had never grown before. He has transformed the Shasta daisy, once almost a weed, into a huge fragrant flower. He has made the amaryllis, the lily, the clematis, and other flowers, take on new shape and added beauty. He has taken flowers that were beautiful but of disagreeable odor, and made them wonderfully fragrant. And within the last few months he has perfected a flower that, cut from the stem, still retains its lustre, its velvety texture, and its fragrance. One of these flowers, cut months ago, has been hanging in Mr. Burbank's house ever since, and shows no sign of withering. It is expected that this discovery will work a revolution in millinery.

But to make the beautiful things of earth more beautiful has constituted but a small portion of Mr. Burbank's work and research. He has improved almost every variety of fruit, and has placed new ones upon the markets. Wonderful results have been achieved with prunes and plums. By the most persistent endeavor he has brought forth a seedless plum rich, juicy, palatable; has made skinny, fleshless, sour prunes into huge, fat, sugary ones. He has crossed the plum and the apricot, the result being the "plum cot," a fruit most valuable to commerce, and has given another plum the flavor of the Bartlett pear. The quince, through his work, has been made smooth skin and palatable in its raw state. Not only has he developed a white blackberry, but has to his credit the first recorded instance of the production of a fixed species by man. This is the primus, offspring of the native California dewberry and the Siberian raspberry. He has worked with the rhubarb until he has secured a plant that will grow here nearly the whole year.

Mr. Burbank's experiments with the walnut have been very interesting. He sought to produce a nut with a tannin, and with a comparatively thin shell. The first trees bore nuts with shells so thin that the birds pecked through them and ate the meat. He began again, and now has achieved his original design—a white-meated walnut and thin shelled, of exquisite flavor.

The last and probably the greatest of Mr. Burbank's achievements is the production of the thornless cactus. Nature gave this desert plant defense against animal thus permitting it to grow luxuriantly with little danger of molestation. But in rocky, inaccessible places, where animals could not penetrate, the cactus became, in time, through lacking need of defense, comparatively thornless. Mr. Burbank secured some of these plants and for years has experimented, until he now has a cactus free from prickly surface—smooth, velvety, and as full of juice as the desert variety. It is about half as nutritious as alfalfa, and grows where that grass would not survive for a week. It is estimated that there are one million square miles of desert land in the United States, nearly all of it worthless. Even with irrigation brought to its highest development, not more than one-fifth of this land could be made fertile. But the cactus will grow on every inch of it, and its stem contains both food and water for cattle. It is probable that in time Mr. Burbank's transformation of this plant will result in millions of acres of now waste land being made, not habitable, at least of immense benefit to mankind.

Mr. Burbank's home is at Santa Rosa, but his chief experimental farm is at Sebastapol, several miles away. No conservatories, no laboratories, no scientific apparatus, are to be seen. The earth is his workshop and there, backed by infinite patience, knowledge gained by years of experimenting, and, better than knowledge, a nature-lover's intuition, he has achieved results that have made him famous all over the civilized world. The public hears only of his successes, not of the failures that must be endured before success comes. Often hundreds of thousands of plants and trees are grown and destroyed before perfection is reached.

RUSSIA TO-DAY.

Some Striking Passages From the Latest Book on the Czar's Empire—Reasons Why There Can Be No Revolution.

We reviewed briefly last week a translation of a book by Hugo Ganz, a Viennese journalist, entitled "The Land of Riddles: Russia of To-Day." In view of the disturbance in the Czar's kingdom, some further extracts from the book may, however, be not uninteresting.

It is curious to note, to begin with, that the rigid censorship supposed to exist, was not discovered at all by Herr Ganz. He says:

Here I would state that I did not experience the slightest annoyance throughout my entire journey. I was not subjected to police surveillance, nor did I notice in my meagre correspondence the least trace of police interference.

Warsaw is now the seat of riot and bloodshed, and in view of it, it is interesting to read this writer's description of the relations between Russian officials and the Polish people of the upper class. We quote:

They remain separate like oil and water. The Russian, even though he is the master, is of no consequence here. It is only necessary to observe for the space of an hour from some corner of the elegant dining-room of Hotel Bristol the behavior of the Polish society and the complete isolation of the Russian officers or officials; it is only necessary to be able to distinguish the groups from one another—the Baltic nobility with their almost bourgeois families, merchants from all the principal countries, Russian functionaries and Polish society—and it will at once become clear who is at home here, firmly rooted to the soil, so that all others become strangers and intruders; it is the Poles and the Poles alone.

Warsaw also is now held by some to be a possible centre of successful revolution. On this point we quote:

I have no faith in a Polish kingdom. There may be a Polish revolution to-morrow, perhaps, when the Russians shall meet defeat in Eastern Asia, as the Russian patriots hope, but a Polish kingdom there will never be. It is quite apparent how the influence of the times is changing the entire social structure of the people. No nation can maintain itself without a middle class, and Poland still has no middle class. The material for such a class, the strong Jewish population, has been so ground down that a half-century would not be sufficient for its restoration, and the Russian régime of to-day is disposed to anything rather than to the uplifting and the education of the Polish Jewry.

To those who think everything in Russia dirty, bad, and squalid, this passage about the Russian railways will come as a surprise:

A hymn of praise to the Russian railway! The Russian tracks begin at Warsaw to have a considerably broader bed. This is for a strategic purpose, to render difficult the invasion of European armies. It is also a benefit to the traveler, for the Russian coaches are wider and more comfortable than the European, and the side-passages along the coupé are very convenient for little walks during the journey. A separate heating compartment and buffet, with the indispensable samovar, where one may secure a glass of tea at any time, are situated in the centre of the long car. The trains do not jolt, although they are almost as fast as ours. The smoke and soot do not drive through the tightly closed double windows. A twenty-four-hour trip here tires one less than a six-hour trip with us. Certainly there is more need of preparation for a comfortable journey in Russia than in the West. The distances are immense, a twenty-four-hour journey creating no comments.

One interesting chapter Herr Ganz devotes to a great artist, Ilga Ryeplin, who, however, is almost unknown outside Russia. Ganz says that this artist is by no means a servile court-painter, and adds:

His so-called nihilist pictures, reproduction of which has been prohibited by the police, are for the most part in the possession of grand dukes, and, notwithstanding his undigested opinions, he was intrusted with the painting of the imperial council representing the Czar in the midst of his councillors. The Czars have always been more liberal than their administrators. Nicholas the First prized Gogol's "Revizor" above all else, and Nicholas the Second is the greatest admirer of Tolstoy.

One of Ryeplin's most famous pictures is called "Barge-Towers," and Ganz says of it:

Where is the action of twelve men wearily plodding onward, drawing with rhythmic step the boat against the stream, seized more forcibly, more suggestively than in this plaintive song of the Russian people's soul? It is but necessary to look at the feet of these twelve wretched toilers to realize with wonder the characterization, the full measure of which is given only to genius. How they strain against the ground and almost dig into the rock! How the bodies are bent forward in the broad belt that holds the tow-line! What an old, sad melody is this to which these barefooted men keep step as they struggle up along the stream! In all his barefoot stories of the ancient sorrow of the steppe children, Gorky has not painted with greater insight. A sorrowful picture for all its sunshine, and the more sorrowful because no tendency is made evident. It means seeing, seeing with the eyes and with the heart, and, therefore, it is art.

All the world is asking if there will be revo-

lution in Russia, and therefore the opinion expressed by a Russian prince—a man, says Ganz, "of European repute and unparalleled authority," is especially pertinent:

But do not deceive yourself. There is no revolution with us. Our country is too thinly populated. Let us say that ten, fifty, or one hundred thousand inspired intellectuals would willingly sacrifice themselves if they could help us thereby; how many Cossacks and gendarmes would there be for each revolutionist when we are spending millions to maintain an army against the nations? There is only one revolution that can be really dangerous, and I will not assert that such a revolution could not break out if the present war should end disastrously. That would be a peasant revolution, directed, not against the régime itself, but against all property-owning and educated persons; it would begin by all of us being killed and thrown into the river. And the odds would be a hundred to one then that the police would not be actively against this revolution, but secretly would be for it, in order to rid themselves quickly and surely of their real antagonist, the educated classes.

In conclusion we quote an illuminating passage from an interview with a Russian statesman, dissatisfied with the workings of the bureaucracy, of which he is a part, who said:

"The Czar is living behind a Wall of China. He has never visited a *duma* (city council), never a *zemstvo* (district council), never a village, never an industrial centre. He is kept by the camarilla in constant dread, and is so closely watched that he sees not a finger's breadth of heaven, much less of earth. He rejoices when an occasional quarrel breaks out among the ministers, for he then has the opportunity to learn here and there a fragment of truth."

"And does no one succeed in representing to him conditions as they are?"

"I will make a confession to you. Not very long ago I myself prepared a paper, not bearing my name—that would have offered certain difficulties—but anonymous, and had it transmitted to the Czar by a trustworthy person. For eight days there was great joy at the court. The emperor and the empress were delighted to know where the trouble lay and how it was to be remedied. The whole matter, as it were, vanished and was forgotten."

"Then that already is pathological."

"A shrug of the shoulders was his answer. Above all things there is the great anxiety and fear at the responsibility. There is also a weakness on account of conscientious scruples. The emperor knows nothing thoroughly enough to enable him to overcome the arguments of a skilled sophist, and he is too indulgent to say to one of his counsellors, 'Sir, you are a cheat.' He hears in the reports only praise of somebody, never any censure. For he has a great dread of intrigue, and not without good reason. The atmosphere is a fearful one in the vicinity of every autocrat. The Czar is pathetically well-meaning, and is modesty itself, but he is not the autocrat for an autocracy, who must be equal to his task."

Further on in the interview, this statesman, being asked how it would all end, replied:

"The terror from above will awaken the terror from below, peasant revolts will break out—even now the police must be augmented in the interior—and assassination will increase."

"And is there no possibility of organizing the revolution so that it shall not rage senselessly?"

"Impossible. Our rural nobleman is, to be sure, not a junker; but the strength of the régime consists in the exclusion of any understanding between the land-owners and the peasants because of the social and intellectual chasm between them."

"Your excellency, I remember a saying of Strousberg's, who was a good business man. 'There is nowhere a hole where there once was land.' One learns to doubt that here in Russia. There is not one with whom I have spoken who would fail to paint the future of this country in the darkest colors. Can there be no change of the fatal policy that is ruining the country?"

"Not before a great general catastrophe. When we shall be compelled, for the first time, partly to repudiate our debts—and that may happen sooner than we now believe—on that day, being no longer able to pay our debts with new ones—for we shall no longer be able to conceal our internal bankruptcy from foreign countries and from the emperor—steps will be taken, perhaps, toward a general convention. No sooner."

It will be seen that many passages in this most recent of books on Russia tend to confirm the opinion previously supported in these columns, that there can be no real revolution in Russia.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.00.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
3. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
4. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
5. "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.

2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
4. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
5. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "Abhess of Vlaye," by Stanley Weyman.
4. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.
5. "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Melba's First Concert.

Next Tuesday night at the Alhambra Theatre, Mme. Melba and her company will give the first of two concerts to be offered in San Francisco, and it will also be the first of the entire group of three allotted to California, the other to be given in Los Angeles. The advance sale for this concert, as well as for the one on Saturday afternoon, February 11th, is very large. Melba has not been heard in San Francisco in five years. Charles A. Ellis, who is directing Melba's tour, is sending with her a group of artists, among whom will be Sassoli, the harpist; Van Hoose, tenor; Glibert, the baritone; Llewela Davies, pianist; and Mr. North, flautist. Paul Steindorf has been specially engaged to direct the orchestra. Seats for the concert are \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.00. The programme for Tuesday night is as follows:

Orchestra, "Rienzi," Wagner; songs (a) "Plaisir d'Amour," Martini, (b) "Jeunes Fillettes," Wekerli (old songs of the eighteenth century), M. Glibert; the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti, Mme. Melba (flute obligato, Mr. North); "Nordische Ballade" for harp, Poenitz, Signorina Sassoli; aria, "Celeste Aida," Verdi, Mr. Van Hoose; "Ah Fors e' lui" ("Traviata"), Verdi; "Malgré Moi," Pfeiffer, M. Glibert; "Danse des Sylphes," Godeffroy, Signorina Sassoli; valse, "Se saran Rose," Arditi, Mme. Melba; orchestra, ballet music, "Feramors," Rubinstein.

The second concert will include selections from Von Weber, Rubenstein, Handel, Poenitz, Thomas, Pfeiffer, Hasselmanns, Gounod, and Liszt.

De Pachmann's Farewell Concert.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the pianist, will give his farewell concert at Lyric Hall tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at half-past two. The success of this artist at his previous concerts was such that a large audience will undoubtedly be present. The programme includes Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, numbers by Schumann, Liszt, and Weber, besides a group of Chopin numbers—and no one plays Chopin like De Pachmann. The prices will be \$1.50 and \$1.00, and seats can be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Sunday, when they will be on sale at the box-office at Lyric Hall.

The Creatore Band.

Creatore and his Italian hand give their final concerts at the Alhambra this (Saturday) afternoon and night and Sunday afternoon and night. The programme on Saturday night will be devoted to the Italian masters, while Sunday will be a popular farewell programme. The matinee programmes will also be attractive, and children will be given good seats at the low rate of twenty-five cents. Young folks enjoy this class of music, and it certainly is of great benefit to them to hear the works of the best composers played by a good hand.

Dolmetsch to Give Extra Concerts.

The success which has attended the Dolmetsch concerts of old music on old instruments has induced Manager Will L. Greenbaum to prolong the season. The Dolmetsches will accordingly give extra concerts next week at Lyric Hall, one of which will be exclusively devoted to the music of Shakespeare.

"Buster Brown," a mixture of farce, comedy, and vaudeville that had as its inspiration Outcault's "Buster Brown" pictures, has been successfully produced in New York.



EYES ITCH, BLUR, SMART or BURN?

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MRS. ATHERTON ON JAMES.

The Reason Why the Novelist Has Now a Boom.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am much interested to read in your last issue that "The Golden Bowl" is in its third edition, but more so to learn that the mystified critics reason that the phenomenon must be due either to an increasing number of literary workers or curiosity about an author of whom so much has lately been written; not, they add, to "any intrinsic element in the work itself." Now, nothing astonishes me more than that Henry James has not a large public for at least two-thirds of all he writes. His marvelous psychology and his unique style might be responsible for the devotion of the fastidious, but it seems to me that the average intelligence should read "The Other House" with as breathless and painful an interest as the most thrilling drama excites in a play-house audience. It is, in fact, a drama cast in narrative form, and if Mr. James were a foreigner it would have been analyzed as exhaustively as Ibsen's "Ghosts." There is a great part in it for a great actress, and one of these days we will have it at a special matinee. But aside from its greatness as a drama, I want to insist upon its absorbing interest as a story. Then there is "What Maisie Knew," a novel of profound human interest, and full of fascinating incident. Who that has known Maisie, poor little soul, can ever forget her? For my part, I never cross the English Channel that I do not picture her there, half way between the two inhospitable coasts where her conscienceless parent—I mean Mr. James—left her. "The Turning of the Screw" is the most horrible, the most powerful, and the most artistic ghost story in any language; and "The Way it Came," a variation on the same supernatural theme, is all exquisite. "The Wings of the Dove" and "The Sacred Fount" I could exist without, but where in modern literature is there a more dramatic, a more human, a more various, a more breathlessly interesting novel than "The Ambassadors"? The first two or three chapters are stiff reading, I admit, but from the moment the story moves over to Paris, it is one of the most enthralling tales ever written. And when to this great gift for the story is added one of the best intellects of the age, an unrivaled knowledge of the world, a style that piques with its elusiveness, and flatters with its perfections, and an absolute originality, what more in heaven's name would one ask of a novelist? And in his earlier books—"The Americans," "The European," "The Portrait of a Lady," "Roderick Hudson," "Daisy Miller"—he is simplicity itself; although not to my mind so interesting as in his later work.

And yet for some years past he has not been on the popular list. For had taste on the part of the public—even of the large intelligent public—I do not pretend to account, but I think I can explain the popularity that now threatens him for the second time. During the last ten years or so there has been a flourishing crop of Henry James disciples, both here and in England. They have enjoyed a considerable popularity, and the public, in this wise, has not only been educated up to his second manner, but has finally discovered how much better he is than any of his imitators. Mrs. Wharton, for instance, charmingly as she writes and thinks, and fine and penetrating as is much of her analysis, has neither objectivity nor background. Her stories are hung up in the air, and her people mentalities whose names one immediately forgets. But Henry James, no matter how hard he tries, can not suppress his great gift of objectivity; he may whimsically attempt to smother a character in words and the character lives and breathes as vigorously as a woman under a veil on a windy day. They remain with you forever, these people of his, types sometimes terrible in their distinctness, as in "The Ambassadors" and "The Other House." And no one is so rich in background, in perspective, in the filling in of every crevice—so thick; I use this word because the prevailing characteristic of American literature is thinness, and in no writers is thinness so accentuated as in the disciples of Henry James. He is a great master, and they have taken what he can teach, but the perturbations I have mentioned are as unceasing as his charm—a fascination, not so much of manner as of mental personality that magnetizes even where the subject fails to interest.

His "boom" has come at the right moment. Not only has the public been carefully prepared—however, unwittingly—to reappraise him, but psychology is once more the fashion, and no man so artfully combines psychological analysis with the great gift of the story-teller as Henry James.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Simple Life" has reached Paris via New York. Mr. Wagner's following in France, large as it was, had been previous to his visit to America chiefly among the working people. The exquisite Parisians are inclined to criticize the pastor's lack of polish they require in a literary man and to disregard the message he expressed in such

a straightforward, vigorous manner. His success in America has opened the eyes of the boulevardier, and "La Vie Simple" is the cry. Oddly enough, the effect is most perceptible in the restaurants, and the proprietors complain that the good customers who used to order a dozen courses for a meal now sit quietly in a corner and order a glass of milk.

A practical guide to the formation of business corporations under the laws of every State, entitled "The Incorporation and Organization of Corporations," is published by Little, Brown & Co.

A notable sale has just been arranged privately at the Sothebys, London. Five ancient manuscripts, ranging in date from the sixth to the eleventh centuries, have passed into the hands of an unknown buyer for the sum of \$100,000. The most important of the volumes is an Evangelarium of the sixth century. Their value is due chiefly to the elaborate metal bindings, with ornamented enamels and bas-reliefs of precious stones. In the early sixties these manuscripts were bought by the present seller for \$3,150.

The Macmillan Company issues a little pamphlet called "Notes for the Guidance of Authors," which is intended primarily for writers publishing, or intending to publish with them, but which will be useful for other novitiates as well. It contains good advice about the preparation of manuscripts, correcting of proof, etc.; and the preface gives a brief history of the firm.

Disraeli's unfinished novel of English society will be published in three installments, appearing in the New York Times of January 22d, January 29th, and February 5th. Although incomplete, the tale proceeds far enough, in the twelve chapters left by the author in manuscript, clearly to reveal to the reader that humorously contemptuous view of London society which Disraeli affected in all his novels. It is evident that the "hit" of the book, had he completed it, would have been the character readily identified as Mr. Gladstone, who, under the name of "Joseph Toplady Falconet," is mercilessly satirized. The story is copyrighted in this country by the Times, and will not be published in book-form for three years. The Times paid one dollar a word for the story.

Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," has been working on a play—her first—which is quaintly named "The Dictionary." It was finished about three months ago, when its author decided to take a leaf out of Justin Huntly McCarthy's book and make a novel of it as well. Accordingly, she set to work, and hopes now to have the romance ready for publication in the spring. The play will be seen later.

Jules Verne has written almost a hundred books. His latest story is called "Le Voyage Extraordinaire," and the vehicle described in it, in which the "voyage" is made, combines the qualities of an electrical ship, an automobile, a flying machine, and a submarine boat. This charming machine is adapted for use on sea, on land, or in the air, and it can be made to move at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour!

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that arrangements have been made with Berger, Levraut et Cie, of Paris, to bring out in France "Japanese Physical Training" and other volumes by H. Irving Hancock; also that a French translation is to appear in France of Anna Katharine Green's "That Affair Next Door."

Among the earliest of American novels was "A Short Account of the Courtship of Alonzo and Melissa." It was written by Daniel Jackson, Jr., and published at Plattsburg, N. Y., early in the year 1811. This novel was written by Jackson in 1809-10, and in his twentieth year. The publication of editions ran from 1811 to 1876, exceeding in length of life any American novel ever published. It was published in Boston, in Hartford, in Philadelphia, in Brattleborough, in Cincinnati, and many other places. No American novel of its time ever had such duration of life, and nothing like such a sale, continuous for two-thirds of a century. There were certainly editions in 1811, 1824, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1836, 1839, 1842, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1853, 1864, 1879, and probably in other years. One investigator of the subject believes that for nearly a quarter of a century a new edition appeared practically every year.

How Deserts Will Be Redeemed.

Some fine articles on redeeming arid lands are given in February Sunset Magazine. Governor Pardee, Alex. McAdie, of the Weather Bureau, and E. A. Sterling, of the Bureau of Forestry, discuss the great question in a most forcible way. A. E. Chandler, State engineer of Nevada, tells of the work being done in the Sagebrush State, his article being illustrated by several new photographs. "Voyaging from the Golden Gate" is an interesting article by M. L. Wakeman-Curtis, with fine pictures of the Far East; "When We Fought Chief Fingert," by J. W. Redington, gives some thrilling Indian history; "Save the Old Names," by Zoeth S. Eldredge, is a strong plea for the preservation of early California nomenclature. There are several bright stories and poems and beautiful illustrations throughout.

OLD FAVORITES.

VANCOUVER, B. C., January 20, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have just finished reading an appreciative and extremely well-written criticism of Edward Rowland Sill and his poems in your issue of January 16th, and I am writing to ask you if you will follow this up and oblige some of Mr. Sill's admirers here by printing in an early issue one of his best-known and best-liked poems, "The Fool's Prayer." I have tried unsuccessfully for years to get a copy of Sill's poems. The book-sellers here and in Seattle seem unable to get it for me. Yet I remember seeing a small volume of his verses in the East a decade since. Yours truly, A SUBSCRIBER.

The Fool's Prayer.

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought out some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—Edward Rowland Sill.

Five Lives.

Five mites of monads dwelt in a round drop
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun,
To the naked eye they lived invisible;
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage;
And, shrinking all his mind within, he thought:
"Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,
Tells that our globe, this quivering crystal
world,
Is slowly dying. What if, seconds hence,
When I am very old, you shimmering dome
Come drawing down and down, till all things
end?"

Then with a weazen smirk he proudly felt
No other mote of God had ever gained
Such giant grasp of universal truth.
One was a transcendental monad; thin
And long and slim in the mind; and thus he
mused:

"Oh, vast, unfathomable monad-souls!
Made in the image"—a hoarse frog croaks from
the pool—
"Hark! 'twas some god, voicing his glorious
thought
In thunder music! Yea, we hear their voice,
And we may guess their minds from ours; their
work.
Some taste they have like ours, some tendency
To wrangle about, and munch a trace of seum."
He floated up on a pin-point bubble of gas
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was
gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called
A positivist; and he knew positively:
"There is no world beyond this certain drop.
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams, and noises from without,
And higher and lower; life is life enough."
Then swaggering half a hair's breadth, hungrily
He seized upon an atom of hug, and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet;
And with shrill voice ecstatic thus he sang:
"Oh, the little female monad's lips!
Oh, the little female monad's eyes!
Ah, the little, little, female, female monad!"
The last was a strong-minded monadess.
Who dashed amid the infusoria,
Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see,
But while they led their wondrous little lives
Aonian moments had gone wheeling by.
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful
speed;

A glistening film—'twas gone; the leaf was dry.
The little ghost of an inaudible squeak
Was lost to the frog that goggled from his
stone;

Who, at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox
Coming to drink, stirred sideways fatly, plunged,
Launched backward twice, and all the pool was
still.—Edward Rowland Sill.

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THE BOOKS CALIFORNIANS LIKE BEST.

ocal Writers and Representative Men Name the Books, Read in 1904, That Gave Them Most Pleasure.

Continuing the symposium, the Argonaut presents herewith the answers of Californians to the question: What two books that you read in 1904 proved most interesting and pleasurable?

Joaquin Miller writes: My DEAR ARGONAUT: I am not a great reader of books now. I have been the past year rather reading sermons in stones; stone walls—such great, long, strong stone walls! on should see. But the two books of the year I have read, Jack London's "Call of the Wild"—third reading—and Miss Rives's "Castaway"—Byron—are to my mind bravest and best. They are so very, very true. And truth is the highest and purest type of poetry.

Ashton Stevens writes: Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" and W. L. Thackeray's "The Virginians" are the two books that proved most interesting and pleasurable to me in 1904.

Twain, I think, is our first man of letters. "Huck" is his masterpiece; but before writing about "Huck" one should have read about fifty times. I read it for about the thirty-fifth time last October, and am just ready for another round.

"The Virginians" I read, for, say, the twentieth time during the holidays of '04. I am beginning to suspect that the last half of this delightful fiction is a bit long-drawn. Time will tell me.

I take these books, as some people take the Argonaut, year in and year out. They are so human that I feel personally related to them. And they are so "dramatization-proof" that once I am into them, the business of my nights is far, far away.

Samuel Travers Clover, editor of the Los Angeles Express, replies:

Prompted perhaps by the coming exhibition in Portland, in the Lewis and Clark centennial celebration, I began re-reading "Asiria" and "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville" two or three months ago, and found myself no whit less fascinated than when I first devoured them as a lad. What a contrast, these records of pioneer settlement on the Coast and of the remarkable adventures in crossing the virgin continent to the lush-mush-gush of alleged historical novels perpetrated of late years! All the vigor and graphic power of Washington Irving at his best are concentrated in these two documents. I read every lad, especially, as well as every lult on the Pacific Coast, should know them intimately. I can truthfully say that of all the books I have read in the last twelvemonth ev appealed to me with the greatest force. Of contemporaneous fiction, Jack London's "Sea-Wolf" impressed me as a strong but lovely piece of literature, whose chief character one wants to forget as one shakes off a hideous nightmare in the welcoming daylight. Several delightful essayists have given me much pleasure in the last year, notably Vander Mathews's "Recreations of an Anologist," Agnes Repplier's "Compromises," and John Burroughs's "Far and Near."

Unfortunately for my appetite, my newspaper work is so exacting, I find the days all too occupied and the nights all too short to read fat my desire for reading, but because of this lack I have enjoyed the more keenly that I have had time to assimilate.

Clarence Army replies: In answer to your question of January 6th, take pleasure in stating that the two books ad during 1904 proving most interesting and casurable were The Bible and "David Copperfield," the latter being re-read for the third ne.

Nellie Blessing-Eyster answers: In response to your query, which I received only last night, I reply that of a few oaks read through the past year carefully, e two which have given me the most profit id keenest pleasure are "My Study Fire," Hamilton Wright Mabie, and "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," by Thomson Jay udson, Ph. D. Each has stirred into strange vividness the orld within, and though they differ, as do e and water, in their practical application, ey have greatly enriched me.

Secretary of State Charles F. Curry replies: In reply to your inquiry as to the two books at I have read during the past year that oved of most pleasure and interest to me, ill state that the book that afforded me the ost pleasure was S. G. Goodrich's "Recollections of a Life-Time." This is one of the best istorical, biographical, anecdotal, and de-riptive accounts of the men, manners, orals, habits, and conditions of the people e United States, more particularly of ew England, and of Great Britain and rance, and more particularly of London and aris, during the first half of the last century at I have ever read. The book of most interest was the "Histry of the Standard Oil Company," by Ida . Tarbell. While I consider Miss Tarbell e, to a certain extent, prejudiced, I be-ieve her history of the Standard Oil Company e one of the books of the past year.

Miss Gertrude Dix's letter runs: I have much pleasure in according to your quest to let you know the two books which ve proved most interesting and pleasurable e during 1904. They were Dumas's "Clothilde de Trèves" a marvelous, jeweled romance, never stray- ing from the limits of possibility, and "The irect Way," by Edward Maitland and Anna ingsford—a book which points to the logical id scientific goal for which the world-wide

revolution in religious thought is now pre-paring.

Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn replies: Among the books I read in 1904 the following have been the most educational and suggestive: "In the Uttermost East," by Charles H. Hawes, an account of travel and invest-igation among the natives and convicts of the Island of Sakhalin, Siberia; and "Eugenics," by Francis Galton, D. C. I. Sc. D., F. R. S., an introduction to the science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race.

John P. Irish replies: The most useful and interesting books that I read during the last year were Dr. Jordan's "The Blood of the Nation" and Wagner's "The Simple Life." They tend toward sound and wholesome national and personal ideals.

Mrs. Fremont Older answers as follows: I should have answered yours of the twenty-fifth sooner, but it just reached me. The books that gave me most pleasure during 1904 were "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw, and "La Cousine Bette," by Balzac.

Two others who reply briefly are Supreme Judge T. B. McFarland, who names "Sartor Resartus," and Professor G. H. Howison's "The Limits of Evolution and Other Essays"; and U. S. Grant, Jr., who names "The Octopus" and "Stillman Gott."

Wilde's "De Profundis." The New York Times has somehow secured information about "De Profundis," written in prison by Oscar Wilde and soon to be published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and prints a long account of it, with extracts, from which the following quotation is made:

As might naturally be supposed, in view of the character of Wilde as a man, but no less on account of his character as a man of letters, the manuscript has passed through the hands of judges in matters of literature who have been able to dissociate the author from the man. They have unanimously advised its publication. The theme that the author takes is somewhat paradoxical and daring. It is "Christ: The Spirit of the Romantic." This is developed in such a manner as to impress the reader with the idea that a human document is before one intended as a confession of repentance and of belief after sin and tribulation. Those who can not, for certain reasons, accept the sincerity of the writer, will hardly deny the literary quality of "De Profundis" and the success of the illusion produced. To them the poseur will be apparent—with tongue in cheek. All may recognize the philosophy of his art as well as the cry of his solitude.

The manuscript which came to the author's literary executor directly from the hands of the governor of Reading Gaol, begins somewhat abruptly, with an attempt to reveal how a prisoner's feelings become more composed under the influence of narrow, confined life. Wilde goes on to show how, having railed against the idea of the Christian God as a God of Love, on account of the suffering and wrong which he saw in the world, he has come to understand the intrinsic truthfulness of the God-of-Love ideal and the need of suffering even punishment, for the completion of the individual "ego" in each man. And he writes:

"Now that I realize that it is in me to see quite clearly what I have got to do, what, in fact, I must do, and when I use such a phrase as that, I need not say that I am not alluding to any external sanction or command. I admit none. I am far more of an individualist than I ever was. Nothing seems to me of the smallest value, except what one gets out of one's self. My nature is seeking a fresh mode of self-realization. That is all I am concerned with.

"And the first thing that I have got to do is to free myself from any possible bitterness of feeling against the world. I am completely penniless and absolutely homeless. Yet there are worse things in the world than that.

"I am quite candid when I say that rather than go out from this prison with bitterness in my heart against the world I would gladly and readily beg my bread from door to door. If I get nothing from the house of the rich I would get something at the house of the poor. Those who have much are often greedy. Those who have little always share. I would not a bit mind sleeping in the cool grass in summer, and when winter came on sheltering myself by the warm close-thatched rick, or under the penthouse of a great barn, provided I had love in my heart.

"Had I not a friend left in the world, were there not a single house open to me even in pity; had I to accept the wallet and ragged cloak of sheer penury, as long as I am free from all resentment, hardness, and scorn, I would be able to face life with much more calm and confidence that I would, were my body in purple and fine linen, and the soul within sick with hate. And I really shall have no difficulty.

"I now see that sorrow, being the supreme emotion of which man is capable, is at once the type and test of all great art. What the artist is always looking for is that mode of existence in which soul and body are one and indivisible. . . . Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament. . . . But behind sorrow there is always sorrow. It is no echo—that is, truth in art is no echo—it is the unity of a thing with itself. . . . For this reason there is no truth comparable to sorrow. . . . The secret of life is suffering."

Wilde once told a certain lady that the least pain "completely marred the whole face of creation." Of which remark he says: "I was entirely wrong. She told me so, but I could not believe her. . . . Now it seems to me that love of some kind is the only

possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world. . . . If the worlds have, indeed, as I have said, been built of sorrow, it has been built by the hands of love, because in no other way could the soul of man, for whom the worlds are made, reach the full stature of its perfection. . . . "I have said to you that to speak the truth is a painful thing. To be forced to tell lies is much worse. . . . I remember as I was sitting in the dock. . . . listening to Lockwood's appalling denunciation of me. . . . Suddenly it occurred to me, 'How splendid it would be if I was saying all this about myself.' I saw then at once that what is said of a man is nothing. The point is, who says it. A man's very highest moment is, I have no doubt at all, when he kneels in the dust and beats his breast and tells all the sins of his life."

The last paragraph in the book is: "Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but nature, whose sweet rain falls on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rock where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole."

Miss Mary Findlater and Miss Jane Findlater, co-authors of "The Affair at the Inn," are in this country from Scotland on a visit to Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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There are two distinct attitudes which the spectators of an amateur performance fall into, according to circumstances and their point of view. One is to praise indiscriminately and rave to order over the histrionic achievements of their friends. The other is either to damn with faint praise, or to dismiss the whole thing as amateurish, and therefore utterly outside the pale of intelligent judgment. The wind, however, was quite taken out of such severe critics' sails by the recent performance of "The Liars," which was done by a group of talented amateurs. We are not wont to be favorably affected by the performances of amateurs, who generally, after a fortnight's preparation, rush lightly in where professionals fear to tread. Acting can not be done by inspiration only, and the work of even highly talented amateurs often suffers from the lack of systematic study. But the performance of the players mentioned was quite striking, in its careful finish. It lacked, of course, the high polish that characterizes the acting of a first-class company, but it was many times more interesting than numerous performances that we have seen in San Francisco, even at our one first-class theatre.

True, the amateurs in question selected a play that was calculated to show them most at their ease. If they had chosen, let us say, "Magda" or "Mrs. Dane's Defense"—plays in which the leading characters must attain to an exalted pitch of emotional excitement—they might have invoked calamity. And yet we must not forget that the lover-in-chief in "The Liars" is desperately hard hit, and doesn't care who knows it. With him, it is "all for love, and the world well lost."

"The Liars," one of the most brilliant of Henry Arthur Jones's comedies, is a play in which a group of people are very much in earnest in their concerted attempt to save a woman's imperiled reputation. One of the greatest difficulties in the kind of acting that aims to convince is to succeed in appearing thoroughly and self-forgetfully in earnest. Another—for the tyro—is to appear to be deaf, blind, and dumb to that fluttering mass of people in front who are intent upon his least word and action; who are quick to respond to his charm, and lightning to criticize his defects. And these effects were gained in "The Liars." Nobody needed to make excuses. The spectator who was not hampered by a too-intimate acquaintance with the players was able to surrender himself to the illusion of the theatre, and to the intelligent enjoyment of a brilliant and well-acted play. The performers apparently were thoroughly at ease. There were no visible agitations, no slips, none of the breathless, unpropitious haste of inexperience. The most potent evidence of the work being non-professional was the absence of that perfect vocal poise which the actor attains by experience. Occasionally a voice was lowered to the inaudible point. Sometimes the head tones broke loose a little. The ladies had not, like actresses, made a life study of bringing out their best points by stage make-up and the pose that is born of close calculation, and possibly lost, rather than gained, in beauty. But the performance was unquestionably clever, interesting, and thorough.

Miss Jolliffe is a semi-professional, having had a brief experience on the stage. Miss Eleanor Haber, I believe, makes a specialty of elocution. The others are said to be amateurs, who play for the love of it. Few things in the line of art can be well done without a sense of enjoyment on the part of the artist. Doubtless these people love this kind of work which forms their diversion, and they worked very hard to make the affair a success; a fact which cut a very large part in the merit of it.

Then, too, people who are accustomed to the life of the gay world are merely slipping into more or less familiar channels when they attempt to impersonate a group living under similar conditions. Who has not at times suffered, suffered deeply, during performances at cheap theatres when horny-handed sons of the soil and toil who have shed their more prosaic occupations and taken up play-acting, have striven with heavy-handed zeal to impersonate the gay butterflies of society?

There is a very large cast to "The Liars," and a number of important rôles. Too many people did extremely well for the honors to fall to one. The ladies all seemed to settle into their rôles, with the ease of veterans, and the scenes of social amenities, the exchange of pin-stubs with Mrs. Crespin, the winning over of Archibald Coke to the side of

the conspirators, the hatching of the conspiracy itself, and the grand break-down of the carefully constructed fabric of friendly lies, all gave pleasure by the lightness and spontaneity with which they were given.

The male characters in the play take things rather more seriously than the women, and the actors, in consequence, are called on to do the heavier work. Dr. Shiels's Sir Christopher was excellent. Not a point was lost in the urgent eloquence of the good fellow who was engaged in the thankless task of trying to save a friend from his folly. And Mr. Lowndes's Edward Falkner—no easy rôle—was surprising in the abandon with which the reckless ardor of the lover was expressed. Mr. Smith's Frederick Tatton was also a bit of comedy with which a professional would have cause to be well satisfied. In spite of a steady ripple of laughter which followed each of the crushed Freddie's utterances, it was agreeably characterized by an absence of that over-unction which comedians of the second rank are so often tempted into by the appreciation of their audience; a mannerism from which the comparative inexperience of amateurs fortunately saves them.

Mr. Spencer gave the incensed husband of Lady Jessica to the life, and Mr. Ford's Archibald Coke, a specimen of the choleric but harmless type of husband, was equally realistic. Mr. Williamson's waiter was a classic, and Miss Olga Atherton gave just the correct shade of emphasis to the demurely worded warning of the maid.

To the outsider the success with which this undertaking was carried through was suggestive and very interesting; and interesting also an endeavor to locate the essential difference between a performance of this kind, and one by professionals of the first rank. I think the most elusive shade of difference lay in the absence of that high glaze of finish which only players of the first rank can bring to perfection, and which serves to lend absolute reality to the performance. And part of it consists in impressing upon the looker-on the personal fascination of players whose professional career makes it both a duty and a pleasure to cultivate to the very highest degree those graces both of manner and appearance which can most effectively exert their influence across the footlights.

There was a dreadful possibility at one time that Weber and Fields had snatched Willie Collier from us for good. Let us be thankful, therefore, that his comparative ineffectiveness on the vaudeville stage has reserved him for greater successes in farce comedy; for a talent of his kind goes to make an American holiday. It is a talent that is difficult to describe, impossible to analyze. Mr. Collier seldom raises his voice, almost never smiles, always preserves an unmoved gravity. He does not at all depend upon grotesque make-up, being generally attired with the utmost correctness in clothes of unimpeachable cut and style. Humor is an incomprehensible quantity. It escapes when you strain to reach it. Mr. Collier does not strain at all, but his lightest utterance is pregnant with it. And his humor is of the kind that, instead of evaporating with the moment, excites retrospective laughter. Whosoever recalls the sudden fall which Brooke Travers's complacency suffered when he addressed the president of San Manana as "Señorita" will no doubt prove the truth of this. Mr. Collier's features immediately crumpled themselves up into that look of deep self-disgust with which a man at some inauspicious moment—say in the full flight of successful oratory—unexpectedly impales himself upon a carpet tack.

"The Dictator" is a sort of farce comedy. It is very amusing, and has many a neat jokelet upon which Mr. Collier may employ his ability in sending the humor away up above par. "The Dictator" is nothing like as good as Augustus Thomas's "On the

Quiet," but it is quite clever and sparkling enough to prove that Richard Harding Davis can now write his own plays. True, there are one or two reversions to effects employed in "Soldiers of Fortune," but the action is continuously funny, and the Davis sentimentality, which in plays is of rather a clogging tendency, is, for the nonce, in absolute retirement.

There are plenty of girls and love-making in the piece, but no really serious note is struck. Louise Allen has a very good rôle, and very cleverly and amusingly depicts the torrid-tempered *sciora* who goes through a dagger play with her fan, and dispenses liberal promises of knife thrusts to all who brook her will.

There is a very good company of male players. Except for the rôle of the *sciora*, no great demand is made upon female talent. Mr. Jackson's panicky valet, the robust consul of George Nash, and John Barrymore's telegraph operator, are all particularly deft bits of work in their blending of realism with the farcical spirit. And farce though it is, there is really atmosphere in the piece; the atmosphere that is born of Mr. Davis's acquaintance with the South American country, where revolutions vie with the equatorial rainstorms in violence and brevity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Scarcity of American Dramas.

Blanche Bates tells a New York *Globe* writer that since July she and her mother have read through exactly forty-three plays. There were plenty of others submitted, the utter hopelessness of which were revealed in the first few pages. The forty-three plays read were divided as follows: Twelve translations from the French, six translations from the German, two translations from the Danish, five translations from the Spanish, four translations from the Italian, one dramatization of Scott's "The Lady of the Lake," three dramatizations of old novels, seven dramatizations of new novels, one original American comedietta, one original American comedy, and one original American drama.

Of the twelve translations from the French, seven were avowedly so, the other five were carefully laundered and done over, but easily recognizable. The six translations from the German were all bad. One of the Danish translations was cleverly written, but too talky and utterly lacking in situations. Of the five Spanish translations, one evidenced strong dramatic talent in parts, but was technically impossible of production. The four Italian pieces were cruel. The dramatizations of new novels were done by girls—and evidently by very young girls.

Miss Bates states very plainly what she wants in the way of a play: "I want a play in which the leading character is a typical Western American woman—an out-of-door woman, with red blood in her veins, a strong pulse in her wrist, and a heart the size of the country whence she hails. Then I want this woman placed in situations where her moral and physical strength will be tried to the utmost, and triumph. I want a Western part, because I believe that the genuine American spirit is strongest in the Far West."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Grand Opera at the Columbia.

Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company begins its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, February 27th. This organization has recently closed its annual season in New York, and is now coming to the Pacific Coast for the first time. The repertoire of the company this season includes Verdi's "Othello" and "Il Trovatore," Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," Bizet's "Carmen," Puccini's "La Bohème," Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Farce at the Alcazar.

"Are You a Mason?" will be given its first presentation by a stock company at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday evening. The piece deals with the matrimonial deceptions of a pair who use the obligations of the Masonic lodge as an excuse for staying out nights, and is said to be full of hilariously funny situations. John Craig and John Maher will have the leading male rôles. Harry Hilliard will appear as a dressmaker, and Harry Mestayer as an architect. The cast will also include Ruth Allen, Mary Young, Laura Adams, and Elizabeth Woodson. Next Thursday afternoon Ibsen's "Ghosts" will be produced, with Lillian Lawrence as Mrs. Alving and Harry Mestayer as Oswald. February 13th, "The Middleman" will be put on. "Old Heidelberg" will soon be revived.

"Mother Goose" at the Grand Opera House.

The production of the Drury Lane spectacle, "Mother Goose," which will be seen at the Grand Opera House next Monday night, is exactly similar to that which was seen in New York at the New Amsterdam Theatre, with the added effect of the aerial ballet troupe known as the "Grigolatis," which consists of the flight of the première of the troupe from the centre of the stage, over the heads of the audience, clear to the gallery rail and return, all the while scattering natural flowers to the audience below. "Mother Goose" is staged in three acts and seventeen scenes, and is played by principals, chorus, ballets, and auxiliaries numbering four hundred. There are two great ballets presented—"L'Art Nouveau" at the end of the first act, and "The Land of Heartsease" at the finale of the second act. These ballets present three hundred and fifty people in artistically gorgeous costuming, and a troupe of fifty-four beautiful women dancers. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees. During the "Mother Goose" engagement the curtain will rise at eight in the evening and at two o'clock sharp at matinees. To-morrow (Sunday) night the Grand Opera House will be closed in order to allow for the necessary preparations for the opening of "Mother Goose" Monday night.

Another Week of Collier.

Richard Harding Davis's comedy, "The Dictator," with William Collier in the leading rôle, will continue another week at the Columbia Theatre, with its last performance on Sunday night, February 12th. Mr. Collier has in the part of Brooke Travers, who assumes the rôle of a mock dictator and impersonates the American consul at Porto Banos, a rôle that suits his style. The next Columbia Theatre attraction, beginning Monday night, February 13th, will be Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawtucket." Mr. D'Orsay has been seen here before, but this is his first appearance as a star. The engagement will last two weeks. Seats go on sale Thursday.

Two Weeks More of Opera.

The announcement is made that the Tivoli's season of grand opera will be extended for two weeks. As big as the new opera-house is, it has several times proved inadequate to accommodate those who wished to hear the present company. For the first week of the extended season and the fifth week of the company's stay here, the repertoire will be chosen from the operas that have proved the strongest magnets, and which have displayed the artists to the greatest advantage. The arrangement will include "Lucia," "La Traviata," and "The Pearl Fishers," in which Tetravini will appear; the first performance of Giordani's dramatic opera, "André Chenier," and in all probability the performance of "Carmen," with Berlindi in the rôle of the cigarette girl. The orchestra, under the leadership of Polacco and Golsicanni, has proved a great attraction during the present season.

Next Week at the Orpheum.

Bob Cole and Rosamond Johnson, the colored entertainers, will be among the features of the programme at the Orpheum, beginning Sunday afternoon. These men are known as composers of popular songs, and both have had college educations in addition to their musical training. Mr. Johnson is a graduate with honors of the New England Conservatory of Music. Robert H. Hodge and a company of supporting comedians will make their first appearance in San Francisco, presenting a comedieta entitled, "The Troubles of Bill Blitbers, Bachelor." Mr. Hodge as Bill

Blitbers, the old bachelor and woman hater, is said to be very funny. The Quigley Brothers, Boh and George, will also be new to this city, presenting a conversational hour entitled, "A Congressman at Large." Newell and Nihlo, novelty instrumentalists, promise a good specialty. Their chosen instruments are saxophones, xylophones, chimes, and violins. Jack Gardner, professionally known as "Happy," will give an instance of rapid-fire comedy, telling stories and singing parodies. The bold-overs will be the Carter de Haven Sextet: John and Bertha Gleeson, the dancing duo, assisted by Fred Houlihan, the pianist; the Prosper troupe of European acrobats; and the Orpheum motion pictures.

Emma Nevada's Failure in France.

The Amiens, France, correspondent of the London Globe, sends to his paper an interesting account of a recent appearance in that town of Mme. Emma Nevada, well known here, and her total failure in the opera "Lakmé." Before the performance started, and as he was taking his seat, the writer says, a newspaper clipping containing the announcement that Mme. Nevada had left her voice in America, was being passed from hand to hand. Many read it, and it created considerable excitement, especially as its source was unknown. The overture and the opening chorus of the opera were received with applause, then Lakmé appeared at the temple door. "There was a dead silence in the auditorium," says the correspondent. "She began to sing. The silence was broken by an aggressive hurst of laughter. She reached her B-flat, it is true, but her voice was like the scraping of steel along a rusty surface: like a fiddle in the hands of an amateur. Suddenly her note was echoed by fifty men's voices, all cracking in an unaccustomed falsetto on the same tone. Nevada bravely finished her song, accompanied by this ill-hred and cruel chorus. As she left the stage cries of 'Bis, bis!'—for where we employ a French word the French fall hack upon the Latin—broke out all over the theatre. Needless to say the demand for a repetition of the solo was ironical. The curtain was lowered in the midst of the noise."

Following this demonstration the audience began to clamor for the manager, who appeared. The people demanded a singer or the return of their money. The manager replied that a singer who did not please them could not be replaced at a moment's notice, but that if they would rather have their money returned than listen to Mme. Nevada, they were welcome to do so. So the performance came to an end, and the disappointed auditors were reimbursed at the box-office.

Preparations for the May Music Festival that is to be given by the public schools of San Francisco, are rapidly going forward. Many singers have enlisted for the choruses, and are well pleased with the music they are to sing. More choristers are needed. Those who wish to take part should address Mr. W. C. Stadfeldt, room 9, 320 Sansome Street.

Next week, at the Central Theatre, "A Fight for Millions" will be staged. The play for the following week will be "The Night Before Christmas."

Albert Chevalier, the famous singer of English coster songs, is appearing in New York after an absence of nine years.

Meat Should Not Be Cooked.

It is interesting to note that cereals are rendered very much more wholesome by cooking, whereas the digestibility of animal foods, in the form of both meat and eggs, is very greatly diminished. Therefore, for health's sake, cereals should be thoroughly cooked, while meat should be eaten raw. The Tartars take their beefsteak warm and quivering, just as it is cut from the animal. Eaten thus, meat is more nourishing and tend-r. After killing, it becomes tough, and remains so almost until putrefaction. Many people are therefore turning from meat as an article of diet. To such, the Vegetarian Café, 755 Market Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, caters with palatable edibles, innocent of flesh-foods.

Sunday's Benefit Performance.

To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon is the date of the special German matinee performance by the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble, to be given as a testimonial benefit in aid of the old-time actress and prompter, Mrs. Josephine La Fontaine. The Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble has done much in the course of its existence in behalf of those not in the best of circumstances, and the members of the company are doing all in their power to make the coming benefit an unusually successful one. The company is to appear in "Grossstadtluft," the Blumenthal and Kadelburg comedy which was recently staged here. The same cast will appear in the piece as appeared in it previously. Seats for the Sunday matinee are now on sale at the box-office of the Columbia Theatre, where the performance will take place. The prices are \$1.00, 75 cents, 50 cents, and 25 cents.

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CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco
 Authorized Capital...\$3,000,000
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Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.
 Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.
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 Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits...\$16,000,000.00
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 BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.
 Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.
 Cash Capital...\$1,000,000.00
 Cash Assets... 5,340,136.84
 Surplus to Policy-Holders... 2,414,921.16

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 216 Sansome Street.
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A Rural and Permanent Burial Place for San Francisco.

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Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)
 301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital...\$16,000,000.00
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DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
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4½ per cent. on Savings

Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital...\$8,000,000
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Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

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Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus...\$1,500,399.46
 Total Assets... 7,665,839.38

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VANITY FAIR.

Andrew Lang, who was at some pains a while ago to explain why he did not like George Ade, is now at equal pains to explain why he does not like dogs. In an iconoclastic essay, which he contributes to the Christmas number of the London *Keinel News*, the co-author of "The World's Desires" denies the dog practically every virtue with which man's friend is ordinarily credited. He says: "There is not one of the seven deadly sins of which the dog is not habitually guilty, and I am unaware of a single redeeming feature in his repulsive character." Lang denies that the dog is brave. He denies that the dog is faithful, declaring that the fidelity is really all on the side of the man, and Lang says: "It needs a great deal of fidelity in man to cling as he does to the dog, licking, as it were, the paw (the muddy paw) which tramples him." Lang adds that the dog is vain. "The self-consciousness and vanity of dogs," he says, "might disgust even a minor poet. I have known a collie—certainly a very handsome collie—to pass his days in contemplating his own image in the glass. I know a dog dandy which actually makes eyes, being conscious that he possesses organs very large, brown, and decorative." Lang goes on remorselessly: "Who has not seen a dog morally corrupt a family—reducing them to the slaves of his impulses? Tip wants to take a walk: Tip wants to go out of the door; then he wants to come in again; then he appears at the window and scratches; then he fancies the most comfortable arm-chair and ousts a jaded and middle-aged man of letters." Lang dismisses all the noble dogs of history as myths. And to show that he is disposed to be perfectly just, he says: "Any circumstances of an extenuating character which affect the dog would be here mentioned if I could think of them." It seems that this tirade against dogs, though now published for the first time, was written by Lang five years ago or more. The author says that it made Robert Louis Stevenson giggle when he was very ill, so he (Lang) thinks it can't be so very bad.

According to the *Shoe Retailer*, which ought to know, the harefoot sandal is here to stay, and thousands of pairs are daily being made up for next season. "It was the general opinion last season," says the *Retailer*, "that so many of them were worn, that the sale must have reached its climax, but more than twice as many have been already sold as were produced all last season. Not only are they being made for the little ones, but many adults are buying them for house slippers, because of their wearing qualities. A salesman, just returned from his Western trip, says out West there is as much demand for sandals as East and South. While the harefoot sandal was originally intended to be worn at the seashore and summer resort, this salesman remarked that there were hundreds of children out West who never saw the seashore that wore harefoot sandals, being to them the ideal comfort and health shoe."

The first wife of M. Rouvier, the new premier of France, is said by "Ex-Attaché" to have been the real cause of his success in life. She was a most extraordinary and brilliant woman, and was at the time he first met her (1870) representing the great Belgian newspaper, the *Independence Belge*, in Paris, more particularly as regarding political and social features of French metropolitan life. She was the natural daughter of the famous sculptor Cadot. Her mother disappeared when she was scarcely two years old, and from that time forth her childhood was spent in the vicious atmosphere of her father's studio. At fifteen she became deeply infatuated with the celebrated Ahhé Constant, one of the most eloquent and learned priests of the age, and in 1850 he abandoned the church in order to marry her, his apostasy creating a tremendous sensation at the time. Of course, the ex-abhé was excommunicated, and thereupon assumed the name of Eliphaz Levi, and became the friend of Blanqui and of Felix Pyat, the Communist leaders. Some years after her marriage she departed from the man who had sacrificed his brilliant prospects in the church for her sake, and became, thanks to the tuition of Pradier, a very talented sculptress. Her busts of the late Duc de Morny, of Thiers, and her group entitled "The Childhood of Bacchus," won great fame for her at the annual *salons*, and were acquired by the state for the national collection. They were signed by the name "Claude Vignon," and the same name likewise appeared on the title-page of several very clever novels, which achieved as great popularity as her sculptures. It was her success as a novelist which led her to turn her attention to newspaper writing, and to become one of the most highly paid Paris correspondents of the *Independence Belge*. About two years after making the acquaintance of M. Rouvier, the death of her former husband, the ex-priest, permitted her to wed that statesman, and she at once became a conspicuous figure in French political life. Indeed, she was a woman of such remarkable genius and brilliancy that people of every degree, even great churchmen, came to look with indulgence

upon the indiscretions of her early life. The Papal Nuncio frequently dined with her when her husband was minister of France, and at other official banquets, when he was her neighbor at table, he more than once found himself discussing doctrinal questions pertaining to his church, in which she displayed an astounding knowledge, which he well knew could only have been acquired from her first husband, the ex-Ahhé Constant. She died about eight years ago, deeply mourned by M. Rouvier, who was accustomed to ascribe to her support all the success which he had achieved as a statesman. He has since then contracted another marriage. But it is his first wife who constituted the romance of his life, and with whom his career as a statesman will always be associated in the minds of his countrymen.

Immorality, which lurks behind the most tastefully prepared menus of modern days, and national decay owing to the decline in birth rate, through what is termed "fashion's crime," are two indictments hurled against London society by well-known clergymen. In the case of immoral menus, Canon Lyttleton, headmaster of Haileybury School, addressing the Moral Educational Society of Manchester, contended that it is well-nigh impossible for even the best intentioned man to live a life of physical purity if he eats meat to excess. As soon as the diet is changed from meat to vegetables there is a diminution in animal desire. Menus of well-to-do people, he contended, are on a topsy-turvy principle. Instead of being arranged so as to appease hunger they stimulate the appetite. If cheese and sweets came first far less meat would be eaten. Every single meal taken according to the modern menu, he said, was a distinct appeal to the passions. As to the national decay, the continued fall in the birth rate, as revealed in the registrar-general's returns for the year, has been the subject of much earnest discussion. The Rev. W. Carlile, head of the Church Army, and who had a special audience of King Edward, the other day, in an interview recalling remarks by the Bishop of London and Ripon to the effect that fashionable marriages where the duties of life are shirked and where marriage was made a mockery, were even more terrible than those irregular marriages which the church had not sanctioned, said: "The love of ease and luxury among the upper classes is mainly responsible for the nation's decay. The refusal of mothers to accept the responsibilities of motherhood is, in my opinion, nothing less than child murder. I weep to think of it: London becoming another Herculaneum, another Pompeii. If we don't mend our ways our fate will be none the less terrible."

Speaking of honesty in women, the Albany *Times-Union* remarks: "Thousands of women handle the cash of individuals, firms, and corporations. Seldom is there any delinquency. When one woman proves dishonest the thing arises to the dignity of big news."

You must suffer to be beautiful, according to a French saying. There seems to be some truth in the statement, if a lady's maid in Paris is to be believed. She has revealed the secrets of her mistress's boudoir, or, rather, torture chamber. The lady herself is now beautiful, but one wonders that she is still alive. For months she lay flat on her back on the floor, motionless, with her arms close to her side, during several hours every day. This was, it appears, to improve her figure. During the rest of the day, for the same period of time, she sat on a high stool giving and rocking the upper part of her body backward and forward and from side to side unceasingly. By this process she is said to have acquired a statuesque throat and a sylph's waist. The lady's nose, having a soaring nature, was corrected and made Grecian by the constant application day and night for months of a spring handage. One nostril was originally larger than the other, so she wore a small sponge in it for a year. Her cheeks have been filled out and rounded by injections of paraffin. Her ears for months were compressed against the sides of her head by springs, while heavy weights were attached to the lobes to produce the required elongated shape, which has been successfully achieved. Having suffered this complicated martyrdom for a year, the lady, as already stated, is now beautiful.

This is from the personal column of the London *Express*: "Will the lady who forgot to pay on Friday for a pair of shoes in R— Street, kindly remit for same, and her old pair will be returned?"

An epidemic of matrimony with chorus-girls has broken out again in the British peerage. Three young lords and a marquis are depleting the stage of the same theatre. Contrary to the recent announcement by the solicitor of another peer that as soon as he had married an American heiress his debts would be paid, these theatrical alliances can have no financial motive. Yet the chorus-girl marriages seem to turn out as well as those arranged on purely business principles. And

marriages out of their own circle keep the British peerage more virile than the Continental nobility with their interminable quarterings.

Dr. M. A. Legrand, one of the most eminent surgeons in the French navy, now retired, believes he has discovered the only sure preventive of seasickness. This is nothing more or less than a pliant band that will sufficiently compress the abdominal wall to prevent displacement of the viscera. Researches conducted by Dr. Legrand show that this method has been successful in sixty-seven per cent. of the cases. A strong point in favor of the system is that the patient need not modify his usual diet.

Kind lady—"Would you like a chance to make a dollar?" The hobo—"Not me, ma'am. Me brudder took er chants like dat onct an' got tree years fer counterfitin'."—*Chicago News*.

—EVERY LITTLE HELPS. A LITTLE OLD KIRK whisky will help you a great deal. Hotaling's, best on the market.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for January 26th-31st and February 1st.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 1, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%, Hawaiian C. S. 5%, etc.

Table with columns: Stocks, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Water, Contra Costa Water, S. V. Water, etc.

The sugars have been active, and on sales of 15,600 shares made gains of from one-quarter to two and three-quarter points, closing in fairly good demand at 88 1/2 bid for Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar; 22 1/2 bid for Honokaa Sugar Company; 17 1/2 bid for Hutchinson; 38 for Makaweli Sugar Company; 25 for Paauhau Sugar Company.

Alaska Packers was weak, selling off ten points to 75 on sales of 1,035 shares, but at the close reacted to 79, closing at 78 1/2 bid.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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TEETH OF CHILDREN

Few mothers know how vitally important is the care of a child's first teeth. The beauty of the permanent set depends almost entirely upon it.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

used with SOZODONT Liquid, prevents accumulation of tartar, yet being free from grit does not scratch the enamel. Do not experiment on baby's teeth. Insist on SOZODONT.

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LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE No gumming to clog neck of bottle—No sediment—will not spoil nor discolor the finest papers. Full 2 oz. bottle retails at 5c., or sent by mail for 10c.; also half-pints, pints and quarts.

LE PAGE'S Photo Paste, 2oz. size retails 5c.; by mail, 10c. LE PAGE'S GLUE, "STRONGER IN THE WORLD" 1 1/2 oz. bottle of tube, 10c.; by mail, 12c.

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Demonstration of M. Ella Harris' marvelous and permanent process of removing wrinkles etc., may be seen daily at Union Drug Co., corner O'Farrell and Stockton Streets.



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COURRIER DE LA PRESSE, 21 Boulevard Montmartre, PARIS, FRANCE

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

R. Hinton Perry, the sculptor, is responsible for the following story of the "scrub-lady" who cares for his studio: "How many children have you, Mrs. O'Flarity?" he asked her one morning. "It's siven I have, sir," she replied; "four be the third wife of me second husband, and three be the second wife of me first."

A Chicago minister asserts that sometimes the most common statement of fact comes to an ignorant person almost as a revelation. Once, after a Thursday morning address, a worshiper remained behind to thank him, and said: "You always give me something new to think about, and, until I heard you this morning, I thought that Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife."

The Guatemalan minister attended a reception in Washington recently. As he was leaving he said to the negro who called the carriage: "Call the carriage of the Guatemalan minister—you understand: the Guatemalan minister." "Yes, sir; understand perfectly, sir," he replied, and then shouted at the top of his lungs: "The carriage for the watermelon minister!"

The palm of politeness should go to the hero of the following incident in London. During the recent fog there were seventeen people in a London and South-Western compartment. Another tried to squeeze in and failed. "Can't get any further," cried a man inside, "there's a man here with a wooden leg blocking the way." "Oh!" said the man with the wooden leg, "excuse me. Half a moment." He unscrewed his leg and put it on the rack.

Stonewall Jackson's negro body-servant knew before anybody else when a battle was imminent. "The general tells you, I suppose," said one of the soldiers. "Lawd, no, sir! De gin'ral nuver tell me nothin'! I observates de 'tention of de gin'ral dis way: co'se he prays, jest like we all, mornin' an' night; but when he gits up two, three times in a night to pray, den I rubs my eyes an' gits up, too, an' packs de haversack—ca'se I done fine out dere's gwine to be old boy to pay right away."

A school-teacher was trying to impress upon his scholar's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492, so he said, "Now, John, to make you remember the date when Columbus discovered America, I will make it in a rhyme so you won't forget it. 'In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue.' Now, can you remember, that, John?" "Yes, sir," replied John. The next morning when he came to school his teacher said, "John, when did Columbus discover America?" "In 1493 Columbus sailed the dark blue sea."

Joseph H. Choate, who is soon to be succeeded by Whitelaw Reid as minister to the Court of St. James, has established a reputation in England for always saying the right thing at the right time. This facility was demonstrated at a London banquet, where, as is more often the case over there than here, the gallery of the ball was filled with women. Mr. Choate arose to make his first speech as ambassador. Looking about him, or rather above him, he began with: "Now I know what the Scripture phrase means when it is written: 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

In the schools of a Connecticut town measures were recently taken to test the children's eyesight. As the doctor finished each school he gave the principal a list of the pupils whose eyes needed attention, and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect. One boy brought home to his father this note from the principal: "Mr. — Dear Sir: It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay." The next day the father sent the following answer: "Dear Sir—Whip it out of him."

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, accompanied by Mrs. Proctor and a party of some fourteen persons, was making a tour of the West. A stop was made at Salt Lake City, and the party started out for a walk about the city. Senator Proctor and his wife headed the procession, and the ladies of the party brought up the rear, going in pairs. That very same day another party of Easterners was making the rounds of Salt Lake City, and when they encountered the Proctor party in the main street they stood aside to let them pass. "Well, well!" exclaimed one of the second party, "there's a sight! Look at that old Mormon and his wives. Out for a constitutional, I suppose. I wonder," he added, "if he has any more."

The following from a Butler, O., paper, indicates that social life flourishes there, and that literary appreciation in Butler is high: "Mrs. Hulbert Hoover, of Forrest Hall, Mr.

and Mrs. Clem Bisel, of Centre Grove, also ye scribe, took dinner with the *Times* editor and family Tuesday while attending the institute. Ye scribe also brought home with him some of the fine books which Mr. Burkholder is selling to the *Times* readers at cost. These books are not trashy stuff, but are writings of our most noted writers, and would be of interest to those who love poetry, novels, dictionaries, horrors of flood and fire, and also to those who would like to learn to cook, besides books on many other subjects of equal value."

A new golf story comes from Scotland, where a couple of old antagonists meet on a course every Saturday afternoon to determine their own private championship for the week. They were all "square" at the seventeenth, and the loser of last week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green. Last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconsciously browsing along the edge. "Rin farrard, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lams!" "Na, na," vigorously protested his opponent; "bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growin' thing! That's the rule of gowf!"

There was once an Indiana judge who was proud of two things: his stern advocacy of the majesty of the law, and the pugilistic ability of his son. These two hobbies came into violent conflict once, but the problem was babbly solved. It happened that the judge's farm was on the Ohio boundary, and one day he was sitting on a fence that separated the two States. While he was there his son and an acquaintance came along, quarreling, and, when immediately in front of the judge, began to fight. The judge straightened himself to his full official dignity, and exclaimed: "In behalf of the majesty of the law, and in the name of the sovereign State of Indiana, I command you both to keep the peace!" Just at that moment the rail upon which the judge was sitting gave way and dropped him on the Ohio side of the fence. Instantly regaining his feet, and with an impetus of vociferation that eloquently proclaimed his partisanship, he shouted to his son: "Give him hell, Jim! I'm out of my jurisdiction."

Waffles, the Cracked Amateur.

(NIT BY E. W. SCORNING.)

"Bunny!"
It was the same magnetic voice, the voice that had bid me to become a murderer, a thief, a pickpocket, and an outcast.

"Bunny!"
It was the same voice again, the voice that had led me—but why repeat all that again? I kicked aside the burning log that lay in the fireplace, and in a moment Waffles, immaculate as ever, slid down the chimney.

"Scotland Yard—ha! that startles you, Bunny—is watching the door, so I came down this way"—and Waffles poured out a stiff glass of Scotch.

"How did the game go?" I asked.
"Surrey won. I made about 99,999 not out—the umpires and scorers are working on the figures now, but won't complete the count until to-morrow."

"You just missed your century of thousand then?"
The idol of the cricket world sighed.
"To work, Bunny, my boy," he exclaimed, in the same voice, the voice that has led me—see above.

"Not—" I faltered.
"But yes," he replied, gayly.
I shivered.
"The Duchess of Dantzig has a dish of boiled carrots in the larder."
"You won't—" I began.
"I will, Bunny. I will—those carrots must be mine," cried Waffles in the voice that had—

An hour later we stood in Dantzig house. "I see a footstep," whispered Waffles. We were lost.
But Waffles was at his supremest in the hour of danger. Hastily slitting open an apple dumpling, he gave me a leg up, and I disappeared within the cavity.

The footsteps went out of sight.
"How did you escape?" I breathlessly asked Waffles.
"I made myself so scarce they couldn't find enough of me to see," he answered.
"But the carrots—"
Waffles took off his shoe.

It was full of the boiled vegetables.
"Come on, Bunny," he said, with indescribable buoyancy in his voice, the voice that—"we shall feast royally to-night."
—Wex Jones in Oregonian.

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Condensed Milk affords the maximum amount of food energy, in the minimum bulk, conferring the greatest good to the infant with the least tax on the digestive organs. It surpasses all other foods for artificial infant feeding. Try it.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street, Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Rupture.

A tramping kangaroo
Loved an elephant;
Describe her passion my
Verses really can't.

She loved that elephant
'Spite of parents' ban;
Loved him as alone
Those marsupials can't.

But, with bitter blame,
Finally she quit;
Said he was two-faced.
Or pretty near to it!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Goat.

The goat is an amusing beast,
On circus posters nursed;
His head is the butt end of him—
He travels butt end first.
'Tis true he feedeth on tin cans
And other bric-a-brac,
And wears a bored expression,
And eternally says: "Ba-a!"

When he has quit this world of sin,
Eternally stopped butin',
We greet him in our dining-room—
He comes disguised as mutton;
He has the cutest little tail,
A set of horns, also;
They're each at different ends of him—
At the butt ends, you know.

I would not care to meet a goat
And pat it on the head;
I hate trained nurses all the while
Tiptoeing round my bed;
My father and my mother, too—
It worries them like sin;
A goat's the impolitest beast—
He's always butting in.

—Houston Post.

Weighty.

Now, Henry James writes things of weight,
About the moonkeyshines of feight,
And doubt and care
And deep despair—
His sentences come in by freight.

—Chicago Chronicle.

A Word from Omar

I sent my Soul back to the Earth to see
If by a Chance it still remember'd me;
Alas, I would that I had Stuck to Tents,
Nor writ one word of Cup, or Rose, or Key.

For Verse-smiths there are working Day and Night
On Parodies of what I did indite;
Ah, my Belovèd, should Bahram's Wild Ass
Get in Swift Kicks 't would serve the rhymesters right!—H. C. in Life.



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was awarded

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From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.
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Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
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NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

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NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM VIA BRUGES.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.
Statendam.....Feb. 15 | Rotterdam.....Mar. 8
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RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)
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WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Oceanic.....Feb. 15, 2 pm | Baltic.....Mar. 1, 3.30 pm
Majestic.....Feb. 22, 10 am | Teutonic.....Mar. 8, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric.....Mar. 1 | Winifred.....Mar. 15

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Honolulu, VOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1905

S. S. Copie.....Saturday, February 25

S. S. Doric.....Thursday, April 20

S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, May 13

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S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Feb. 7, at 11 A. M.

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A. M.

S. S. Ventura for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland
and Sydney, Thursday, Feb. 23, at 2 P. M.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Siegfried, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Siegfried, to Mr. William J. Schroth, of Kobe, Japan.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bacon, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Bacon, to Mr. Thomas Driscoll, will take place at Santa Barbara Mission on Tuesday, February 21st. Miss Cornelia Kempf will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Eleanor Phelps and Miss Kautz.

The wedding of Miss Florence Kittredge, daughter of Mrs. Ashbel Smith Kittredge, and the late Judge Kittredge, of San José, to Mr. Manton Eastburn Hammond, will take place at four o'clock on Wednesday, February 15th, at Trinity Church, San José.

The wedding of Miss Leta Gallatin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, to Dr. William P. Harvey, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 2173 Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was performed at half after three by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. There were no attendants, and only immediate relatives were present. After a short wedding journey, Dr. and Mrs. Harvey will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Mrs. Ida Grayson to Lieutenant Marion M. Weeks, U. S. A., took place on Monday. Lieutenant Weeks and Mrs. Weeks sailed on Wednesday for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Dr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert N. Drown will give a dance at Century Hall on Friday evening, February 10th, in honor of Miss Newell Drown.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner on Sunday evening at their residence, 1919 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Davis will give a dance on Friday evening, February 17th, at their residence, 2501 Scott Street, in honor of Miss Edna Davis.

Miss Hazel King and Miss Genevieve King gave a tea on Tuesday at their residence, 1898 Broadway.

Mrs. Henry Butters will give a luncheon on February 16th at her residence, Piedmont, Oakland, in honor of Mrs. Reginald Brooke.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox gave a luncheon on Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis. Covers were laid for nine.

Miss Ethyl Hager is being extensively entertained in Los Angeles. Mrs. Plater, Miss Waddilore, Mrs. Solano, and Mrs. O. W. Childs have given functions in her honor. Her brother, Mr. Frank Hicks, is one of the most prominent members of the "smart set" in Los Angeles, and is a director of the California University, and Country Clubs.

Miss Hilda Van Sicklen gave a luncheon on Wednesday at the Claremont Country Club, Oakland, in honor of Miss Edna Davis and Miss Sibyl Hodges.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott will give a dance on Tuesday evening, February 14th, at her residence, 517 Sutter Street, in honor of Miss Emilie Parrott and Miss Abbie Parrott.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will give a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels.

Mrs. J. J. Moore gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Helen Wagner and Mr. Thomas Eastland. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Elsie Sperry, and Lieutenant-Commander Robert F. Lopez, U. S. N.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels. Others at table were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Mrs.

McMullin Belvin, Miss Spreckels, Miss Phelan, Miss Hazel King, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Constance Crimmins, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Katherine McCann, Miss Deering, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. J. O. Tobin, Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Sydney Small, Sir James Talbot Power, Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. Denman, Mr. McKinstry, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mrs. A. H. Vail and Mrs. Frank Vail gave a tea on Saturday at their residence, 2718 Webster Street, followed by a dinner.

Miss Elizabeth Cole and Miss Florence Cole gave a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Constance Crimmins and Miss Katherine McCann, of New York.

Mrs. Emory Winship will give a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels.

Miss Helen Bailey gave a tea on Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. John F. Swift, 824 Valencia Street, in honor of Miss Louise Whitney.

Mrs. C. Verrill Duffield will give a tea on Thursday at her residence, 1917 Vallejo Street.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the Palace Hotel. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dinner on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Butters gave a dinner recently at their residence, "Rose Lawn," Oakland. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall and Miss Margaret Newhall gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at their residence, 1206 Post Street, in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Miss Camille Rosenblatt will be "at home" at 2901 California Street, Sunday afternoon, February 12th.

Mrs. A. E. Buckingham gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence, 2808 Jackson Street, in honor of Mrs. Horatio Stebbins. Others at table were Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. James Marvin Curtis, Mrs. Frederick Hobbs, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. James A. Margo, Mrs. Milton Andros, Mrs. William Hardy, Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mrs. James D. Bailly, Miss Buckingham, Miss Beaver, and Miss Kimber.

A Valentine Tea.

Mrs. George Herbert Kellogg will give a valentine tea at her residence, 2126 California Street, on Saturday afternoon and evening, February 11th, for the benefit of All Saints' Mission. There will be a fine musical programme presented, and an excellent palmist will read the lines of one's hand for a silver crossing of the palm. There will be no charge for admission, but it is hoped that every one will drop an offering of silver into a receptacle which will be provided. It is also hoped that those desiring new and original valentines will purchase them at the tea, as there are artistic and clever ones promised. Refreshments will be served.

Mrs. Kellogg will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. C. Davis, Miss Sara Hamlin, Mrs. C. A. Weihe, Mrs. Philip Caduc, Mrs. Burr M. Weedon, Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. L. F. Monteagle, Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Mrs. W. C. Peyton, Mrs. Theodore E. Smith, Mrs. J. D. Ruggles, Mrs. J. H. Mallett, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Philip V. Lansdale, Mrs. E. R. Bryant, Mrs. George E. Starr, Miss Sidney Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Edna Hall, Miss Mary Kirk, Miss Blair, Miss Truett, Mrs. Little, Miss Lucy Little, the Misses Rodgers, Miss Margaret Buck, the Misses Gibbs, Miss Lucas, Miss Maren Froelich, and other ladies of St. Luke's Church.

English Ex-Diplomat Dies Here.

Sir Frederick Packenham, once prominent in the diplomatic corps of England, and who was retired on account of age two years ago, died on January 26th in Alameda, where he was a guest of his brother-in-law, F. M. Ward. Sir Frederick and Lady Packenham arrived a week before from Manchuria, on their way home to England. His death was from bronchial pneumonia, and his illness had lasted but five days. The deceased was a native of Sussex, England, was seventy-two years of age, and was the fourth son of the Earl of Longford. He served his country twenty-two years as a diplomat.

It is said that Blanche Walsh is anxious to become the actress-manager of a stock company, and may establish one in Chicago.

Champagne.

Speaking of the wonderful strides in four years—from 481,776 bottles in 1900 to over 1,524,000 bottles in 1904—of the celebrated brand of Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne, the New York World remarks:

"It is a superb wine—*bon vivants, gourmets*, poets, have sung its praises; careful chemists have scrupulously examined it and found it not only free from deleterious elements, but full of all the qualities that go to make a perfect champagne. In body, in bouquet, in every quality wherein a wine can excel, it does excel."

Yeats's Dublin Theatre.

T. W. Rolleston, writing from Dublin, gives in the New York Evening Post the following description of the Abbey Theatre, endowed by Miss A. F. F. Horniman, and managed by William Butler Yeats and the Theatre Society:

The Abbey Theatre seats nearly six hundred persons, and seats them all comfortably. You can pay different prices, but one place is as good as another—there is no such thing as luxurious upholstery for the stalls and hard benches for the gallery. The decoration is simple and agreeable; the scenery is reduced to a minimum, carrying out Mr. Yeats's dictum that the best scenery is that which you never notice at all. The impression that the place is a little democratic temple of refined art is enforced by every detail of the equipment, and the question whether such a temple will find worshippers to fill it in the capital of Ireland is the one which has now to be solved.

"We are in possession," said Mr. Yeats in his introductory speech, "of what may truly be called the only endowed theatre in the British Islands." The audience, with its finer feelings moved by this reference to the generosity and faith of the benefactress, applauded sympathetically. "The meaning of that," went on Mr. Yeats, "is that when there is question of producing a new play, we are able to think first of whether it pleases ourselves, and, secondly, whether it will please you." This douche of cold water evidently took the audience a little aback.

The first play put on was by Mr. Yeats, and is a mystical, fairy-story tragedy, said to contain good lines and some fine dramatic situations.

A number of literary and artistic people of Berkeley and San Francisco, calling themselves "The Live Oak Guild," have started a movement toward the building up of a distinct California drama in this State. Charles Keeler, of Berkeley, has a play, "Vivian, of San Luis Rey," which it is planned to stage in unique manner. Bernard Maybeck, the architect, is designing scenery for it, and music to accompany the play has been written by Henry B. Pasmore and Henry Holmes. Other members of "The Live Oak Guild" are Johannes Reimers, Herman Whitaker, and Galen Howard.

The dispatches state that news of the death of Isadore Rush, the actress, who was drowned at Coronado Beach three months ago, has not yet been communicated to her mother. The latter is very weak, and it is feared that the shock might kill her. It was Miss Rush's habit to write to her mother weekly, so a letter purporting to come from the daughter is read to the mother each week.

E. S. Willard is appearing in New York in "Lucky Durham," a play by Wilson Barrett. It is described as domestic melodrama of the most hackneyed sort, labored in workmanship, trite and prosy as to dialogue, utterly wanting in ingenuity of situation. It is the story of an illegitimate son's revenge upon his father for the wrong done his mother. Willard is praised for good work in a poor part.

In the sixty-five years that J. H. Stoddart has been on the stage, he has missed two performances only wherein which he was scheduled to appear.

The Buckingham Cafe Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar table-d'hôte dinner (with wine \$1.25) will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, February 5, 1905:

- Token Points.
- Consomme Primitaniere Royal.
- Chicken Gumbo a la Creole.
- Salted Almonds. Queen Olives.
- Timbals of Salmon, Cream Sauce.
- Potatoes Duchess.
- Sweetbreads Croquettes with Puree of Peas.
- Baked Virginia Ham, Champagne Sauce.
- Peaches with Rice a la Coude.
- Roman Punch.
- Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus.
- Fried Spring Chicken, a la Maryland.
- Asparagus Mayonnaise. Spinach on Cream.
- Mashed and Fried Sweet Potatoes.
- Apple Pie. Lemon Meringue Pie.
- Rum Omelette. Fruit Salad.
- Strawberry Ice-Cream. Assorted Cake.
- Cafe Noir.
- Water Crackers.
- Swiss Cheese. Roquefort Cheese.
- Music by Professor Graeber's Mandolin Club.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Pears'

The ingredients in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

The rich, cool lather of Pears' does not result from free alkali, fats or rosin.

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REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilng, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Suell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah R. Howell (*née* Dut-) have returned from their wedding journey, and have apartments on Van Ness Avenue, near Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna (*née* Wells) are in Southern California on their wedding journey. They expect to return next week for a short time, and then will leave for Mexico, South America, and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Robinson Riley, after a stay of several months in Rome, are now visiting Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin will sail in New York on Tuesday for Europe.

Miss Elsie Dorr is sojourning for a few days at Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid are expected Millbrae within a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman and Mrs. Hopkins sailed from New York for Europe a week.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch and Mr. Enrique Graue expect to leave within a day or two for Southern California, to be gone several weeks.

Mr. Charles Baldwin arrived on Monday in Colorado Springs for a short visit.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs is sojourning at St. Rohles.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. Charles McNulty departed for Southern California last week, and at present are at Coronado, where they will remain for some time.

Mrs. Garrett B. McEnery was a recent stay at the Hotel del Monte.

Bishop and Mrs. William F. Nichols and family have taken apartments for the winter at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hale (*née* Cur-) arrived from Boston recently, and will remain here permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Postley sailed from New York for Europe on Thursday.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Low were recent visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. John Malmeshury Wright, who has been lying ill in Philadelphia for some months, is now convalescing, and is expected to return soon to her apartments at St. Dun-
stons.

Miss Elsie Clifford has been sojourning at José.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Shainwald expect to sail on the *Sierra* for Sydney about the middle of February. They will make a short stop at Honolulu, and be absent for about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt departed Tuesday for a tour of Europe.

Mr. James V. Coleman sailed on the ocean steamer *Sonoma* Thursday for Honolulu.

Mrs. M. K. Ffolkes and Miss May Ffolkes, formerly of 1925 Octavia Street, have taken apartments at 2407 Fillmore Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Page Austin, formerly of San José, have taken a residence at Weh- and Vallejo Streets.

Miss Boggs and Miss Bertha Boggs, of Alameda County, are guests of Mrs. Maurice Tinge, at her residence on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. John Kittle and family, of Ross Valley, are in town for a short stay, and have apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tuohy have sailed from New York on the steamship *Arabic* for a Mediterranean cruise, to be followed by travel in Europe. They will be gone eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Powers and Miss Ruth Powers have departed for a two-months' visit to New York, Boston, and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Saunders departed Sunday for the East, where they will sojourn for several months at different points, returning by way of Portland, Or.

Mrs. A. W. Scott has gone to Southern California for a short stay.

Mrs. Anson P. Hotaling is occupying her residence at 1904 Franklin Street.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Knickerbocker were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Nourse, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ullmann, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Neustadter, Mr. J. C. Baird, Mrs. W. E. Rosseter, Mrs. A. Divoll, Mrs. S. Ehrman, Miss M. Pease, Mrs. Rosseter, Mr. A. B. Watson, Mr. T. Melin, Mr. H. H. Taylor, Mr. F. G. Lemmon, Mr. H. R. Baker, Mr. A. I. Rosseter, and Mr. R. Milner.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Brewer, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Tatman and Mr. Ralph Baggaley, of Pittsburg, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Doach, of Oregon, Miss Tilney, of Peckham, and Mr. Robert Tilney, of New York, Dr. Donald Campbell, of Montclair, Mr. S. H. Hardwick and Mr. T. C. Pell of Washington, Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hazleton, Mrs. M. C. Mastic, Mrs. Larkin, Miss Morgan, Mr. A. O. Larkin, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. D. A. Lawson, Mr. Menzies, Mr. L. McCreery, Mr. L. M. Jones, and Mr. P. K. Gordon.

Among the recent visitors at Byron Hot- ings were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Murphy and Mrs. Jessie Murphy, of South Dakota, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gray, of Nevada, Mrs. Sarah

Ross, of Oregon. Mr. J. P. Mendonca, of Honolulu, Mr. E. W. Rininger and Mr. Peter Johnson, of Alaska. Mr. George R. Riddle, of Grant's Pass, Mr. F. W. Wilmans, of Seattle, Mr. C. S. Benden, of Reno, Mr. F. J. Cook, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ottinger, Mrs. Flanagan, Miss Annette Windel, Miss Ella Ottinger, Mr. R. A. Cooke, Mr. Frank M. Leland, Mr. J. R. Tohin, Mr. George C. Keel, Mr. W. E. O'Connor, Mr. C. M. Schoonmaker, Mr. W. E. Jones, and Mr. Harry D. Hawks.

Army and Navy News.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Colonel Parker West, U. S. A., will sail from here on February 14th for Yokohama. They expect to go from there to the headquarters of Field-Marshal Count Oyama, Japanese army, in Manchuria.

Colonel Percival Pope, U. S. M. C., commander of marines at Mare Island, will be placed upon the retired list at the end of February. Colonel Pope and Mrs. Pope will spend some time in Washington, D. C.

Commander W. C. Cowles, U. S. N., has arrived from the East, and will sail to-day (Saturday) for the Asiatic station, where he will report to Rear-Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., for duty.

Major William Black, U. S. A., has returned from the East, and is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain James W. McAndrew, U. S. A., and Mrs. McAndrew gave a dinner on Sunday evening at 939 Bush Street, in honor of the officers and ladies of the Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant William C. Nicholson, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on Tuesday.

The hattle-ship *Ohio*, under command of Captain L. C. Logan, U. S. N., and the United States monitor *Wyoming*, under command of Captain J. E. Roller, U. S. N., arrived in the harbor Monday, the former from Magdalena Bay, and the latter from the northern coast, on the way to San Diego. The *Ohio* will soon make her final trial trip, prior to her acceptance by the government.

Dr. Louis D. Mead, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Risdon Mead, has just returned from New York, where, up to January 1st, he filled the position of house physician of Roosevelt Hospital. Dr. Mead is a graduate of the University of California, class of '98, and of the medical department of Columbia College, New York City. Besides his degree of M. D. from Columbia, he has received the A. M. degree from the same institution for original work and research.

At its annual meeting, held Saturday, January 28th, at the Occidental Hotel, the Pioneer Kindergarten Society elected the following officers for the year 1905: President, Mrs. George F. Beveridge; first vice-president, Mrs. George A. Moore; treasurer, Mrs. W. O. Wayman; assistant treasurer, Miss Kate M. Atkinson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Helen Hecht; recording secretary, Mrs. W. J. Dutton; assistant recording secretary, Mrs. M. E. Kellogg.

An orchestral and choral concert for the benefit of the Verdi monument fund will be given at the Alhambra Theatre, Friday evening, February 24th, under the auspices of the Verdi monument committee. The Minetti orchestra, consisting of one hundred players, and the James Hamilton Howe club, an organization of nearly two hundred vocalists, will contribute their services, and several vocal soloists will also be heard.

On Sunday, January 28th, Miss Geraldine Bonner gave a musical tea in the studio of Hatfield House, on Twenty-Ninth Street, New York. Many members of the artistic and literary world of New York and California were among the guests. Music was furnished by Miss Suzanne Baker, of the Metropolitan Opera, who sang several Italian arias and English ballads. Mr. Lesley Martin was at the piano.

The twelfth annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, is to take place at the Alhambra Theatre, Friday afternoon, February 17th. It will be one of the best shows of the year, and every theatre in the city will be represented on the programme.

The California Club is to have a new building, to be situated on the north side of Clay Street, between Van Ness Avenue and Polk Street. The building will occupy a ground space of 50 by 125 feet, and will have three stories and a basement. A gymnasium will be on the third floor.

— THERE IS NO PLEASURE WITHOUT OLD KIRK whisky. Hotaling's, best on the market.

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— LADY SHOPPERS' LUNCHEON AT VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

The Last Pico Gone.

Major José Ramon Pico, the last survivor of a family prominent in the early history of California, died in Alameda on Wednesday. Major Pico was born in San José in 1826, and was a son of General Antonio Maria Pico, who commanded the Mexican troops in California during the war between Mexico and the United States; who was a signer of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and afterward became an American citizen. He was also a nephew of Pio Pico, last Mexican governor of California, and was a grandson of Dolores Pico, who came to California in 1761 with a commission from the King of Spain to establish missions and conquer the Indians. Major Pico served as a lieutenant in the Mexican War, under his father, and at the outbreak of the Civil War organized and equipped four troops for the First United States Cavalry. After seeing much service against the Indians, he retired from the army in 1867, with the rank of major. After years of legislative effort, Major Pico was awarded eight thousand dollars by the State of California for the assistance he had given the Northern cause during the Civil War. At one time the Picos owned large tracts of land in Southern California, but these in time passed into the hands of Americans, with little benefit to the original owners.

Major Pico was married twice. A widow, and two children by his first wife, survive him. He was a typical Spanish grandee of the old school, proud, frank, courteous, and extremely hospitable.

The magnificent view from the top of Mt. Tamalpais is not the only pleasure the trip affords. The Tavern of Tamalpais is an ideal hotel, and many make extended visits to it in order to secure rest from the noise of city life.

The Burns Handicap, for ten thousand dollars, one of the great races of the season, will be run at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday). It is for two-year-olds and upward. There will be several other good races.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats, Spring styles, now open. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

A. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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Trains leave and are to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1905 FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street.)

Table with columns: DEPART, MAIN LINE, ARRIVE. Lists various train routes and times.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY (Foot of Market St.) 7.15 A.M. 8.00 A.M. 11.00 A.M. 1.00 P.M. 3.00 P.M. 5.15 P.M.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The coal man should be brought to see the error of his weighings.—Philadelphio Record. He—"Would you rather be pretty or witty?" She—"Sir!"—New York Sun.

"Dey aint no sich thing ez gittin' married in heaven." "Course dey aint. Don't de Bihle tell you it's a place er peace en rest?"—Atlanta Constitution. Johnny—"Pa, is it wrong to steal from a trust?" Johnny's pa—"Don't let the question bother you any, my son. It's impossible."—Cleveland Ledger.

Mrs. Hotterson—"I didn't see you at the lecture on 'The Simple Life.'" Mrs. Catterson—"Why, no; I had no idea it was going to be such a swell affair."—Brooklyn Life. Wife—"It is so kind of you to put on my boots for me." Kneeling husband (tugging away)—"It's a—a—pleasure, my dear. Still, I'm glad you're not a centipede."—Pick-Me-Up.

Miss Ritter—"Could you use anything in your 'Household Department' this week?" Country editor—"Yes, we could handle a couple of dozen of fresh eggs nicely."—New York Times. "Do you believe that the wealth of the country ought to be distributed?" "Certainly," answered Dustin Stax; "it is being distributed now, among myself and a few others."—Washington Star.

She—"When should a young widow discard her weeds?" He—"Oh, I don't know, but I suppose she should cut them just as soon as she wants to raise a second crop of orange blossoms."—Baltimore Herald.

Mrs. Brown—"Yes, they're in Egypt now, and will spend the winter on the Nile." Mrs. Malaprop—"How nice! They'll get a chance to see all them Pyrenes and the Phenix, won't they?"—Philadelphia Press.

An Oklahoma man has discovered that there were department-stores in ancient Hebrew days. He quotes the fourteenth verse in the fourteenth chapter of Job: "All my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—Ex.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed a rheumatic patient, "I suffer dreadfully with my hands and feet." "But, my dear sir," rejoined the physician, "just try to think how much inconvenience you would suffer without them."—London Tit-Bits.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?" "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either, that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

Broodway—"Too bad about old Gott-rocks." Monhatton—"Why, what's the matter with him?" Broodway—"He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it."—Life.

Officer—"What is the complaint here?" Orderly (offering basin)—"Taste that, sir." Officer (tasting)—"Well, I think it's excellent soup." Orderly—"Yes, sir; that's the trouble; they want to persuade us it's tea."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Fond young mother (with her first born)—"Now, which of us do you think he is like?" Friend (judicially)—"Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you."—Punch.

Guest—"This is the fourth time I've rung for ice water!" Bell-boy—"I know it, sir, but the hotel is full of people that were at that same banquet, and every time I started down the hall to your room somebody reached out and snatched the pitcher!"—Detroit Free Press.

The actor—"Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary." The manager—"But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?"—Life.

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY. A LITTLE OLD KKK will make a long way shorter—it's the best on the market.

Doctor—"You mustn't eat terrapin or drink wine until—" Patient—"Until I've paid your bill, I suppose!"—Town Topics.

All the world over, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Knickner—"Why do you call your auto 'Taxes'?" Bocker—"Because folks slodge it so."—New York Sun.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building. MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect Oct. 2, 1904, Arrive San Francisco. Lists destinations like Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Hopland and Ukiah, Willis and Sherwood, Guerneville, Sonoma and Glen Ellen, Sebastopol.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Boonville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs, at Ukiah for Vieby Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Fomo, Potter Valley, John Day, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sandherr Heights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Usal; at Willis for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Savers; at Sherwood for Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka. SUNDAY ROUND-TRIP TICKETS at reduced rates. On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building. JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen. Manager. R. N. RVAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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The Argonaut.



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witnessed in the United States the steady and apparently irresistible growth of giant industrial corporations commonly called trusts. With each passing year we have seen them assume still more terrifying dimensions, grow more aggressive and arrogant in their operations, and exert greater and greater influence at the seat of government. We have also witnessed from time to time the feebly futile efforts of the people to control these corporations, to check their rapacities, and abolish their abuses. But constantly they have been growing stronger. In the year 1903, it is true, a financial panic, which confined itself largely to New York City, appeared to threaten even some of the strongest of them. It looked at one time as if, so huge were these corporations, that they might crumble of their own vast weight. That hope, however, passed, and to-day corporate wealth was never more securely entrenched, never more confident of its power.

The greatest of all these corporations, the Standard Oil Company, has even within the last few days given new indication of its enormous strength. It has, we are told, gained control of still another great railway system which, added to its present vast railway interests, gives it substantial control of the railways—the industrial arteries—of the nation. We now behold the amazing spectacle of a single man—a private citizen—with more real power over the economic destiny of a nation of eighty million souls than its duly elected President, its congress and courts. And it is matter of bitter knowledge and ineradicable belief that with this, as with other corporations, power is continually exercised in an unlawful and tyrannical manner.

But we have come to the parting of the ways. After years of ineffective legislative struggle with the so-called "trust question," the forces of each are at last arrayed for what appears to be a final and decisive battle. Never before has the issue been so clearly and sharply drawn. Hitherto political parties have been fighting each other in petty ways for political prestige, but now, at length, the lines are drawn, cleaving straight through party lines, shaking if not shattering the alignments of years. On the one side is President Roosevelt, and behind him the vast majority of the people, not Republicans only, but the whole radical Democracy with Mr. Bryan at its head. On the other side are the corporations, with their subsidized press, their controlled senators and representatives. From the view-point of the people the whole political situation could not be better. There are no side issues to obscure the great issue of trust regulation. With a strong, popular, aggressive President, the free men of both political parties in Congress supporting him, the people everywhere applauding his earnest endeavors—if the trusts can not be brought under control now, what hope is there for the future?

The army of the people, the President its commander-in-chief, may be said to be advancing upon the corporate enemy in two divisions. The right flank attacks with vigor trusts in general; the left flank hurls itself upon the railways in especial. To drop the figure, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the first case, has made permanent the injunction prohibiting the various packers in the Beef Trust from conspiring together to keep the price of steers down and steaks up. If the packers violate this injunction, they are liable to criminal prosecution, with penalty of fine and penal imprisonment. Since the decision was rendered, the President is said to have been assured that the packers, realizing their personal peril, had determined scrupulously to obey the law. It may be. But the test of the government's power to bring the Beef Trust really to time will be the wholesale and retail meat-market reports during the year to come. Whatever injunctions may be made permanent, what-

ever the Supreme Court may have decided, whatever the packers may say—it all is worthless unless the man who buys meat on the block gets it cheaper than before, and the man who sells meat on the hoof receives more for his product. Unless that happens, the government has failed.

So with railway-rate regulation. It is to be assumed that the Esch-Townsend bill, now before the House of Representatives, will be passed by that body. It may fail to pass the Senate either at this session of Congress or at a special session to be called subsequent to the fourth of March. That is perhaps less probable than that the Senate or conference committees will amend the guts out of the bill, and send it forth into a dollar-ridden country to be the mock of those whom it should put in fear. Whatever of this sort happens—whether the Senate refuses to pass the measure, or whether it emasculates it, or whether the Supreme Court, after long delay, declares it unconstitutional, or whether the railways find, as heretofore, new methods of evasion—the people will have failed again in their effort to rule.

Assume that they do. Assume that the Beef Trust gets around the Supreme Court's injunction, and that the railways continue to give rebates to their favorites—in brief, that the trusts and not the people continue to rule. What then? After such decisive defeat, will the people fight once more with the same weapons on the same old battle-ground? Vanquished, with both parties united on the question, and a fearless man like Theodore Roosevelt at the helm—will the people have the heart to renew the struggle on the same lines once again? If not, what then? What but that red menace to our individualistic society, confiscation by the government, with or without remuneration, of the property of individuals? Already one voter out of every ten in the State of California is a flagrant Socialist. Already tens of thousands of voters in both Republican and Democratic parties look with favor upon the proposition forcibly to wrest the railways of the nation from the hands of their owners. Utterly routed in this last great struggle with corporate wealth, to whom will the people turn but to the Socialist waving his red banner of revolution? Will not that party, which in this State swelled its vote from a paltry 1,334 in 1900 to a formidable 29,535 in 1904, advance with still more rapid strides and, perchance, grasp the reins of power?

Let the handful of men who have sequestered so vast a portion of the wealth of the United States make no mistake. So intelligent and liberty-loving a people as is the American people, will not eternally tolerate the debauching of their legislatures, the evasion of their law. They will not always chide, neither will they keep their anger forever. Therefore let the corporations be warned in time for—

The people will rule!

A reprieve of six months has been granted Mrs. Mary Rogers, the Vermont woman who killed her husband for the insurance money which she was going to use as a dot in her union to a half-breed Indian. This reprieve has been got for the murderess through the multitudinous outcry of very worthy people who don't do things like Mrs. Rogers did, but, in the elegant phraseology of the Rev. Jonathan K. Fuller, of Windsor, Vt., Look Beneath the Exterior Animal and Seeing the Life in the Deepest Recesses of the Soul Seek It Not to Destroy.

This paper has already had its say about the protest in favor of this "Shrinking Being" who killed her husband in the most fiendish manner, and then slunk away into the embraces of her off-color paramour. The

present struggle between President Roosevelt with the people behind him and the entrenched battalions of corporate wealth marks an epoch in the history of American political institutions. Already the boundaries of political parties have altered, old allegiances are being broken and new fealties avowed—and the end is not far. It is not in the least an exaggeration to say that the present struggle is one of the most important in all political history. Mark the conditions. For several decades we have

naut does not take much stock in that sort of shrinking, at least for sentimental purposes. And it refuses to weep when we are told with streaming eyes that this "poor, weak, unfortunate woman" did not sleep at all for two nights after she was put in the condemned cell. Was it too bad she was caught? Or didn't get away with this unique, self-garnered dot? Or the half-breed confessed? We should prefer to weep over the spectacle of a country filled with people who wring their hands every time the laws they made themselves reached full operation, over timid men and wailing women who think murder is condoned by an "I'm sorry" extracted by imprisonment.

Instead of shedding the tears of compassion over the murderers, it is high time we shed a few over the record of crime of the past few years. San Francisco has more murders and homicides of every degree than has London. We don't usually catch them, but they do in England. And when they do get them they hang them up by the neck till they are dead, and society has no more bother with "Shrinking Beings" or "Poor Unfortunates" who are caught slitting other people's throats. Had this Mrs. Rogers killed her husband in a wild struggle of passion, had she betrayed in the slightest degree any of the Life in the Deepest Recesses of the Soul, the *Argonaut* would firmly refuse to It Seek to Destroy. But a half-breed lurking in a thicket, life insurance in prospect, and such greasy bridal touring as it might afford, do not strike upon the mind as heroic or as pointing to the little flame of humanity flickering in a passion-swept heart.

The *Pioneer Press*, an influential newspaper published in the City of St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, prints a long editorial in refutation of the *Argonaut's* dictum that "the greatest of world problems has but two solutions: one is intermarriage and mixing of the races; the other is a titanic struggle between white and yellow for the domination of the world." The *Pioneer Press* thinks these are "two bugaboo alternatives." Regarding the second, miscegenation, it presents reasonable arguments, pointing out its improbability, which few dispute. But is the alternative, the struggle for a world domination, so improbable as the *Pioneer Press* appears to believe?

All animate organisms are engaged in a struggle for an existence. The fittest survive. If, in any given area, there exists a species of animal and a variation of that species, the latter immensely more fertile and capable of sustaining life upon half the quantity of food, then the species will disappear and its variation remain unless the species has some extraordinary physical advantage. The same law holds good in the human realm. One of the races of the human race—the yellow—is vastly fertile; the other race—the white—tends to be only slowly reproductive. Individuals of the yellow race have a low standard of living, and subsist where the white man would be unable so to do. In longevity, health, strength, and particularly in intellectual acumen, the yellow man has proved himself the equal of the white. Up to the present century, there has been little conflict of interest between the yellow and white races. But the world is filling up. Its hitherto uninhabited lands are fast being populated. Isolation of nations or communities is no longer possible. Commerce and the press have transformed the world into an organism so delicately adjusted and complex that, like a human body, a blow at one part affects all. In the past, the white races have had one enormous advantage over the yellow which has offset the yellow races' ability to subsist easily. That advantage is the machine—science. But the yellow races are learning our science; they are mastering the machine; they are improving on it—see what Japan has done! When, in the course of a few decades, or perhaps half a century, the yellow races have mastered the machine—they will!—they at last will be on an equal footing with the white race in that respect. What then? Economic competition tremendous and terrible. With the machine, with her enormous mineral wealth in coal and iron, China will manufacture everything necessary to human welfare at a cost a half, a third, perhaps a quarter that required to produce it by white labor with the white man's high standard of living. Two things then must happen: one is the lowering of the white man's standard of living to that of the Asiatic; the other is the white man's self-protection by the erection of great tariff walls—Chinese walls—about the countries which he inhabits. But will it be possible to maintain them so? It is most improbable. During the last half century the white races have broken down the barriers of reserve that surrounded the Chinese Empire, Japan, and other countries which desired only to be let alone. Why? Because the merchant must have a market for his goods; commerce broke down the impeding walls. How much more likely, then, that a mighty yellow race, whose commercial instinct is highly developed, should

endeavor by all means to break down any tariff barriers white nations might erect to preserve their standard of living." And right here is the all-sufficient cause for predicting, at some date less than a century hence, the battle of Armageddon. Race hatred, permanent as race itself, and economic conflict—these things suffice to bring in their train bloody war. What may be called accidental wars, such wars as those due to controversies over Pacific islands, or to the exclusion of Japanese from the United States, may come or they may not. It is futile to predict. But the ultimate conflict between white and yellow, due, as it will be, to ineradicable qualities of race, involving only the basic factors that govern the struggle of organic life for existence, is inevitable if race boundaries are maintained. The mixing of races is the sole alternative solution.

To sum up: Here you have a yellow race, subsisting cheaply, very fertile, inventive, shrewd, intellectually acute. Here you have a white race, subsisting dearly, unfertile, not the superior intellectually of the yellow man. The machine freely tendered by the white race to the yellow puts it in economic conflict, and the world's filling up makes that conflict intense. Inevitable results: (1) reduction of the white race to the Oriental level of life, (2) mixing of the races, (3) conquest of the white races by the yellow and future subservience of the white races, (4) realization by the white races of the situation while the yellow is yet militarily inferior, and combination to keep the yellow races in a state of military impotence.

The new senators who have been elected during the present sessions of State legislatures have none of them called forth any very great expectations. Most of them are business men, and it is still thought that a business man in the Senate lacks the opportunities of a Senator Hoar or Cockrell. Of the "brand new," Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, is the most picturesque, his term as governor and his fight against Senator Spooner having brought him squarely before his public. He goes into the Senate with the handicap of great expectations. The place of the venerable Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has been taken by W. Murray Crane, another of the business men of whom little is known in public life. Less is known of Banker George S. Nixon, of Winnemucca, Nev., who succeeds Stewart, and of Candidate Niedringhaus, whose campaign in Missouri is still in doubt. Our own senator, Frank P. Flint, has not been known widely as a statesman, but only as a successful business man and attorney.

The new senator from Washington, Samuel H. Piles, has been long famed in his State as an orator, his Kentucky blood showing in the graces of his manner. His opponents are all solid business men, and the election of a man of Piles's stamp is thought to point to a deep leaven in the Washington public of Middle West admiration for him who talks, and talks well.

The Middle West States of Utah, Nebraska, and Wisconsin have added little to the average senatorial wealth, the three new senators none of them being rich. George Sutherland, the colleague of Reed Smoot, has won after a two years' fight, and brings decidedly a pro-Mormon backing with him. He has already served one term in Congress. The new man from Nebraska, Elmer J. Burkett, is the baby of the Upper House, his years being but thirty-seven. Burkett has already served three creditable terms in Congress, and takes the place now of the discredited Dietrich.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, will be succeeded by ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley, who is not thought to be a very valuable accession to the Senate; in Delaware, there is, of course, the old fight on, and Addicks, much to the decent people's disgust, may win.

Of a far different stamp from Addicks is "Plain Jim" Hemenway, who has been chosen in Indiana to fill out Vice-President-elect Fairbanks's term. Senator Hemenway is of the old school of hard-working and serious men, who take their responsibilities not too lightly.

It may be recalled that the *Argonaut's* views of the recent disturbance in Russia differed somewhat from those of most American journals. Writing shortly after the riot of January 22d, we refused to give credence to the accounts of British and American journals, which set forth that thousands had been slain in St. Petersburg's streets, and that revolution was due day after tomorrow at the latest. We said that, in our opinion, five hundred was a very liberal estimate of the number of fatal casualties. It is pleasing, therefore, to note that the New York *Herald*—king among American newspapers—which sent a special correspondent to St. Petersburg to find out the facts of the riot, concludes that "the correspondents of foreign newspapers one and all in sending accounts of the recent riots have

drawn the long bow and indulged in imaginings of the wildest kind." The *Herald's* correspondent says further that the "extraordinary articles in English newspapers have filled people in St. Petersburg with amazement. I can only account for the fantastic figures given as to the fatalities on the supposition that the correspondents assumed that all the hundreds of people who instinctively fell flat on the ground to avoid being hit by the bullets of the soldiers were counted by the correspondents as killed." Editorially, the *Herald* points out that the English press, through which we get the greater part of our Continental news, "interprets in a disagreeable sense every move made by Russia and exaggerates every unfavorable feature of any incident in which she may be involved." The *Herald* remarks that even an elementary sense of decency should keep the British press from printing every "sensational fact that alarmist correspondents or amateur mischief makers may transmit or invent."

One of the most authoritative expositions of the problems that have brought work on the Panama Canal to a standstill pending further examination has been made by M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla in *La Science au XX^e Siècle*. In an article of great fervor this well-known engineer, whose name has been connected with Panama for twenty years, advocates without reserve a sea-level canal. But he also is a strenuous friend of a prior lock canal, and asserts with good show of reason that by adopting the double system we can open the canal for traffic, and make it earn something years before we could construct throughout a sea-level canal—and yet gradually, without losing a day, develop the latter.

Quoting De Lesseps that what he wanted was "no masonry but a ditch," Bunau-Varilla names the Bosphorus as the genuine type of the future canal: a tide gates, nothing but a free, large, and uninterrupted tidal flow between the two oceans. He would leave the Chagres River to empty its abated waters into the ditch and avoid the expensive dam now proposed. He would gradually lower the first summit lake and its locks until it could be obliterated. Then he would broaden and deepen until nature herself would almost care for the artificial strait.

The way of effacing this summit lake and its lock without shutting off traffic, Bunau-Varilla claims as his own invention. He would simply dredge out to the upper reach, say three metres at a time, and form a new lock to accord with this new level, and treat the old masonry of the high-level lock as if it were rock naturally met with in excavation.

He points out that this would open the canal probably seven years earlier than it could otherwise be completed, and besides the engineers could make tests at experiments not possible, and if tried perhaps fatal under other conditions. He affirms that the sea-level canal still has its unsolved problems, and that only presumption will dare to treat them lightly. Among the other questions that have not been settled, and we require time and care for their investigation, he puts the section necessary for the canal to carry off the waters of the Chagres during flood without interfering with navigation, the effects of the silt from this river we have on the maintenance of the canal's depth, and the extent to which the currents from ocean to ocean will have to be considered.

All this Bunau-Varilla states in plain terms and with the greatest enthusiasm for the plans of the canal. He ends his article by this significant eulogy—"the final, ideal solution of the sea-level canal; the Bosphorus free for all the waters of the sea, free for the waters of the streams, free for the ships of all nations. The vision of Ferdinand de Lesseps will have been fulfilled through the luminous magic of the experimental method."

There is a current agitation for the reform of our system of taxation. Present revenues are insufficient. As Governor Pardee clearly points out, the sources of revenue are continually being curtailed by exemptions—Stanford University, churches, the Academy of Sciences, and lastly, by the exemption of one hundred dollars every man's property, which loses the State some \$300,000 annually. Furthermore, the county assessors fail to do their duty and keep down assessments. Various solutions of the problem are suggested. It is proposed, for example, that corporations be taxed on the basis of their capitalization; that California's thousand saloons be made to pay, say, fifty dollars a quarter each; that licenses to theatres, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, etc., be issued at a substantial premium. It is also suggested that a direct inheritance tax be levied on all estates of size. This last is a suggestion that meets with the *Argonaut's* heartiest approval. There is scarcely any method so satisfactory as that of raising funds for the support of government.

BUNAU-VARILLA
ON THE
CANAL.

THE
UNTRIED
SENATORS.

THE
YELLOW AND
THE WHITE.

FACTS ABOUT THE
ST. PETERSBURG
RIOT.

MY WOODEN LEG.

And the Treachery of a Trusted Rubber Knob.

I had a wooden leg, and I was in love—madly, desperately in love, as I felt and believed. Of course, there was no reason why I should not love, because I had happened to lose my leg, and was going through life with a wooden substitute; but I felt that my hopes of happiness on this point were less likely to be confirmed were my misfortune known to the object of my adoration. Still, being an honorable man, there seemed nothing left for me to do. But to tell Pauline (that was her name) the plain, bare truth, that I was not like other men, but part wood (that was just it, part wood), was an awful confession to make. Yet it must be done. The first artificial leg I had was of the ordinary kind—(would that I had never changed it)—but the one I used afterward was a patent contrivance, perfectly natural in appearance, and wonderful and original in its workings and construction, as the sequel will show.

This leg of mine was invented by a man in Germany, and with proper care was warranted to last a lifetime. It was controlled by a clock-like mechanism, and had only to be wound up once a month to keep it in working order. Therein is where it differed from the ordinary style of wooden leg; for, where with the latter one had to make an effort to walk, with this wonderful leg all that was necessary to make it act properly was (it being wound up, of course) to adjust a sort of contrivance which regulated the motion to any gait one might desire—something after the manner of the metronome used by musicians. This arrangement had two slight steel rods attached to it, one to stop the motion of the leg, and the other to set it going. They extended nearly to the waist-line, where they terminated in two small knobs, one of rubber and one of ivory. These were easily reached by the wearer through his pocket, and, by turning one of the knobs, he could make the leg take a fast or slow gait, or stop it altogether, according to the knob he turned. Quite an ingenious contrivance, and one that had worked admirably during the ten years I had used it. My leg was so perfect in action, my gait so natural, that I am sure no one suspected that my legs were not mates.

And now the time had come when I felt I must know my fate regarding Pauline. Suspense was worse than certainty, whatever the result might be. So I started out one evening in nervous haste, dreading and fearing the effect on Pauline when I should disclose to her the fact that my legs did not match. Coward! As I approached her house my courage forsook me, and I felt that it would be impossible for me to tell her anything but the one desire of my heart and soul—that she be mine. This I accordingly did, just as soon as the opportunity presented itself. And, oh, happy and wretched man that I was! Happy because she had consented to be my wife; wretched because of the confession I had to make: the hideous secret as it had now grown to be, which I must, and would disclose to her in twenty-four hours' time. To-morrow we were going to the theatre, and I decided to tell her of my misfortune after the play; but as Fate willed it, I was spared making any disclosures on the subject. The leg betrayed me, or rather itself, in all its wooden effrontery, making me an object of scorn and derision to those about; causing me the keenest humiliation and distress; yet bringing about a climax at which I had good reason to rejoice afterward.

We started out for the theatre on this particular evening in the best of spirits. Pauline looked radiant, and seemed as happy as possible. My face, I am sure, shone with pride and triumph as we passed the throngs of people on our way. What admiring glances were cast in the direction of Pauline's beautiful face. How the men must envy me. What a lovely creature she was—such complexion, so white and so pink; and a wealth of golden hair, as soft and fluffy as a child's, that lay in pretty rings on her forehead; and the prettiest little teeth in the world, like corn on a cob, or a string of pearls. "Mine!" I said, gazing rapturously into her blue eyes. "Thine!" said she, glancing coyly at me. How proud and happy I was! Dear Pauline! Light of my soul!

We walked briskly along, my wooden leg keeping excellent time with the other. How I wondered and feared what she would say when I told her the truth; but she seemed so truly fond of me that I began to think that perhaps the disclosure would not make any real difference. She would be surprised, of course—it was to be expected; but afterward she would look at it from a sensible standpoint, and perhaps think no more about it. Ah! I little knew Pauline.

As we approached the theatre, I regulated the motion of my leg, making it slow up a little by turning one of the little knobs, which I could easily reach through my coat pocket without attracting any attention. Reaching the theatre we passed through the lobby and went inside, where we—no, where Pauline stood waiting to be shown our seats. I said Pauline stood. I—Oh, heavens, I could not stand! My leg, always before responding readily to the regulator, ceasing its movements when I turned the rubber knob as far as it would go, now refused utterly to remain still, but thrust itself out violently, so that either I was obliged to run rapidly about the theatre or remain as best I could on my one natural leg, and run the risk of kicking those who stood about me, waiting, as I was, to be shown to their

seats. Even if by constantly changing my position, as by running back and forth, I was able to avoid such a *contretemps*, what would Pauline think, to say nothing of the others, to see me display such unaccountable restlessness, leaving her to wait by herself, or, if attempting to stand, kicking those around, thereby placing me in the most absurd and embarrassing position that could be imagined? Again I frantically turned the rubber knob. It was no use; it had lost all control over the leg, which increased every minute in the rapidity of its action. There was evidently but one thing remaining for me to do, which was to leave the theatre as quickly as possible, which could be easily accomplished if the way were only clear; but there was a crowd, which was constantly increasing, making an egress a difficult thing for any one; and for me, unfortunate and miserable wretch that I was, it seemed an impossible thing to do without getting into serious difficulties. Nevertheless I would have to make the attempt, for the leg was going at a speed fast and furious; and it was only by the greatest dexterity that I was thus far able to prevent its coming in contact with any one.

Hastily explaining to Pauline that I was ill, and must get the air, I made a wild attempt to reach the street, Pauline following closely behind. Before I could make any progress at all, my leg, oh, horrors! thrust itself violently against a gentleman in front of me—in plain English, I kicked him. He turned, looking at me angrily. I apologized profusely, at the same time giving him another kick.

"Sir," said the now irate gentleman, "what do you mean by kicking me?"

Those about looked on curiously.

"Why, Peter!" said Pauline, astonishment and anger visible on her face.

Inwardly cursing my luck, and the man who invented the leg, I tried to explain, and moved around so that another gentleman received a kick.

"Here, you! What in thunder are you about?"

"Oh!" I gasped. "Do you not see? My leg! False! Wooden!"

"Wooden, is it?" said the first man. "Well, what if it is? Is that any reason why you should stand there and kick like a stubborn mule? Never heard of such a thing."

"No," said gentleman number two, "don't believe it; perhaps the man is crazy; better call an officer."

The crowd, fast increasing, drawn thither by the altercation, kept at a respectful distance to avoid colliding with the leg, which seemed possessed of a hundred fiends. An officer now appeared on the scene.

"What's all this about?" said he, in loud and angry tones. "What do you mean by kicking them gents. I'll show you——" grabbing me by the collar.

"Listen one moment," said I, frantically. "This is all a mistake; I can't help it! I—I am an innocent man!"

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" jeered the crowd. "A mistake!" "He can't help it!" "He's innocent!" "Been drinking, probably, and doesn't know what he's doing!"

"Yes, a mistake," said I, the perspiration streaming from every pore. "I have been unable to control my leg, which is a patent affair, and it's out of order, I tell you."

"Ha, ha, ha! He's got a patent leg that's out of order; so he kicks everybody by way of expressing his feelings. Pretty good!"

"Come, now," said the officer. "I've had enough of this. Youse move off." (This last to the crowd).

"One moment," I began. "This lady——" pointing to Pauline, who had edged away, evidently too mortified to be seen with me.

"Ah," said the officer, "there's a woman with you, is there? Yer wife?"

"No," I answered, shortly.

"Come here, young woman; what d'yer know of this man?"

"She knows nothing," said I, angrily.

At this juncture, a loud whirring noise was heard, like the alarm of a clock going off; then all was still, and the accursed leg ceased its gyrations and became motionless. I could not move.

"My stars," said the officer, "was that your leg that went off like that? What's the matter? Can't you walk? Must be you was right, after all. Well, I vow! Sorry for you, sor; didn't know, of course; dom funny leg, anyway."

We had now reached the outside door, the officer helping me deferentially along, and Pauline following with a hard, set look on her face. "Hope, sor, you'll excuse me," said this now humble guardian of the peace. "I thought I was doin' my dooty."

"Yes, yes," I cried, impatiently. "Get me a cab at once, and put this lady and me into it without further delay."

He quickly summoned one of the many cabs waiting outside, helped us in, and apologized again for his mistake.

As we started off I looked at Pauline to see if there were any signs of sympathy or tenderness in her face or attitude. But no; she sat as rigid as a statue, with apparently as little feeling. "Pauline," said I, my voice trembling with emotion, "dearest, will you forgive me for the humiliation that has been placed upon you this evening? I would have given half I possessed to have averted such a disaster; but how could I know such a thing would occur?"

Here I took her hand, but she snatched it

angrily away, and, turning toward me, her eyes ablaze with a steely light, she said, in harsh rasping tones: "You mean, deceitful wretch! I thought you would ever have promised to marry me if I had known what you are? A man patched up and pieced out as you are! A man with a bogus limb, n like other imitation limbs, but full of machinery, a going off in a public place, with me by your side, a making a noise like a sawmill, causing me to wish t earth—the floor, I mean—would open its jaws a swallow me up, so great was my blushing shame to seen with you! Do you think I—Pauline de Peyster Sutphen, the descendant of a noble lord—would ta up with a man who had a false limb? No, indeed, think not! When I marry a man, I intend he shall all there—not some of him goodness knows wher And, so, sir, you will please consider our engageme at an end. Do you understand me? What are y staring at?"

"Yes, Miss de Peyster Sutphen, I think I now understand you perfectly. My eyes, long since blind your defects, are now very much open. I release y from your engagement. I am more than willing to so. We have both been deceived."

"You needn't say that; I have never deceived you. I think you have," I replied, "but not intentional perhaps. I certainly showed myself to be a simplet when I took you for a l—— when I was unable sum up your character any better. But love is bli you know, and—well, here we are."

The driver opened the door of the cab, and assist Miss Sutphen to alight. As she stooped to leave t cab she hit her head against the door, and, goodne gracious! Her hat came off, taking her beautiful h with it, and exposing her head as bare as an infan She screamed. I picked it up, or rather them, sayi with fine sarcasm, as I handed them to her: "You dropped something, Miss de Peyster Sutphen—y wig; and I quite agree with you that it would not desirable to marry a person who is patched up or piec out." It was not a gallant thing to say, I know; b under the circumstances, I think I was excusable.

"Oh," said she, "that is nothing. I had a fever, a lost my hair. It will grow again; but you——"

I waited to hear no more. She turned hastily, a disappeared within the portals of her house, wher I was glad to leave her. I hoped I would never eyes on her again, and I never did.

ALEXANDRA ALEXANDER

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1905.

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE, MANILA, P. I.,

December 22, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you oblige an old reader of your paper by publishing therein Rudyard Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar"? Thanking you in advance for the favor, I have the honor to remain, Yours sincerely, SETH BOHMANSON, Chief Clerk.

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when you've said "God Save the Queen,"

When you've finished killing Krüger with your mouth, Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tamhourine For a gentleman in khaki ordered South? He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great But we and Paul must take him as we find him; He is out on active service wiping something off a slate And he's left a lot o' little things behind him.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings, (Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay) Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to blame after their things?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—p

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did; There is gas and coals and vittles and the house-rent fall due,

And it's more than rather likely there's a kid. There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry i he's gone,

For an absent-minded beggar they will find him; But it aint the time for sermons with the winter coming o We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him.

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a helted Earl, Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to blame after the girl?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—p

There are families by thousands far too proud to beg or sp And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout, And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual once week,

'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out. He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's o And his regiment didn't need to send to find him. He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before us all Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom— Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's some one g away.

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to blame after the room?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—p

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face And tell him—what he'd very much prefer— That while he saved the empire his employer saved his pl And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her. He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all; But we do not want his kiddies to remind him That we sent 'em to the work-house while their daddy h mered Paul.

So we'll help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire— (Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay) Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to blame you got to spare?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—p

It is estimated that the direct losses con the Fall River strike amount to \$5,000,000

SEEKING NEW YORK'S BOHEMIA.

Freedom Responsible for the Quest—But There's No Bohemia in Gotham—Plenty of Material There, but No Leader—Artist Workers Resent Patronage.

In one of my recent letters I had occasion to remark in the New Yorker's unquenchable yearning to discover and enter those enchanted realms which, by common consent, have been called "bohemia." Ponce de Leon never searched for his Fountain of Youth with more hopefulness and zeal. I do not know whether the panish adventurer ever lost faith in its existence, but the New Yorker does not seem to have done so in the existence of the alluring country of his dreams. He patiently and doggedly seeks for it season after season, many failures to find it do not dampen his ardor. And when he goes he asks the way from other wayfarers that he thinks may belong there or be aiming in the same direction.

I have spoken of the reason why he is so anxious to find it. It is a pure case of justifiable *ennui*-born with conditions as they are and an attempted escape to others that may be better. No one ever made pleasure more of a toil than the New Yorker bent on social amusements. By the end of the season the poor soul is as weary and worn as the Man with the Hoe. He had been immensely diverted there would have been some sense in it. But he has not been diverted at all. He has spent a great deal of money, time, and nerve force, and has only been bored. This is not as it would be. When one is rich, young, and full of the joys and juices of life, one expects to enjoy the passing show. As the passing show has been a disappointment, he begins that search for the bohemia where he is to find an endless feast of reason and flow of soul. The result of my experience is that no such bohemia exists in New York. There is no one acknowledged lot of people who are clever, interesting, and artistic, and who foregather among themselves for social entertainment. There is no "set" of this sort. There is no use where people of this world habitually congregate. There is no leader to this "push." None of the large studios are the known centres of the artistic life of the city. There is not a drawing-room in New York where one can rely upon meeting the people worth meeting of whom the city is full.

Some day, I suppose, New York will have a concentrated, organized, high-class bohemian society, such London has, but there is nothing of the kind now. It is undoubtedly for this reason that so many of our writers, artists, and musicians live by preference in London, where they can freely and easily circulate in a world of their own kind. In New York they have a few friends, and move in a little group of kindred spirits, mostly poor, generally struggling, frequently giving up city life in despair, and retiring with a few imaged Lares and Penates to the shelter of the suburbs. To construct out of these segregated elements a brilliant, cohesive, artistic coterie is a task that would require the social genius of Mlle. l'Espérance, the patience of Job, and the energy of Napoleon.

Yet the marvel of it is that some sort of bohemia is not evolved itself; that these different and distinct articles have not been insensibly drawn toward one another and fused into a solid whole. Every year New York grows fuller of clever, daring, and original minds. It is getting like Paris, which draws to itself the brains of the provinces. People are coming from the West, North, and South who are the capable, enterprising, ambitious people of their sections. Any one who has wares to sell brings them to this great mart; should fancy the greatest in the world. The cream of the country's brains is gathering here. There are enough talented, original, and able human beings packed away in the boarding-houses and small flats of New York to make a bohemia as brilliant as any since the "roaring forties" in Paris. Yet most of them know nobody, and in the course of a few years' sojourn the city become members of small cliques, and do not enter about the upper end of town, being engrossed in the absorbing occupation of making a living.

Toward the society of these humble stars of the world the dwellers along upper Fifth Avenue cast envious eyes; and if they think the society has a tinge of something devilish, they are more than content to be envious, and long to mingle with it. To see the old, artistic element in its habit as it lives, takes them far afield as to such dives as "Little Hungary" and cheap, inglorious cafés as Ginnocchio's and the "Effou." They come to these places floridly dressed, riding in automobiles, and they stare at the shirt-tied ladies and long-haired gentlemen about them, patiently waiting for some one to be startling and reputable. They would feel that the evening had been a complete success if one of the women had been on a table and kicked the chandelier. As nothing of this kind happens, they go home disappointed. One night at Little Hungary I saw several people get drunk, and the women and men make love to one another with an artless abandon that was somewhat embarrassing. I told a girl I knew of it, and she said, with chagrin: "What luck you have! It was all perfectly dull and respectable the night I was there." This, however, is the low-class bohemia. Society does not want to mingle intimately with it, only to look on at it, and be amused. It is more novel than Ober & Fields; has a tang of actuality to it that

naughty French farces lack. But these are not people to know or have at your house. The kind of bohemia that society wants to meet can be as disreputable as possible on the quiet, but must behave with a certain amount of decency when it is being entertained. What society wants to get out of it is the sensation of meeting something new and of being on handshaking terms with the arts. If bohemia appeared in strange, weird clothes, like Dr. Mary Walker, or drank out of the finger-bowl, society would feel it had not condescended in vain.

In this growing interest in the wayfarers of artistic byways, one wonders why the fashionable New York woman has not revived the *salon*, or tried to make a twentieth-century *salon* of her own. I am told by those who know that many have tried to do so, and no one has succeeded. I am also told that this ambition burns in the breast of numerous talented and beautiful ladies who have homes in the "Mile of Millionaires" and fortunes large enough to entertain the Shah of Persia if they wanted. Some of them have made furtive efforts to establish a *salon*: have corralled an actress or two, got several singers who are dying for a chance to sing in public, and a few of those literary lions who wear their hair long and will go anywhere to get a good dinner; and with this solid foundation have commenced building the fabric of a literary and artistic coterie. The fabric in every case has collapsed after a season or two. The actresses have made love to the hostess' husbands, the singers have got engagements that were more profitable, and the literary men have borrowed so much money of every one who was willing to lend that they have exhausted the field and have migrated to pastures new.

I have heard that in the past there were one or two *salons* in New York. Old-timers of that period when Grace Church was far up town and ladies wore crinolines and spencers, will tell you of the *salon* of Mme. Botta, who was Miss Somebody or Other—I forget her name—and had married an Italian called Botta. Her house was a rendezvous for the clever people of that day—and there were many of them—and it is said that the great opera singers who then visited the city, and all the native and foreign wits and artists, were to be found in her drawing-room. Mrs. Paran Stevens, in her old age, had also quite famous Sunday afternoons, at which the company was brilliant and the entertainment good. Outside these two women I have never heard of any one in New York whose house was known as a gathering-place for the mentally distinguished or artistically celebrated.

With their desire to have *salons* and the fine materials lying about the city to make *salons*, the wonder is that nobody has succeeded in achieving one. In New York at the present moment there is nothing that in the least resembles a gathering of this kind. A few people have "afternoons," at which hired singers hold forth, and during which it is very difficult to keep the spectators from talking. There are occasional studio teas, where an actress or two turns up, and a few writers drop in about half-past five. As a rule, they do not know one another, and after introductions and the exchange of the commonplaces of greeting, they sip a cup by the samovar and saunter out again. In the larger studios there are occasional evening entertainments—dances, theatricals, etc. And at these, in almost all cases, the audience is largely made up of the rich patrons of the artist who come down from Fifth Avenue in automobiles, and have to be invited and encouraged, as they are the only people in the city who buy pictures.

One of the reasons, I think, that the *salon* can not be induced to flourish is the mistaken idea of the entertainer as to the aims and outlook of the entertainee. The fashionable New Yorker has still the idea that the artist, of whatever branch, is somewhat of a freak. Entertaining these freaks is a daring performance, savoring of a bohemianism that verges on the disreputable. The entertainer (maybe unconsciously) has this point of view. The lions that she is gathering so carefully together are queer, unconventional animals, whose roaring may be brilliant and wonderful, but—whether or no—ought to be amusing. They will be "great fun." The way some of the women will be dressed will be something to laugh over afterward. It will be just a little more dignified and *convenable* than a gathering of socialists, or "queer" people from the East Side, or professional dancers and conjurers who do "stunts" in the vaudeville houses.

This attitude on the part of the entertainer is felt and resented with rage by the entertainee. It would be difficult to make the patronizer understand the pride of the patronized. The artistic worker has been of so little importance in this country until lately that he has become very sensitive about his position. Such a one as he has, he has made himself against indifference, poverty, and neglect. His work has not won him the esteem it would in other countries; he is generally poor, and he has the overwhelming, heady, almost morbid pride of the unappreciated and unencouraged workman. Let such a being as this be put among a company of idle rich New Yorkers, to be petted, played with, and treated with a combination of condescension and curiosity, and one may guess with what passion he would resent the attentions of his hosts.

There are other reasons, too. The artist in any line is a hard worker. When work is over, he likes play—and it would not be play to him to squeeze himself into his ill-fitting evening clothes and go to a house where he knew no people, had to be "on his company man-

ners," and was obliged to talk to a lot of fashionable folk whom he would set down as very stupid, who knew nothing of the things that interested him, and who were obviously regarding him, from his unkempt hair to his badly brushed boots, as something between a mountebank and a nihilist. This can not be said to be a good way of taking one's recreation. Nothing could be conceived much more fatiguing or less amusing. Better one hour over a book at the Café Boulevard, in old, comfortable clothes and with a cheerful little wife or a soft-eyed best girl opposite, than a hundred in such gilded boredom.

The supreme possession necessary to the establishment of a *salon* is tact. Money is not wanted, nor beauty, nor especial and bewildering charm. The heads of the great French *salons* were in almost all cases middle aged, unbeautiful, and seldom wealthy. Many of them were silent women, preferring listening to talking. But they were one and all women of tact, who understood to perfection the art of drawing out others. It was not that they were so clever as that they inspired others to cleverness. Under the encouragement of their listening eyes, self-consciousness vanished, and the most awkward tongue was loosed. They did not regard their visitors as a new amusement to while away idle hours. They felt flattered that the wits and playwrights and poets of the day deigned to enter their parlors. And being Frenchwomen we may be sure that they conveyed this idea to every wit and playwright and poet of the lot. Perhaps when some such woman arises in New York we will have a real, *bonafide* *salon*. But we sweep the horizon in vain for her.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1905.

An African Show-Place.

The great Victoria Falls of the Zambesi are to be made one of the show-places of the earth. They are 1,600 miles inland from Cape Town. A small hotel, fitted with electric lights and ice chambers and electric fans to counteract the effects of the tropical heat, has been opened. A big hotel is now building. It is the intention to keep the falls as free as possible from distractions and everything unsightly. The site of the town that is springing up is about three miles from the falls. The railway will cross the gorge a few hundred yards below them on the steel suspension bridge now building, but from no point where the falls can be viewed can the railway be seen. The policy is to preserve unimpaired the beauty of the falls and their surroundings. It will cost a pretty penny to go to these falls, but it is contended that nothing in the line of waterfalls equals the beauty and grandeur of Victoria Falls. Being over a mile wide and 400 feet high, they are twice as broad and two and a half times as high as Niagara Falls. It is a curious fact that the least water pours over the falls when the rainy season is in full progress there, and when the falls are in flood, the country around them is as dry as a bone. This shows the bigness of the Zambesi. By the time the flood waters of the upper river get down to the falls, the rainy season has ended in that region.

First a halfpenny and then a gold piece gave considerable amusement to a small crowd in the Rue Daunou, Paris, recently. The former coin was placed on the pavement, and lay untouched for an hour and a half before it was picked up by an old lady, who carefully placed it in her reticule, despite the derisive cheers which were accorded her by those who were watching. An American gentleman then placed a twenty-franc piece on the ground, and as pedestrian after pedestrian passed without seeing it, they were startled by the uproarious laughter from doors and windows. They stopped short, looked confused, and then hurried away with indignant glances at the merry-makers. The louis was at last picked up by a bent and feeble old man, who hobbled off with his treasure amid enthusiastic cheers.

The London *Times*, on the tenth of January, printed an extract from the *Times* of January 10, 1805, containing the following statement: "The estimate of the expenditures of the United States for the present year has been laid before the House of Representatives. It consists of civil list, \$611,911; miscellaneous expenses, \$310,982; expenses of intercourse with foreign nations, \$269,550; military establishment, \$942,992; naval establishment, \$1,240,000; making altogether the sum of \$3,375,435."

Canada is pushing for sales in Japan. Consuls are being appointed with authority to pay for early statistical information. Sample-rooms will be attached to the consulates. Japanese products will be exhibited in commercial museums in Canada.

Preserved in the Cathedral of Bangor, Wales, is a pair of old "dog tongs," which were used for ejecting quarrelsome dogs from church during service. A similar pair is preserved at Llaynynys, Wales, and bears numerous teeth marks.

The Japanese recently flew a large kite into the Russian lines. The kite was covered with photographs showing the treatment of Russian prisoners in Japan. It was evidently intended to attract the Russian soldiers.

ROYAL BETROTHALS.

Probability that Daughters of the Duke of Connaught Will Marry
Crown Prince of Portugal and King of Spain—
They are Not Pretty, Either.

It has for some time been going the rounds that husbands had been found for the two daughters of the Duke of Connaught. It is true that the rumor was not one to call for remark or excite much interest. The two young ladies, as young ladies go, and judged fairly on their merits, are not the sort of girls to attract attention in the very smallest degree; for they are both immeasurably plain and commonplace. However, they are royal princesses, no less, and, as such, their doings and their goings and comings get notice from the public. Besides, the fact that King Edward is their uncle is a tremendous "leg up" for the poor girls. The king is very kind and good-natured, you must know, and is very good to the members of his family, wherever and whenever he can be without treading too heavily on the nation's corns. And so it is no venture to say that he has had a hand, and a helping hand, in the selection of suitable husbands for his two nieces. In one instance, certainly. It is now pretty well understood who the men are. One is the Crown Prince of Portugal, and the other is the King of Spain. The crown prince is to be given to Princess Margaret, and King Alfonso to Princess Patricia. Unfortunately, one of the girls is older than the husband selected for her. Not that it matters in the marriages of kings and princes with princesses. But the allotment might have been better, it seems to me, in this regard. The Crown Prince of Portugal is not yet eighteen, and Princess Margaret is just twenty-three; whereas, the King of Spain is eighteen and Princess Patricia seventeen. Better have given the Portuguese prince to her. However, they must wait till the bridegrooms come of age, in any event.

It is in the Portuguese crown prince's marriage that King Edward's hand is chiefly seen. He is well known as a great match-maker, is England's king. It would make a long list were I to put down all the marriages that have been accredited to his good offices. One I will mention that I happen to know he brought about. It was that of Miss Minnie Stevens, of New York, to Captain Paget, of the Scots Guards, as he then was, for he is now a distinguished general. Paget was not the first choice of the Prince of Wales (as *he* then was) for the hotel millionairess, it is said, as *she* then was, and so the prince had to take the best he could get. It was a sore disappointment to Mama Paran, whose soul hankered for a title. But the marriage turned out all right, thanks a good deal to the continued patronage of the prince; for Minnie was one of his special pals in the old days, and he is still one of her best friends. If anybody cares to know in whose marriages King Edward has taken a particular interest, all they need do is to look in the English peerage. Burke or Debrett will do—not one of the small, condensed sort. Wherever you see after the name of any of the children "for whom his royal highness (or his majesty) stood sponsor," you may be sure there is one.

But the marriages of the Connaught princesses are not by any means settled. King Edward set the ball rolling in one when the King and Queen of Portugal were over here, and a little strategy was called into play regarding the other. The Duke of Connaught discovered that it was his military duty to inspect the garrison at Gibraltar, and the Admiralty most kindly lent him one of the nation's finest first-class armored cruisers to take him there. Of course, he had to have a suite. And so, adroitly, in the suite he included his wife and two daughters. See? The thing is as plain as a pike-staff. On the way to Gibraltar lay Lisbon and Cadiz. It is not at all usual for a cruiser on her voyage from England to Gibraltar to touch at Lisbon or Cadiz, much more make a prolonged stay there; nor is it customary for a general on special duty to break his journey for his pleasure when on his way to where his duty calls him, any more than it is for him to take his wife and daughters a-jant on a man-of-war at government expense. Yet all of this happened. While the garrison at "Gib" waited to be inspected, Princess Margaret met the crown prince at Lisbon, and Princess Patricia met the King of Spain at Cadiz. At both places there were grand doings; banquets, balls, receptions—a gala time generally. At Cadiz a large fleet of Spanish warships was assembled to greet the princess who came a-wooing, and the young king was nothing but Spanish bows and smiles and shrugs and grimaces. But a Spaniard is that to every woman, so there is nothing to go by in it. Alfonso is not a beauty himself. Far from it. But that is all the more reason that, like all ugly men with big mouths, he will want a pretty wife. I should have kept Margaret in the background until matters had gone too far for him to back out easily. But the Duke of Connaught, they say, has, like many fathers, a most absurd idea that his daughters are beautiful. It is another of his monopolies. So that it is quite possible the young king was not inclined to talk turkey. He is an independent young fellow and won't be coerced. He has informed his ministers that he is going to marry to suit himself. What the English royal family want of him at all, I can't understand. An alliance with Spain, even in so small a way as this marriage would make one, could be of possible use to England. The pitiful spectacle of that obsolete fleet at Cadiz was a pretty fair exhibit of

Spain's position as a nation. The old *Palaya*—Spain's only battle-ship—was the chief vessel of the squadron. She shone during the Spanish-American War as a constant menace to the United States navy. Luckily she never left Spanish waters, otherwise she wouldn't have been on hand to salute Princess Patricia. It may interest San Francisco readers, whose memories go back a little, to know that the captain of the *Essex*, the cruiser which carried the princesses to Spain and Portugal, was Captain Farquhar, whose father was the admiral who was so popular in local society some years ago. Oddly enough, another son commanded the battleship which conveyed the Duke of Connaught to India for the Durbar in 1902. The Farquhars have much interest, and manage to get many naval plums. But it is hardly the use you'd expect a fine cruiser to be put to, and does not show the marvelous reform in the navy we hear so much about—turning her into a passenger ship—and for such a purpose.

It is rather a puzzle to me—supposing the matches are made—how the conflicting religions are going to be managed, for both king and crown prince are Roman Catholics.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, January 18, 1905.

Assassinated Rulers.

Here is the interesting list of rulers and other exalted persons who have died by assassination: 1801, Russia, Czar Paul; 1812, England, Premier Percival; 1820, France, Duc de Berri; 1848, Italy, Count Rossi; 1854, Italy, Duke of Parma; 1857, France, Archbishop Sibour, of Paris; 1860, Montenegro, Prince Daniel; 1865, United States, President Lincoln; 1868, Servia, Prince Michael; 1870, Spain, Marshal Prim; 1871, France, Archbishop Darbois, of Paris; 1872, India, Governor-General Mayo; 1876, Turkey, the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, and several ministers; 1878, Turkey, Mehemet Ali Pacha; 1881, Russia, Czar Alexander the Second; 1881, United States, President Garfield; 1882, Ireland, Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke; 1887, France, former Premier Jules Ferry; 1894, France, President Carnot; 1895, Bulgaria, former Premier Stomholoff; 1896, Persia, the Shah; 1897, Spain, Premier Canovas; 1897, Uruguay, President Borda Idiarte; 1898, Austria, Empress Elizabeth; 1899, Hayti, President Hereux; 1900, Italy, King Humbert; 1901, United States, President McKinley; 1902, Russia, Prince Obolenski, governor of Kharhoff; 1903, Servia, King Alexander, Queen Draga; 1904, Russia, Count Bohrikoff, governor of Finland, Von Plehve, minister of interior. The attempts at assassination in Russia which failed are as follows: 1866, Czar Alexander the Second; 1867, Czar Alexander the Second; 1879, Czar Alexander the Second; 1880, Czar Alexander the Second, General Loris Melikoff; 1881, Czar Alexander the Second; 1885, Estrup; 1887, Czar Alexander the Third; 1888, Czar Alexander the Third; 1899, Estrup.

Authorship of a Wise Saying in Dispute.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, after trying for some time to answer inquiries regarding the occasion of Abraham Lincoln's use of the words, "You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but not all the people all the time," gives it up. Colonel Hay was appealed to, but that biographer of President Lincoln had to acknowledge he never encountered the sentence when making minute investigation of Lincoln's speeches, papers, letters, and recorded sayings. An Ohio congressman, who had been asked the question, referred the inquirer to the Library of Congress, where, if anywhere, the information could be obtained. The Washington *Post* reports the result. Assistant Librarian Spofford made a written reply, in which he says the sentence does not occur in any of Lincoln's writings, adding that Mr. Nicolay, Lincoln's secretary and associate of Colonel John Hay in writing the elaborate biography of Lincoln, told Spofford the alleged Lincoln saying was spurious. Librarian Spofford says the real author of the popular sentence was Phineas T. Barnum, the famous showman, who "fooled the people" more successfully than any other man of his time.

The confidence that the tenants of the sky-scrapers of New York have in their fire-proof qualities was demonstrated recently during a fire in the Park Row Building. While the firemen were battling with the blaze, the office occupants calmly attended to their regular business. The fire was kept confined to one room.

St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, and several other buildings in London have had to be supported by underpinnings in consequence of the tunneling going on beneath the town, and it is said by some that the buildings are in very grave danger of destruction.

The village of Nesdel, in Denmark, was destroyed recently by an avalanche, a large part of the mountain above the town sliding into the lake, flooding its shores. Sixty or more people lost their lives.

The proprietors of the Denuett restaurants in New York have taken the Scriptural quotations from the walls, and talk of opening the restaurants on Sundays.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

J. Frank Hanly, Republican governor-elect of Indiana, is a teetotaler, never enters a saloon, does not use tobacco, is a pillar in the Methodist church, and teaches in the Sunday-school.

George B. Cortelyou was one of the passengers who sailed for the Mediterranean from Boston on the *Canoptic* the other day. Mr. Cortelyou said he was going abroad for needed rest.

Johannes A. Goertel, who painted the familiar "Roc of Ages," is still busy at the age of eighty-two in his studio near Washington. He produced this, his best known painting, in 1867.

Mr. Marconi, the famous inventor of wireless telegraphy, has become betrothed to Princess Giacinta Ruspoli, daughter of Prince Ruspoli, one of the foremost Roman nobles, who traces back his lineage to the fourteenth century.

Mr. Barrett Wendell's lectures at the Sorbonne, Paris, have become one of the social events of the season. On the days when he lectures the carriages stretch for half a mile before the doors of Lutetia's ancient sea of learning. The authorities have now given him the largest hall which the university buildings boast, and that is crowded.

The founder of popular Paris restaurants, M. Petta Duval, died last week at his splendid estate at Pontlevy where he has lived retired since 1881. He founded the first of his restaurants in 1853 in the Rue Sainte Anne where he supplied meals for eighty centimes, consisting of meat, vegetables, dessert, and a flask of superior Bordeaux. The cheapness of the meals caused a sensation even then. Soon fifty establishments were founded but with time the prices rose, and the restaurants assumed a select appearance, which they have retained since their founder made his fortune of several million francs.

M. Rouvier, the new French premier, began life as a drummer for a bookseller, who sold on the installment plan books of the kind given as prizes to lads in the Lycée school. Subsequently he entered the service of a Greek merchant named Zafopoula, who was established at Marseilles, and engaged in the Russian grain trade. M. Rouvier's business took him to Constantinople, Odessa, Smyrna, Alexandria, and to other Mediterranean ports, the travel serving to broaden his view and, having acquired some wealth by speculation, he in 1869 turned his attention to politics, and devoted a his energies to securing the election of Gambetta a parliamentary representative for the city of Marseilles. Since then he has risen steadily.

Andrew D. White says that Emperor William is certainly a hard-working man. The record of each of his days at Berlin or Potsdam, as given in the press, show that every hour from dawn to long after dusk brings its duties—duties demanding wide observation, close study, concentration of thought and decision. Nor is his attention bounded by German interests. He is keen student of the world at large. At various intervals there was ample evidence of his close observation of the present President of the United States, and of appreciation of his doings and qualities; so too when the struggle for decent government in New York was going on, he showed an intelligent interest in Mr. Seligman's work; and in various other American matters there was recognition of the value of any important stroke of good work done by our countrymen.

A Wall Street banker, who is said to be "the head of one of the largest financial institutions" of New York, is credited with the statement that the fortune of John D. Rockefeller will in a few years amount to one thousand million dollars. There are many estimates current of Mr. Rockefeller's wealth, estimates ranging all the way from \$400,000,000 to \$600,000,000, but the Wall Street authority adds that all estimates of the Rockefeller fortune have been too low. Years ago, Mr. Gladstone was one of the guests at a dinner in England where the oldest member of the Vanderbilt family was also present. Somebody whispered to the English premier that the rich American had \$100,000,000, and Mr. Gladstone commented, after looking curiously at Mr. Vanderbilt: "Then I should say that he constitutes a peril to the American republic. What Mr. Gladstone would have said of a Rockefeller may be imagined.

M. Kraevski, a Russian journalist, has accomplished the feat of visiting Japan, photographing Russian prisoners, examining hospitals, fortifications, and troops, interviewing Japanese of high standing, and is now on his way back to Russia. His articles will appear in the *Russkoe Slovo* of Moscow. M. Kraevski, a young man of thirty, speaking English well, went from Moscow to London and then to New York, where he bought complete outfit of American clothes. Between New York and San Francisco M. Kraevski disappeared, at "Mr. Percy Palmer" shipped on the *China* from that port to Yokohama on October 22. M. Kraevski had some time before met the real Percy Palmer, who lives in Australia. If the Japanese became suspicious of him they would have found all his clothes marked "P. F." His check-book bore the name Percy Palmer, and his pockets were several registered letters addressed him in San Francisco and posted, of course by himself in several American cities.

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO JAPAN.

Account of the Murderous Attack on Nicholas As Told by Mrs. Fraser—The Reason for the Deed—The People's Grief.

One of the most interesting chapters in "Letters from Japan," a work in two volumes by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, a sister of F. Marion Crawford, and at the time when the letters were written wife of the British minister to Japan, is that in which she tells of the murderous attack of a fanatic Japanese upon the present Czar of Russia, then Czarevitch. Very graphic is her description of the receipt of the news in Tokio on the eleventh of June, 1891:

No words of mine can describe the consternation and dismay which took possession of this place, when, on the afternoon of the eleventh, those horrible telegrams came pouring in, to the Russian legation, to the ministries, to the palace. It was a lovely afternoon, and I was returning from a drive, when I met, not far from home, my friend Mrs. K—. She stopped her carriage and got into mine, telling the coachman to drive to the Russian legation, and on the way she told me what she had just learned from one of the officials. The Czarevitch had been attacked; no one knew yet whether the wound was mortal. We were met at the entrance to the Russian legation by scared-looking servants, who led us up the big staircase, where all the beautiful floral decorations had just been completed in expectation of the prince's visit to-morrow. The fear of death seemed to be on every one, and the very gloom of it to hang over the great flower-filled house. What made it more terrible for Mme. S— and her daughter was that they were alone there, the minister himself being in attendance on the Czarevitch. As yet no one knew whether a riot had taken place, whether M. S— were also hurt or not; but to tell the truth, I do not believe the two poor loyal women could have then suffered more anguish of soul if he had even been killed. I learned for the first time what loyalty meant; with what a passion of devotion the blood of some rascals leaps to the call, mad to be spilt for the sovereign and his family. My poor friends were utterly prostrated by the blow, which had fallen some two hours before, while I was far out in the country. They had wept till they could weep no more, and Vera S—, a most charming and brilliant girl, was raging up and down the room, wild to slay the doer of the deed, who, I think, would indeed have had a short shrift if her little fingers had once met on his throat. "Our prince, our prince!" she sobbed; and there were no other words but those. "Our prince, our prince! God have mercy on our prince!" I am certain that at that moment both mother and daughter would have gone to death joyfully and unhesitatingly, if by so doing they could have assured the Czarevitch's life.

What made the matter worse was that there had been some hesitation on the part of the Czarevitch before visiting Japan. The Russian legation was uneasy about his safety, and at length the Mikado made the responsibility personal. "I take," said his majesty, "the personal responsibility of the Czarevitch's visit. His person shall be sacred as my own; I answer for his safety with my own honor." Mrs. Fraser thus tells the story of the actual occurrence:

The Czarevitch had gone from Kyoto to see Lake Biwa, the Lake of the Lute, whose waters are called the melted snows of Fuji. The party had lunched with the prefect of the district at a little place named Otsu, the usual centre for some lovely excursions in the neighborhood of the lake. As the roads do not allow of using carriages in that part of the world, the prince and his following were in jinrikshas, each drawn by two coolies. The Czarevitch was in the fifth of these little vehicles, those in front being occupied by the governor of the province, the chief of police, and two inspectors. Behind the Czarevitch came another Japanese official, then Prince George, then one or two other members of the party, and finally M. S—, the Russian minister. The streets were lined with police on both sides, the men being set at short intervals from each other, all picked men who could be relied on to do their duty. Among the policemen stood one called Tsuda Sanzo, an old sergeant-major in the army, where he had earned a decoration for services rendered in the Satsuma rebellion. A self-centred and somewhat bigoted man, he was yet one of the quiet, steady, tried servants who would be chosen for such a post as this. As the Czarevitch passed him, he drew his great Japanese blade, and aimed a deadly blow at the prince's head. The jinriksha was going at a fair pace, and the sword slid, caught the hat, and inflicted a second blow. Then it fell as Tsuda himself fell; for one of the coolies, dropping the shafts, hurled himself unarmed on the policeman, and the second coolie snatched the sword and dealt the assassin two serious blows with it while he was still wrestling with the first man. The prince himself, blinded with the flow of blood, leaped from the jinriksha as the shafts dropped, and ran forward toward the ones occupied by the governor and the other Japanese officials. In an instant the governor was supporting him, and led him aside into an open shop, while the whole train was thrown into the wildest confusion. Guards threw themselves on Tsuda and secured him, and Prince George, in intense anger and excitement, came and struck him violently with his stick. M. S— jumped from his jinriksha, and flew past, into a rest where the prince was standing in the little shop. He was bathed in blood, and refused to sit down; and when M. arises, in his wild

anxiety, threw himself at his feet with a cry, the prince raised him quietly, and said, "Do not be anxious. I am not really hurt!"

The motive of the crime is thus explained by Mrs. Fraser:

One or two of his intimates had heard him speak with fear of the aggressions of Russia, just as a certain small class here write and speak. Their minority makes them insignificant; and nobody has done more than laugh when these wisecracks pretended to see the visit of a spy in the coming of the Czarevitch; when, in obscure newspapers, they reminded the people of the Russian principles of aggression; as shown by Russia's taking Saghalien, which was, after all, deliberately exchanged for the Kurile Islands. Japan is rich in fanatics. One of the men who held these doctrines committed suicide before the landing of the prince, in order, as he said, to be spared the sight of his country's humiliation. A legend exists to the effect that the late General Saigo, the chief leader of the Satsuma rebellion, was not really killed, but had succeeded in escaping to Russia, where he is supposed to have remained all these years, awaiting a favorable moment in order to return to Japan and once more raise the standard of revolt. A story got abroad that the Czarevitch was bringing him back in his suite, and the absurd rumor caused a good deal of excitement in some districts. Such ideas had probably preyed on Tsuda's mind, apt to be unhinged because of that strain of madness in his family which was quite unknown to the authorities; and when he was named as one of the guardians of the road for the Russian prince, the insane resolve to make away with him probably formed itself in his brain. The instant onslaught of the two jinriksha coolies prevented him from taking his own life, which would undoubtedly have been his next act.

Meanwhile the whole Japanese nation was plunged into profound grief at the blow to honor, but the empress remembered the mother of the wounded boy:

The valiant, gentle empress forgot all the repressions of her up-bringing, all the superb calm, which, as a part of her rank, she has shown in every circumstance of her life, and for the whole of that wretched night walked up and down, up and down, weeping her heart out in a flood-tide of grief. Those who told me of it said that all night long and for days after the empress had but one cry; not a cry of despair for her country, humiliated in the eyes of the whole world, condemned perhaps to find bitter enemies where she had looked for friends—all that seems not to have touched her at all at first, her only thought was for the boy—and his mother. "The poor mother, the poor mother!" she wailed. "She can not see her boy! She will not believe he is safe! Poor mother! How can I comfort you?"

There was one amusing feature of the affair:

The emperor, it seems, sent word to the judges that the wretched Tsuda must be executed at once; the judges replied, "Your imperial majesty may remember that you have graciously granted a constitution, in which it is promised that criminals shall only be judged and condemned according to the laws which have now been promulgated; in these laws such a case as this was not foreseen, and therefore we can only award to this man the punishment incurred by one who assaults and wounds any other person of any class whatever. We regret that we can not carry out your imperial majesty's wishes. Tsuda Sanzo will undergo a term of imprisonment." "Tsuda Sanzo will be executed," the indignant emperor replied. "Let it be seen to at once."

"Then," said the courageous judges, "your imperial majesty will dispense with our poor services, and find some one to carry out your commands who has not taken the oath to administer the laws according to the constitution."

But the emperor was too upright not to see that they were right, and it is said that he was pleased with their justice and courage. Tsuda is undergoing a term of imprisonment—I think ten years is the time mentioned—but I am sure that if he ever comes out alive, he will have to change his name.

The two coolies who undoubtedly saved the life of the Czarevitch were magnificently rewarded by the Russian Government. Of them, Mrs. Fraser writes:

They are young, good-looking fellows, who, from being members of the poorest class of Japanese subjects, have suddenly become rich men, with decorations and reputations of which the Japanese think even more than of money. Their own government awarded them each a medal and a little pension of thirty-six dollars a year for the rest of their lives—a sum quite enough to keep them from want, living as they would with the ingenious frugality of their race. But the Russian Government has done things very magnificently. Each man has been awarded a thousand dollars a year for life; the Czarevitch himself has presented each of them with a sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, and a Russian decoration has been added to the Japanese one. The two heroes, it is said, were completely stunned with this munificence. The sailors of the prince's vessel made a tremendous feast for them on the day when they came on board to receive their reward; and I hear that they have gone back to their homes in a distant province to buy rich farms and live at ease, doubtless to marry the girls of their hearts, and to tell the tale of their courage and good luck to the third and fourth generation.

The phase of the whole affair which stamps it as Oriental, is that the governor of the province and the chief of police, who were held responsible for the outrage, and who

really and truly had done all that it was possible to do to insure the prince's safety, both were dismissed, one degraded as well, and even this did not satisfy many people, who thought they should have committed suicide.

Wills and Successions.

The will of Mrs. Honora Sharp, who died on Wednesday, has been filed for probate. Most of the estate, which is worth more than \$300,000, is left to the public and to charity. The sum of \$200,000 is set aside for a gate, in memory of her husband, the late George F. Sharp, to be erected at the entrance to the panhandle of Golden Gate Park; \$25,000 is bequeathed to the King's Daughters' Home; \$25,000 to the San Francisco animal society; \$25,000 to the Salvation Army; \$25,000 to Margaret Tojetti, a friend; \$5,000 to Charles Gilda, a friend; and the residue of the estate to Samuel G. Murphy, who is named as executor of the will.

The Dausis Club, an association of young girls organized for charitable work among children, will give a valentineazaar this (Saturday) afternoon, at the residence of Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street. The bazaar will be for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, the Presbyterian Orphanage, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Admission will be twenty-five cents for children and fifty cents for adults.

The dispatches state that Miss Margaretta Bruntsch, of Alameda, who has been studying vocal music abroad, scored a distinct success at her first public concert, given recently in Berlin. She is a contralto, and the critics pronounce her voice such as one rarely hears.

Charles Strine has resigned his position as associate manager of the Tivoli Opera House.

—A WHOLESOME DIET. VEGETARIAN CAFE, 755 Market Street.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Remarks About "The Simple Life."

It was nearly ten years ago that Charles Wagner, an Alsatian minister of the Lutheran faith, wrote the book, "The Simple Life," but it required the indorsement of the President of the United States and the visit to this country of Mr. Wagner to give it that unbounded popularity which it now unmistakably has. "The Simple Life" is hawked by boys on the streets. It is sold in cheap editions at the news-stands. The newsboy on the railway train cries it along with his daily papers and current magazines. It is among the books most in demand at the libraries.

People quite generally appear to approve of the ideas that Mr. Wagner sets forth. His reasoning they seem to think sound, his ideals worthy to be espoused. Yet, as a matter of fact, the Rev. Wagner's views are not seldom narrow and his logic vitiated by failure rightly to grasp the true meaning of social phenomena.

One of the things upon which the author of "The Simple Life" harps continually in his book is the "complexity of modern life." Not upon the increasing complexity of the social organism. No one denies that with the progress of invention and discovery, society increasingly becomes a more complicated piece of machinery. What Herr Wagner maintains is that the life of the individual is "so complicated and so terribly exhaustive of energy" that "it leaves us impatient, breathless, in perpetual trepidation." Does it, really? Is there not some slight exaggeration about this "breathlessness," this "perpetual trepidation"? It is easy to generalize, as Chesterton remarks, but a man can not talk about any concrete thing from cabbages to kaleidoscopes without indicating, very quickly, whether he is a man of sense or a fool. And so when Charles Wagner says in a large, oratorical, expansive way that "modern life leaves us impatient, breathless in perpetual trepidation," it sounds plausible enough. But when it comes to applying this resonant generalization to the grocer on the corner, the butcher up the street, your medical neighbor on the left, or your legal neighbor on the right, to your rubicund employer, or your unenergetic employee, these high-sounding phrases seem scarcely to fit. Apply them to yourself. Are you, perchance, afflicted with such a malady as this excited clergyman describes as universal? In "perpetual trepidation" indeed! Not the men I know, nor the men you know. The great majority of us, it may quite possibly be, still arise in the morning with no more complex emotions than those incident to exchanging recumbent warmth for upright chilliness; quite calmly consume the matutinal egg; proceed to our daily labors under no spasm of excitement, and are able to return from them with merely pre-arranged anticipations, and, having dined, to betake ourselves, after due interim, to bed to sleep sweetly and sound. Individual existence is not more "complex" just because we ride in street-cars rather than in chaises, live five stories up rather than on the ground floor, address our friends by copper wires rather than journey to where they may be, or illumine our houses by bits of platinum in bulbs of glass rather than by tallow dips. As for your man of affairs, it is more likely than not that he is as calm, cool, and collected as the ancient proverbial vegetable. Why, the "simple" person, out of the current of modern activities, is infinitely more liable to be breathless, excited, wrought up over some trivial affair than your "modern man" at the most momentous. A simple rural housewife will become more wildly agitated at the appearance of an unexpected visitor at dinner than would a "modern man" should even Gabriel blow his trumpet.

It is true, of course, that there is a certain illusion of complexity due to the fact that in these last few decades, as never before in recorded history we are each day assailed through the press with a record of the extraordinary occurrences that have during the preceding twenty-four hours disturbed various quarters of this terrestrial ball. There they are—floods, fires, murders, rapes, wrecks by sea and land, riots, bloody battles, stories of famine, pestilence, of thrones tottering and empires shaken—all hurled down on our breakfast table. No wonder the "complexity" of things is an ever-present idea. But it is purely illusory. As it concerns the individual—you and I—life is little less simple than ever it was. The man of to-day is physically stronger, lives longer, and is generally happier than the man of past time.

Take one flagrant example of Wagner's distorted view of affairs. In one place he says: "Nothing is simple any longer; neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying." Note the last clause. Here the implication is that the ceremonies attendant upon death are more complex now than formerly. How different the fact. Even the lowest of savage tribes, even the naked natives of African tropics, surround death with ceremony that we. The student of "original customs" is aware how rigid are the requirements of mortuary etiquette. Ceremonial mourning lasts for days. Certain

formulas must be strictly observed. Sacrifices are made upon the grave, sometimes of human life. Among some tribes, the house of the dead man is burned. In brief, ceremonialism reached its highest stages of development very early in the history of civilization. This is also quite true of the ceremony of marriage. Mr. Wagner rails at the complications of the modern wedding, but he should compare its relative simplicity with the curious and extraordinarily minute ritual incident to the nuptial ceremony among savage races.

Pastor Wagner's generally loose fashion of reasoning is somewhat amusingly illustrated by the following paragraph:

Compare a *fête champêtre* of the good old style with the village festivals, so-called, of to-day. In the one case, in the honored setting of antique costumes, genuine countrymen sing the folk song, dance rustic dances, regale themselves with native drinks, and seem entirely in their element. In the other case, you see villagers disguised as city folk, country women made hideous by the *modiste*, and, as the chief ornament of the festival, a lot of degenerates who bawl the songs of music-halls. For drinks, liquors mixed with brandy or absinthe.

What naive logic! What good reason for supposing that a village maid in "antique costume" (minus underclothing, as was the mediæval fashion) was happier than the girl of to-day in a dress made by a milliner? What grounds for the belief that "native drinks" were less capable of reducing the peasant celebrant to a state of hopeless intoxication than the modern "liquor"? What proof that a "folk song"—the product of the peasant brain—was more tuneful than the favorite of the Paris music-halls? Such passages as these tend radically to shake one's faith in the Rev. Wagner's good sense and good judgment.

Naturally there are many wise sayings, much good advice, scattered through the one hundred and ninety-three pages of "The Simple Life." But, in celebrating as the ideal of life a certain low level of content, the author fails to give sufficient credit to the beneficent work that intelligent discontent has done for the world. When he makes such statements as that "all the strength of the world . . . comes to us from people of simplicity, those who have made another object of their desires than the passing satisfaction of selfishness and vanity," he fans the air with futile words. For the "satisfaction of selfishness and vanity" many mighty deeds have and will be done. Look at Disraeli—a name that just now comes readily to mind. What was the impulse behind his extraordinary career? Vanity—pure vanity. When he made his first speech in Parliament and they laughed him down, it was hurt vanity that made him cry: "I'll make you listen to me yet." Some good poems and many great books have been written, not from such motives as Pastor Wagner would have us believe are admirable, but in a spirit of envious emulation. "Ah, you up there," cries the struggling artist to those who occupy fame's pedestals, "I'll topple you from your seats; I'll down you yet." Who is it that touches the world's imagination?—not your sweet, simple, limpid character, but your good haters and fierce fighters. What modern has appealed so to the spirit of the romantic in us as the artist Whistler? How much more vivid in our imagination is the figure of that terrible old man, Carlyle, than that of the sweet and simple souls of literature. The truth is, the idea of the simple life appeals most strongly to the weaker half of humanity. The strong man will none of it. "Let them who please," he says, "choose the pleasant certainties of an even existence on the level plain, but I—I choose the mountain heights. There though bottomless crevasses yawn, there are purple peaks to scale."

Jim Bludso.

For those who are concerned to know the real name of Jim Bludso, the Casabianca of Mr. Hay's "Pike County Ballads," we may quote this note printed recently in the Memphis *Scimitar*:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, December 21, 1904.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter of the eighteenth of December.

Your suggestion was correct. The name of the boat was the *Fashion*, and the name of the engineer was Oliver Fairchild. I used the name of "Bludso" because they were a family of rivermen whom I knew. I had the story from Oliver Fairchild's son, Henry Fairchild, who was some years ago a cotton broker in New Orleans. I do not know whether he is yet alive. Yours very truly,
JOHN HAY.

William A. McNeill, Esq., No. 43½ Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Among the more or less famous old books for children which survive in a perennial condition of freshness is "The Swiss Family Robinson." An inquiry into its fate made recently in England brought out the facts that two new editions of the book appeared this year, succeeding the two new editions of last year; that within the last ten years ten different publishing firms have issued the book in almost fifteen forms. "Swiss Family Robinson" appears to be, indeed, a keen rival of "Robinson Crusoe."

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley Weyman.
4. "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
4. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
5. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley Weyman.

New Publications.

"In the Days of Shakespeare," by Tudor Jenks. A. S. Barnes & Co.: \$1.00.

"Bridge Developments," by Edmund Robertson and A. Hyde-Wallaston. Brentano's: \$1.25.

"La Vida es Sueño," by D. Pedro Calderón de la Barca. Edited by William Wistar Comfort. Ph. D. American Book Company.

"Up the Forked River," by Seward D. Lisle. Illustrated. Henry T. Coats & Co.: \$1.00—a stirring story for boys of adventures in South America.

"Russian Life and Society as Seen in 1866-7 by Appleton and Longfellow." Prepared by Nathan Appleton. Illustrated. Wood & Co.—diffuse and trivial; not worth while.

"Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church," by H. Pomeroy Brewster. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Company: \$2.00—a complete and interesting ecclesiastical calendar.

"Arbitration and The Hague Court," by John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: \$1.00 net—a clear statement by a veteran diplomat of the present status of arbitration and its practice.

"Helen of Troy. N. Y.," by Wilfrid S. Jackson. John Lane—a whimsical, clever, dashing, light little tale, in which three young men get in a tangle over an heiress; it is a jolly story.

"In Camp at Bear Pond," by Henry Edward Rood. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers: \$1.25—a wildly impossible tale of boys for boys—shooting bears, wildcats, etc.—but boys are sure to read it with feverish interest.

"Narratives of the Career of Hernando de Soto." Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Reprinted from the edition of 1866. Two volumes. A. S. Barnes & Co.—documents of extremely great value, published in attractive form.

"The Tuscan and Venetian Artists: Their Thought and Their Work," by Hope Rea. Profusely illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$1.25—an attempt to show how mediæval art sprang from the life and thought of the time; a stimulating and capable book.

"Bits of Gossip," by Rebecca Harding Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: \$1.25—entertaining reminiscences by a woman of seventy-five, author of many books, and mother of Richard Harding Davis; they deal mostly with people and events of war time.

"Pometown People," by Ella Middleton Tybott. Illustrated in color by Frank Verbeck and Beulah S. Moore. The J. B. Lippincott Company: \$1.50—thirteen genuinely amusing, blues-dispelling stories of negro life; really, there is "a laugh on every page."

"The Closed Book," by William Le Queux. The Smart Set Publishing Company: \$1.50—an Italian hunchback, a poisoned manuscript of the Borgias, a veiled lady, a Scotch peer, and beautiful girl, a queer old woman, are the chief ingredients of this romance, too lurid for our tastes.

"Fata Morgana," by André Castaigne. The Century Company: \$1.50—a novel by a pretty famous painter and illustrator, dealing with the Paris Latin Quarter, introducing artists, grisettes, a circus girl, an American heiress, dubious royalty, etc.; vivid and readable and profusely illustrated by the author.

"The Practice of Self-Culture," by Hugh Black. The Macmillan Company: \$1.25—essays written by a minister of the Free Church, Edinburgh; self-culture is defined as "not in itself a complete ideal for human life, but has its place as the necessary education to make a man's contribution to the world worthy."



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Henry James is still in America, and he has decided not to return to England until August.

The New York Times, which is printing Disraeli's unfinished novel, for which it paid \$12,000, was swamped on the first Sunday by the demand. It states that the supply was 50,000 behind the orders received from news-dealers.

The book most mentioned by Californians who replied to the Argonaut's query as to their favorite book of 1904, was Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf." Next came "The Testimony of the Suns," by George Sterling.

President Roosevelt has written an autograph letter to Frederic Mistral, the Provençal poet, who was recently awarded the Nobel prize for literature. The letter acknowledges the receipt of a volume of Mistral's poems, and then warmly approves the poet's teachings as applied to busy American life.

It is now authoritatively announced that the "Letters of Queen Victoria" will be published next October.

In Spain the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Don Quixote" will last pretty well through the year. Of the 278 editions of "Don Quixote" published up to 1874, 87 were issued in Spain, and 136 of the remainder were in the original language. The tercentenary is to be commemorated with fêtes, processions, and theatrical performances.

There is an interesting personal touch in a letter about the new life of Zola, which George Moore has written to the author, Ernest Vizetelly. He says, in one place: "You know how well I knew Zola and how much indebted I am to him. He was, as it were, the spring-board from which I jumped into the world of letters."

Andrew Lang says that the worst of knowing history is that it spoils you for historical novels, as when you are aware, for example, that the Duke of Hamilton in "Esmond" could not be affianced to Beatrix, because the duke was a married man at the moment. In the same novel," he continues, "the lively libertine prince of fancy can not be convincing, when you know that he was mocked for his following in the virtuous steps of the patriarch Joseph, as a matter of fact. On the other side, really good historical novels spoil you for history, the events were never so romantic as they appear in the pages of Scott and Dumas."

"The Color Line," by Professor W. B. Smith, is announced for publication in the early part of February. The book is a scientific study of the race problem, and takes up the questions of miscegenation, social, political, and commercial equality for the negro.

Dillon Wallace, the companion of Leonidas Lubhard, Jr., who died of starvation a little over a year ago on an exploring expedition in the interior of Labrador, has written the story from his own journal, and the book will appear from Revell at an early date, under the title, "The Lure of the Labrador Wild."

Gertrude Atherton declares, in the National Magazine, that London is her real home. London is a place fit to live in. We get long famously, London and I. After a trip to America, looking twice and thrice, I turn into a veritable Lot's wife, and I want a genie to carry me back to London and dose me with sugar and pour honey over me and make me myself again."

A big volume of Ibsen's letters, illustrating his mental development, has just been brought out by his son. They are dated at various periods between the years 1849 and 1900. "In all that concerns myself," he writes, "I have had the sensation of a perpetual advance. I look back and see crowds of people on the spots where I used to stand, until I am always on ahead. There is no ternity for any moral code, or for any artistic form." A commentator declares that Ibsen "is his family behind, as well as the crowds, although he wrote of his wife a dozen years after marriage: "My wife has a character which suits me exactly. She is illogical, but possesses a strong poetic instinct, and her arted of the small constraints of life is without limits."

The Victor Hugo volume which G. P. Putnam's Sons have in active preparation is not simply a collection of letters, but deals with Victor Hugo and his attachment to Juliette Drouet. It is entitled "The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet," and is from the pen of Henry Wellington Wack, while in Germany Mr. Wack came across a number of letters written by Mme. Drouet to Hugo, and these epistles he has embodied in sketch of the life of the "King of Romance" at Guernsey, where his long exile was spent, and the scene of his most active literary period. The letters are now to be published for the first time. M. François oppée has written an introduction to the book, in which he relates many anecdotes of Hugo and his contemporaries. Mr. Wack also

gives new information concerning the domestic life of the poet, much of which material he obtained from people in Guernsey who personally knew Hugo. The book is fully illustrated.

The new collected edition of his poems having been passed through the press, Mr. Swinburne is now at work upon a collected edition of his dramas. The first of the five volumes in which they are to appear will probably be published in the autumn. The set will be uniform with the new edition of the poems.

Four of Lord Beaconsfield's novels—"Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred"—are to be brought out handsomely in March by L. C. Page & Co.

VALENTINE VERSE.

I Sent My Sweet a Valentine. I sent my sweet a Valentine Wherein I asked would she be mine.

I spoke of how I loved her; swore My heart was hers forevermore;

Of fathom-deep devotion told, But, as I failed to mention gold,

And state how much I had thereof, Alack, alack, I lost my love!

—Sennett Stephens in Lippincott's Magazine.

A Ballade of the Fourteenth.

Ho! Poet, bring a lyric new To catch and captivate, And with a love of love imbue Some callous Nell or Kate. What'er your theme, don't hesitate Thus to inform your lay, For 'tis to help me celebrate St. Valentine, his day.

Ho! Gardener, bring flowers blue And red—to indicate My heart's unwaveringly true And briskly animate.

And—taking notice of the date— Blend these in a bouquet To help me fitly celebrate St. Valentine, his day.

Confectioner, I crave of you The best you can create In sweets of pure and crystal dew And flavors delicate.

Send these packed in a golden crate Bedecked with ribbons gay, To help me fitly celebrate St. Valentine, his day.

And finally, O laggard Fate, Lot me a lass, I pray! Elsewise, how can I celebrate St. Valentine, his day?

—Edward W. Barward in Smart Set.

The Two Valentines.

(1892—1905.)

A box with pale blue ribbon bound, Unlooked for, by her plate she found. "From J. to M., in memory Of years and hopes that used to be," She scanned the card with languid eyes, Austere, and cold, and worldly wise, And scarce remembered, from the lines, The day was good Saint Valentine's. But with deft fingers she untied Her husband's gift, and faintly sighed. A ransom for a king, each strand Of threaded pearl lay in her hand. And once again she read the lines And thought of other valentines. Through all that day she seemed to hear The strange words sounding in her ear Half mockingly: "In memory Of years and hopes that used to be!" And some old self within her woke, Some dim voice through the dead past spoke. Then from a long-forgotten nook With hesitating hands she took A cheap and flimsy heart of blue, By arrows all pierced through and through, Round which poor, faded cupids trooped, With lacework fringed and ribbon looped, And smiling through half-bitter sighs, She dashed the hot tears from her eyes And gazed on that old valentine, And read the scrawled and boyish lines: "From J. to M., with love so true, Dear sweetheart, eighteen-ninety-two!"

—Arthur Stringer in Everybody's.

St. Valentine's Messenger.

Mistress Dorothy,—eyes of blue, Solemnly looking me through and through, From under a crown of golden curls,— Carry my love to the Girl of girls. Take your hands from that cuddley muff, (I warrant 'em dimpled and soft enough!) Forget your bonnet and dainty dress, And elasp her close in a warm earress. Ripe lips pouting as if to kiss, Whisper my message;—and it is this: "I love thee!—and love thee!—more each day!" That is the burden of what you'll say. "Dorothy" suits you, little maid; Demure and tender and unafraid. You could not repeat, and not persuade; So, when you have whispered it low and plain, Why, then,—please say it all over again.

—Warwick James Price in Pilgrim.

The Lines Not His Own.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press referring to the following inscription, which, it is stated, was written by Mark Twain for the tombstone of his wife in Woodlawn Cemetery, Elmira, N. Y.:

"Warm summer sun, Shine kindly here, Warm southern wind, Blow softly here, Green sod above, Lie light, lie light, Good-night, dear heart, Good-night—good-night."

It appears that this statement is erroneous, according to the literary sheet of the Harpers. The lines are favorite ones with Mr. Clemens, and when he had them engraved for his daughter's—not his wife's—gravestone he inclosed them in quotation marks, to indicate that he was not the author of them. Who the writer is he does not know; but, as he says, the lines were to him touching and beautiful, and expressed what he felt better than any words of his own could have done.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff will publish two more volumes of his entertaining "Diary" in the spring, thus bringing the work to a close. He will carry his record down to the accession of King Edward.

If your oculist orders glasses, bring the prescription to us. We will make a pair that he will approve of.

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San Francisco January 21, 1905.

To the Board of Directors of the Continental Building and Loan Association, San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:—

In response to your request, we have made an examination of the books, accounts and assets of your institution, up to and as of the close of business on January 20th, (yesterday), and find its books and accounts correct, its assets in good condition, and its business sound and prosperous.

We feel satisfied your institution is in position to repay to every stockholder every dollar invested and have a large surplus remaining on hand.

Very truly, Yours,

Signatures of D. W. Field and A. M. Shockridge, Commissioners.

Thirtieth Semi-Annual Statement Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA For Six Months Ending January 20, 1905.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values as of Jan. 20, 1905.

Home Office, 301 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Wm. Corbin, Secretary and General Manager. Dr. Washington Dodge, President.



"Mother Goose," although closely akin to musical comedy, is neither so modern nor so stereotyped—at least to a San Franciscan—as that most over-worked and under-idealized form of entertainment. It is announced as being the exact reproduction of a Drury Lane spectacle, and I believe claims to have the original cast. I permit myself, however, a few doubts on that point, the company as a whole being purely American, both in accent and style. Klaw & Erlanger have, however, brought to our remote shores an approximately faithful production of the Christmas spectacle that is always in order in London during the holiday season, although "really, truly" horses, and some other big features of the Eastern production are missing. There is, of course, the usual prolonged conflict between the powers of good and evil, who, in "Mother Goose," are represented by a kind fairy and a wicked demon, who converse in the measured drone invariably affected by such characters. The magic assistance invoked by the rival pair permits of numerous spectacular effects which are dear to the hearts of children, both actual and grown-up. There are choruses and ballets and marches, a group of comedians who have a quantity of very good and highly entertaining comic business laid out for them, animals with human legs that go through extraordinary and delightful contortions, and spectacle galore. Every inch of the big stage at the Grand Opera House is needed to accommodate the platoons of girls who file by with such a kaleidoscopic variety, color, and design to their costumes that one loses count.

The singing is rather poor and thin, in spite of the size of the chorus, but that is a secondary consideration, the girls having been selected primarily for shape, I should say. There are so many of them that they are probably local charmers who have been putting in a lively drill in preparation for the big show.

Cawthorne, the comedian-in-chief, is the man with the rolling r, who supported Alice Nielsen during one of her seasons out here. He has the comedian's face; the features are all cast in Teutonic lines of extreme good nature, and he is one of the born funny kind. Everything he says, or does, or looks, goes. He has a trio of able assistants, and when the four had their occasional quarter of an hour of fun and nonsense, they invariably left an already pleased house in a state of enormous good humor. Corinne, plump and confident, is in the cast, and Neva Aymar, a rather bread-and-buttery young lady with a deep coon-song voice.

But the very prettiest feature of the whole elaborate entertain, it is the troupe of aerialists, as they are called, who, in that particular confectionery shade of pink tights dear to our circus-loving days, float off into space in easy, graceful flight, their bodies posed in pleasing attitudes, and the little scarves of gold tissue that hang from their waists falling lightly into air-stirred folds that lend additional grace to their aerial flight. The mechanical means employed are almost invisible, and as the seven pretty performers form themselves into charming groups, linked by great, soft waves of silken drapery that the upward impetus of the air shapes into airy undulatory arches above their heads, or fall from dizzy heights as gently as a winged seraph might rest upon a feathery cloud, the audience sits like spellbound children, watching the novel scene with fascinated delight.

The Alhambra is rapidly becoming the home of choice music. The great singers have been following each other there in single file, each one, as she departs, carrying away pocketsful of dollars. Melba, who still stands as the crowned queen of song, is giving a couple of concerts there this week, and is rapidly depleting the monnds of San Francisco deats, left as yet untouched by her sister singers. And yet, great singer as she is, Melba can not, like many of the divas of lesser fame, sing straight to the hearts of her hearers. She sings with a cold, mechanical perfection; the quality of her tone, her phrasing, her technique, are as a general thing beyond cavi, although, during the singing of Tosti's "Good-Bye" on Tuesday night there was perceptible, blasphemy thought it be to say so, a lack of roundness and depth in her middle register. A big and filiant audience that had assembled with every intention of getting some four-dollar-a-seat enthusiasm out of the affair, was frozen into icy calm by the glacial beauty of the singer's voice. It is curious

and unusual, the possession of such a voice by one who lacks the warmth of temperament that we instinctively expect to accompany it. But Melba seems to lack the joy in singing that is felt by her sister-artists. During their concert tours, Schumann-Heink, Nordica, Sembrich, and Gadske were frequently led on by the pleasure they gave their audiences and their own intense musical ardor, to sing at greater length than they had originally intended. But Melba's contributions to the programme are scanty, and her encores almost reluctant. The singers mentioned sang close on to two hours; Melba, some twenty minutes. The others put themselves in close, sympathetic touch with their hearers; Melba remains aloof and calm, and the chasm between herself and her audience is increased by the great gaps that separate her few numbers.

This placidity of temperament, which has lessened the brilliancy of her operatic career, has one advantage. Time writes no wrinkles on the Melba brow. She looks comely, smooth-browed, serene. The appearance of celebrities is always regarded with keen interest, but by a rather awkward arrangement, a good view of Melba was almost prevented by Paul Steindorff, the leader, who was stationed in front of and so close to her as to obscure the view of those on the right side of the house. The audience, having a stock of anticipatory enthusiasm on hand to dispose of, were fortunate in finding a legitimate vent for it in the expression of their admiration of the fine baritone of M. Gilbert, who, it will be remembered, was an important member of the opera company brought out by Grau two years ago.

And Melba herself did finally work up her audience to some enthusiasm after she had given the "Ah Fors e' lui" selection from "Traviata," although already, strange to say, she had not roused them with her singing of the aria in the mad scene from "Lucia"—that favorite bit of passionless pyrotechnics least likely to betray the soullessness of Melba's singing, whose icy brilliancy may best be described as "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

Creatore and his Italian band did not apparently make a very deep incursion into the popular pocket during their recent visit; perhaps because of the bigness of the musical attractions preceding and succeeding his visit here. The music of this band is not precisely first-class, although very enjoyable. Creatore's talent as a leader is of the kind that produces popular effects. Beauty of tone is not his specialty, in spite of the extravagant demonstrations with which, in the full tide of musical leadership, he invokes the approval of the heavenly maid. He was not wont to abandon himself to such transports of frenzied pantomime during previous visits, and I darkly suspect that his present tendency is a carefully calculated, and perhaps commercially inspired, pose. The pose, however, if such it is, offers excellent possibilities of entertainment; that is, in the evening, if a good house is on hand. The demonstrations, I am inclined to think after observation, die down with the size of the house.

Creatore's *piece de resistance* is a sort of volcanic upheaval of hair, which may be confidently looked for during the climactic moment of each composition. The thickly thatched head of the leader suddenly becomes violently agitated. The locks fly out wildly and far like the accordion-pleated folds of a Papinta petticoat. The head, with its tempest of tossing tresses, apparently trebles in size before the fascinated vision. With the agitation of the music the tossing increases, decreases, ceases. Each frenzied lock sinks systematically into place like the ribs and folds of a violently closed umbrella, and the capillary tempest is over.

The Creatore demonstrations are not solely of a hairy nature, however, the leader being given to sudden charges in person to the adjoining territory of musicians. He skips into the region of strings, or dances close to ramparts of brass, and with extended arms supplicates in passionate pantomime for the effects he desires.

His band gives a very good concert of its kind, although in *pianissimo* effects the tone is blurred and faulty, and the brass is so frightfully noisy that it is apt to start resentful tinglyings on the tympanum. But the popular taste is all for noise, so perhaps, in a world of competition, Creatore is wise in his generation.

At the Alcazar they are having their periodical turn of farce, a most marked contrast to the polished worldliness of "The Gay Lord Quex" being afforded by the sprightly inanities of "Are You a Mason?" which sets off audiences in that violent kind of laughter which acts as a sort of rest and relaxation to tired nerves.

The Alcazar company was able to handle

Pinero's piece very interestingly. True, Mr. John Craig, who passed for a man of forty-eight, continued, in spite of a heavily charcoal line between the eyebrows and artistically grayed hair, to look only twenty-eight, and Mr. Hilliard neglected to vulgarize his manner and appearance to the degree suitable to Valma, the palmist, who was almost as good form as the baronets and marquises whose finger-nails were manicured by his sweetheart. But Miss Lawrence, as Sophie Fullgarney, did almost the best piece of all-round good acting that we have had from her hands. She made Sophie a girl of the lower class; capable, brisk, well balanced, pert and self-assured, vulgar in her excitement and fear, utterly untrifled by the rank of her customers, a true daughter of the London shops. Mr. Craig, harring his youthfulness of appearance, gave an excellent impersonation of the elegant libertine who finds it so easy to be "a good boy," with the love of a fresh young girl for the lure, and Miss Woodson was impulsive, ingenuous, and beautifully gowned as Muriel. Miss Belgarde's sentimentality of style ought to have made her adaptable to the rôle of the duchess, but she could not quite hold the house during the long scene of amorous preparation in the third act. After one has seen the piece and knows in advance of its dearth of absolute heart-warming sentiment and the frankly unmoral attitude of its characters, one is almost better prepared to settle down and enjoy the superb workmanship of this most brilliant if uninspiring play.

Sophie Fullgarney, even though her heart is warm and her nature loyal, is assuredly a hussy, with highly questionable methods of serving his foster-sister, but Pinero contrives, in the climax of that masterly scene in the third act, which is the acme of dramatic skill, to thrill the beholders with a sudden excited wave of admiration for the manœuvring little mixx who, in spite of prying and tale-bearing, is yet that *rara avis*, a human being who can not be bought.

"The Gay Lord Quex," however, does not inspire the kind of sentiment that one longs to reexperience. The beholder is apt to depart with sympathies practically untouched, and the play could never kindle a glow of interest like that inspired by "Old Heidelberg," which has so warmed the popular heart as to warrant the management in announcing its reproduction for next week.

JOSEPHINE HART-PHELPS.

"The Liar's" to be Repeated.

Those who were fortunate enough to see the amateur performance of "The Liars" at the Columbia Theatre recently, were united in pronouncing the work of the company surprisingly good, little inferior to that done by the best professionals. Those who did not see the performance on that occasion will be glad to learn that the comedy is to be repeated by the same company at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, February 13th, for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic. There is no more deserving charitable institution in town than this, which furnishes medical attendance by the best physicians to the poor and needy. Considering the object, and the quality of the performance, every seat in the Tivoli should be sold. When "The Liars" was presented before, two-thirds of the tickets were sold to their friends by the players before the public had an opportunity to purchase any; but on this occasion all the tickets (which are \$1.00, reservations 50 cents extra) have been placed on general sale.

Much interest is taken in the twelfth annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, which will take place at the Alhambra Theatre next Friday afternoon. There will be something good from every theatre in the city, and a special feature will be an orchestra of twenty picked men. Some of the scenes will be set in full view of the audience, and there will be many absolute novelties on the programme. Reserved seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on and after Monday morning.

The Luxor Grill.

Connected with the Luxor Apartment House, at 257 Sutter Street, is one of the handsomest cafés and grills in San Francisco, which is conducted on a thoroughly up-to-date system. It is furnished in weathered oak, and the commodious dining-room affords excellent accommodations for receptions and dinners. The Luxor Grill has found great favor with San Francisco's fashionable diners-out, and is frequently the scene of pleasant dinner and luncheon parties, at which are assembled many of our city's most prominent people. The management of the Luxor has made the grill a special feature of the hotel. Every apartment is connected with the grill by means of electric dumb-waiters, and by phoning an order can be transmitted in a short time to the desired apartment.

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Performance at 8 sharp. This afternoon, Lucia with Tetrazzini. To-night, Andre Chenier, with Berllndi. Sunday night, La Traviata (last time) with Tetrazzini.

Next week, positively last of the season. Tuesday night, Puritani, with Tetrazzini. Sunday night February 19th, grand farewell programme.

Full particulars of next week's repertoire in daily papers.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Two weeks, beginning next Monday, February 13th. Matinees Saturdays only. Kirke La Shelle presents LAWRENCE D'ORSAY in Augustus Thomas' crowning comedy creation.

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The Richard Mansfield version, with songs, music, and effects. Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Thursday afternoon—Feb. 16th—Final matinee of Ibsen's Ghosts. Next—The Middleman.

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The Second week of Klaw and Erlanger's colossal production,

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CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall. Week beginning Monday, February 13th. Matinée Saturday and Sunday. Hal Reid's latest and best pastoral comedy drama.

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The rube jury. The murder. On trial for his life. Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c.

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday Matinée February 13th. A Peerless Programme. Howard and Bland; Fautlon and Dooley; Ford and Wilson; Cole and Johnson; Quigley Brothers; New and Niblo; Happy Jack Gardner; Orpheum Mollie Pictures; and last week of Robert H. Hodge and Company.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

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Seats—\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Ready Wednesday next at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. St. Francis Art Society concert, Wednesday, February 22d. Mr. Bisphan will give Enoch Arden, with Strauss music and special programme of songs. Seats—\$2.50.

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STAGE GDSSIP.

D'Orsay in an Augustus Thomas Comedy.

The action of "The Earl of Pawtucket," with which Lawrence d'Orsay comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday, all takes place in three rooms of the New York hotel with the hyphenated name, the Waldorf-Astoria. The first act is at breakfast in the Palm Room, the second is in Lord Cardington's suite of apartments overlooking Fifth Avenue, and the third is in the celebrated Turkish room. Manager Kirke La Shelle has taken great pains to reproduce the furnishings and decorations of these rooms, the production requiring two large baggage cars for its transportation. It is a good many years since any play has had so continued a success in New York as did this merry play by Augustus Thomas. A remarkable feature of its long run lies in the fact that "The Earl of Pawtucket" is the only non-musical play that ever kept the boards through one of New York's hot summers. Reports from the cities where Mr. d'Orsay has appeared in the play since leaving New York indicate that the piece is creating as good an impression on its tour as it did on Broadway. The star is accompanied by the players who were with him during the all-year run of the piece in New York.

"Old Heidelberg" Again.

The Alcazar management will revive "Old Heidelberg" next Monday. It was recently taken off before all those who wanted to see it had been accommodated, and since then there have been many demands for its revival. The cast will be as before, except that Harry Mestayer is added, and the same triple male quartet will sing the rollicking college airs. Ibsen's "Ghosts" has so largely interested the thoughtful public that a second special matinee will be given Thursday afternoon, February 16th. After "Old Heidelberg" there will come some strong productions for the first time in stock, such as "The Middleman," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and "Sag Harbor."

The Orpheum's New-Comers.

Bert Howard and Leona Bland, who have not been seen in this city for several seasons, will return to the Orpheum Sunday afternoon in "A Strange Boy," a skit that has been successful in the East for a number of years, and a feature of which is Mr. Howard's travesty piano playing. Paulton and Dooley, the comedy trick bicyclists, will make their first appearance in this city. Their turn is said to be full of amusing and skillful surprises. Ford and Wilson, known as "The Two Jacks," will present their original singing and dancing act. They are black-face comedians of more than ordinary ability. Cole and Johnson will change their selections; the Quigley Brothers, humorous conversationalists, and "Happy Jack Gardner" will have something new to offer; Robert H. Hodge and his company of comedians will present "The Troubles of Bill Blithers, Bachelor," for the last time; Newell and Niblo, the saxophone, xylophone, and violin experts, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

Last Week of Grand Opera.

Next week will positively be the last of the grand-opera season at the Tivoli. At the matinee to-day (Saturday) "Lucia," with Tetrzini in the title-role, will be given for the last time. To-night (Saturday) "André Chenier," with Berlini, will be the programme. Sunday night "La Traviata," with Tetrzini will be presented for the last time, and Tuesday night next "Puritani" will be sung, with Tetrzini in the soprano rôle. For Sunday night, February 10th, the closing of the season, a particularly attractive programme will be presented. The full repertoire for next week will be announced in the daily papers. "The Pearl Fishers" will be among the operas presented.

Spectacular Extravaganza at the Grand.

"Mother Goose," the Drury Lane pantomime, the first show of the kind ever produced here, is proving popular at the Grand Opera House. Songs, dances, flying ballets, transformation scenes, humor and merriment, gorgeous color schemes, hundreds of girls brilliantly costumed, go to make up this elaborate spectacle. Joe Cawthorne leads the comedians, and has the support of Harry Kelly, W. H. Macart, Clifton Crawford, Walter Stanton, and Dawe and Seymour. The principal feminine rôles are filled by Neva Aymar, Corinne, Edith St. Clair, and Edith Hutchins. The engagement is for three weeks more, with Sunday night performances and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Seats for the second week are now on sale.

Grand Opera in English at the Columbia.

The operatic festival of the Henry W. Savage English Grand Opera Company will begin at the Columbia Theatre Monday evening, February 27th. The company has a roster of one hundred and ten singers and an orchestra of forty-five, and is the largest company giving grand opera in English in

the world. The magnitude of this attraction can be realized when it is known that it requires a special train of fourteen cars. The repertoire for the first week is as follows: Monday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee, "Othello"; Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday, "Carmen"; Wednesday and Saturday nights, "Lohengrin." The repertoire for the second and third week will be selected from "Tannhäuser," "La Bohème," "Tosca," "Il Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci." The seat sale will commence at the box-office of the theatre Thursday, February 23d, the prices ranging from two dollars downward.

Pastoral Comedy at the Central.

Hal Reid's latest pastoral comedy-drama, "The Night Before Christmas," will be the hill at the Central Theatre, commencing Monday night. The story is of a young man accused of murder, and tried and convicted before his own father, a judge. He is sentenced to be hanged, and a strong situation is created by the fact that the father, who has been elected governor, can not conscientiously reprove him. Of course it all ends happily. There is a love-story in the play, and much comedy. There will be several new people in the company for this production.

MUSICAL NDTES.

For the Verdi Monument.

The Minetti Orchestra has decided to donate the proceeds of a grand concert participated in by nothing but California talent to the San Francisco Verdi monument fund. The orchestra consists of seventy-five people, and has enlisted the aid of the Howe Club, made up of one hundred and fifty native singers. The orchestra will be augmented by thirty professionals, so that over two hundred and fifty California vocalists and instrumentalists will be in evidence at the grand orchestral and choral concert to be given at the Alhambra Theatre Friday evening, February 24th. The well-known soloists, Mme. Caro Roma, soprano; Mrs. Edith Scott Bedford, contralto; Signor Cortesi, tenor; and Signor Viglione Borghese, baritone, have volunteered their services. The programme will be selected from Verdi's best works, including symphony, oratorio, and operatic selections. Miss Grace Freeman will play a violin concerto, and Signor Villapando will be heard in a cello solo. Guilio Minetti is the leader of the orchestra, and James Hamilton Howe leads the Howe Club.

Final Appearance of Melba.

Melba's second and last concert takes place at the Alhambra Theatre on this (Saturday) afternoon, and will undoubtedly bring out an enormous throng. Seats for the concert are in great demand, and those who attend will have the pleasure of hearing an unusually fine programme made up as follows:

"Der Freischutz," Von Weher, orchestra; song, "Le Reve du Prisonnier," Rubinstein, M. Gilbert; aria, "Sweet Bird," Handel, Mme. Melba (flute obligato, Mr. North); fantasia for harp, Pœnitz, Signorina Sassoli; "Walther's Prize Song," Wagner, Mr. Van Hoose; mad scene, "Hamlet," Thomas, Mme. Melba; songs (a) "Chanson de l'Adieu," Tosti, (b) "Malgre Moi," Pfeiffer, M. Gilbert; solo for harp, "Valse de concert," Hasselmann, Signorina Sassoli; valse, "Se Saran Rose," Arditi, Mme. Melba; "Rokozy March," Liszt, orchestra.

The sale of seats for the Melba concerts is being held at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store.

The Palace Hotel Handicap, two thousand dollars added, for two-year-olds and upward, will be the main event at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday). There will be plenty of other good contests.

— THE BEST THINGS WHICH NATURE HAS PROVIDED FOR man's diet—fruits, grains, vegetables, nuts, Vegetarian Café, 755 Market Street.

SOME APPRECIATIVE READERS.

NORBORNE, Mo., February 4, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The Argonaut has been a most delightful discovery to me. I enjoy it because it seems to be original, fresh, and accurate. Its articles are well written and independent in thought and action, and the "policy" of the paper does not seem to be outlined in the "counting-room." The Argonaut, in short, is distinctive among periodicals—even the ads, in it are distinctive. I can not refrain from expressing my appreciation of it, for I believe with Thackeray "that next to excellence is the appreciation of it." May your deserved prosperity continue in the wish of a well-wisher.
E. C. MEEHAN.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASH.,

January 14, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please put my name on your list as a yearly subscriber, beginning with January 1, 1905. Send me back numbers, I don't want to miss any, for how can a Californian do without the Argonaut? Very truly yours,
JOSEPHINE MORRIS ROWAN.

BUTTE, MONT., January 18, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been a constant reader of the Argonaut for over twenty-three years, never missing an issue when I was where I could get it. It has afforded me a great deal of entertainment and information. I consider it the best periodical published in America, and would not be without it.
H. L. FRANK.

SAN JOSE, CAL., February 4, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed find check for renewal of my subscription to the San Francisco Argonaut, and also for that of George W. Jennings, 500 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. I have sent him the paper for several years, and he prizes it very highly. He says that he learns things that he does not know about New York itself, although he lives there.
CHARLES W. COE.

FLORENCE, ITALY, January 13, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: My subscription to your paper expired the third of last November, and I regret that I overlooked the fact. I have received my paper regularly, however, for which I thank you, as I would very much miss my Argonaut. I inclose my check for four dollars.
Yours truly,
R. ROBINSON RILEY.

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Capital and Surplus \$1,500,399.46
Total Assets 7,665,839.38

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VANITY FAIR.

The Gridiron Club began its twenty-first year on January 28th, with its annual winter dinner at the New Willard Hotel, Washington, the largest dinner ever given by the club, both in number of guests and variety of "stunts." There were two hundred and fifty persons present, including statesmen, politicians, editors, and financiers from all parts of the country. President Roosevelt was there, and had more fun, he said, than since he attended the January dinner a year ago. First was the inauguration of John M. Carson, as president of the club, a burlesque of a Presidential inauguration as it takes place on March 4th. There was a great clatter of horses' hoofs in the lobby, loud bugle calls, and then a band marched in playing "A Hot Time." The band was followed by a long procession of Rough Riders in khaki uniforms. After a turn around the room, it was announced that President Carson would name his cabinet. He had twelve secretaries, including the Whipping Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Strenuous Life. Each secretary's speech of acceptance contained a gentle jab at President Roosevelt, who enjoyed the skit hugely. He was introduced finally as the real "Original Roosevelt Man." Every man in the room jumped up when President Roosevelt arose. The cheers were deafening. Napkins were waved in the air, and the band played "Hail to the Chief!" The demonstration lasted until President Roosevelt stopped it himself. Then he made a graceful and witty speech, and the club singers clinched his reception with a song, of which this is a portion:

"Now let the men who are beating their wives Beware of the slugging they'll get. And warn all the railroads with curious rates To hustle in out of the wet. Let England and Germany, Russia, and all Know that they can't monkey with us. We'll have a strong navy to fight with, by gravity, If we ever get into a fuss.

"Roosevelt, Roosevelt, you are the man we praise, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, strenuous all your days, Roosevelt, Roosevelt, now let the eagle soar Over the land, with big stick in your hand, You are President four years more."

The chief act was a "Frenzied Finance" skit. A section of Wall Street, which was described as "a narrow thoroughfare that begins with a church and ends with a river," was shown, consisting of a bank, a broker's office, and the general offices of a railroad, and various characters, including Cassie Chadwick, were introduced at one stage in the proceedings. A ticker began to buzz furiously. The stockbroker began to read from the tape the preliminaries of the Colonel "Bill" Greene and Lawson quarrel, and then announced with great excitement that Greene and Lawson were coming there. He described their progress from the lobby of the hotel up to the banquet floor, and, as he finished with the despairing shout that there would be a tragedy on the floor, Greene came in from one side of the room and Lawson from the other, brandishing pistols and knives and shouting for blood. They rampaged down the middle of the room, met in front of the president's chair, shook hands, and took a drink out of a flask Greene had in his pocket. During the evening a club member announced that as a quorum of the Senate "not under indictment" was present, it was necessary for the club to begin impeachment proceedings against Speaker Cannon. He read a long list of charges against the Speaker. A member of the club called out the names of all the senators present. When they had all responded they were escorted to a large table in the banquet hall. Sitting as a high court of impeachment, these senators listened to Speaker Cannon, who was compelled to appear before them, as he defended himself humorously against the charges. When he had concluded, Senator Gorman replied to him, speaking for the Senate, and this gave him an opportunity to get back in lively fashion at Speaker Cannon, much to the enjoyment of the guests. Several other senators manifested a desire to make speeches, but they were promptly suppressed. Early in the evening a speaking tube was discovered hanging on the wall. Upon investigation it was found that it ran to the lobby. It was used frequently during the evening by people who drifted into the lobby of the hotel and had suggestions to make to the club. One man wanted a joint debate between President Roosevelt and W. J. Bryan, and was told that that would be absurd, as they are both on the same side. Another had a patent safety net he wanted to sell President Roosevelt to keep the Democratic party from capturing him. A printer came in with the proofs of an article by Senator Lodge, which was found to be entitled, "The Tribulations of a Bossom Friend." A delegation of tailors and haberdashers wanted to present a memorial to Secretary Hay for glorifying the tailor business by naming one of his poems "Little Breeches."

Recently a clergyman of New York denounced the prevalence of gambling among women of the society of fashion, and gave as an example an incident at a fashionable

hotel where a woman had to intermit gambling "for the present" because she had lost eighteen hundred dollars at bridge in a single evening. "There is no reason to doubt that the information on which the preacher relied was correct," says the Sun. "He said truthfully, also, that this gambling at bridge by women goes on extensively in both private houses and public hotels. Dinners are hurried through in order that the party may the sooner engage in gambling, and some of the women are noted as the sharpest and most grasping of gamblers. At the hotels in the South, where people of wealth and fashion gather in the winter, gambling at bridge proceeds regularly and actively. Here in New York, too, bridge-parties gather at clubs and hotels, to say nothing of great numbers of private houses, and pursue the gambling with much passion. At these parties the gains and the losses are considerable and sometimes great, and in the aggregate must be very much larger than those in the now small number of public gambling establishments remaining. These are facts so well known to everybody at all acquainted with the present habits of fashionable society, that it is not remarkable that the pulpit expresses alarm because of them. Gambling made fashionable among women is a rather serious matter. It is bad enough among men, but when the mania extends to women, who are held tighter in its grasp, the moralist has special reason to fear the consequences. Probably there has never been a time when the vogue of gambling among women of fashionable society was wider than it is now, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it will increase. Luxury palls and new varieties of social stimulation are sought. The devil finds mischief still for idle hands to do. By the side of the excitement of gambling the routine of the usual fashionable amusements is dull and stale."

The majestic succession of parterre boxes that stretches gracefully from one side of the proscenium arch of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, curves gracefully back across the house and then continues as impressively to meet the other side of the proscenium, is, according to a writer in the World, the most famous social meeting ground in the world. "Prussia," he continues, grandiloquently, "has her Royal Berlin Opera House, Saxony her famous Dresden Opera, Austria her Vienna Hooper, Bavaria her Munich Prince Regent Theatre, and France her Paris Grand Opera. Italy still points proudly to her Scala at Milan or her San Carlo at Naples, while England boasts with stolid pride of its Covent Garden Opera. Now and then royalty graces these several operahouses by its various presences, and lends a certain glamour to that particular night. But nowhere else in the world is opera given with such social distinction as it is at the Metropolitan Opera House. Peopling this aristocratic curve of boxes are the social queens and the financial kings of this vast democratic empire. They are the ones who make opera on a magnificent scale possible in this country, where there is no royal purse open to cover the inevitable deficit that occurs annually. They are the ones who own their respective boxes as they own homes and yachts; and they pay dearly for the possession of a parterre box at the Metropolitan Opera House. One of these boxes is the financial equivalent of a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. But recently an offer of sixty thousand dollars was made for a box in the centre of the house, which offer was refused by the owner. The ownership of each one of these boxes carries with it a block of stock of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, which is divided so that the parterre box-holders are the owners of the Metropolitan Opera House property. Instead of yielding a revenue the owners of the boxes are taxed each year a sum, the total of which is sufficient to cover the inevitable deficit. Thus are the men and women who are distinctly representative of the social and money interest of this country handed together as patrons of art. They form an institution that is democratic only in its business principle, for socially it is astoundingly exclusive."

"This parterre horseshoe," continues the World writer, "is the exclusive meeting place of exclusive American society during the winter. In the summer the various social sets that make up the inner circle of the social court scatter for diversion and relaxation along the coast from Newport to Bar Harbor, or inland, as their tastes dictate. But the first great social call to assemble is sent forth by the opening of the New York Horse Show, which is but a vulgar forerunner to the exclusiveness of the Metropolitan opera season. For, after all, at the Horse Show society is on view for the delectation of the masses, while at the Metropolitan society is on view for society, and is keenly alive to the difference and the distinction. During this opera season the saturnalia of wealth and fashion, of gowns and jewels, at the Metropolitan parterre boxes—the Glittering Horseshoe—is the most imposing spectacle of its kind to be seen anywhere in the world. The native New Yorker never grows weary of letting his opera-glasses sweep this circle of

interesting and notable faces, while the globe-trotter who assists at premieres at the Paris Grand Opera, or who haunts the uninviting Covent Garden when royalty is hearing opera, is ever impressed with the imposing sight offered his satiated eyes by the inmates of the Metropolitan parterre boxes. For some reason society has chosen Monday night as the important night of the Metropolitan week. Wednesday and Friday are also brilliant, but the opening performance of opera each week lures to the parterre boxes the most famous ones among the women who are making social history and men who are making financial history in this country. On this night every box seat is invariably occupied, and the occupant of almost every box seat is a person of import. To add to the brilliancy of the Monday evening spectacle, the vast house is also crowded with an impressive audience that fills the lower floors, while the galleries are masses of attentive music-lovers."

He—"Do you really think it hurts a man to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows?" She—"No. As a rule he merely becomes senseless for a time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

—PASTRIES THAT MELT IN THE MOUTH—THE Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for Feb 2d through 8th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 8, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Bay Co. Power 5%, Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%, etc., and stocks like Contra Costa Water, S. V. Water, etc.

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the sugar stock, about 8,170 shares changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up three points to 92 1/2; Honokaa one point to 24 1/2; Hutchinson one-half point to 18 1/2; Paaunahu Sugar Company one point to 27; at the close, the market weakened off on realizing sales, closing in fairly good demand at 90 1/2 bid for Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar; Honokaa 23 1/2 bid; Hutchinson 17 1/2 bid; Makaweli 38 1/2 bid; Onomea 39 bid; Paaunahu 25 1/2 bid. Alaska Packers has been strong, selling up ten points to 88 1/2 on sales of 635 shares. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in better demand, 1,540 shares being traded in at 52 1/2-53 1/2, closing at 53 1/2 bid, 53 3/4 asked. Spring Valley Water, on sales of 610 shares, sold up one-half point to 38.

INVESTMENTS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A short-tempered English sergeant was conducting a firing squad which missed the target in the most unanimous manner at 600 yards. They repeated this manoeuvre at 300, and with equal success at 200. "We've got to do it," the sergeant spluttered at last, setting his teeth; "fix hayonets—we'll charge it!"

President Luther, of Trinity College at Hartford, Conn., preached, one Sunday, when he was a professor in college, on the story of Esther. He concluded with the words: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai, and everyone was pleased." Then as the irony appealed to him, he added in a lower voice, "Except Haman."

Congressman James R. Mann, of Chicago, was in the chair, the other afternoon, when Congressman Robert Baker, of New York, was declaiming vigorously on the horrors of the Russian situation. "Words fail me, Mr. Speaker," exclaimed the orator, "words fail me." "Well, it's all the same," said the presiding officer, calmly, "the gentleman's time has expired anyhow."

An Odessa, Mo., man found it necessary a few days ago to lay aside his good clothes and put on a dirty, ragged suit and help clean up the machinery in his place of business. Then he went home, and as he entered the front gate he met a tramp coming out. The tramp mistook him for one of his kind, and said: "There's no use to go in there, pard, that's the meanest white woman living."

Some Indians from the South-West went on a sightseeing tour of Washington in one of the big automobiles devoted to that purpose. They listened gravely to the man with a megaphone as he described the many places of interest. At the end of the journey one of the travelers summed it all up thus: "Heap ride, heap talk, heap smell," the last referring to the whiff of gasoline which occasionally reached him.

An Irish butler, newly engaged, requested his master to allow him some whisky. "There's nothing like it to clean the windows," said he. However, a few minutes later his master chanced to pass through the room, and to his surprise found the glass empty. "Why, Barney," he asked, "where's the whisky?" "Well, you see, sir," said Barney, not in the least put out, "it's this way: I drink the whisky and then I breathe on the glass."

A Mississippi minister recently paid a great tribute to the press. The town in which his parish was located had been visited within a short space of time by several catastrophes, all of which, with harrowing details, had been duly exploited in the local papers. The clergyman was moved to make the misfortunes of his townsmen a subject of prayer. He knelt in the presence of his congregation, and began, fervently: "O Lord, doubtless thou hast learned through the papers of our recent and grave afflictions."

A traveler tells that, having changed cars at a small North Carolina town, he looked out the car window and saw an old colored woman peddling hot fried chicken. He bought and ate some, and found it so good that he leaned out the window and asked the peddler where she got it. Slowly and solemnly the tray was lifted from her head and deposited upon the platform. Then looking up she said: "Say, hoss, youse from de Norf' aint you?" "Yes, Auntie," he said; "but what has that got to do with the chicken?" "Well, hoss," she said; "I knowed you was from de Norf, else you would never ask a cullud pusson where dey get chicken."

Jefferson de Angelis had met in a Chicago club a man who professed a great liking for actors, and who had shown himself to be a pleasant gentleman. The actor was a little surprised a few days later to receive from his new acquaintance a letter to this effect: "I have heard from many sources that your performance in 'Fantana' is excellent. Will you send me two seats for any night next week?" Mr. Angelis made inquiries, and learned that the man was the possessor of, perhaps, not a million, but, at any rate, of large wealth. So he replied: "I have heard from many sources that you are a millionaire. Will you send me four dollars for the seats?"

A clubman who had served on the house committee of a yacht club tells of an odd complaint made by a millionaire member. The member of the house committee kept a copy of the letter of complaint. It read as follows: "GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon, and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known gourmets. Among the dishes that I ordered, an omelet was served which contained only three flies. As an old

member of the club, jealous of its reputation as to generosity of portions, this naturally touched my pride; it was, moreover, embarrassing, because, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice hit of carving, as you must concede—or to forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in future when an omelet is ordered for four persons it should be served with either—(a) four flies, or (b) no flies at all."

During the time when the Supreme Court of the United States lived apart from the rest of the world, dining in a mess by itself. Justice Story was telling one day how abstemious he and his associates were, asserting that they drank wine only on rainy days. However, he tempered the latter statement as follows: "What I say about wine, sir, gives you our rule, but it does sometimes happen that the chief justice will say to me when the cloth is removed: 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' And if I tell him that the sun is shining, Chief Justice Marshall will sometimes reply: 'All the better; for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chance makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere.'"

Real Conversations.

[A dialogue between a schoolboy and a schoolgirl who, after dancing a waltz, have found their way into the most secluded corner of a conservatory.]

HE—Rather ripping here, isn't it?
SHE—Rather! [A pause.]
HE—Have you been to many dances this season?
SHE—Not very many. Have you?
HE—No. [Thinks.] I've been to seven, I think.
SHE—That's not had. I've been to— [Thinks]—five. This makes the fifth. [A pause.] Have you known the Bensons long?
HE—Not very. Have you?
SHE—Oh, a good time. [A pause.] I don't remember having seen you here before.
HE—I haven't been to a dance here before. [With meaning—after thinking.] I don't suppose you'd remember me if I had.
SHE [smiling at her glove]—Why not?
HE—I don't know. I don't suppose you would, all the same.
SHE—I might.
HE—You're not certain, then?
SHE—Well, of course, I can't be certain.
HE—Well, do you think you would?
SHE—I think I should. [He smiles.] You're so tall, you see.
HE—Oh, I see. [A pause.]
SHE—Besides, you dance rather well.
HE—Do I?
SHE—Don't pretend. You know you do.
HE—Well, I wasn't sure whether you'd think so. [A pause.] I say!
SHE—Yes?
HE—Would you be awfully cross if I asked you something?
SHE—It all depends. Is it a riddle, because I hate riddles?
HE—No, it isn't anything like that. I really ought to have said, if I asked you for something. [The band strikes up.]
SHE—Don't be silly. [Rises.] Don't you know that you should never—
HE—I'm awfully sorry, really!
SHE—ask? [They enter the ball-room.]—Kemble Howard in London Sketch.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Fresh Paint.

He kissed her on the cheek:
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up a week—
They say, with painter's colic.
—Yonkers Statesman.

K8.

There was a maid whose name was K8,
And she was always tempting f8;
She'd jilt a beau
The least hit sleau,
But now for beaux she has to w8.
This maiden dearly loved to sk8,
But was of such enormous w8
That when she tripped
And slid and slipped
The ice was in an awful st8.
—Chicago Chronicle.

Sufficient Illumination.

Sweet maiden, turn the gas-jet down,
When you I come to see!
"The light that lies in woman's eyes"
Is light enough for me!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Funny Johnny.

Johnny Sackett, aged nineteen,
Is so full of humor
That it almost may be seen
Bulging like a tumor.
In a theatre, one night,
Johnny, to be thrilling,
Bellowed "Fire" with all his might—
Wasn't he just killing?
Johnny's running, far away;
There's a pleasant rumor
That if he is caught there may
Be a slump in humor.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Monroe Doctrinings.

We have got our little foot in the Canal,
We have got the languid Cuban 'neath our eyes,
We have placed our index finger on the lazy Sao Domingar,
And we're teaching Porio Rico to be wise,
We are asking Mister Castro won't he please
Discontinue his piratical campaigns;
Yet the dark-skinned Latin Jingo only mutters,
"Dirty Gringo!"
Which is all the thanks we're getting for our pains.
Here's a humper to the doctrine of Monroe, roe, roe,
And the neighbors whom we can not let alone;
Through the thirst for diagnosis we're inserting our proboscis
Into everybody's business but our own.
We are worrying from Texas to the Horn,
We are training guns on Germany's advance,
While we shake the mail-clad mitten at the hunger of the Briton,
And suggest, "Monsieur, keep off the map!" to France.
Does the gentle South American rejoice
At our fatherly protection from the Powers?
No, alas! the dusky Jingo merely hisses, "Yankee Gringo!"
To reward this large philanthropy of ours.
Here's a humper to the doctrine of Monroe, roe, roe,
Which we follow when we've nothing else to do,
While we spend our golden billions to protect the rag-tag millions,
And I think they're making fun of us, don't you?—H. I. in Life.
Nell—"But are you sure her complexion's genuine?" Belle—"Positive. I saw the box; on the lid it said, 'None genuine without our signature,' and there was the signature, right enough."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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SOCIETY.

Date for Mardi Gras Ball Set.

The annual Mardi Gras ball, given by the San Francisco Art Association for the benefit of the Art Fund, will take place this year on March 7th. Mr. Willis E. Davis, president of the association, is chairman of the executive committee, having control of the management of the ball. Mr. Edward M. Greenway is chairman of the floor committee. Mr. H. J. Breuer will superintend the decorations. Mr. Henry Heyman has charge of the music, while Mr. Arthur F. Mathews has contributed a beautiful design for the invitations. The committee has decided to change the custom hitherto in vogue of selling private boxes to the first applicants, so much dissatisfaction having been expressed by those who were disappointed in not obtaining these seats. This year the boxes will be sold at auction to the highest bidders. This sale will take place on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 21st, at four o'clock, at the Art Institute.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hope Cheney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney, of New York, to Mr. Harold Havens, of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Muir, niece of Mrs. Alexander Boyd, to Mr. Thornhill Carnaby.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Spreckels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, to Mr. Harry Holbrook, will take place on Saturday evening, February 25th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Pacific Avenue and Laguna Street. The ceremony will be performed at nine o'clock by Rev. George C. Adams. Miss Grace Spreckels will be maid of honor, Mr. John Merrill will be best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Robert Greer, Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton, Mr. Allen St. John Bowie, C. N. Felton, Jr., and Mr. C. H. Adams. A reception and supper will follow the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Wallace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wallace, to Mr. Charles Fickert, will take place on Wednesday, March 1st, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2414 Gough Street.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Bartholomew to Mr. Milton A. Bremer, will take place on Wednesday, February 15th, at the residence of the groom, 1307 Van Ness Avenue. The ceremony will be performed at noon. Owing to a recent bereavement in the family, the wedding will be a very quiet one.

Mrs. Emory Winship gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels. Others at table were Mrs. Cosgrave, Mrs. Augustus Costigan, Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Greer, Mrs. Spaulding, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Edith Simpson, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Helen Wagner.

Mr. Thomas Eastland gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Helen Wagner. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Forman, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. William Carson, Mr. Edgar Mizner, and Mr. J. L. Eastland.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace gave a card-party on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Reginald Brooke.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winship, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Grace Spreckels, Mr. Grantland Voorhies, Mr. Robert Carter Berkeley, and Mr. Jerome B. Landheld.

Mrs. Latham McMullin gave a card-party on Monday at her residence, 2517 Broadway. Mr. Knox Maddox entertained fourteen

guests Monday evening by a theatre-party at the Grand Opera House, followed by a supper at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 1023 Vallejo Street, in honor of Miss Louise Whitney.

Mrs. William Kohl gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile will give a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will be "at home" at 305 Buchanan Street Fridays in March.

Miss Burney Owens gave a luncheon on Tuesday at 960 Bush Street in honor of Miss Elsie Dorr and Miss Gertrude Jones. Covers were laid for seventeen.

Mr. Harry Holbrook gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels.

Miss Margaret Postelthwaite will give a ball on March 1st.

Mrs. J. B. Schroeder will give a luncheon on Tuesday at 800 Sutter Street in honor of her daughter, Miss Eugenia Hawes.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay gave a dinner on Monday evening. Others at table were Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Lucy Coleman, Sir James Talbot Power, and Mr. Edward Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a week-end party at the Hotel del Monte, entertaining Miss Constance Crimmins, Miss May Deering, Miss Katherine McCann, Miss Anita Harvey, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Miss Helen de Young and Miss Constance de Young gave a luncheon on Wednesday, at their residence, 1919 California Street, in honor of Miss Helen Wagner. Covers were laid for seventeen.

Mrs. Alexander Gareau gave a card-party at the Hotel Richelieu on Tuesday, entertaining forty guests.

Mrs. Louis R. Mead gave a tea at St. Dunstan's on Sunday in honor of her son, Dr. Louis Mead.

The last Assembly ball of the season was given at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening. The guests were received by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. P. Langborne, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, and Mrs. A. W. Foster.

Mrs. E. B. Hinds gave a luncheon recently in the red room of The Buckingham. Others at table were Mrs. J. English, Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Fitch, Mrs. McBoyle, Mrs. Young, Miss Peterson, Miss Wheeler, Miss Longwell, Miss Bennett, and Miss Conwell.

Stanford Parlor, No. 76, N. S. G. W., will hold its nineteenth anniversary dancing party at Native Sons' Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 21st.

Mr. Charles N. Felton gave a dinner and dance at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey gave a dinner on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Constance Crimmins. Others at table were Miss Katherine McCann, Miss May Deering, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Margaret Newball, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Anita Harvey, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. Frank King, Sir James Power, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr., and Mr. Harry Stetson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nutall gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, 1808 Broadway, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duff Frazer (née Pebody), of Evanson, Ill. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. Alexander McCracken gave a tea at Century Hall on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Mr. James D. Phelin gave a supper at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening in honor of Mme. Melba. Others at table were Mme. Satolli, Mlle. Satolli, Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. R. M. Tobin, and Mr. Thomas Barbour.

Miss Christine Poncroy will give a tea on Thursday afternoon.

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MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

Fitch's New Play.

Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Woman in the Case," was produced in New York last week with Blanche Walsh in the leading rôle.

The story deals with suspicion of murder directed at an innocent man, and the ruse his wife adopts to clear him. Julian Rolfe is accused by a chorus-girl of killing a friend, who had been found dead under circumstances indicating murder. Color is lent to the suspicion by the facts that the friend had been engaged to marry the chorus-girl, who is of doubtful character, that Rolfe had been trying to persuade him not to marry her, and also that, prior to his marriage three months previous, Rolfe had written love-letters to the girl. The wife turns detective, takes rooms in the very questionable house where the chorus-girl is a tenant, pretends to be of her own kind, becomes her boon companion, and at last wheedles from her the confession, overheard by concealed witnesses, that her lover had committed suicide.

The *Sun* says that the play is of "absorbing interest, with a nerve-thrilling third act." The *Herald* calls it "strong and stirring," and the *Times* says that the third act, which might easily be made melodrama, is converted by Fitch into a scene of "brilliantly sustained dramatic power." The *Globe* calls the play Fitch's strongest since "The Climbers." The *Mail* and the *Evening Post* are less kind. The former calls the play "as bungling and unsympathetic and ludicrous a thing as he has ever done," with "spots in which its flinty hardness yields to the stroke a flash of fire." The *Post* says that the play "has all the ingredients of a moving melodrama, and that the author has mixed them with the deftness born of long experience." It praises the first two acts, but says that the third act, where, in a drinking bout, the wife wrests the chorus-girl's secret from her, "there is no pretense of artistic restraint, of veracity, of probability. Theoretically, the interest should be centred in the terrific conflict between wife and wanton for the imperiled life; actually, the scene is surrendered to details of feminine drunkenness, inexpressibly repugnant to refined taste, but ever a source of gratification to the heedless and un instructed crowd."

Blanche Walsh as the wife, Robert Drouet as the husband, and Dorothy Dorr as the chorus-girl, all receive good notices.

In a speech made on the opening night, Mr. Fitch intimated that he intends to take a rest, and that it will be a long time before he produces another play.

On account of the sunny weather at Del Monte, and the excellent condition of the polo field there, the place has been visited recently by a large number of polo-players, including Sir George Prescott, Captain Charles de Crespigny, F. Menzies, R. M. Tobin, F. J. Mackey, J. O. Tobin, E. J. Coleman, Francis Carolan, Paul Clagstone, Lawrence McCreery, and others.

Joseph Jefferson, Jr., and Mrs. Jefferson are at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. Jefferson is a son of the famous actor.

Flowers as Valentines.

That Christian and pagan festival, St. Valentine's Day, the saint's day of honor, usurped by a rite of the Latin goddess, Juno, protectress of marriage, is at hand. Since ancient times the day has been celebrated thus. Chaucer and Shakespeare both allude to the poet's notion that birds, as people, choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day. His name has come to stand for the pagan practice—the exchange of love messages. The valentine, in highest form, has long been flowers, the universal language of sentiment. The myrtle, the red chrysanthemum, the rose, and the carnation mean love; the moss-rose, confession; the fern speaks sincerity; the mistletoe, surmounting of difficulties; and the palm, victory. How much more delicately eloquent a love message spoken by flowers than by *bizarre* bits of paper.

The choicest flowers for valentines may be had of F. C. Jaeger, 23 1/2 Sutter Street.

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Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

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—AT—

Schussler Bros. Art Galleries, 119 Geary Street

The Buckingham Cafe Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar *table-d'hôte* dinner (with wine \$1.25) will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, February 11, 1905:

- Grape Fruit, with Sherry Wine.
- Consomme en Tasse. Cream of Corn.
- Ripe Olives. Celery.
- Boiled Striped Bass, Hollandaise Sauce.
- Potatoes Natural.
- California Oyster Pattie.
- Fillet of Beef Musbroom Sauce.
- Banana Fritters, au Rum.
- Pineapple Sherbert.
- Broiled Chicken, Maitre de Hotel.
- Braised Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce.
- Green Peas. Stewed Tomatoes.
- Brussel Sprouts, en Butter. Mashed Potatoes.
- Mexican Salad. Crackers.
- Apple Pie. Peach Pie.
- Charlotte Russe, Whipped Cream.
- Vanilla Ice-Cream. Assorted Cake.
- Cafe Noir.
- Water Crackers. Edam Cheese.
- Roquefort Cheese.
- Music by Professor Graeber's Mandolin Club.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles spent the week-end at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Henry O. Beatty and Mrs. Brooke Wright sailed Monday on the Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* for Tahiti. They expect to be absent a month.

Mrs. A. B. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair departed on Wednesday for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Coronado.

Miss Constance Crimmins, Miss Katherine McCann, and Miss May Deering expect to depart to-day (Saturday) for New York. They will sojourn for a short time at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where they will be guests of Lieutenant Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins.

Mrs. Jane Stanford, Miss Jennie S. Lathrop, Miss Berner, and Mr. Charles G. Lathrop, were recent guests at the Hotel Vendôme, San Jose.

M. E. Jullien, the new governor of Tahiti, Mme. Jullien, and Mlle. Jullien sailed on the Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* Tuesday for Tahiti.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell and Miss Florence Whittell have been spending a few days at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Miss Bessie Wilson, and Miss Helen Gaily departed on Tuesday for a sojourn in Southern California.

Mrs. and Mrs. E. F. Hutton and Miss Ellis are guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. James D. Bailey and Miss Florence Bailey are sojourning at Santa Barbara, and later will go to Coronado.

Mr. George A. Knight has gone to New York for a brief stay.

Mrs. W. H. Bancroft and Miss Marie Nason are sojourning for a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla V. Watt were in New York when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duff Frazer (*née* Peahody) of Evanston, Ill., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son, of Los Angeles, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John Robinson and Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn are at present stopping at Byron Hot Springs, where they will be joined at the end of the week by Mr. Dunn.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Baroness von Meyerinck, Mrs. Pauson, Miss Pauson, Mr. G. W. Halliday, Mr. F. B. Anderson, Mr. E. Norwood, Mr. E. K. Hurlhult, Mr. A. Dickman, Mr. A. I. Rosseter, and Mr. C. W. Wells.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Vendôme were Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper, of New York, Mr. W. J. Weaver, of London, Hon. and Mrs. J. M. McKee and Mr. C. B. McKee, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Scott, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. George Tasbeira, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Baine, Mrs. J. F. McCone, Mrs. Florence H. Moore, Mrs. Camilo Martin, Miss Hush, Miss Pearl Swanton, Hon. J. B. Irish, Mr. Henry Miller, Mr. H. H. Kirk, Mr. F. E. Boyd, Mr. W. C. Hyman, Mr. Jefferson M. Moore, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. L. H. Jacobs, Mr. C. Z. Merritt, Mr. Fred Swanton, Mr. W. F. Hush, and Mr. V. C. Hush, Jr.

Army and Navy News.

General Arthur McArthur, U. S. A., who departs on February 15th for the scene of war in Manchuria, was given a banquet and reception at the Occidental Hotel on Thursday evening.

Brigadier-General Frances Moore, U. S. A., inspected the garrison at Monterey during the week.

Lieutenant Robert E. Coontz, U. S. N., has been promoted to the grade of lieutenant-commander.

Lieutenant D. M. Garrison, U. S. N., was among the recent guests at the Occidental Hotel.

The Automobile Club of California will give a banquet and smoker in the white and gold room of the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday evening, February 18th, at seven o'clock. Various members of the board of supervisors, board of public works, and the park commission will attend, together with a number of prominent people interested in the good roads movement. There will be music, vaudeville, and a general good time.

An illustrated lecture on the "Beginning of Art," by Mr. Robert H. Fletcher, was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute on Thursday evening.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

FOR NOVEL IDEAS IN HYGIENIC COOKING, WE recommend the Vegetarian Cook Book, by E. G. Fulton, Vegetarian Café, 755 Market Street.

Exhibit of Peters's Works.

Charles Rollo Peters's reputation as a painter of moonlight effects is enhanced by the present exhibition of his pictures at Claxton's, 213 Post Street. Most of the paintings are recent ones, and have, to a greater degree than any of his former works, the poetic, harmonious quality. Monterey and vicinity inspired most of the pictures, and one of them, "By Monterey Bay," won the five hundred dollar first prize at the Lotus Club, New York, first medal at the Salamagundi Club, in the same city, also first medals at Buffalo and Cincinnati. In all of these Monterey pictures Mr. Peters has caught the spirit of the place, and typifies the romance attached to it. He shows the bay, the beach, the town, the hills back of it, in all the shades and gradations of moonlight—gray, green, almost black. An extremely happy effect has been achieved in a picture of the town viewed across a stretch of moonlit beach and water. The red lights of the dimly seen buildings against the spectral hills, the dark sky, the ghostly beach and water, with the moon's rays trembling over all, combine to make a superb effect. Another that will attract attention is of "Colton Hall," the first Capitol of the State. The building is Colonial, and, bathed in the gray moonlight effect that the artist has thrown over it, is picturesque, romantic, full of the vague mystery that an old, deserted building inspires. He has also done some twilight and afterglow pictures of the town that are remarkable for the soft, taint glow of the waning sun upon the hills and water.

There are one or two canvases which show that Mr. Peters has not confined himself altogether to the sort of work that has won him distinction. This is demonstrated particularly in "Twachman's Favorite," so named because it was so well liked by Twachman, the New York artist. It is a small canvas, with two or three slender trees in the foreground. They are done most delicately in gray, with pink slightly suggested, and the whole effect is infinitely soft and fragile, full of the poetry of out of doors.

A bronze door of Italian workmanship has been placed on exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute. The subject treated on the panel is a Bacchanalian festival, the figures being in high relief. The door is presumably quite old, although the date is unknown, and was recently purchased in Italy by Mr. A. Rudgear, who has loaned it to the San Francisco Art Association.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

A. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1905

FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street.)

Table of train schedules with columns for 'LEAVE', 'MAIN LINE', and 'ARRIVE'. Includes routes to Richmond, Vallejo, Ukiah, and various local destinations.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

Departure times for Oakland Harbor Ferry: 7:15 A.M., 8:00 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M., 6:15 P.M.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Their engagement was quite a surprise, wasn't it?" "Yes—to him."—Town Topics.

"And how is Jack looking since he married for love?" "A good deal like a cat that is owned by a vegetarian."—Judge.

Johnny's friend—"I hear Johnny is learning to play the French horn." Johnny's roommate—"Yes, I've had wind of it."—Harvard Lampoon.

First society woman—"That's my baby that we just passed." Second society woman—"How could you tell?" First society woman—"I recognized the nurse."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nell—"Of course, she's not pretty, but it's remarkable how her face lights up when she talks." Belle—"Oh, that's not so remarkable. She's got a lantern jaw."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teacher—"How many commandments are there?" Tommy—"Not any." Teacher—"Why, Tommy! There are ten." Tommy—"Aw, dem was all broke long ago."—Cleveland Leader.

"Smoothleigh is certainly the politest man I know." "What makes you so positive?" "He's pretending he's cured of his dyspepsia so as not to hurt his doctor's feelings."—Town Topics.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

"Harold!" began his wife in a furious temper, "my mind is made up—" "Mercy!" interrupted her husband: "is that so? I had hoped that your mind, at least, was your own!"—Detroit Free Press.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" "Perhaps not. But I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed during her early married life."—Life.

Friend—"You must enjoy your new position. So much honor, dignity, and prestige!" University president—"Yes; but I don't get so much money as the head coach of the football team."—Somerville Journal.

"I half believe that there's a skeleton in the Kismore's closet." "I shouldn't wonder. One day when Kismore took me home with him unexpectedly to dinner, I thought I heard it throwing things at him out in the kitchen."—Ex.

Judge—"You are charged with beating your wife every morning before breakfast. What have you to say for yourself?" Prisoner—"Well, you see, judge, that's my best time, as I have to run for a car as soon as breakfast is over."—Ex.

Squire's daughter (to gardener's wife, who suffers from chronic rheumatism)—"Have you ever tried Swedish massage, Mrs. Brown?" Mrs. Brown—"I have heard say it be very good for the rheumatics, miss; but we don't grow it in these parts."—Punch.

Customer—"How is it that the price of a peck of potatoes remains twenty cents so far in the season? I'd think the price would become larger as the season advanced." Grocer—"It would, madam, only it's so much easier to change the size of the pecks."—Baltimore American.

Harry (reading aloud)—"Thence two feet to a certain point, thence six inches to another, and thence three feet to—" Father—"What's that you're reading, son?" Harry—"It's a treasure story, sir." Father (resuming paper)—"Humph! Sounds like directions for a trombone solo!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mrs. Hawkins—"And 'ave you made all the arrangements for your marriage, my dear?" Mrs. Jorkins—"Well, not quite all. I've got to buy me trooso, and take a 'ouse, and get me 'usband a job, and buy 'im a good suit o' clothes, and get some 'erly washin' work to do. An' then I'm to name the 'appy day."—Pick-Me-Up.

Examining physician (for insurance company)—"I'm afraid we can't take you, sir. You are too great a risk." Applicant (re-sighing)—"Well, perhaps I am. The fact is, that when I get sick I never send for a doctor. I just lay around until I get well." Examining physician—"Eh? Um—we'll take you."—New York Weekly.

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San Rafael to San Francisco. WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p. m. Sundays—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:05, 5:05, 6:35 p. m.

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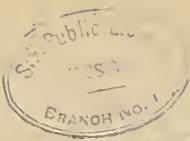
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are not concerned at this time to deal out praise or blame to either party in the controversy between the Senate and the President over the arbitration treaties with France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and Mexico. In an affair of such importance—one likely to become historic—it is perhaps wiser first carefully to consider with impartiality the position of both the legislative and executive, which are now at swords' points.

When the matter of negotiating arbitration treaties between the United States and other great powers was

first broached, it met with universal acclaim. By the more thoughtful political observers it was, of course, recognized that such treaties are quite futile to prevent war when causes of conflict between nations are deeply imbedded in national character, or are the result of economic strife. When a nation like Russia advances to the Pacific, impelled by some little understood, but apparently vast and irresistible, force, and when Japan, perceiving that her very existence is imperiled by Muscovite dominion over the Korean peninsula, which stretches like a minatory finger toward the island kingdom, prepares to fight for national existence, it is idle—quite idle—to talk of arbitration. The things can not be arbitrated. It is and has been clear to all sober thinkers that arbitration treaties are only serviceable for the adjustment of trifling, accidental causes of dispute between nations. To propose utterly to abolish war is the iridescent dream of foolish men.

Nevertheless, the value of these treaties is well recognized. Every one expected that they would promptly be ratified. Meetings were held all over the United States—from Boston to San Francisco—urging such action upon the Senate. That body, however, showed a remarkable reluctance regarding the treaties very early after they were submitted to it by the State Department. For this reluctance two principal reasons were given. First was the alleged belief of certain senators that under the treaties the forty-year-old Confederate debt might be validated, and payment of it exacted by foreign bond-holders. This fear was shown to be illusory. It was pointed out by the New York Tribune, whose relations with the President are particularly close and intimate, that under the eleventh amendment to the Constitution the judicial power of the United States is declared not to extend to any suit in law or equity brought against any of the States by citizens of another State or of any foreign state. Naturally, the Constitution of the United States is not to be altered by treaty. If citizens of foreign countries can not sue States of the Union before the United States Supreme Court, to suppose that they may do so at The Hague is merely absurd.

President Roosevelt himself, when this objection of the Senate was called to his attention, addressed to Senator Cullom, on January 10th, a letter in which he said in part:

I notice in connection with the general arbitration treaties now before the Senate, that suggestions have been made to the effect that under them it might be possible to consider as matters for arbitration claims against certain States of the Union in reference to certain State debts. I write to say what, of course, you personally know, that under no conceivable circumstances could any such construction of the treaty be for a moment entertained by any President.

The second objection made by the Senate to the treaties which have so universally the approval of the country, and which were negotiated with the greatest care by our superlatively able Secretary of State, John Hay, is that which has finally led the Senate into the present conflict with the chief executive. As the treaties were originally formulated, any little matter about which there was a dispute between the United States and another country might be the subject of negotiations between our State Department and the foreign office of the government concerned, and, upon a mere informal agreement so to do, the dispute might be submitted to The Hague tribunal, and settled irrevocably. Now, what the Senate desires is that this agreement to arbitrate shall take the form of a treaty, and thus, therefore, have the indorsement of two-thirds of the senators before it is valid. The Senate wants two treaties in every arbitrated case—first, "a treaty merely agreeing to try to make another treaty," and

second, a treaty to arbitrate. It is entirely probable that the President is quite right in asserting, as he did in a second letter sent to Cullom, that "if the word 'treaty' be substituted [for "agreement"] the result is that every such agreement must be submitted to the Senate, and these general arbitration treaties would then cease to be such, and indeed, in their amended form, they amount to a specific pronouncement against the whole principle of a general arbitration treaty."

The Senate's position in refusing to ratify the arbitration treaties without amendment is, however, clear. As one of the coördinate branches of the government it is jealous of its prerogatives. Especially is it so because the President, in its opinion, has exhibited a tendency to exceed his constitutionally granted powers, notably in the case of Panama, the pension order, the constructive recess, and in the Santo Domingo protocol. The Senate holds that it ought to have and must have a voice in every international agreement, however long and cumbrous the diplomatic proceeding, or however trivial the dispute. Since a treaty, when negotiated and properly ratified, becomes part of the supreme law of the land, the Senate holds that such supreme law should certainly not be permitted to be enacted by the mere fiat of the President.

That these views do not in the least meet with the approval of Mr. Roosevelt goes without saying. He has permitted Secretary Hay to make the following statement:

The President regards the matter of the general arbitration treaties as concluded by the action of the Senate on Saturday. He recognizes the right of the Senate to reject a treaty either by a direct vote in that sense or indirectly by changes which are incompatible with its spirit and purpose. He considers that with the Senate amendment the treaties not only cease to be a step forward in the cause of general arbitration, but are really a step backward, and therefore he is unable to present them in this altered form to the countries with which we have been in negotiation.

A very ugly insinuation is made in this statement. It is that the Senate deliberately and maliciously amended the arbitration treaties in order to destroy them, rather than amending them to better them. It is not to be wondered at that so dignified a body as the Upper House of Congress should be extraordinarily stirred by this remarkable insinuation. Certainly it is stirred as a whole, for only nine senators side with the President. According to late dispatches, so angry are the legislators that they will refuse again to visit the White House while it is occupied by Mr. Roosevelt. It will be extremely interesting to see—as we shall see shortly—whether the country will support the President in his defiant attitude toward the Senate, or whether it will yield its sympathy to the legislative. The President may justly contend that his action in the matter is in the interest of efficiency—is, in fact, merely a great saving of red tape; the Senate may justly assert that it is but preserving in unflinching integrity the provisions of the Constitution which vest power of ratifying treaties in that body.

We will all go a mile to hear one person call another names. But we won't stay unless the battle emerges from the thicket of vocabularies into the open of blows. Strong language inspires pleasant expectation of a fight, and it is not well to disappoint the gathered yearners; for they will turn on the man who talks without hitting, and, after looking him over for his weak points, go off and leave him to his language.

When Thomas W. Lawson first emerged from the obscurity of his millions and defied Wall Street and the fullness thereof, Kansas, California, and Maine all craned their necks and sought the knot-hole of *Everybody's Magazine* to view the fracas. People dreamed of wild orgies of battle, with Mr. John F.

Rockefeller struggling futilely against destiny in the shape of a man with a modern vocabulary. Lawson was not only going to call names, but he was also to pound the promoter and magnate into submissiveness, and the suckling child at the end of the campaign would know a good investment when he saw it. At the time, the *Argonaut* refused to believe implicitly in the man from Boston. This paper had heard violent before-the-battle hymns ere this, and had watched on a high hill for the terrific conflict which never came. And now the crowds are coming back. The news-dealers say that the sales of *Everybody's Magazine*, instead of soaring still, are dropping by per cents. which are ruefully given in a trade journal which made a canvass of the dealers in New York and other large cities. Lawson is still thundering from his cavern, but the hungry public has not yet seen any blood of trust magnates trickling over its threshold. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers seem to be in good health and not anticipating instant destruction. There is a general impression that the country has passed a great crisis in its history, but so far there is nothing to indicate that Lawson is aught but sounding copper and a tinkling advertising cymbal.

All this is very sad. The small bond-holder somehow has lost his partnership in huge financial deals. The Illinois farmer's little savings are just savings once more—not "bear money" or "bull money." But what we have lost in losing that Lawson of the first pages of *Everybody's*, who strutted forth when the people sorely needed a champion, we have gained in the addition of a phrase and a word to the English language. One of these is "frenzied finance," and the other is "Boston." The first is already familiar to our ears. In time even the children will recognize the second, and place it in childhood's memory index as the place whence Thomas W. Lawson emerged to do battle, and whither he returned by the gradual and facile degrees of a falling circulation. Between the delicately curved parentheses of the period of the publication of "Frenzied Finance," the antiquarian of the future will also include what is definitely known of the formerly fabulous city of Massachusetts, thus sending down the corridor of time these two misty figures—Lawson and Boston—two voices, *sans* blood, *sans* flesh, *sans* *Everybody's*.

The essential facts in the Hearst-Sullivan affair appear to be these: Representative John A. Sullivan, of Massachusetts, on Tuesday, February 9th, had a colloquy with Representative Lamar, of Florida, over the Hearst Interstate Commerce Bill, in the course of which Mr. Sullivan made some biting sarcastic but perfectly proper references to Mr. Hearst. The Washington reporter for Hearst's New York *American*, very eager to serve his employer, referred in his dispatches to Representative Sullivan as "a bald-headed, red-nosed young man, whose name, it seems, is Sullivan," and also alluded to Sullivan's ignorance of matters of public interest, speculating whether it was due to "congenital incapacity or indifference to the people's rights." At this newspaper article Mr. Sullivan took offense, and, on February 13th, delivered a speech against Mr. Hearst, in which he spoke of his (Sullivan's) "name having been duly registered in the political assassination department of his [Hearst's] newspapers"; hurled back the epithet of "congenital incapacity"; ironically compared his own record of attendance and legislative participation with that of Mr. Hearst; referred to "the phosphorescent light of his literary fungi euphemistically called 'newspapers'"; said that Hearst's candidacy "began in debauch and ended in fiasco"; and finally sent to the clerk's desk to be read Grove L. Johnson's famous philippic against Hearst, which, as is well known, accuses him of personal immorality of the vilest and most nauseating character. Mr. Hearst, arising to reply (his first speech!) disclaimed knowledge of the article referring to Mr. Sullivan as "bald-headed and red-nosed"; assumed, however, all responsibility; and defended himself for his silence on the floor of the House by saying: "I have heard incompetents speak for hours for the mere purpose of getting their remarks in the *Record*. I have heard the ablest speakers deliver the most eloquent addresses on the floor of the House without influencing legislation in the smallest particular. I don't know of any way in which a man can be less effective for his constituents and less useful to them than in emitting chewed wind on the floor of this house." Mr. Hearst then went on to refer to the Johnson attack; said that it was made by a man with a criminal record; went on to intimate that the present attack was made by a man of similar character, and recited the details of a manslaughter in a drunken brawl in which one of the assailants was John A. Sullivan. Objection having been made to such a charge against a member of Congress, the debate, after some verbal sparring, ended. Mr. Sullivan, on the following

day, replied to Mr. Hearst's attacks, admitting that his father, the keeper of a low resort, and himself, had caused the death of a drunken man who had broken a window in the saloon, and that his father had been sentenced to three years in the house of correction, while he himself was convicted and the sentence suspended on account of his youth—seventeen years.

The whole affair is very dirty. Sullivan appears to have taken far too seriously a casual newspaper paragraph referring to him as a "bald-headed, red-nosed young man." His raking up of Grove L. Johnson's charges against Hearst of disgraceful personal immorality, was unwarranted. Mr. Hearst might far better have let the matter drop there, but he chose to fight the devil with fire, and countered allusions to his alleged private vices with insinuations that the other man was guilty of manslaughter. It's about a toss up between them—a thoroughly mephitic episode all around.

Our intervention in the affairs of Santo Domingo has become rather a tangle. Statements have been made in the press which, it now appears, were not true. The President has been accused of exceeding his constitutionally granted authority when there was no basis for the accusation. What really happened appears to be this:

When it became necessary either for the United States to administer the affairs of this irresponsible republic in the interests of her numerous and importunate creditors, or permit some foreign nation so to do, an official of the State Department was sent to Santo Domingo to negotiate a treaty. Either he had been insufficiently instructed as to his powers or willfully exceeded them, for it was soon reported in this country that a protocol had been signed whereby officials of the United States Government were to assume control of Dominican ports on February 1st. Immediately it was pointed out, both on the floor of the Senate and in newspapers hostile to the President—notably the *Sun*—that if such an agreement had indeed been made and carried into execution, the President had exceeded his powers. The State Department, taking notice of these objections, issued a statement setting forth that the protocol signed January 20th had been canceled, and that another one was in course of negotiation. Further, that this protocol, or agreement, was in the form of a treaty, and would be submitted to the Senate for ratification before it was put in force. Also it was explained that the administration of Dominican customs-houses, landing of marines, and patrol by our warships of Dominican waters were all acts done under the arbitral award of July 14, 1904, and not under the protocol. The second protocol has now been signed, and the President has submitted it this week to the Senate in a special message, in which he sets forth his belief that unless this treaty be ratified and the United States engage in supervision of affairs in Santo Domingo, foreign nations will become so impatient that they will begin the collection of their claims by force, involving, doubtless, seizure of territory. The President makes it very clear that if the Senate refuses to ratify this treaty, and complications with foreign nations ensue, he will bear no whit of the burden of responsibility therefor. In the present recalcitrant mood of the Senate, the ratification of the treaty is seriously in doubt.

There is one remnant of Roman domination of Britain which has never been eradicated, so firmly did Caesar impress upon that barbarous province the stamp of his own personality. Until the end of time the Englishman, the Briton, will read about what a man says as it looks in indirect discourse. The London *Times* does not quote President Roosevelt as saying, "Go softly and carry a big stick." It puts it: "The President said . . . he ventured to state . . . he asserted the belief . . . would go softly . . . but he thought it a wise measure to carry a big cane."

Mr. John Morley, the English statesman, came over to see us not long ago. On January 18th, he delivered an address in Brechin, Scotland. The report of this in the London *Times* is interesting, not so much for what Mr. Morley really thinks about us, as for what the reporter, who changed what Mr. Morley said into the British indirect discourse, makes one think that Mr. Morley thinks about us.

Mr. Morley, it may be presumed, attempted a little sarcasm when he said what appears in the *Times*, thus: "It was interesting to him in America to find himself in a country where there was no Established Church, but there was no country where religion was more genuine or more earnest. The common schools of the United States were practically confined to secular instruction, yet nowhere in the world was religious knowledge more general. The United States was a country without the untold blessings of a hereditary House of Lords, yet there was no country in the world,

so far as he knew, where the rights of property were safer."

And the trite assertion that war is hell is possibly the basis of this delicate insinuation: "Would that there could have been printed in letters of gold in the Cabinet Council and in the Colonial Office the noble words of the American Secretary of State, who had rightly described war as the most fatal and ferocious of human follies."

By constant reading of this retrospective style, it is possible almost to get what is known as historical perspective. The gentle imperfects, the far-away outlines of the preterites, the suggestive mighties, and the collusive coulds, all veil the fact of yesterday in soft distance, and we become as Englishmen, with a thousand years behind us and before us the æonslong columns of the *Times*.

"It Is the End"—that is the simple heading which the

Oregonian places over its editorial leader which comments upon the evidence of Judge Tanner, which unmistakably points to the guilt of Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon, in fraudulently receiving money for his public services. Yes, it is the end. Only a few weeks ago, this aged senator, hoary of head and white of beard, on the floor of the Senate solemnly denied, with sobs and tears, that he was guilty of the charges against him. To-day it is quite clear that John H. Mitchell is not only a consummate actor, but that at length his ultimate downfall is at hand. His career is without parallel in American politics. For forty years he has been the master of the Republican party in Oregon. Revolts innumerable against his dominator have been attempted, but they have always failed. I have been proved beyond peradventure of a doubt that his domestic infidelities have been gross and inveterate. His last affair of the sort was with the sister of his wife, to whom he wrote many impassioned letters which were published in facsimile, and their authenticity never doubted. It made no difference. He has also been charged with dishonesty and incapacity, but in the past he has always bested his attackers. Now near the close of his life, his political ruin is certain. It is a pitiful end to a long but not honorable career.

The Esch-Townsend Bill, providing for the regulation of freight rates, passed the House of Representatives on Thursday of last week by the remarkably unanimous vote

of 326 to 17, eleven of the minority being Republican and six Democrats. The bill will not pass the Senate. The developments of the past week have made this absolutely certain. Nor does the House of Representatives deserve the credit for passing the measure that might naturally be thought to be its due. Undoubtedly many men voted for it who would normally have voted against it, because they knew that, anyhow, the Senate would hold it up. However, the Wall Street press as well as scared even by the passing of the measure through the Lower House. The *Sun* speaks of the "reproach obloquy achieved yesterday by the House of Representatives," and the *Times* says that the seventeen vote cast against the Townsend rate bill "constitute a roll of honor." What the Senate will probably do will be to appoint a committee to "investigate" during the summer—the immemorial device to put off doing a once what ought to be done. Meanwhile, the people may whistle and try to think a little.

Nebraska is to have an eight-hour law for the monkey

who accompany the vagabond organ grinder. These small and nickel-chasing simians will hereafter wear the cap and bear the cup only between certain fixed hours.

The organ will have to work in solitude when the factory whistle blows. The philosopher thanks God for back doors, knowing what our streets would look like otherwise. But the most philosophic soul, catching a glimpse of some back doors, must wonder whether after all the health people had not better be called on the whole place cleaned out. When good and pious folk suddenly fall to weeping and ask that murderers be pardoned because they are Shrinking Beings, haste away to the legislature and pass a law protecting the "monk" from brain fog, it seems too bad that a this activity of the back door could not be spent for more purpose. In due time we shall have statutes protecting poodles from petting from 4 P. M. to 8 A. M. and other laws that coach-dogs shall not be spotted and held up to the ignominious wonder of fellow canines. We have already forbidden cock-fights, but permit children to sell papers on the streets all night long. We abhor cruel men who beat horses, and fit them heavily, yet somehow never hear the screams of the wife in the house where her husband is wielder

castigatory skillet. And yet we should be thankful for the back door of sentiment. Possibly it does the good that soft-hearted women sit down when there is no gossip stirring, and have a good cry over the little monkey that the Italian organ-grinder works to death. Some day this half-hid, ridiculous and tortive compassion will come around front in answer to some call, and then, the monkey still protected, a real benefit will be done. Every house (except the one, which has no outlet but an elevator), has a back door opening, it is to be hoped, on a back yard. There sit at ease and view our neighbor's true character. Nebraska the institution of the back yard flourishes. The housewife weeps among the sunflowers, while the forgotten son throws stones at the cat. Later she may spank the son. Possibly these tears over the monkey may result in a spanking which will justify me day the sentiment of the back door.

Who shall say what is the truth about Russia? One day we are told that the Russian army on the Hun is mutinous, lacking supplies, unwilling to fight; the next, that it exceeds Oyama's army by fifty thousand troops, and it waits for better weather for the moment of attack. One day we are told that Russia is ready to sue for peace; the next, that war will be vigorously prosecuted if victory is attained. One day we are told that so long is the spirit of discontent that the government, in terror, is about to grant reforms; the next, the dispatches convey to us the information that the riots at St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Lodz, have been put down and all again is quiet. Apparently, so far as Russia is concerned, the world can only watch and wonder, hoping that this great nation of one hundred and fifty millions of souls may somehow in time work out its salvation.

Bunkers, Emmons, Wright, and French, the four State senators accused of accepting bribes for "protecting" certain building and loan associations, have been indicted by the grand jury of Sacramento County for their alleged offense, have been arrested, and are out on bonds. It is expected that they will be arraigned before the superior court of Sacramento County to-day (Saturday). Meanwhile the senate committee appointed to investigate the charges has heard additional testimony from Jordan, who added nothing in particular to what he had already told regarding his part in transferring the bribe money from Clarence Grange to the accused senators. He was not cross-examined by the counsel for the defense. "Al" Murphy and Fred Myrtle, of the *Examiner*, testified that French asked for and received assistance from their paper in the shape of such facts as it had collected against the building and loan associations, but denied that the *Examiner* had anything to do with the appointment of French, Wright, Bunkers, and Emmons to the Committee on Commissions and Retrenchment.

Prior to the final argument of counsel for and against the accused senators, there was a dramatic scene in the senate regarding the presentation of their testimony to the investigating committee. When their attorney attempted last week to have them sworn, it was objected to on the ground that if they did so they would be immune from further punishment, and that the efforts of the district attorney of Sacramento County to secure their conviction would be balked. Their testimony was not taken, but later an attempt was made to have the senate instruct the investigating committee to hear them. The matter was the cause of a violent debate, but it was finally decided that the accused senators should not be sworn by the committee. A resolution was also introduced to have the investigation dropped, in order that the criminal court might not be influenced by the committee's report. It is also was defeated.

On Monday, Thomas V. Cator argued before the investigating committee in behalf of Bunkers, Emmons, French, and Wright. The burden of his plea was that the committee withhold its report—this also that the criminal court might not be prejudiced against the accused. Cator violently arraigned Jordan and Grange, calling attention to the fact that Grange had testified that Jordan first mentioned the subject of bribery, while Jordan swore that Grange broached the subject. Cator asserted, also, that Jordan kept the money that he said he paid to the senators.

Javin McNab, for the prosecution, maintained that Grange, who furnished the marked money that was used to entrap the senators, and who employed Jordan to pass it to them, was satisfied that the money had changed hands, and that Jordan's testimony to the effect that he had paid it was amply supported by the honor and Hartling, the detectives. He reviewed the work of the Committee on Commissions and Re-

trenchment, calling attention to the fact that when first appointed it had no power to investigate building and loan societies; that the four accused senators, who constituted a majority of the committee, had the senate pass a resolution giving it such power; that the other members of the committee had little or no voice in its proceedings; that the *Examiner* had constantly lauded and pictured Bunkers, Emmons, French, and Wright, never mentioning the other members; and that employees of that paper, which is conducting a fight against the Continental Building and Loan Association, were in constant association with the accused men. He maintained that those four members of the Committee on Commissions and Retrenchment made no effort to serve the State; that they looked out for their own and the *Examiner's* interests.

The committee of investigation is expected to make its report within a day or so. It is thought that without doubt it will recommend the expulsion of the accused men from the senate, and that the senate will follow the recommendation.

Old Adam Smith, when he asserted the supremacy of the great law of supply and demand, demonstrated that no laws could control prices, and defied the deity to corner a staple, did not have any experience with what is known sorrowfully as a "combine." One of Adam Smith's favorite figures of speech was the inexhaustibility of the sea. Wheat crops might fail, the supply of hobby-horses fall far below the demand, but the sea was constant, never slack in giving, but giving only what was needed. The poor man might not be able to buy bread, but he could get fish.

According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, about the dearest article of food in this city is fish, though the sea brims at our door. Where formerly the price of good fish was from five to seven cents a pound, the "combine" has forced it up to twenty and twenty-five cents a pound. Fish is out of the poor man's reach. The supply is not equal to the demand, though the fisheries are still teeming.

It is a queer commentary on the happy-go-lucky way in which we look upon things in this country that the "combine" is wholly composed of foreign-born Italians and Greeks. The American-born workman can not buy fish for his family because a band of Italians came over here and seized upon the control of what every other country considers a national resource—the fisheries. But such combinations are bound to fail. Adam Smith was right, after all. The sea is not so very far away, and if prices are kept up so outrageously, the fisher-folk, who profit nothing by the high prices, but suffer on account of the decreased demand, will begin to peddle from door to door, and the "combine" may quickly disintegrate.

The pity of the whole matter is the actual suffering entailed by such prices. Will the law-makers devise some way of preventing these wild forays on the public purse? Even granting that such trifling combinations do not last long, they pay handsomely during their brief existence. They pay, of course, out of the weekly pay envelope of the laborer.

The stories of discord among Russian officers of both the army and navy are disgraceful, but they are doubtless true. General Gripenburg and General Kuropatkin are at outs. Army officers from Port Arthur are said to refer to the navy as "the frightened fleet." Admiral Lockinsky makes bitter criticism of General Stoessel. General Stoessel refuses to speak to or salute Admiral Lockinsky. Alexeiff, Skrydloff, and others are to be denounced before a court-martial. These Russian officers are evidently a bad lot. They ought all to be court-martialed and put in dungeons, or shot. Why, they dislike each other almost as much as General McClellan did General Halleck, or as Burnside did Hooker, or as Grant did Thomas. They quarrel almost as fiercely as Sampson and Schley, or even a certain Colonel Roosevelt with a noted general named Miles.

At a meeting of the board of police commissioners, held on Wednesday evening, Chief of Police George Wittman was suspended from office for neglect of duty, and the secretary of the commission was instructed to draw up charges on which he will be tried. Immediately preceding this, Police-Sergeant Thomas Ellis had also been found guilty of neglect of duty. In his case, sentence was suspended for a week.

The charges against Wittman are thought to be based on the evidence found against Ellis, who is accused of willful neglect in not suppressing gambling in Chinatown, and who confessed to the grand jury last week that he and the patrolmen under him had systematically received bribes from the Chinese gamblers. It is un-

derstood to be the belief of the police commissioners that Wittman knew of the extent of the gambling in Chinatown, and of the lack of effort to suppress it.

The daily newspapers take varying views of the matter, according to political affiliations. The *Examiner* is non-committal. The *Chronicle* is outspoken in saying that Wittman was removed because he refused to be a tool of the administration. The *Call* inclines to sympathy for Wittman. The *Post* does not take sides. The *Bulletin* expresses a belief in Wittman's guilt, but says that he was acting with the full knowledge of the administration, and has been sacrificed to throw the public off the scent.

Captain John Spillane has been appointed acting chief. Herbert Schmitz, brother of the mayor, Detective Jerry Dinan, and J. George Boyne, secretary of the police commission, are each looked upon as a possibility for chief if Wittman is deposed.

Secretary Atkinson, of the Territory of Hawaii, has pointed out how matters stand in his precinct with little adjuncts which appeal particularly to the imagination.

On a recent trip to Washington, he made the statement that Hawaii had to import all her lumber now, but the school-children were planting trees and the Japanese were celebrating the fall of Port Arthur by setting out hedges and rows of the finest trees. A trade which has grown from the capacity of two ships a month to the full employ of one whole line and vessels of call three times a week, is justly characterized as "increasing," with the small suggestion that our present coast-wise law prohibiting an American from coming hither from Hawaii on a ship carrying any flag but an American one is a "hardship." The harbor at Honolulu should be dredged to accommodate this commerce, says the secretary, and points to President Roosevelt's message on the subject. The Territory is in good financial condition, the appropriations to June 30, 1905, are \$1,900,000, and the estimated income to that date is \$2,400,000.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Letter from a Socialist.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 14, 1905. EDITORS ARGONAUT: The leading editorial in your last issue appears to me to lack that clearness of thought which as a rule distinguishes your work and which makes us all proud of the *Argonaut*.

You say that "we have come to the parting of the ways"—either the government must control the Trusts or the people will cease to rule. You oppose an abstraction, "the people," something which has at the best only a conventional existence, to a fact which is sufficiently concrete, and which is indeed the dominating sociological fact to-day. You say the government must control the Trust. But the government is a government *de facto* only as long as it mirrors the Trust, which is the supreme economic fact.

It is true that laws may be passed and even Supreme Court decisions obtained to limit the power of the Trust, but they can not be enforced. The economic fact will prevail over your belated individualistic law, as it did over the feudal law.

Moreover, it is very doubtful if the Trusts could afford to comply with the law. Industry has been reorganized in the last few years, and the reorganization has been based upon the hypothesis of the continued possession by the Trusts of those powers which they now enjoy. A political or legal attack upon these powers would probably invite industrial catastrophe. It would at the very least interfere seriously with economic development.

The natural antagonist of the Trust is not the people, but the working class. There is a world of difference between the two. The latter is a concrete fact, born of our modern economic development, the former an abstraction, a mere idea, surviving the days of middle-class revolt against feudalism.

In the fullness of time the working class and the Trusts will struggle for the mastery, and your "individualistic society" will again be compelled to adapt itself to the economic fact, which, to say the least, is no longer "individualistic."

Yours very truly, AUSTIN LEWIS.

Some Gossip from Berlin.

BERLIN, GERMANY, January 30, 1905. EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been receiving your interesting paper regularly in my journeyings about Europe during the past year. Mr. Hart's letters have added much to the zest of travel in the regions he so graphically describes. We were at Dresden when the *Argonaut* arrived containing his letter on that city. We took Mr. Hart's advice to see some of the operas not often produced elsewhere. One of the most delightful was "The Bell of the Hermit," by Louis A. Maillart, a composer who received the *prix de Rome* in 1841, but is now almost forgotten. His lines are replete with wit and grace, and his music sparkles with French gaiety of a most exquisite variety. We saw also Mozart's "Magic Flute" and "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saëns. Parquet seats are to be had at this opera for four and five marks and boxes for thirty marks. Dresden has been the home of Mme. Sembrich for many years. We called at her beautiful villa in Canaletto Strasse, where, in her absence, we were entertained by her brother-in-law, Herr Emil Stengel, and his charming English wife. They told us that Mme. Sembrich on her return from her present American tour would change her place of residence to Berlin. Herr Stengel is the man who makes the most artistic illustrated postal-cards. At his factory we saw many bright-looking artists at work, some of them busy on cards being produced for San Francisco hotels and other California scenes. Jos. R. FOLSOM.

California Editors Please Ponder.

OFFICE OF THE PISCATAQUIS "OBSERVER," DOVER, ME., February 6, 1905. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of January 16th you suggest that the governor's message might be furnished as an insert. In Maine, for several years, the governor has supplied his message to the papers in plates through the American Press Association, thus saving them the expense of composition. Yours truly, L. P. EVANS.

ABBEY'S CORONATION PICTURE.

By Jerome Hart.

It was at the private view of Edwin Abbey's picture of King Edward's coronation. The room was crowded with the quality. The great canvas was so hung as best to profit by the skillful arrangement of light, of shadow, and of drapery.

For many minutes we gazed at it in silence. Then I asked the Cynical Critic to tell me what my opinion of it was.

"Mr. Abbey," he replied, "is a conscientious artist, and has painted a difficult piece of work in a conscientious manner."

"And you," I said, turning to the Moody Artist, "how does it impress you, Mahlstick?"

Without directly answering my question the Moody Mahlstick burst into one of his diatribes.

"How odd!" he exclaimed, "how very odd that the infinitesimally little among contemporaneous artists should challenge comparison with the masters of the passing generation when even the greater ones of to-day stand that comparison so ill."

"Why, Mahlstick," cried I, "you don't call Abbey little, do you?"

"No," he replied, "Abbey is a big man, but even he can't stand such comparisons. Look over the lists of living artists in the world to-day, reckon the roster of names, and how long will your Bede-roll be? Then hark back a century, or even half of that—to the mid-Victorian epoch in England; to the revolutionary time on the Continent, the Battle Summer of 1848; or go back to the early fifties say—when gold was discovered in California and in Australia, when the world went mad over money and has remained so ever since. Since then art has been steadily declining into a *bourgeois* mediocrity. Even when it has appeared to hold its own, it has been merely a commercialized art in keeping with the age. Able painters, men fitted for better things, prefer to paint portraits of pork-packing millionaires from America, beer lords in England, money-lending magnates on the Continent. To paint an earnest, an honest, and a finished picture would take them a year. They can paint a pork portrait in a few weeks."

"But surely," said I, "you don't mean Abbey, do you? For a man who paints a king and a queen surrounded by peers and peeresses to-day—in what way do his motives differ from those of a Velasquez, a Van Dyke, or a Rubens, painting a Philip, a Charles, or a Catherine de Medicis in the older time?"

"No, no," interrupted the Cynical Critic, "of course he doesn't mean Abbey. Abbey is all right. Abbey is a conscientious artist. And Abbey is a lucky rascal. As Raphael, Velasquez, Rubens ruffled it bravely, in silken douglet, sword on thigh, mid kings and princes, so Abbey is a Prince Fortunatus mid modern artists. No wonder he sees things in ruddy red and gold. Look at the canvas before you. Abbey *voit tout en rouge*. While Mahlstick here sees only in sable-color, as Hamlet would have the devil garbed. Yes, our friend here *voit tout en noir*."

"At least," retorted the Sombre Mahlstick, turning on the Cynical Critic, "I do not, like you, make comparisons between Abbey and Rubens and Raphael. I do not, for example, draw parallels between this picture we see here and Rubens's 'Crowning of Catherine de Medicis' in the Louvre. I will not even compare it with the 'Crowning of Charles X.' by Gerard, at Versailles. Abbey stands at the head of his class to-day. Baron Gerard stood at the foot of his class in the Empire time. He was more of a courtier than a painter. Yet it would be unfriendly to Abbey to compare the composition of his work with the composition of a similar picture by the sixth-rate Gerard."

"You two gentlemen," quoth I, "are very brilliant and have much to say about this and other artists. But you tell me nothing about the picture itself. How can I have an opinion as is an opinion unless it be furnished me by a painter or a critic?"

"Well, what do you think of it yourself?" queried the Moody Mahlstick.

"Yes," echoed the Cynical Critic, indulgently, as one who humors a precocious child, "let us have your opinion."

I told them what I thought of it. They both disagreed with me. But, like the United States Supreme Court, whose members arrive at unanimity by varying roads, they disagreed with me for different reasons. So I overruled them both, concurred in my own opinion, and gave myself leave to print my points and authorities.

I did not apply the Moody Mahlstick's strictures to Abbey's picture. Neither did he, for that matter. It was merely Mahlstick's manner of condemning his own epoch, for he has a quarrel with the period in which he lives. He swears that in art and letters it is the Age of Mediocrity.

Still, Abbey's coronation picture can not be called mediocre. If not a masterpiece, it is a monumental work. The composition merely of this picture, the grouping of the scores of figures—this work alone must have taken many months, and many cartoons must have been sketched and rejected by the artist before he could block out his finished sketch on the canvas.

Mr. Abbey is one of the foremost artists of the day; he is an American, but the arid art atmosphere of

America has driven him, like many other American artists, to the Old World. Perhaps when our statesmen lower the Dingley tariff on art works one will not see priceless Raphaels hanging in European galleries labeled, "Loaned by Mr. —, U. S. A." These art-loving American millionaires will loan their paintings to American galleries when they can do so without being "held up" by our customs-house. This is said with no idea of assailing our American theories of protection; I am a protectionist, but I do not think our American artists are in any grave danger from the competition of Raphael, Murillo, and other dead and gone masters. As Gilbert said of Mozart, they are no longer composing, they are decomposing.

That Mr. Abbey is a famous artist is shown by King Edward's selection of him to paint the coronation picture. Here let me say that this pointedly indicates the broad-mindedness of the British people—for King Edward, who is a very tactful monarch, would scarcely have chosen a foreign artist for this work had it been distasteful to his subjects. Few are the countries that would approve of the selection of a foreigner to paint the picture of a great national event. But evidently King Edward—and with him the British nation—believed that Abbey could best do the work, and therefore, though an American, he was chosen.

What were my impressions of the coronation picture?—as Mahlstick asked me. Well, they were peculiar, for they turned my mind at once to another picture. I was struck with the great industry displayed by the artist; the immense amount of semi-microscopic labor; the Meissonnier manner in which the many scores of portraits were finished—some of the faces being no larger than a tea-cup; I was impressed by the brilliant coloring which the artist found ready to his hand in the peers' and peeresses' robes and gowns and coronets, the ermine and black and scarlet of the law lords, the gold and scarlet of the many uniforms. All these things struck me, but my first impression was of another artist, of another picture.



The coronation of Napoleon I and the Empress Josephine, by Jacques Louis David. Owing to the difficulty of reproducing a picture of such size, only the main group is here represented.

which I had not seen for years. Between me and Abbey's canvas there rose David's picture of the coronation of Napoleon. And involuntarily, sub-consciously, I kept putting to myself this question: "How would David have painted this picture?" As I continued to gaze on Abbey's picture, it grew flatter and flatter; it seemed to lack substance: the perspective appeared faulty; the figures in the foreground seemed too large, those in the background too small; the king, who should be the central figure, was not at first apparent, and the eye discovered him only after quite a search; the Duke of Norfolk in the left foreground, and the two peers in the right foreground, really form the picture, and King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Princesses and Peeresses are merely a background to these posing personages.

I shook my head. "Would David have painted it so?" I said to myself. And I conjured up the famous picture from the tablets of my brain.

It started out of the dark. Westminster faded into Notre Dame. Abbey's crowded foreground faded into the open space where Josephine kneels before Napoleon. Like a "ghost photograph," the old picture was superimposed, palimpsest-wise, upon the new.

Abbey's picture so suffered from my mental comparison that I ceased. I stared hard at the bright new canvas until the shadowy old one faded away. Then I winked hard to clear my eyes. I feared that I had overrated David and that I was underrating Abbey.

As it happened, however, not many days afterward we were in Paris, and the thought of the two pictures led me to the Louvre. Straight I went to the Hall of the Seven Chimneys, where hangs David's great canvas. No, I had not been mistaken. I had not overrated David. Fresh from viewing the conception of the artist of to-day, his picture of the ceremonial of yesterday—I gazed on the work of the artist of the last century, his presentment of the coronation of a hundred years ago.

There it was—a full canvas, but still not a crowded one.

As Napoleon was a short man, David paints him standing on a dais with arms uplifted, thereby adding to his apparent height. On the level where Napoleon stands—the dais floor—the Pope and the other prelate are seated. On the lower level—the cathedral floor—all the others are standing. Thus the emperor stands above them all.

In the modern picture all the leading figures in the foreground are represented on the level Abbey floor. In addition to that, Abbey paints King Edward seated now, the king is a short man, and seen in a sitting posture, on the level floor of Westminster Abbey, among groups of standing men, he looks even shorter.

King Edward is not in the centre of the picture there are many faces which attract the eye before you note the king. In David's picture the figure of Napoleon stands out preëminently over all.

I had thought that David had greater scope for color effects in the brilliant uniforms and gorgeous costume of the Empire epoch. But no: while there is a wealth of color in David's picture, it does not compare in gorgeousness with Abbey's. The modern picture blazes with the English scarlet and gold.

The foreground of Abbey's picture is clogged and encumbered with figures. The foreground of David's is open, and everything leads up to the central figure.

With courtier-like tact, and yet with artistic effect David has put the Empress Josephine in the exact centre, the emperor a little to one side; but the empress is kneeling on the lower floor, while Napoleon stands erect, aloft on the dais. The effect is pyramidal—the apex terminates with the crown in the emperor's uplifted hands.

On the other hand, Abbey has placed Queen Alexandra to the left of the centre, standing in a row with other people; the king is placed to the right of the centre, seated in a crowd of standing people.

Thus it will be seen that the modern artist has placed his two leading figures in each case out of the centre

and in each case in the midst of a group. The old artist placed the emperor and empress not only in the centre, but detached from any group.

When we went to view Abbey's coronation picture in London, we found there a rustling, whispering fashionable crowd. All were provided with number portrait keys, and all were engaged in discussing who was who and which was which; in short, the spectators at this private view were interested in the portrait and not in the picture.

When I went to look at David's coronation painting in the Louvre, the people standing before it probably numbered half a score. There was a long-haired French artist, with a gigantic fluffy cravat and rectilinear plug hat; two German tourists with goggle humored faces; three English tourists with impassive faces; the same number of American tourists with anxious faces; and two French workmen in caps and blouses with their hands thrust into the pockets of their velveteen pegtop trousers. Of this group of c lookers I do not suppose a single one knew a single portrait in the picture, except Napoleon and Josephine. All the other great men and great ladies, these brothers and sisters of Napoleon, this parterre of Bonaparte kings and queens, "children of the late king's father," as Napoleon mockingly said to them, the marshals, princes, dukes, and chancellors of the empire—all of these are forgotten, or at least their faces a Murat, the dashing cavalryman—nay, the "bravest the brave"—the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte, Prince Borghese—who recognizes their faces to-day? Very few. Where are the snows of yester-year?

But the group before the David picture stood the and stood there long. And why? Because David's coronation of Napoleon in Notre Dame is a picture, and not merely a collection of portraits. And I much fear that Abbey's painting belongs in the second category. A century from now, will a dozen people, different races and all classes, stand spellbound before Abbey's coronation of King Edward the Seventh Westminster Abbey? I am no prophet, but I do think so.

STORIES OF DISRAELI.

is Nameless Unfinished Novel—Gladstone the Hero of It—Some Specimens of Disraeli's Wit—Personal Appearance—Power in Debate—His Fame To-Day.

It is just a hundred years since there was born in London the little Jewish boy who was destined to become prime minister of England, and during the past few weeks British newspapers have celebrated the centenary with columns of political disquisitions and personal recollections. It is very clear that the name and fame of Disraeli are not dead, and indeed we find no writer with the hardihood to say that while Disraeli's political policies live to-day in England, his name is a reality, and he is recognized as a statesman and an imperialist. Gladstone's "dimmed fame rests chiefly upon his eloquence and his ability as a pamphleteer"!

The most interesting feature of the centenary is, of course, the publication of Disraeli's nameless and unfinished novel—the hero of which is Gladstone—in this country by the New York, in England by the London, *Times*. A fabulous price was paid by these journals for the serial rights. Let us proceed to quote the first sentence of the novel—thirty-six dollars' worth:

An unenclosed park of two hundred acres, well turfed and mowed, and, though free to all and without a paling, so well managed that a domain in a distant county could scarcely be more orderly and refined.

This, say Londoners, undoubtedly refers to Clapham Common. Disraeli goes on to describe the dwellers in the homes that face upon it:

They are chiefly rich merchants, directors of the Bank of England, men whose fathers were directors of the East India Company, or chairmen of the great docks that were built in the port of London during the great war.

We are introduced to the Falconet family of Clapham Common—a middle-class family. The youngest son, the "Young Hopeful" in the sense of name and fame, is called Joseph Toplady Falconet—Gladstone underneath a thin disguise, of course—eighty-one dollars' worth this time:

Joseph Toplady Falconet had been a child of singular precocity. His power of acquisition was remarkable, and, as he advanced in youth, his talents were evidently not merely those which ripen before their time. He was a grave boy, and scarcely ever known to smile; and this is not so much from a want of sympathy for those among whom he was born and bred, for he seemed far from being incapable of domestic affection, but rather from a complete deficiency in the sense of humor, of which he seemed quite debarred.

In two chapters Disraeli sketches the Falconet family and introduces the youngest son to public life. He makes him deliver an eloquent speech about a "revival of the slave trade in the Red Sea"—a revival which, as appeared later, had no better basis than a telegraphic error:

But this did not signify, and made no difference whatever in the eloquence of Mr. Joseph Toplady Falconet, or the result which that eloquence was to accomplish.

"Quite the Disraelian manner!" exclaims the *London Chronicle*. "And it is Disraeli once more, with his love of color, when we find him, in the third chapter, bringing a Buddhist missionary to this country—presumably to 'establish the Nirvana' at Clapham Common." "There is nothing in literature to be compared to what this work would have been if it had been finished," says another London critic, and adds: "He was full of the subject; his mind was alert, and he wrote with a piquancy and picturesqueness even greater than he had shown in his earlier works." All agree that Joseph Toplady Falconet is William Ewart Gladstone. There can be no doubt of the resemblance.

In passing, it is of interest to note that this is the *London Times's* first venture with romantic fiction. Austin, in the *Illustrated London News*, says that he has heard of one ancient subscriber to the *Times* who "read the first installment of the novel with growing amazement until he arrived at this climax: 'What is your name?' 'My name is Kusinara—and yours?' 'I have no name,' said the unknown. [To be continued *to-morrow*.] Then the ancient subscriber fell out of his chair and swooned on the hearthrug. He had been accustomed to read the leading articles and the *City Intelligencer* for fifty years; but when he found a serial story, which he had begun to read with the impression that it was the political testament of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, a state paper of the highest importance, he was struck all of a heap. I am told that his two granddaughters discovered him on the hearthrug, and brought him round by splashing his forehead with cold sea. They asked him what the story was about, and he murmured, faintly: "The extinction of the human species; and it's high time!"

One of the best and most characteristic of the many good stories of the great Jew that are being retold, is that relating to his courtship:

The statesman was in love with a widow, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis. One day when he went to call, the lady, sitting by the window, saw him approaching, and ordered the servant to say that she was not at home. When the maid reached the hall the statesman was hanging up his overcoat.

"Mrs. Lewis, sir, is not at home," said the flurried maid.

"I did not ask for Mrs. Lewis," was the calm, statesmanlike reply.

"But I don't know when she will be back," urged the maid.

"Neither do I," philosophically replied Disraeli, "but I am going to wait till she comes back, so please make me a cup of tea."

He did wait, he got his tea, and he married the widow.

Admiral J. Moresby writes to the *London Times* to

tell how, when he discovered two mountains in New Guinea, he named one Mount Gladstone and the other Mount Disraeli. He wrote to the two statesmen asking permission to use their names, and their replies, which he gives, are characteristic of the humor of one and the want of humor of the other.

Gladstone wrote:
HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, August 12, 1874.
SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June 24th, and to return my best thanks for the compliment you have paid me, little deserved as it is, in naming after me the highest peak of the Finisterre range in New Guinea.

Allow me to subscribe myself, sir, your most faithful servant.
W. E. GLADSTONE.
Captain Moresby, R. N., H. M. S. *Basilisk*.

Disraeli wrote:
10 DOWNING STREET, August 17, 1874.
DEAR SIR: Allow me to acknowledge the compliment you have paid me by planting my name on the north-east shores of New Guinea, and in selecting a godfather so distinguished for the peak which faces Mount Disraeli. I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,
BEN DISRAELI.
Captain Moresby, R. N., H. M. S. *Basilisk*.

Later Disraeli wrote:
I hope we shall agree better in New Guinea than we do in the House of Commons.

Disraeli, though himself a Christian, was very proud of his Jewish ancestry. In reply to a speech of Mr. Newdegate, with its appeals to prophecy, Disraeli said, referring to the Jews:

"They have survived the Pharaohs, they have survived the Cæsars, they have survived the Antonines and the Selucide,



Lillian Lawrence, who will appear as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday.

and I think they will survive the arguments of the right honorable member." According to Mr. Morley, Gladstone said that Disraeli asserted "that only those nations which had behaved well to the Jews prospered"—a dictum, however, repeated from Frederick the Great.

The late John Russell Young, who accompanied General Grant on his journey around the world, thus recites a conversation he held with Bismarck with reference to the Berlin conference, in which the Turkish question was settled:

"Oh, yes," he said, "we have differences on delicate questions. . . . The Frenchman sits near me; we are good friends, and I do what I can to amuse him. Then there are Gortschakoff, Beaconsfield, and there is the duel—Gortschakoff all spirit, Beaconsfield all self-possession. In the discussions usually the Englishman or the Russian is so angry that the more he thinks the angrier he grows. . . . and everything will be on the blaze. Then I have my last resource. Like the great general, I bring up my reserves. In an adjoining room I have a splendid set-out; no huffet at the Prussian railway stations half so well appointed—everything selected to suit the tastes of my noble and princely friends. Well, the talk verges on the blaze, and Beaconsfield's face grows dark and set and poor Gortschakoff hobbles and scrambles to his feet in passion, which it was hard to do with his infirmities. I say, 'Gentlemen, I am tired and thirsty and think I would like to take a drink.' That means a matter of an hour at my famous huffet, and we resume our seats in better humor."

At this congress, affairs at a time looked very threatening. The Russian plenipotentiary was making mischief. Disraeli quietly penciled on a piece of paper some requisitions on the part of England, and forwarded them to him. "If you accept these," he said, "peace; if not, war."

The swells who came in after the dandies, as the dandies had followed the beaux, and the beaux the macaronis, invited Disraeli's literary portrayal, and the

Alidgonde in "The Young Duke" is a "howling" example of the same, though he professed to hate the species:

Their creed was unlimited bachelor indulgence: that all women should marry, but no man, "the exception only being in the case of a girl sprung from an affectionate family, with good shooting and first-rate claret."

One of his Parliamentary opponents he calls "the conjuror who comes to the edge of the platform and for hours draws yards of red tape from his mouth." To another he referred: "One whom I will not say that I respect, but whom I regard." Of Austria he said: "Two things made her a nation—she was German and she was Catholic, and now she is neither"—recalling Voltaire's definition of the Holy Roman Empire, which "was neither holy, nor Roman, nor yet an empire." "Venus," he said, "was the goddess of watering places." He makes the French actresses at supper say, "No language makes you so thirsty as the French." He defined a political disputation as a noun of multitude, meaning many, but not signifying much, and spoke of a third-rate statesman "who committed suicide through a lack of imagination."

In one of his speeches in the House he made a happy Virgilian quotation, and after repeating it in Latin, said: "Which for the benefit of the prosperous capitalists whom I see around me I will now translate."

The story about how Lord Beaconsfield was once asked to define the difference between a misfortune and a calamity, and unhesitatingly replied: "If Mr. Gladstone should fall into the Thames it would be a misfortune. If any one should pull him out it would be a calamity," is very familiar, but almost as good and less well-known a Disraeli anecdote is the following:

Once at a London dinner-party the ladies at the table were asked which they would marry if they had to marry one or the other—the great Liberal or the great Tory. All declared promptly in favor of Beaconsfield save one, who hastened to explain that she had rather wed Gladstone that she might elope with Disraeli and so break her husband's heart. This happening was, of course, retold to Disraeli, and so pleased was he over it that he suspended a Cabinet debate on the chances of a Continental war in order to relate it.

Here is an interesting description of Disraeli's personal appearance by one who knew him:

An aristocrat to his finger tips. This was the impression made upon me on my first glimpse of Benjamin Disraeli—and I saw him many times and in many places later—as, accompanied by his faithful countess, he walked through the market square of Aylesbury in the historic County of Bucks. That impression became emphasized as I learned more of him.

No one could possibly forget that striking figure. It appeared almost weird. The ivory white complexion, the refined, immobile face, almost eternally at rest, save for a peculiar and fitful quiver, or pursing of the left side of the lips, when anything interested him and which served to accentuate a quip, or grace a sally. Jet black hair; large, lustrous eyes, that looked at you in innocent wonderment; long, white hands, with prehensile, nervous digits, and small feet. Above the middle height in stature, with a natural grace of movement which betokened his remote Oriental strain.

Something of a dandy, too—reminiscent of the younger days when "stocks," "surtouts," and fancy waistcoats were *de rigueur* and the "bloods" of the town rivaled each other in both dress and deportment. Right to the last Disraeli wore the well-remembered black velvet coat which suited him so well, and always handled his monocle with an ease and elegance that was exceedingly attractive.

In conclusion, let us quote a few of the more striking passages in a remarkable editorial leader on Disraeli in the *London Saturday Review*. The *Review* says:

He was not an Englishman at all; he was an Asiatic and had about him the Asiatic imagination and mysticism. His race saved him from mere utilitarianism, it saved him from hypocrisy. He may have deceived others from time to time, but he never deceived himself, and no man is a true hypocrite who does not deceive himself. Disraeli did not draw round him immaculate skirts and preach high morality from the house-tops, and so he failed to establish a reputation for lofty moral ideals. We remember hearing a famous Oxford professor illustrate the difference, in his view, between Gladstone and Disraeli by supposing that he were playing cards with them, and that he found out both of them cheating. Disraeli, he said, would have crushed his hat down over his head and simply gone out of the room; Gladstone would have sprung to his feet in great indignation and proved that cheating was playing fair. The real truth about Disraeli in his politics and his character is that he was just a Casarian. He knew that government could be effectively carried out only by executive power being in the hands of a very few, but those few must have the masses behind them, possibly to be consulted from time to time. He was a Casarian also in character. He would take the road that led to his ends. He realized that morality was outside and above maxims, conventions and even duties; that there was no act that might not in conceivable contingencies be both moral and immoral. He would not let go his hold of the reality to observe the superficial in morals. It was the difference between Cato and Casar. Cato was scrupulously honest in supporting a rotten and dishonest system; Casar frequently did what the moralist would call dishonest, and usually rightly, while he was laying the foundation of a vastly better order in the debris of corruption. He was hated, intelligently too, by the especially honest and respectable; and so was Disraeli.

How un-English Disraeli was comes out when one goes over his special characteristics; love of show, elegance, brilliancy of wit, ironic and enigmatic expression, imagination. There was every quality of mind to repel the ordinary Englishman coupled with every outward circumstance; the Jew, the slender top, who had been neither to public school nor college. He had not an English tradition at his back. How did this stranger conquer first his party and then his country? That is the enigma that official life has to solve: an enigma Mr. Morley, approaching from the other side in his "Gladstone," felt to be too hard for him. Lord Acton the same, when in his "Letters" he calls Disraeli "the greatest Jew administrator since Joseph."

Certainly one of the most impressive tributes ever paid Disraeli was that of Bismarck, who is said to have remarked, as he surveyed the crowd composed of the most brilliant statesmen that Europe could furnish forth, gathered at the Berlin conference: "The old Jew—he's the man!"

A VENEERED SAVAGE.

How Beulah's Blue Eyes Bedeviled a Statue of Bronze.

Miss Beulah Collyer, when she went West to teach a small, private school among her father's old friends, was credited with a large capacity for mischief of more sorts than one. As a child, she had been venturesome beyond belief; as a young woman she was still venturesome in a demure, ladylike way. Had she been a man she would probably have probed to the heart of the Amazon forests, or plunged into the frosty north-land seeking gold, or to South Africa or the Philippines in quest of glory; being a woman (and exceeding comely withal) she went West, dreaming of slouch-hatted cowboys with clanking spurs, and resolving secretly to carry back a dozen or so of masculine hearts as souvenirs of the trip.

She found the West, and in the West the cowboys. They clattered up to the hospitable gate of her father's friend, and their spurs clanked musically as they mounted the steps, hat in hand. They gazed appreciatively upon Miss Beulah's figure clothed in fluffy, soft stuff, and looked down into her eyes, which were blue and seemed always facing the sun, they were so cloudless. But by the time Miss Beulah had settled herself to the conquest, they would clank their spurred heels down the steps again, lift their slouched hats as they swung into the saddles, and clatter away to the round-up camp, leaving Miss Beulah somewhat dismayed at the suddenness of their departure—for a cowboy is a daylight will-o'-the-wisp, with thirty miles or so between breakfast and dinner, and as many more between that and supper. Certainly, if Cupid shoots one in the summer it must be on the wing.

After the first month Miss Beulah accepted the situation, and settled decorously down to her teaching, with long rides on her sorrel pony when it was not too hot, and long hours in her hammock under the trees when the heat held her idle.

Then, one day when the mercury sizzled in its glass tube and the chickens wallowed luxuriously in the moist earth under the gooseberry bushes, when Beulah lay in her hammock, her eyes fixed sleepily on the poplar leaves above her, a figure strode noiselessly up the path and stood motionless just within the shadow of the trees. Beulah, feeling a human presence, brought her eyes and her thoughts reluctantly back to earth—and beheld Nee-hee-o.

She lay with hands clasped under her blonde head and the toe of one slipper just grazing the earth where it was hard-trodden and black, and gazed upon this statue in bronze, much as she had watched the poplar leaves. The statue gazed unflinchingly back at her. Undoubtedly he had thoughts, but his face reflected none of them. A gray, red and blue blanket drooped carelessly from one square shoulder; the beaded moccasin-shod feet were slender and high of instep; a long, braided rope of black hair, the ends fantastically wrapped with colored grasses and bound with brass rings, lay upon either side of the deep chest.

Miss Beulah's first coherent thought was of the blanket—how very uncomfortable it must be on such a day as this. Her next was of the face—how handsome the clear-cut features, and how lustrous the eyes. So far the eyes of all the Indians she had seen were small and furtive and snaky.

It may not have been more than two minutes, but two minutes are a long time to gaze without speech into the eyes of a human being. Miss Beulah felt the oppression of the silence and roused herself. She had caught something of the abridged English with which one converses with one's red brethren, and spoke.

"How do?"

The statue failed to respond, by so much as the flicker of an eyelash.

"Where you come?"

Silence. Miss Beulah moved uneasily. All the Indians she had met were more polite than was this one. She was almost ready to believe he was a statue after all. Then her father's friend appeared.

"Hello, Nee-hee-o," he greeted, familiarly. "How are you this hot weather?"

The statue turned, gravely. "I am very well, I thank you, Mr. King," he answered in a mellow baritone.

Miss Beulah gasped and sat up. What manner of man was this? King stifled a laugh.

"Nee-hee-o, this is our school-teacher, Miss Beulah Collyer." Nee-hee-o bowed low.

"I am very much glad to see you, Miss Beulah Collyer," he assured her, politely.

Miss Beulah, the self-poised, murmured incoherently in her astonishment, and groped vaguely for her self-possession, while her father's friend grinned at them.

"Make yourself at home, Nee-hee-o," he cried, with much inward amusement at the confusion of Miss Beulah, whom he understood very well. "I guess it's cooler there than it is in here, but I've got some letters to fix up for the mail. Miss Beulah will entertain you."

Miss Beulah shot a resentful glance at her host, which was not lost upon the statue, though he gave no sign. He dragged a camp-stool into the shade and sat down, folding his gay blanket jealously over his knees, and forming an unconscious picture which Miss Beulah could but admire.

"What part the East are you come from?" he queried, musically, his black eyes fixed upon her face.

"I—from Philadelphia," stammered Miss Beulah, faintly.

"So? I have been there. That is a much pretty town. I have been three year in Carlisle school. I have been capitan of the football team one year. I have been travel much in the East. Do you like this place?"

"Oh, yes—very much," Miss Beulah settled back among her cushions, feeling more herself again. Here was a real novelty, compared with which cowboys are dull and commonplace. A real Indian, and a handsome one at that—the situation contained possibilities of an adventure. The mischievous sprite stirred and awoke. Had Nee-hee-o but taken the trouble, he might have seen the sprite peeping out of the dizzy, blue depths of Miss Beulah's eyes, and he might have been warned. But he did not see, and he was not warned. He talked on, contrary to Miss Beulah's preconceived ideas of Indian reticence. He was proud of his Carlisle English and his text-book learning, the while, on a subject where there was most need of his wisdom, he was ignorant as the simplest-minded squaw of his tribe.

"I have been in Pocatello," he remarked at last. "I have been writing out a paper of the wrongs of my peoples. The government has cheated them of many miles of good land, and I will make the government to pay my peoples. Then we will all be rich and we can buy much cattle. The young men will all go to Carlisle school. Do you un'erstand the art of stenography?"

Miss Beulah admitted that she did.

"I should much like to learn the art," said Nee-hee-o. "If you will teach me lessons in the art of stenography I will pay you what you ask. I shall find the art of much good use to me in my work of helping my poor, downtrodden peoples."

The mischievous sprite danced in Miss Beulah's eyes. Cowboys, forsooth! Here was a real, live Indian, in whose black eyes abode all the devils of his race—and there were many; in whose low voice lurked the music of wood-birds and the murmur of far-off mountain streams, mingled with the curdling thrill of the war-whoop; whose sinewy frame could alike hold its own in a football scrimmage or follow, with tireless tread, the trail of an unconscious fox.

Miss Beulah, true to her venturesome self, unhesitatingly consented to teach him "lessons in the art of stenography" in return for lessons in rifle practice and for a pair of beaded moccasins.

Before the frost came, Miss Beulah had grown expert with her rifle, and Nee-hee-o had learned to "take" ordinary conversation with an encouraging degree of accuracy. He remained an animated bronze statue. Whether he walked, stood, or sat at ease, it was the same—he broke one pose only to take another as striking. Miss Beulah admired him, much as she had admired a strange, red-turbaned Turkish doll which some one had given her when she was a child. Whether Nee-hee-o admired Miss Beulah she had no means of knowing, for, although he was loquacious upon certain subjects—his "peoples," his Carlisle experiences, and his travels—he was stoically silent regarding his own personal life or feelings—and the silence piqued Miss Beulah's interest. Her father's friend laughed at her strange pupil, and warned her to "look out," reminding her that an Indian buck is about as harmless a plaything as a stick of dynamite.

One day Beulah was clambering up a tortuous trail, known locally as "The Devil's Gap," when she rounded a huge boulder and found herself face to face with a tall, young squaw, whom she had never before seen. For an instant she stared, then smiled, and spoke the customary "How do?"

The squaw folded her arms and regarded the girl grimly a moment.

"Huh. Yo' Beulah?" she questioned, evenly.

"Yes, I'm Beulah. Who are you?" Miss Beulah's tone breathed peace.

"I Mary Running Deer." The squaw paused, looking keenly for some sign of fear, but there was none in Miss Beulah's placid face and sunny eyes. She had a faint recollection of the name. One day the wife of her father's friend had called, teasingly, as she went down to the chicken lot to her rifle practice: "Look out for Mary Running Deer—she'll have your scalp yet." She had not deigned to ask for an explanation at the time. And so this was Mary Running Deer. She looked at her curiously.

"I Nee-hee-o squaw," went on the woman, bitterly. "What for yo' come take my Nee-hee-o? Yo' no come, him all time heap good—I all time glad. Nee-hee-o heap glad all time. Yo' come, Nee-hee-o heap lika yo'. Him all time heap mad me. Him beat me all time, so." One arm swished through the air in pantomime sickeningly eloquent. "Look!" A twitch of the shoulder loosened her dull, gray blanket. She extended a bare, brown arm, disfigured with many livid marks. Miss Beulah gasped and turned white. The eyes of the Indian girl glowed malignantly.

"Yo' no lika look!" She laughed, harshly. "Yo' no come, Nee-hee-o do dat. Yo' heap ka wano! Why for yo' no go—" she waved her arm vaguely to the east.

Miss Beulah found her voice and some slight degree of calm. She was not timid by nature, and she had done no wrong—or if she had, it had been unconscious. And Nee-hee-o—bah! An Indian! It dawned suddenly upon Miss Beulah that the whole thing was preposterous. She laughed a little, and the laugh brought a murderous gleam to the eyes of the Indian.

"I am sorry if you have trouble, Mary Running Deer," said Miss Beulah, kindly. "If Nee-hee-o bea you, he is very bad. I have not taken him from you I give him lessons—writing. He pay me moccasins. Miss Beulah did not mention the rifle practice—where was the use?"

"Huh. Him pay moccasins! Him beat me—same dog. Him say me makum moccasins—heap *wa* moccasins—much head. Him beat—me make."

Miss Beulah colored. She had not cared who had done the work; they were very pretty moccasins, and the head-work was exquisite. And so he, the majest statue in bronze, had beaten poor Mary Running Deer like a commonplace brute. She could not help smile a little at the deception of outward appearances.

"Yo' all time much laugh! Yo' no sorry," cried Mary Running Deer, fiercely. "Nee-hee-o mime. Yo no can have!" She drew a keen-edged knife, such as all squaws carry, from the folds of her blanket. The way was lonely and the house a mile away; Miss Beulah screamed.

"Huh! Yo' heap 'fraid! I keel yo'—"

A patch of blue and red appeared suddenly around the jutting rock. Nee-hee-o had come for his lessons and his teacher, beginning to weary of the statue, had forgotten. He had followed her.

Mary Running Deer covered from him, still clutching the knife. Nee-hee-o stood stock still in the trail and stared vindictively at his squaw. Miss Beulah turning thankfully toward him, shrank from the fur which blazed in his eyes. Slowly he raised his arm and pointed a lean, brown forefinger at Mary Running Deer. The pose was kingly, terrifying.

"Go!" Miss Beulah shivered at the tone and at the sinister smile which curled his lips. Mary Running Deer glanced beseechingly into his eyes, and shuddered. The lean, brown finger still pointed relentlessly.

"Go!" he repeated, and added, significantly, "I come soon."

Mary Running Deer scowled at Miss Beulah, and retreated sullenly up the hill. Nee-hee-o stood motionless until the gray blanket was hidden by the rock. Then he looked at Miss Beulah, and the devil fled from his eyes and left them to their old, unfathomable lustre. "Mary Running Deer shall not frighten you again," he said, reassuringly, but Miss Beulah only shuddered and fled past him down the hill to the house and locked herself into her room. Miss Beulah was frightened—a very unusual state of mind for her to be in. She shed some hysterical tears and wished herself in the East, where there are no picturesque Indians with jealous squaws.

A week passed and she saw nothing of her pupil as the Indian village was several miles up the river. She heard no news of him—for which she was not at a sorry. She learned to laugh at her "scare," though the bruised arm of Mary Running Deer clung persistently to her memory and gave her some unpleasant dreams. But then, she argued, all Indians beat their squaws. That Nee-hee-o, even with his English learning, was no exception, could not be wondered at. Education does not change a man's nature.

Then one day she rode heedlessly along the river trail until the setting sun warned her to turn back. As she swung the pony around in the narrow path Nee-hee-o stood suddenly before her and grasped the bridle rein.

"I wish to speak with you," he began in the soft tone and the stilted English she was beginning to dislike. "I have not been to take my lessons in stenography; I have been very much busy."

"It doesn't matter," answered Miss Beulah, trying to keep her voice steady, half angry that she should be afraid of him. "I do not want to teach you any longer. From now on you only need practice."

Nee-hee-o held fast to the bridle, though the sorry pony had no great love of Indians, and looked fixedly into Miss Beulah's face.

"I wish to inform you I will marry you soon," said he with decision. "I will build a house and we will live very much happy. You shall not carry wood on your back or make moccasins. If you tell me, I will wear the clothing which I wore in the Carlisle school—and I will cut my hair off short. We will be very much happy. We will do much good for my poor, downtrodden peoples."

"I don't care anything about your poor, downtrodden people," flashed Miss Beulah, rashly. "I hate them—and I hate you. Mary Running—"

"Mary Running Deer will not frighten you again," he interposed, calmly. "Mary Running Deer accident fell into the river." His eyelids drooped cunningly. A faint, sinister smile hovered around his thin lips. "She accident drowned. I have no squaw now. I will marry you. You are very much lovely. Your eyes are stars, your hair is of pure gold. I will marry you."

Miss Beulah looked into the keen, cruel face, and her heart chilled with terror. Still, she must not let him see that she was frightened; she huddled desperately for her self-control.

"I will not marry you. You are crazy to think of such a thing. You are—an Indian." There was a fear in her voice, however much there may have been in her heart. She acted her part well—she over-acted it. The biting scorn which she managed to throw into the words maddened him.

"I am an Indian!" he repeated, passionately. "Am I to blame for that? Is it then a shame to be an Indian? I am not ashamed. I am proud. My father

as a chief, his father was a chief—a great chief—and is father, back until your eyes can not follow the hain. The white peoples are liars and thieves. They ad their country, far across the sea. Was not that nough? My peoples had this great country. It was heir own and they were glad. The white peoples came. They steal our country away—does not your history take to boast of the shame of your peoples? Does it ot teach how the white peoples came and stole our ountry away and killed my peoples? They keep little mall patches of the country for us until we are all one. They herd my peoples together like sheep and et cowards with guns to watch us. Why do you take s away and teach us much learning? We only learn ow great liars and thieves the white peoples are. Beter to leave us by our camp-fires to smoke and think nd grow old and die.

"Who do you come here and smile and make me to ove you? You are a liar and a thief. Your eyes, that re like to the stars, they lie. They say to me, 'Nee-ee-o, you are big and strong, you have much learning. ou shoot straight as a sunbeam. I like you very uch.' You steal my heart away and you laugh. You ell me you hate me—your eyes tell me all the time you like me. Why is that? Mary Running Deer was not o. Her eyes speak as her lips speak. She love me ery much. You came like to a bright light. I look, nd I can not see Mary Running Deer's eyes that they peak love. I see nothing but you. You make me to ate Mary Running Deer because she is my squaw and ecause she love me very much. You make me to—" His eyes left the girl's white face, and wandered out ver the river, where Mary Running Deer had "acci- lent" fallen in and drowned.

Miss Beulah gave one glance at the dark, passion- drawn face, and at the sinewy fingers which had loosened their hold on the bridle. She raised her whip and laid a stinging, desperate blow upon the sorrel ony's flank, and galloped wildly down the trail. Act- ing under the imperative command of her father's riend, Miss Beulah packed her trunk hastily and caught he midnight train for the East.

Somewhere, far out on the sagebrush plains, an ex- tent of Carlisle, with a smattering of "the art of ntography" in his Indian brain, and a fierce hatred of ll things English in his heart, smokes stoically beside a lonely camp-fire while he broods bitterly over his rongs and dreams of revenge. BERT M. BOWER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1905.

PRETTY, BRAINLESS GOTHAMITES.

Interview With a Voluble, Ambitious, But Unintelligent "Reduced Gentlewoman"—Hadt'n Tried, But Knew She Could Write—One of Many—How Brains Succeed.

The other day a woman I know came to me and said he wished to bring her friend, Miss Blanche de Savile, o see me. Miss de Savile was a lady "in reduced cir- cumstances," who had found it necessary to earn, or partly earn, her own living. She had not so far found ny suitable avenue for her talents, and thought I ight be able to advise or suggest something for her. She was "a sweet girl" and such "a perfect lady" could not fail to be impressed by her. Feeling appre- hensive and rather dismal at the prospect, I made an appointment, and Miss de Savile appeared upon the scene.

She was an elegant-looking, refined, and quite pretty woman, somewhere in her early thirties. She was obviously a well-bred person; by that I mean her man- ner was easy and ladylike, her voice was soft and clear, and her intonation and choice of words those of the educated classes. She was exceedingly well dressed in a dark-purplish tailor costume—everything about which was smart and stylish. Her hat accorded with t, and became her; her furs were suitable and hand- some. Her little hands were encased in loose-fitting gray suede gloves, and her little feet in pointed calf- skin boots. Altogether, Miss de Savile was an attract- ive spectacle, with an amount of self-possession and a gift of the gab that I never saw equaled.

She started with animated volubility to tell me all about herself. It was a sort of rapid-sketch biography. She began with her ancestors, going back in a dim, distinguished line to William the Conqueror or some such remote person, and brought matters up to date by short histories of her parents, who seemed to have been the wealthiest, worthiest, and most aristocratic people in New York. Here I made a spirited dash at the conversation, and tried to divert her from these domestic reminiscences by asking her what she wanted o do for the living she was anxious to earn. She held up one little gray-gloved hand at me, and said: "Presently. I haven't got to that yet."

"But I want to get there," I protested. "That's what we were to talk about."

"Of course it is," said Miss de Savile, "and I'm coming to it as fast as I can."

For the next ten minutes she told me her life, her aspirations, her education, her social successes, and finally her loss of fortune and present necessity to be- come a wage-earner. This was the point I had been waiting for. I saw it looming through Miss de Savile's flood of words long before it arrived, and I lay in wait for it and pounced upon it.

"What can you do?" I asked when the moment came.

Miss de Savile looked at me with a sort of deprecating surprise, her eyebrows arched, her mouth slightly pouting.

"I've just been telling you," she said in a hurt tone.

"You've just been telling me the way you were born, educated, and brought up. Now you have to earn some money—what can you do?"

"I have thought that possibly I could be a writer. I would like the work; it would be very congenial to me, and it would throw me with an educated, interest- ing set of people."

"Have you had any experience? Has anything of yours ever been published?"

"Oh, no," said Miss de Savile, again looking at me with her expression of hurt surprise. "I've just told you that we lost our money quite recently. I've never really thought of doing anything in the nature of work till a few months ago."

"Then you don't know whether you have any capacity that way?"

"Oh, indeed I do," she said with a little, complacent laugh. "My friends tell me that I write such good let- ters! They say they're so clever. Of course, I'm talk- ing from a business point of view now, but every lady who has read them says my letters are wonderfully original and bright. And I write so easily—never pause for a word. I suppose there'd be a good deal for me to learn, but I'm sure I could write better stories than those they print in *Scribner's* and the *Century*."

"I don't think I'd try writing if I were you," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Of course, I wouldn't try newspaper writing," Miss de Savile went on. "One is mixed up with such a queer lot of people on newspapers. The women are—not what one is accustomed to. But the magazines were what I thought of. I wouldn't mind that."

"No, I suppose not," I said, meekly, trying to ban- ish from my mind a vision of Miss de Savile in a news- paper office. "But you hadn't told me yet, Miss de Savile, what you can do. Is there any kind of work you understand; you really know how to do? Can you make pen-wipers? Can you dress hair? Can you embroider tea-cloths? Can you do expert book- keeping? Can you cook lobster Newberg well, or make a first-class mince pie? Can you manicure finger-nails? Can you teach bridge? Can you knit sweaters? Is there any one thing in the world that you can do better than other people?"

Miss de Savile looked more than ever surprised—not hurt this time, but just a trifle annoyed. But she answered with the dignity of one who never forgets she is a lady: "I am learning the typewriter."

There was a moment of silence. I really had nothing to say. Miss de Savile's friend, who was sitting in an arm-chair by the table drinking in the conversation as though it was as deeply fraught with Fate as the con- ference of the emperors at Tilsit, here broke in: "I suggested to Blanche that she should learn typewriting. You hear so much about it, and everybody has every- thing typewritten now."

"You might do authors' typewriting," I said. "That can be developed into quite a decent business in a city like New York, where half the people are writing books and plays that never get published or put on."

Miss de Savile smiled, condescendingly, forebear- ingly, but smiled, nevertheless.

"That kind of work I wouldn't mind at all," she said. "I could do it at home and at my own time, and then it would bring me in contact with authors. I have always liked the art world. That is the life in which I really belong. I've always liked it better than society."

Here her friend cut in again and preserved me from the necessity of answering.

"Blanche has always had a strong leaning toward artistic things. She's a great reader. I think she'd like knowing authors, and I know they'd like knowing her. And then it would be such an advantage for them having a lady to do their typewriting."

"Why would that be an advantage?" I could not re- frain from asking: it struck me as such an odd idea.

"Well, she'd do it more intelligently; understand more what it was about. A lady ought to catch a gentleman's ideas more quickly than a person of a lower class."

"It depends a little on the gentleman's ideas," I could not help murmuring.

Blanche's friend did not heed, and went on, fluently: "Now I've suggested the stage for Blanche. I've always wanted her to be an actress. She's cut out for it. I'm sure she'd be a thousand times more of a success than that ugly girl who's been playing Letty with Fav- ersham, who's such a dear, or even Maude Adams or Julia Marlowe."

"Oh, I don't think I could bear the stage," said Miss de Savile, shrinkingly, as though we were then and there going to drag her into the painful publicity of the boards.

"Oh, no, don't think of the stage," I cut in, brusquely. "You're not nearly young enough."

It was rather rude, I suppose, but I was speaking solely from a practical point of view. My visitors, however, were undoubtedly ruffled. Miss de Savile grew red-cheeked and stiffened.

"Really," she said, "I don't see how you can say that when you see Mrs. Carter, who looks about a hundred, and Sarah Bernhardt, who everybody knows is over sixty. Why Duse herself is nearly fifty."

I had not much more to say after that. Miss de

Savile told me a great deal more about herself and her aspiring soul, and how many undeveloped talents she had, and her friend every now and then furnished a comment which was a sort of foot-note to the con- versation. Finally, after about an hour, they decided to go.

"And you really don't know what to advise me to take up," said Miss de Savile, adjusting her lynx col- lar. "I thought you'd be able to tell me such a lot of useful things."

"I can make one suggestion that I think is a pretty good one," I said.

"What is it?" said Miss de Savile, with some eager- ness.

"Find some kind, respectable, prosperous man and marry him."

I thought she would be angry. I did not know what she might not say. But on the contrary she looked quite pleased, and blushed becomingly. Matrimony was not to her mind—not, that is, without that ennobling pas- sion which we all like to think we have in readiness for our future spouse. In the ten minutes' conversa- tion into which she then launched she managed to con- vey to my mind that a string of suitors were clamor- ing for her hand, and only her own high ideals and sensitive refinement prevented her from succumbing to the impassioned importunities of at least one of them. Artless Miss de Savile. I've heard those stories before. They answer very well with men, but it is a mistake to waste them on women.

This lady is only one of many that you run up against in New York—the impoverished, useless gentlewoman who has very little sense and no ca- pacity. You meet them all the time, and their friends are continually coming down on you to buy tickets for the performances they give when they can't sing or act, to buy the jams they make which don't keep, to buy the doilies they embroider which don't wash, to buy the shirtwaists they make which don't fit, to buy the hats they trim which don't stay sewed, to buy the lamp-shades they concoct which always catch on fire.

There are two insuperable obstacles to their success. One is that they are afraid of being treated otherwise than as a lady should be treated, and the other is that they can't do anything and they don't know anything. When competent women are "hustling for jobs," to get a living wage for a woman who does not want any one to forget she's a lady, and who can't write a legible letter, can't remember whether Bacon or Milton wrote Shakespeare, does not know how to do anything and can't be taught anything, is a task before which the strongest spirits quail. There is literally nothing for such women to do but to get married. They ought to be shipped to regions where there is a shortage in the supply of the human female. Many of them, being amiable, honorable, stupid, and affectionate, would make ideal wives.

On the other hand, the openings in New York for clever and competent women to make livings seem numerous and promising. An English governess I know here told me she thought any intelligent lady who was educated in any particular line could always get a good position in New York. And even without special education, to know one thing well, one thing in demand, would mean profitable work.

A friend of mine told me a story, the other day, of an unknown girl from the South coming to New York to search for "a job." She went to a woman who is known for her ability at placing clever girls in good positions, and knows the temper and pulse of New York as well as she does her own. She asked the girl what she could do, and this one, not being a fool, an- swered promptly, "Teach bridge."

Of course, that was a valuable acquirement, and the girl being nice-looking, not too pretty, ladylike, and pleasing in address, was a person that at the first glance looked promising. They went over her wardrobe, and a tailor suit of an elegant yet simple neatness, was se- lected—nothing more ornate. A stylish toque was chosen for headgear, and a new silk blouse of refined style and sober hue for bodice. The one light touch on this carefully chosen costume were white gloves, spotless and perfectly new. Thus arrayed and bearing a letter from her patron, the young woman was sent to one of the most fashionable hotels in the city to apply for the position of resident bridge teacher in the hotel. She was to have her room there; her card was to be placed in the office; and her terms for lessons were to be—well, I've forgotten what they were to be—but such as fit with the scale of prices in a New York fashionable hotel.

And she got it! That was the most remarkable part of the story.

GERALDINE BONNER.
New York, February 8, 1905.

General Lew Wallace died at his home in Crawfords- ville, Ind., on Wednesday, at the age of seventy-eight years. General Wallace was a native of Indiana. He fought in the Mexican War and in the Civil War, in 1878 was appointed governor of New Mexico, and in 1881 was made United States minister to Turkey. He was in Constantinople until 1885. General Wallace was noted principally as the author of "Ben Hur," of which more copies were sold than of any other historical novel ever published in this country. The story has been dramatized, the success of the play causing a re- vival of interest in the book. He also wrote "The Fair God" and "The Prince of the House of David," and had been engaged during his later years in a life of Christ.

MADAME'S BEST BET.

How It Was Lost Through the Stare of a Fat Man.

The doors of the gaming-room of the Casino at Monte Carlo swung open, and a throng of visitors at once rushed in. Among them were old ladies with halting steps, young women with eager, feverish eyes, and handsome men, showily dressed, wearing too many diamonds. All passed hastily through the spacious corridors, and were soon lost to sight.

And what splendor and sumptuousness were displayed on every side! M. and Mme. Bonnet, ribbon-merchants from Paris, on their first tour after fifteen years of marriage, were quite overwhelmed by it all. It seemed to them that the floors were inlaid with gold and precious stones. They stepped carefully as if afraid of damaging them.

The red-coated ushers on the thresholds were most imposing in their eyes, and they were overawed by the majesty of the person presiding in state over the long baize-covered table, in the centre of which a roulette wheel was buzzing. How severely he eyed each newcomer! M. Bonnet was about to introduce himself as a merchant of some importance, member of the board of trade, and so on. Before he had time to do this, however, the majestic glance fell elsewhere.

Mme. Bonnet sat down at the table, staked a louis, and won. This was a good beginning. Somewhat reassured, monsieur walked away to look on at another table. After a time he began to wonder how Victorine was getting along. She was always so lucky that she ought to be winning. He finally succeeded in reaching her side, which was no easy matter, as the spectators were four ranks deep.

"Is it all right, Victorine?" he asked, in an undertone.

"Yes, it's all right. Go away; you'll bring me bad luck; but give me three hundred francs—first; I'd rather see more money in front of me."

"Here it is, dear, but be prudent. If you lose, I shan't have much left."

"Go away, please, and don't worry me."

M. Bonnet obeyed. He went outside, for the room



From Sunset Magazine for March.

G. W. Haley, photo.

Clever Amateurs Who Appeared at the Tivoli in "The Liars."

Reading from left to right: Upper row — William H. Smith, Jr., Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. Shiels, H. McDonald Spencer, Lloyd Lowndes, Thomas Eastland, S. W. Ford, Olga Atherton, Royden Williamson. Lower row—Courtney Ford, Frances Jolliffe, Eleanor C. Haber, and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer.

was stifling. He sat down on a terrace in the garden which sloped gently down to the sea. At his feet was a beautiful bed of scarlet geraniums. It seemed to him that those on his own veranda were not half so red, and he was certain that the sky of Paris was not so profoundly, spotlessly blue.

It was growing late, and the mountains had taken on violet hues. M. Bonnet, who was decidedly hungry, went back to remind his wife that the dinner hour had passed by. He found her so excited and absorbed that he stood meekly contemplating her, afraid to speak.

"She looks discouraged," he thought. "I wonder if she can be losing."

At this thought, he boldly approached her.

"Well, my dear," he ventured, discreetly.

"Oh, I'm losing," she replied, curtly. "My luck will come back though, for I've discovered a trick. I'm going to stake on certain numbers—the day of the month, the age of the Prince of Monaco, and so on. I'll be sure to win."

M. Bonnet waited. Why should he not be confident since his wife was so certain? And yet—in his anxiety, he leaned over her until he touched her shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You've brought me bad luck. There are five louis gone. Give me all the money you have."

"But, Victorine, I have only two hundred francs."

"Well, that's enough to help me to win back all I have lost and more, too. I'm going to stake on two numbers à cheval, then I'll get seventeen times my stake if I win. See; I'm putting five louis on the ages of you and your brother Jules—thirty-four and thirty-five."

The wheel turned and the croupier called out, "No, wins!"

"Hum," said M. Bonnet. "You'd better stop now,

dear. Remember if we lose all the money I shall have to telegraph to my banker for more, and that will look bad for our business."

"Do keep still! You don't know what you are talking about. One can't always lose. I'm going to stake on my age this time; turn your head and don't look, else you'll bring me bad luck."

M. Bonnet meekly did as he was bidden, but he was dreadfully anxious. If thirty-three should win—that was Victorine's age—she would have seven thousand francs. That would be a pretty sum; enough to buy the little villa he so coveted.

"Thirty-three wins!" cried the croupier.

"Great heavens! She has won!" and the worthy man was so violently shaken that he had to press his hand over his heart to still its wild beating.

He turned around, expecting to find Victorine radiant. But, no; she was fairly crimson with rage. She rose from her chair, without gathering up any money, he noticed, and started toward the door. As she passed a corpulent gentleman, she shook her umbrella at him fiercely, hissing between her set teeth: "You wretch! It was you that made me lose!"

"I?" exclaimed the astonished man.

"Yes, you! You stared like an idiot when I said I was going to stake my money on my age. Is my age any affair of yours, I'd like to know? Is it any of his affairs, Victor?"

"Certainly not," replied Victor, meekly. "What makes you ask?"

"Well, when I saw him looking to see where I placed my stake," explained Mme. Bonnet, sobbing now, "when I saw that he wanted to see how old I was, instead of staking on thirty-three, I staked on twenty-nine!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Masson-Forestier by H. Twitchell.

General Stoessel a Jew.

According to newspaper publications in the Far East, General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, is of Jewish origin. The accounts say that, about 1830, two brothers, Hayyim and Joseph Stoessel, settled in upper Hungary. A third brother, Abraham Stoessel, stayed in the little town of Moravia, not far

from the famous fortress of Olmütz. About 1835 Abraham wrote to his brothers that he had emigrated to Russia. The son of this Abraham Stoessel, a goldsmith by trade, embraced the Russian orthodox faith. His son, the present General Stoessel, entered the Russian army. Only once did the Hungarian branch of the Stoessel family receive news from its Russian relatives. That was when a very wealthy Buda-Pesth physician, Dr. Szeleny, whose former family name was Stoessel, died. The Stoessel family were called upon to furnish certificates of their being relatives of the dead physician. A part of the Szeleny estate, the so-called Szeleny house in Buda-Pesth, better known as Café Emke, still forms a bone of contention between the Jewish family Stoessel and its Russian branch. The report is confirmed by Dr. Isidor Singer, of New York, who went to school at Meseritsch, Moravia, where he had as schoolmates two members of the Stoessel family.

A medical journal remarks that in the death of Magdalena Gelly the students of the Viennese hospitals have lost a valuable clinical subject as well as a teacher. This woman had acquired by practice a singular control of the muscles of the pharynx. She was able to undergo prolonged laryngoscopic examinations without reaction of the vocal cords, could produce at will spasmodic contraction of the Eustachian tube, and owing to a special sensitiveness of the mucous membranes she was able to tell students when they were at fault in properly catheterizing the tube. She would even introduce foreign bodies into the respiratory passages and allow the advanced students to practice their removal. She made her living in this manner, charging two florins for each clinical session.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Kate E. McWilliams, of Brooklyn, has broken the record for school teaching. Resigning from her work last week, she has to her credit fifty consecutive years of service in the Brooklyn public schools, forty-eight being in one school as a principal.

The determination of Yachtsman Thomas W. Lawson to make a stand for independence and nation character in cup defense is said to be on the verge of blooming again, this time in the shape of the *Jubile* with the Kaiser's Cup as an object of his ambition. There is a persistent rumor in Boston yachting circles that Mr. Lawson will huy the famous cup-yacht *Jubil* and enter her in the ocean race to Kiel.

John O. Davidson, Wisconsin's new governor, landed at Castle Garden thirty-two years ago a Norwegian youth, aged eighteen years. He was as green as the proverbial immigrant, carrying his worldly possessions slung on a stick over his shoulder. His passage money from the old world to the new had been borrowed, and when he set foot on the land of the free he had just enough coin to carry him to the North-West. His rise has been rapid and well deserved.

It was only after long discussion with the prefect police that the funeral procession of Louise Michu was allowed to proceed through the streets of Paris. The hearse was covered with a red cloth, while wreaths sent by the different anarchist centres were piled in carriage which followed. The procession took four hours to go from the Gare de Lyon to the cemetery at Levallois-Perret, and all along the route the "Internationale," the "Carmagnole," and the "Drapeau Rouge" were sung with untiring energy. A large body of police kept the crowd well in hand. In front of the cemetery the manifestants filed past the coffin and the procession was so long that it took over an hour to do this.

Richard Croker, who arrived in New York from England on the steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Gros* to attend the funeral of his son, Frank Croker, who was killed by the upsetting of his automobile, is described as much changed in his appearance. He is no longer the rugged, hale man of a few years back. His hair and beard have turned almost white, and his figure while apparently quite as bulky as formerly, is now nearly as well knit. The lines in his face are deeper and the strong, steady gaze of his eye has given place to an almost pathetic melancholy. His manner is no longer brusque and curt, and in speech he is no longer assertive or commanding. Altogether he is said to look the part of an English country squire well along in the autumn of his days. He will return in a few weeks.

There is great interest in Paris political and artist circles in the candidature of the imitatable actor of the Théâtre Française, M. Coquelin cadet, for senator from his native district of Boulogne sur Mer. Coquelin, in an interview, declares his intention of completely rehabilitating the social position of the professional actor. He said, not long ago, actors and actresses were not allowed after death to have funeral services and burials in Paris churches, and only recently could dramatic artists be decorated with the Legion of Honor. "I maintain that no calling exists that is more honorable or capable of accomplishing greater good for humanity than that of a comedian," he says. "If I am elected senator, I shall, first of all, fight the social battle of actors and actresses. I am a good Republican, of broad views, and, after all, is not political life merely one of many manifestations of the great human comedy?"

The Liberal London papers are enthusiastic over the new force that Winston Churchill has brought to English Liberalism. By the *Daily News* his speech is accepted as "remarkable," and the *Daily Chronicle* calls it "picturesque and eloquent"—"a speech marked by facility of phrase, freighted with many rich and striking thoughts, and animated from top to bottom by passion for the welfare of the people." They are saying that there is no reason why he should not, after a coming contest, occupy a high place in the next Liberal ministry. "That is the best man we have got," one of the London correspondents heard a Liberal editor remark after the speech, and many prophecies might have been heard in the club-rooms that here was a man who could hardly fail, given health, to reach the last prime ministership. Churchill now is thirty and in five years has been through two campaigns: those in the Sudan and South Africa—has been a proponent of the Boers only to make a sensational escape. He has written half a dozen noteworthy books, is the fiercest and one of the most effective of Chamberlain's political foes, has an unrivaled power of rudeness, a boast of being one of the best-hated men in British politics, and, in fact, is equipped with a mind in a manner comparable only with that of the early Dr. Raeli. Of his rudeness, one example. Here is a passage from his National Liberal speech: "The other day a cabinet minister—I forgot which"—(with a drawn-out sneer which brought down the house)—"really, gentlemen, how could I get through a work if I had to bother about the odds and ends. And this from a half-bredged young man to men, many of whom have records and most of whom might be my father."

PLAYS AND BOOKS IN LONDON.

Lady Grove on the Season's Successes—When Men Talk—The Feminine Note in Fiction—Novels That Are Being Read.

Of the plays, let me tell you first of all of the new delightful "Peter Pan." That caustic critic, Mr. Max Beerhohm, in an appreciative notice of this play, which he heads, "The Child Barrie," says: "For me to describe to you now in black and white the happenings in 'Peter Pan' would be a thankless task." And neither will I undertake it. But although it was not primarily meant to move one to tears, I can not remember to have been more touched at any play since I saw Eleanor Duse in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Peter Pan," during the recital of the children's interview with their mother, turns aside with sudden emotion, and in answer to the embryo mother's anxious inquiry, replies: "It's not that kind of pain," and proceeds to tell how he flew back to his home, and not only found the window shut, but his place filled with another babe. A throch of pain must have shot through all who have seen the vacant cot, who have yearned over its unfillable emptiness. And if they have seen it subsequently hold another precious burden, then will they understand the apprehensive pang that brings quick tears to the eyes, lest perhaps the little loving heart that has flown, has peeped in at the windows of the soul, where "spirit meets spirit," and thought he saw his place filled. One was reminded of Victor Hugo's enchanting poem, "Le Revenant," which ends in words whispered to a hereft and inconsolable mother by her newborn babe: "Ne le dit pas c'est moi."

But the play is not all sad; it is whimsical, inconsequent, and altogether delightful, and the last scene shows us Peter Pan on the

What Mr. Courtenay writes about is the feminine tone in women's novels, and very just and fair on the whole is his judgment. Miss Rohins comes in for her share of appreciation, and the wonder of her wonderful "Magnetic North" is recognized. Five out of the eight authors dealt with are Americans. Is this the relative percentage, I wonder, in women writers of the present day who have made their mark? I am willing to yield the greater number to my transatlantic sisters with the best possible grace; must I also concede their possession of the greater merit? Mr. Courtenay is impartial, and I have to confess that if ever I wrote a novel I would sooner be praised by Mr. Courtenay than not.

Of course, you have read Robert Hichens's "Garden of Allah." It is a tremendous story. But the telling takes too long. And the renunciation on the part of the woman in the end is heartrending; and possible solely to a woman who believes, not only in a damnable soul, but in a damning God.

"Pam," by Baroness Van Hutten, also an American (how we Britishers are swamped!), is a novel about which there has been much discussion. It is distinctly interesting. Pam is the illegitimate daughter of parents not only unconventional in their relations to each other but to the world. The mother, the daughter of an English peer, elopes with a singer married to a commonplace person in his own middle class, and they live happily ever after. But the fruit of this union, Pam, suffers at every turn, not only from the absence of a name, but from having acquired from her parents a distorted view of life in general and married life in particular. She told the truth instinctively, and we are told her mother had never got beyond teaching her that "it was wrong and unladylke to lie." Wrong it certainly is, if we divide right and wrong into two distinct categories; but who does not know that it is often much more "unladylke" to tell the truth?

However, with all her virtues, and she had them all, as far as we can gather from the end of the story, poor Pam went to the wall. Temporarily, we hope. Perhaps Baroness Van Hutten will give us a sequel. Pam is quite interesting enough for us to want to know what became of her as we leave her at eighteen.

Have you read Mr. Moncure Conway's "Autobiography"? Very readable and interesting. We are introduced to very notable figures: Mill, Emerson, Gladstone, and others. And his description of his visit to my parents' country house interested me, of course, deeply, and I confess also amused me a little. Mr. Moncure Conway's own development, too, from an ordinary believer to a free thinking, but I venture to think still deeply religiously minded agnostic, is carefully expounded. He was brought up among Methodists, whom he describes as "honest hell-fearing men," and he preached in many districts. I have had the privilege of hearing him preach in his chapel in London in my youth, and hope perhaps to hear him again.

Lady Ridley's "Daughter of Jael," Mrs. Lowndes's "Heart of Penelope," and Miss Underhill's "Gray World" are three stories I recommend. But I have made this letter of such unwarrantable length that I dare not do more than mention them by name.

AGNES GROVE.

LONDON, January 25, 1905.

Maxim Gorky.

"Literary men are playing an important part in the early stages of the Russian revolution," says the London *Chronicle*. "Among them there is no more picturesque figure than that of Máxim Gorky. The life of this remarkable man is one of the romances of our time. Fifteen years ago he was a tramp, who spent his time on the road in Russia. To-day he is one of the greatest forces in Russian literature, the idol of the students, and a man with an European reputation. Gorky is of humble origin, and has worked in many lowly callings. He has suffered much from ill health. His constitution, not naturally strong, was undermined by his terrible privations. He has known the life of the poorest of the poor in a country whose standard of comfort is probably lower than that of any other nation in Europe. His sufferings accentuated a temperament naturally morbid, and in his writings there is the loud, fierce cry of revolt. He is angry with the conventions of society, and in his furious impatience, rails intemperately against the respectable classes and the *bourgeoisie* virtues. He is a writer of astonishing virility. In his earlier works the realism is coarse, almost animal; and some of these short stories, while they leave a tremendous impression of power on the reader, offend by their blind hatred and furious iconoclasm. In fact, they strike one like a blow in the face. This fierce note is subdued in his later works. The exuberant vitality, the spontaneity, the exultation in open-air life, the deep love and sympathetic insight into Nature, remain. But his talent has matured; his style is more restrained. Great as have been his contributions to contemporary literature in Russia, it is possible that yet richer fruit will be shed by this strange and original mind.

Máxim Gorky is a *nom de plume*. Gorky is the Russian equivalent for 'bitter,' and it was assumed as if to defy that civilization under which he had suffered so much, and for which he did not conceal his hatred. Gorky's real name is Pieshkov, and his father was an upholsterer in Nishni Novgorod. Fatherless and motherless at an early age, he found his childhood and youth periods not of happiness but of suffering. He made desperate efforts as a youth to enter one of the Russian universities, but was unable to gratify his thirst for learning owing to his poverty. On one occasion he tried to commit suicide, but only wounded himself. 'Having been in bed so long,' this was his characteristic comment, 'I came to life again in order to become a hawk of apples.' Owing to his poor health he was excused military service. Eventually after strange vicissitudes of fortune he succeeded in securing a position as clerk in a lawyer's office. This was the turning point in his career.

Gorky was twenty-four years of age when his first story appeared in print. His success was instant and complete, and in a few years his fame had spread throughout Russia. The characteristic of all his earlier works was a glorification of the vagahond. He contrasts the unfettered life of the tramp—the 'liberty of the wild ass,' as Carlyle would call it—with the monotonous existence and dull natures of the *bourgeoisie*.

He has some points of resemblance with our own George Borrow. 'Lavengro' was a curious compound of unconventionality and respectability. Gorky is entirely unconven-

tional, not at all respectable; but, like Borrow, he loves the 'wind on the heath,' and dislikes the ordered and decent routine of life. He hates where Borrow is only amused, and has none of that underlying reverence for religion in which Lavengro found so much consolation.

"With lyrical rapture Gorky sings the joys of the abandoned outcasts who live on the road and the wind. While he extols their unselfishness, patience, equality, and communism, he is often inconsistent with his doctrine, for now and again he pictures to us among these graceless, houseless, and yet unattractive vagahonds one overshadowing figure, who is a born leader, and who imposes his will and his laws on the others. Thus the inevitable inequalities of life assert themselves even among these idealized victims and enemies of society.

Gorky has softened down in the last few years. He is no longer animated by the same unreasoning hatred of society. The *moujik* has superseded the vagahond in his affections, and he is now in the vanguard fighting the good fight of human liberty against the most soulless despotism in Europe."

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
3. "The Millionaire Baby," by Anna Katharine Green.
4. "A Son of Royal Langrith," by William Dean Howells.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley Weyman.
3. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.
5. "The Long Ago and Later On," by George Bromley.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Millionaire Baby," by Anna Katharine Green.
3. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
5. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous.

Bliss Carman, the poet, is visiting San Francisco, "with," as he told reporters, "no particular purpose," and with no knowledge of how long his stay in California may be. Carman is a Canadian, having been born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1861, and he is therefore forty-four years of age. He is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, studied later at the University of Edinburgh and at Harvard. He was office editor of the *New York Independent*, and has done other journalistic work. In 1893, he published his first volume of poems, called "Low Tide on Grand Pré," and since then have appeared nearly a score of books from his pen, some of which ("Songs from Vagahondia") were written with Hovey.



Lady Grove.

tree-top in the little house where the little earth-mother is allowed to visit him for a week once a year to "do the mending and the spring cleaning." She is just leaving, and Liza, the "author of the play," flies off back to earth with her on a broomstick.

Then as great a treat I had in seeing "Lady Wyndemere's Fan"—that brilliant play of the most brilliant playwright of modern times. If ever there was a play of which it is entirely true to say "it acts itself," this is it.

One of the men of the party with which I went said to me, apropos of the scene in the smoking-room: "Now you know how men talk when you [the ladies] are not there." But do I? "Are you sure you do not flatter yourselves?" I ventured to ask. "However," I added, "certainly the women talk like me." "If you didn't who would?" was the prompt reply. Thus do we cajole those we love, including ourselves. However, of the particular friend who volunteered that "thus men speak" it may be true, for I have it on reliable authority (and all authority so-called is not reliable, hence half the errors in the world) that except *en tête-à-tête* Man never talks at all! Once at my house, having sat silently through a meal, there was a pause, and he was heard to say to his neighbor, who was the author of a much-talked-of book: "Do you advise me to read your book?" Needless to say his answer was not heard. Having come in late, he had failed to identify the lady on his other side as the author of another celebrated work. "I wish I had known," said this eccentric when we were alone; "I would have asked her if she advised me to read her book."

And you agree with me, I hope, in refusing to recognize *authoress* as a word. Why not *writeress*, *riderss*, *readerss*, *travellerss*?

Mr. W. L. Courtenay is an offender in this respect. In his delightful book, "A Feminine Note in Fiction," women are authoresses all the time. Mr. Courtenay coins other words, too, which are not particularly happy or necessary—so it seemed to me while reading; and the title itself does not express what he means. Men may strike a feminine note in fiction, while women set the feminine tone.

THE COMPLETED ST. DUNSTAN'S



The elegant and artistic structure at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, the first part of which was erected two or three years ago, is now completed, and the rooms are rapidly being taken up by the best class of people. It is one of the few apartment hotels outside of New York City, which, in all its appointments and management, is fully up to metropolitan standard. It is thoroughly appreciated in San Francisco, whose people do not think the best too good for them. It has 280 outside rooms, single and in suites, rented unfurnished by the year, with private bath, light, heat, telephone, and complete hotel service free; so that the family declining housekeeping can here surround themselves with all the comforts and luxuries of home, with such privacy and exclusiveness as may be desired. The lower floor rooms are furnished for transient guests.

LITERARY NOTES.

Seven Novels of Note.

"The Millionaire Baby" is the book of the hour. It deserves the place. As a detective story, as a tale of mystery, as a tortuous tangle neatly unraveled at the end, it has few rivals in modern fiction. Even Sherlock Holmes must look to his laurels. This is not Anna Katharine Green's first success. She has written, also, "The Filigree Ball" and "The Leavenworth Case." But this volume is easily the best of the three.

The story concerns, primarily, a little girl six years of age, named Gwendolen—the title is rather misleading. During an afternoon reception, at the country mansion of Mrs. Ocumpaugh, on the Hudson River, the child, left alone for a moment by its nurse, disappears from the hungalow in one corner of the spacious grounds. Only a few moments have elapsed between the mother's hurried visit to the child, to see if she is safe, and the discovery of her unexplained absence. Confusion follows; one little shoe is discovered on the path leading to the river; another is subsequently dredged from the river; a horde of special police and detectives invade the place; Millionaire Ocumpaugh is called for, etc., but meanwhile Trevitt, the detective hero of the tale, gets in his fine work to win the fifty-thousand-dollar reward.

We have no intention of divulging the thrilling details of the hunt for the millionaire baby, but may properly state that before the tangle is untangled there are involved an old man, long haired, heavily whiskered, deeply wrinkled, with a long scar running down between his shaggy eyebrows; a beautiful woman, formerly an actress, with a dark and dubious past; a pseudo-mother, distracted by fear of exposure of her desperate deed; a haunted building, whose rafters unaccountably drip blood; a big, fierce, black, spectral hound; and other thrilling things. Really, the tale is so logically constructed that it is almost unkind to name its one glaring fault, its single appeal to the god out of the machine. That, of course, is when the venerable doctor and his inconvenient child-ward fall from the doctor's doorway, and are both killed. Naturally, the old fellow had to be eliminated in order to make the tale end right, but the author might have done it more ingeniously than by causing him to tumble at his own doorway and break his neck.

Published by the Bohbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

Another first-rate story of crime and its detection is "The Albert Gate Mystery," by Louis Tracy, whose "Wings of the Morning" and "Pillar of Light" were so successful. This tale deals with an enormous fortune in diamonds, belonging to the Sultan of Turkey, which, for some reason or other, are brought to London to be cut. The services of the British Government are enlisted in the matter, an isolated house is secured for the Sultan's agent, a dozen special policemen are detailed to guard it; the Amsterdam diamond cutters and everybody else are all carefully searched each night as they leave it; a high official of the British Government is appointed to see that all goes smoothly, and yet, one morning, the four Turks are found stabbed to death, and the British officer disappears from view. A neat problem! Its unraveling by Reginald Brett, "barrister at law and amateur detective," involves many adventures among political conspirators and thieves of Paris, to which place the gems are spirited away; but all comes right in the end as it ought.

Published by R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

A third tale of mystery—they seem, indeed, to be just now epidemic—is "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Like "The Albert Gate Mystery," it concerns itself with political manoeuvring. The mysterious Mr. Sabin is an arch-diplomat who plans to get hold of the documents which reveal the precise nature of the coast defenses of England, to put them at the disposal of Germany, bringing about a war in which the Teutons will win, when, naturally, Mr. Sabin will be in a position to ask almost anything he wants. What he wants is "the conquest of France and the restoration of the monarchy in the persons of Prince Henri and his cousin, Princess Hélène of Bourbon." He doesn't succeed, but most of the lovers, who proudly enter the story at various corners, do, and so, for a mystery story, it ends pretty decently.

Published by Little, Brown & Co.

A novel in character quite different from the three above noticed, is Paul Bourget's "A Divorce." M. Bourget is, of course, one of the religious reactionaries among French scholars and litterateurs. In this book—really a tract—he proves to his satisfaction that the Catholic church's prohibition in the matter of divorce is quite the proper one, and the government's position, permitting it, is wrong. To prove his case, M. Bourget imagines a woman, who, as a girl, was married to a man who was a drunkard and a libertine. The fruit of the marriage is a son. The pair separate; she gets a

divorce; marries again; and when her boy is eleven, the woman becomes the legal wife of a good man, though, of course, the church does not sanction this union, and it is only when a daughter born of it, a child naturally religious and with spiritual grace, renews in the mother a desire to reënter the church's fold, that her conduct troubles her. To do so, she must renounce the man whom she has regarded as her husband for some thirteen years, and confess that the union was sinful. There are other complications. The son of the woman's first marriage falls in love with a girl, who, imbued with liberal ideas, has previously lived openly with a young law student and borne a child. That liaison having ended, and this new attachment formed, the pair desire to marry and defend their conduct by that of the parents of the youth. The manner in which the riddle is solved is intended to demonstrate the validity of Bourget's views. The book is not well translated, but even so, the characterization is graphic, and the work will be keenly interesting to the serious reader.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A big novel—a very big novel—has been written by Eden Phillpotts in "The Secret Woman." By it, he proves himself well worthy to bear the mantle that Thomas Hardy—more's the pity—seems to have put off. In greatness of theme, in tragic intensity, in mastery of the tools of his art, Mr. Phillpotts at his best is scarcely excelled by the elder novelist. Indeed, Mr. Phillpotts's feeling for the moor country—"her solemn hills and plains of light and darkness outspread"—strongly recalls certain wonderful passages in Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native."

Mr. Phillpotts's story is Greek in the inevitableness of its tragedy. From beginning to end the tale moves majestically—relieved by real humor, it is true—and with grandeur. His "simple people" are swayed by elemental passions, and these passions he portrays with an almost perfect art.

The story is this: Ann Redvers, a married woman of forty odd, "with a tall figure and almost stately bearing," the mother of two grown sons named Jesse and Michael, discovers that her husband, an amiable, cheery, handsome man, but weak, is unfaithful to her. With a torn-up letter as a clue, she follows him out on the lonely moor and from a distance witnesses his meeting with the woman on a barren hill. Who the woman is she does not learn, but blindly she makes her way home through the night, and, mad with passion, tells the tale to her son, Michael. Then the husband comes home and defends himself after a man's fashion and is distressed enough, but he fails to perceive what tragic fire is within her, and so, easily, she hurls him into the well as he stoops. But then comes the real tragedy: the struggle in the minds of Jesse and Michael as to what they should do, the identity of the secret woman, and Ann Redvers's own fanatic desire to be duly judged for her crime. It is almost a great book Mr. Phillpotts has written; let none who would be stirred profoundly by real and elemental tragedy fail of reading it.

Published by the Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A bright story in which the action is brisk and the plot well handled, is "In the Name of Liberty," by Owen Johnson. It has a special interest just now, in view of the troubles in Russia which some call revolution, as it deals with the stirring events of the French Revolution. The author is a young man; this is his second book; and he spent several years in Paris in search of material for his tale. The point of view of the volume is that of the lower classes of Paris in the bloody days—we see the Revolution, as it were, from underneath—through the eyes of the poor. The heroine—a seller of cockades—is, indeed, a very taking figure.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

Here's a plot for you. The heroine of "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold" is a woman with a past. John Harrold woos her, and she consents to marry him on the condition that he should never inquire, never show any curiosity, about her past history. "My past," she told him, "is buried, and into its

grave you can never look." He is unalarmed by the prospect, and so they are married. The book is the story of how it all turns out. Samuel M. Gardenhire, the author, is evidently very familiar with affairs in New York, and not the least interesting part of the novel is the sketch of Mann & Benjamin, heads of the Theatrical Trust, under which names are thinly disguised real personages whose names have similar syllabic rhythm. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold" is a good, workmanlike, readable story.

Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

Collier's \$8,000 Prize-Story Contest.

One of the three prizes in Collier's Weekly's eight-thousand-dollar short-story contest was won by a Californian, and one of the judges, William Allen White, remarks that, after New England, "California is the next most popular habitat of the story people." The first prize of five thousand dollars was won by Rowland Thomas, of Peabody, Mass., whose story has its setting in the Philippines, and is entitled "Fagan." The second prize of two thousand dollars was won by the well-known author, Margaret Deland, with a story called "Many Waters." The third prize of one thousand dollars was captured by Raymond M. Alden, assistant professor of English literature at Leland Stanford Jr. University. He is the son of the Rev. G. R. Alden, a Presbyterian minister, and Isabella M. Alden, author of the "Pansy Books." He was born in 1873 at New Hartford, N. Y., and educated at Rollins College, a preparatory school in Florida, the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1896. After his graduation, Mr. Alden occupied the post of instructor in English at Columbia University, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, and finally at Stanford. While still an under-graduate, Mr. Alden contributed some verse and fiction to various periodicals. Since leaving college, however, he has devoted his time to works of a more serious nature. He is the author of "American Literature Papers," "Greek Literature Papers," "Roman Literature Papers," "Rise of Formal Satire in England," "The Art of Debate," "English Verse," and "On Seeing an Elizabethan Play" ("The Knight of the Burning Pestle"), which was published by Paul Elder.

It is interesting to note that there was a good deal of diversity of opinion among the judges, as, indeed, there might well be with so many stories. One of them thought "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom" should have had second place, and remarks of the other judges: "I can't see for the life of me why they did not succumb to the grace and beauty of this story." William Allen White put the story that won second prize first; chose "A Dissembler," by Mabel Herbert Urner as his second choice, and put the story which won first prize third. Senator Lodge totally disagrees with his associates as to the stories entitled to first and second prize. He thought "The Best Man," by Edith Wharton by far the best story offered, and "The Golden Age of Painscarre," by Stanhope Sams, the second best. He therefore dissents from the award, only agreeing with his confrères on Mr. Alden's story. The final decision was, of course, a matter of averages among the three judges. It is interesting to note that, just as California received many times her share of the prizes in the Black Cat contest, so she has "done herself proud" in this one. By the law of averages, there was only one chance in twenty that one of the prizes would come to California.

The announcement of a new novel by Mlle. de la Ramée intimates the possibility of "a literary event." "Ouida's" gift of depicting a series of dramatic incidents which found expression in "Under Two Flags" and "Wanda," received slight sympathy from English and American readers of polite literature of thirty-five and even of twenty years ago. On the Continent, however, the same class of readers perused these and other "trashy" novels which flowed from the pen of Mlle. de la Ramée, and pronounced her the equal of the great Dumas. Her forthcoming novel will bear the title "Helianthus," and has been secured by the Macmillan Company for publication this spring.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Cervantes.

They celebrated in Spain on January 19th, they are still celebrating, the three hundredth anniversary of the issue from the presses of a badly printed, shabbily bound, quarto-volume, composed in prison, entitled "Don Quixote." In California, however, despite her large Spanish-speaking population, there has been no conspicuous celebration in honor of

"The gentlest gentleman the world has seen"—the tercentenary appears to have passed with only the slightest notice. Yet in England, seemingly a country where interest in the literature of Spain would be less keen than in the great West with its interfusion of Spanish blood, dinners have been given, speeches made, articles published, because of the anniversary.

Probably one reason for the trifling apathy with regard to Cervantes in California is that "Don Quixote" is one of those books which every one is supposed to read, but which few do in its entirety. A London journal prints an amusing confession along this line of one of those invited to the Tercentenary Dinner. "Have I read 'Don Quixote'?" asks the man of himself. "Of course I have. As a child I read it. Everybody does. Why, I remember Dore's illustrations perfectly well, and Maclise, or somebody, painted Sancho Panza's interview with the duchess. I remember Rosinante and Dapple and the windmills that Don Quixote tilted at. Of course, I've read it. Everybody reads 'Don Quixote' and the novels of Dumas once a year. Cervantes lost the use of his left hand at the Battle of Lepanto. Of course, I've read 'Don Quixote.' Why, it's a classic." All the next day his conscience reiterated the annoying question, "Have you read 'Don Quixote'?"

About four in the afternoon he paused outside a book-shop, and thus addressed his conscience: "To be perfectly frank with you, I haven't read 'Don Quixote.'" "Then you mustn't go to the dinner," remarked his conscience. "Oh, come! come!" said the delinquent. He entered the book-shop and bought a copy of "Don Quixote." That evening, from nine until half-past eleven, he gobbled at the classic in the hasty way that he reads the latest yarns from Mudie's. In the last half-hour he examined his watch four times.

The next evening at nine o'clock he again seated himself in his arm-chair before a pleasant fire, found his place with some difficulty, and, and—When he awoke the hands of the clock pointed to eleven. "Dear me!" he reflected, "two evenings of steady reading, and Don Quixote hasn't yet met Sancho Panza. How many pages are there in this fat book? 607! Whew! How many words on a page? 650! That means 400,000 words altogether. Why, it would take me a month of evenings to finish it, and in five days the dinner takes place. I think I'll read it after the dinner is over—at leisure. It's wrong to hurry through a classic."

Probably this Englishman's confession is typical enough of the hazy ideas that exist also on this side of the Atlantic to serve as adequate excuse for a brief account of Spain's greatest literary figure.

In all probability, Cervantes was born on the ninth day of October of the year 1547. Some assert that his family were of semi-noble blood—hidalgos—originally Galician, but later settled in the city of Alcalá de Henares, fifteen miles east of Madrid, in the province of Castile. Other cities, however, still lay claim to having given birth to Cervantes—more cities than the famous cities which are satirized in the couplet:

"Seven cities claimed blind Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

As a boy, Cervantes is supposed to have been too poor to have books, but it is related that he used eagerly to pick up scraps of writing in the streets of Alcalá—then a famous university town, in which, often, there were eleven thousand students—and read them through and through. At twenty-one, the boy Miguel had written some verses that attracted notice, and he somehow obtained the post of valet to Cardinal Aquaviva, which he held not long, preferring the hard life of a soldier to the softness of existence in an ecclesiastical palace. In 1569, we know that the young Miguel had enlisted in the war against the Turks, who had pilfered the Island of Cyprus from the state of Venice. He fought first under Colonna against Selim the Second, and later served with Don John of Austria at Lepanto, where he covered himself with glory. He was three times wounded by the arquebuses of the enemy, twice in the breast and once in the left hand, whose usefulness was destroyed for life. Returning home, after seven years of valiant service to Spain, the galley in which Cervantes sailed was captured, and the future author of "Don Quixote" borne a captive slave through Algiers, where he was kept five years in prison. He was anything but a peaceful prisoner, and time and again laid plans to escape. At last he was ransomed, his family having ruined themselves to raise the required sum, and Cervantes returned to Spain in poverty. There, finding no other post open to him, he again

joined the army and went to fight in Portugal. But soon he fell in love with a girl of noble family, having an estate consisting of a vineyard of twelve acres. He wrote to her his pastoral poem, "Galatea," and, when their marriage had been consummated, settled down to attend to the vineyard and to write plays. In this latter work he found a formidable rival in Lope de Vega. As Cervantes's family increased, his poverty grew and, temporarily obtaining a clerkship at Seville, he sent a petition to the king for a post in America (perhaps he might have come to California!), which, however, was unheeded. It was this period of Cervantes's life which was most dismal. He was miserably poor, finding odd jobs as an amanuensis, or clerk, or tax gatherer. At length a charge of malversation was brought against him, and he was cast into the prison at Valladolid, where "Don Quixote" was begun. Cervantes wrote of it when it was published: "This son of mine, thin, sallow, fantastic creature that he is, was begotten in a prison, the seat of every hardship, the abode of every untoward rumor." At first the book made no stir, but an anonymous pamphlet quickened public curiosity, and four editions of the first part appeared within the year. Some say that this anonymous review was written by Cervantes himself! Cervantes was now almost sixty, embittered by the success of his rival, Lope de Vega, still oppressed by poverty, and grossly abused by his literary enemies. One of these, a monk, who had written plays that Cervantes had properly condemned, had even the effrontery to write a "continuation" of "Don Quixote." It was a dull thing, however, and was effectively destroyed by the publication in 1613 of the second part of the book.

But, in a material way, Cervantes never came to his own. He was poor to the last, his death occurring in 1617—within a few days of the death of Shakespeare—and he is buried in a convent of the Trinitarians in Madrid.

"To the world," says one, "he has left a priceless treasure, for 'Don Quixote' is much more than a mere burlesque. The high faithfulness of the old knight, his beautiful courtesy and elevation of spirit, his fearless devotion, have made us all love him while we laugh at him; and if we are amused by his madness, we are inspired by his serene beauty of character."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Rider Haggard has been appointed by the British Government as a commissioner to visit the United States and investigate the condition of the poor here and the methods employed for its relief.

Regarding Lady Grove, a London letter from whose pen is printed in another column of the *Argonaut*, the well-known British weekly, *M. A. P.*, recently said: "She was Miss Agnes Rivers, daughter of General Augustus Fox-Pitt-Rivers, and her mother was daughter of a former Lord Stanley, of Alderley. In 1882, she married Sir Walter Grove, who had not then succeeded to his inheritance. Lady Grove is one of the most interesting women of the period. She is beautiful, talented, and cultured in no ordinary degree, an artist, an author, a wonderful orator, and a champion of many good causes. Like most modern matrons, she is fond of travel, and wrote an interesting book on a trip to Morocco. Her father was an eminent archæologist, and from him she has inherited a love of the beautiful and the ancient in art. Sedgemoor Manor, Sir Walter Grove's home in Wiltshire, is between five and six hundred years old, and she, like her husband, is extremely proud of the place, its historic interest, and its antiquity."

McClure, Phillips & Co. will bring out this spring a new volume by Martin Hume, author of "The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots" and "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth." It will bear the title, "The Wives of Henry VIII." It is announced that the volume will contain much new matter which the author, in his position in the British public record office, has been able to unearth.

A recent newspaper controversy has revealed the fact that the idea of a man's hair standing on end from terror is very old. It is as old as Homer (*Iliad*, xxiv, 358): "He was dismayed exceedingly, and the hair on his pliant limbs stood up." And it has the high authority of the Book of Job (iv, 13): "The hair of my flesh stood up." Other ancient parallels may be found in *Æschylus*, *Choeph.* 31, Sept. 55; *Sophocles*, *Ed. Col.*, 1,624; *Virgil*, *Æn.*, ii, 773; iii, 48; iv, 279.

A new magazine called the *Dickensian* came into life in London with the beginning of the new year. Its name relates to Charles Dickens, and the publication is to be devoted solely to that great writer and his works.

The Macmillan Company will publish in March "Problems of the Panama Canal, including the Physics and Hydraulics of the River Chagres, the Climatology of the Isthmus, and the Cut at the Culebra," by Brigadier-General Henry L. Abbot. The book opens with a history of the canal since the failure of the De Lesseps Company. Then come a summary comparison of the routes of the old and the new companies, a descrip-

tion of the physical conditions existing on the Isthmus, the Chagres River problem, the disposal of rainfall in the basin of the stream, and the last chapter explains the plans proposed for the canal by the French company and by the former Isthmian Canal Commission, with discussions of their respective merits and the construction of a sea-level canal. The author was formerly colonel in the corps of engineers, and is now consulting engineer of the new Panama Canal Company.

A collection of Gertrude Atherton's best short stories will be published by the Harpers under the name "The Bell in the Fog," this being the title of the first tale, a remarkable psychological study of a lonely man. Other stories in the collection are "Death and the Woman," "The Striding Place," "The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number," "A Monarch of a Small Survey," "The Tragedy of a Snob," "Crowned with One Crest," "A Prologue to an Unwritten Play," and "Talbot of Ursula."

Andrew Lang's coming volume of "Adventures Among Books" will contain recollections and impressions of many famous authors, including R. L. Stevenson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Morris, and Mrs. Annie Radcliffe.

Walter Jerrold points out that "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," first issued at the close of 1865, reached its eighty-sixth thousand in 1897, while "Through the Looking Glass," first published in 1871, reached its sixty-first thousand in 1897. Since the last-named year, he says, "Alice" has been reissued in at least seven, and "Through the Looking Glass" in at least five, cheaper forms.

Helen Hay Whitney, the wife of Payne Whitney and daughter of John Hay, Secretary of State, who, with her husband, has been spending the winter at their country home at Manhasset, L. I., has written a novel, which is soon to make its appearance. The novel will deal with Long Island scenes and incidents. Before her marriage, Mrs. Whitney's name was signed to a number of short poems, and since that time she has written a few poems that have appeared in magazines. The present work, it is said, will be her most pretentious effort.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will bring out next month the new book of adventures of Sherlock Holmes, "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." There will be thirteen new tales, each containing the same perils, the same mystery, the same thrilling escapes as in former volumes. Charles Raymond Macaulay has made the illustrations.

By general admission, new verse, except in the case of a few poets, does not sell nearly so well as it did, say, ten years ago. Why this "slump"—what are the reasons for it? They are discussed with much freshness by John Lane in the *January Book Monthly*. "I believe," he says, "the change—that is, the decline of the interest in new English poetry—can almost be fixed down to a particular date—the date of Oscar Wilde's arrest." People said: "Oscar Wilde, oh, he's a poet!" and straightway—beware absurdly—a prejudice arose against verse. Certainly, this is a striking "new light" on a much-discussed literary subject.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An Old Book Redevisus.

A rather odd discovery has been made. Nothing less than a number of new copies of a work published in California in 1893 and now rare—"The Story of the Files: A Review of Californian Writers and Literature," by Ella Sterling Cummins. These copies are placed on sale, and may be had of B. G. Haas, 212 Sansome Street, at the moderate price of \$2.00.

Mrs. Cummins had, perhaps, a mind not remarkable for orderliness. She had scarcely the carefulness, knowledge, or discrimination necessary to write an authoritative account of California writers. But nevertheless, "The Story of the Files" contains a mass of material about the journalists and authors of this State which is obtainable nowhere else. It is crudely inclusive; no one who had written so much as a spring poem was omitted. It contains pictures in profusion, many of which are the only ones of the persons they represent to be found anywhere. This makes the book valuable, despite its very obvious faults of over-praise and prejudice.

The method of arrangement is unique. The California writers discussed are grouped under the name of the journal with which they were most intimately connected. Thus the first chapter is called "The Golden Era School," and includes Bret Harte, Twain, Stoddard, etc. Next comes a chapter entitled "The Pioneer Magazine"; next "Hutchins' Illustrated California Magazine"; following that one on "Early Poets," another on "Poetry of the Pacific," "The Sacramento Union," "The Hesperian," "The Californian," "The Overland School," "The Wasp," "The Argonaut School"—the longest chapter—"The San Franciscan School," "The Ingleside," and other chapters of more or less moment.

No one who cares to know in detail of California's literary history can afford not to have in his library "The Story of the Files." Full of quotations, as it is, there are few persons who have lived long in California, read her newspapers and the books written by native sons and daughters, to whom it will fail to be of keen and permanent interest.

The London "Academy" Changes Hands.

The announcement that the London Academy is shortly to pass into the hands of Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, was recently confirmed by John Morgan Richards, its present proprietor.

Established in 1869, the Academy has had an interesting career, many well-known critics and writers having at one time or another contributed to its pages. Mr. Richards, who is the father of "John Oliver Hobbes," purchased it in October, 1896. In 1901, he incorporated with it Literature, which was formerly issued by the Times, and since then the journal has been known as the Academy and Literature.

The first editor under the régime of Mr. Richards was C. Lewis Hind. He resigned in August, 1903, and was succeeded by W. Teignmouth Shore, who has continued to occupy the position. All the arrangements for the transference of the paper to Messrs. Newnes have been completed.

Several new features are in contemplation; indeed, Sir George Newnes has said that he hopes to make it the best literary paper in the world.

"Beams with Geniality," Says the "Sun."

The New York Sun prints a characteristically clever review of "Uncle George" Bromley's "The Long Ago and the Later On." "Bright and amusing though it is," says the Sun, "the book is extremely provoking. Here we have a young gentleman of eighty-seven, of the most variegated experiences, a good fellow through all of them, and with a remarkably vivid memory, who starts to tell the story of his life. He begins charmingly with the Norwich of 1830; we look for a delightful picture of the bygone New England life, when he switches off suddenly to a whaler and the African coast. Hardly have we become reconciled to the change when the scene shifts and we find ourselves in the California of the Pioneers. Here, too, we catch only glimpses of the author's varied experiences till he lands in the Bohemian Club and his later vocation of a welcome after-dinner speaker. Of this and his consulship in China the account is satisfactory, but we can not forgive Mr. Bromley for the condensation of the first fifty years of his life. He is much more interesting than the many distinguished guests of the Bohemians. The book fairly beams with geniality, and liquor flows on every page as generously as in the Pickwick Papers. It will not be approved by the W. C. T. U."

Realistic Inspiration.

The London Daily Mail publishes the following somewhat remarkable item from its New York correspondent: "Clarence Taber, a well-known author, is about to publish a remarkable novel based on a psychological study of emotions and passions, which have been produced in a manner unique in the world of letters. While writing his book, Mr. Taber

employed Miss Alice Moulton, a beautiful actress, as a living model, and in the presence of his wife enacted the scenes like a play, portraying the awakening of love, a passionate proposal of marriage, the rage of a jealous man, the disappointed sweetheart, etc. Each scene was memorized, and the parties enacted the various rôles, including love-making, kissing, caressing, weeping, and moments of bliss. The beautiful model not only permitted herself to be embraced, but was even repulsed, and finally hurled to the floor in the author's frenzy and angry passion. Mr. Taber afterward analyzed minutely and dissected the feelings and emotions experienced in the various acts, which are said to be realistically portrayed in the story."

INTAGLIOS.

The Tree-Lover.

Sweet in the sweet May weather
Trees go airy and bright;
Winged with the gold-green feather,
Veiled in the deep-sea light.

Clad in the emerald silk,
All a-flutter, a-glitter;
Blossoms white as the milk,
Never, were roses sweeter.

Leafy shadows, all dancing,
Lovely in shine and shower.
Ever twinkling and gleaming,
Birds have built them a bower.

Lord of the leaf and tree,
When 'tis time for my going,
Leaving time let it be,
Neither snowing nor blowing!

After that journey taken
Let me open my eyes
To woods by a May-wind shaken,
Full of the birds' replies!

Paradise woods in Spring,
Scarcely than Earth's were sweeter;
Every leaf's on the wing,
All a-flutter, a-glitter.

Paradise woods in commotion,
Tossed in a heavenly May;
After the bitter ocean,
Dear and homelike were they.

Lord of the world to be,
Build me no jasper palace,
But the young leaf on the tree,
And the young bloom on the trellis!
—Katharine Tynan.

Red May.

Out of the window the trees in the Square
Are covered with crimson May—
You, that were all of my love and my care,
Have broken my heart to-day.

But though I have lost you and though I despair
Till even the past looks gray—
Out of the window the trees in the Square
Are covered with crimson May.
—Madame Darmstetter.

On a Fine Day.

"Be stirring, girls! We ought to have a run:
Look! did you ever see so fine a day?
Fling spindles right away,
And rocks and reels and wools:
Now, don't be fools—

To-day your spinning's done.
Up with you, up with you!" So, one by one,
They caught hands, catch who can;
Then singing, singing, to the river they ran,
They ran, they ran
To the river, the river;

And the merry-go-round
Carries them at a bound
To the mill o'er the river.

"Miller, miller, miller,
Weigh me this lady,
And this other. Now, steady!"

"You weigh a hundred, you,
And this one weighs two."
"Why, dear, you do get stout!"
"You think so, dear, no doubt:
Are you in a decline?"

"Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine."
"Come, girls" (O, thank you, miller!)
"We'll go home when you will."

So, as we crossed the hill,
A clown came in great grief,
Crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!
O what a wretch I am!"

"Well, fellow, here's a clatter!
Well, what's the matter?"
"O Lord, O Lord, the wolf has got my lamb!"
Now at that word of woe,
The beauties came and clung about me so
That if the wolf had but shown himself,
maybe

I, too, had caught a lamb that fled to me.
—From "The Early Italian Poets." Translated
by D. G. Rossetti.

Two belated replies to the Argonaut's query as to favorite books come from Gelett Burgess and Charles Mills Gayley. Mr. Burgess names "The Sacred Fount," by Henry James, and "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Professor Gayley mentions "Napoleon: The Last Phase," by Lord Rosebery, and either Helene Böhlau's "Halbthier" or Maarten Maartens's "Dorothea."

Fiction from Facts.

A story by Miriam Michelson in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of February 11th well illustrates the inspiration that authors may derive from current events. "A Yellow Journalist" is the title of the story in question, and it tells of a newspaper woman, who, badly "scooped" by a rival reporter during a murder trial, at last turns the tables by beguiling the murderer into a confession. Although the main incidents of the story are entirely fictional, the murder itself is the Weber murder: an aged man and woman, their daughter, and their imbecile son killed, the house destroyed by fire, and the older son suspected. Such details as the mother being shot on her way to the telephone, the girl killed at the piano, the small boy's head battered in, the pistol

and a sack of gold, found in the barn, are transferred from fact to fiction.

William F. G. Shanks is in Hamilton, Bermuda, partly for his health and to complete his "Journalistic Reminiscences of the Last Half of the Nineteenth Century." He has already completed the first three parts into which he divides the book, which brings him down to the close of the Civil War. In his preface he points out that this is no autobiography. He has tried to eliminate, as far as possible, his own personality. He writes about such persons as George D. Prentice, Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley, all the Presidents of the United States since 1840, and celebrated actors, actresses, and many literary men and women, all of whom he knew personally.

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FOR MARCH

COVER DESIGN—On the Range Maynard Dixon
FRONTISPIECE—A Kiviak Eskimo (Illustrating "Oregon's Great Centennial") A Photographic Study B. B. Dobbs
OREGON'S GREAT CENTENNIAL—The Lewis and Clark Exposition Frank L. Merrick
FAVERSHAM'S CAPITAL (Story) Charles Fleming Embree
Drawings by Lyon and Russom.
THE VALUE OF GRIEF (Verse) Ada Phelps
THE POOR POET MAN (Verse) Alfred J. Waterhouse
CALIFORNIA'S ETRUSCAN MUSEUM Alfred Emerson
ESCHSCHOLTZIA (Verse) Mary Vaughan
IDLING IN TAHITI John Hamilton Gilmour
FROM REINDEER TO RAILWAY—Transportation in Alaska E. S. Harrison
THE DOUBLE H AND O BRAND (Story) E. Spence De Pue
VISIONS (Verse) Louise Culver
CANDLEMAS DAY IN CALIFORNIA Effie W. Merriman
CALIFORNIA AT ST. LOUIS W. N. Harris
VESPER ROCK (Verse) Charles S. Newhall
HORSES OF CALIFORNIA—From the Days of the Missions to the Present—
Fourteenth Paper Joseph Cairn Simpson
HUNTING SONG (Verse) Charlotte Cauty
HOGADORN'S RELAPSE John D. McGillivray
AUTOMOBILING UP THE RHINE Wallace W. Everett
THE HERITAGE (Verse) Charles K. Field
THE STORY OF COLTON HALL William Dallam Armes
Drawing by Isabel Hunter.
TODAY (Verse) Mary Vaughan
A HOME COMING Alberta Braconft
Drawing by Harold Sickel.
WEIGHING THE WORLD AND THE AIR Alexander McAdie
CALIFORNIA HIGH SCHOOLS (Second Paper) May L. Cheney
THE GOLDEN MEAN (Essay) Gelett Burgess
COURSE OF EMPIRE
Why Not "Go West Old Man?" (James N. Cropper)—Two Los Angeles Clubs (Heatherwick Kirk)—
New Depot for San Bernardino—A Story About the California Resort League (H. Robert Braden)—
Seeing the Country—New Railway Equipment—The Sage of Santa Rosa (F. J. T.).
PLAYS AND THE PLAYERS
Madge Carr Cook as Mrs. Wiggs (Isabel Fraser)—"The Earl of Pawtucket"—At the Alcazar, San
Francisco—Life vs. Art—Hamlet in California—Amateurs in "The Liars"—Portraits of Madge Carr
Cook and San Francisco Amateurs.
BOOKS AND WRITERS
An Address by Albert Shaw—A Chaplet of Metrical Brilliance—A Book About Alaska—A Little Book
of Mixed Echoes—Something Unusual in Verse—Jacob A. Riis, Happy Reformer—Portrait of Jacob
A. Riis.
SUNSET RAYS—Conducted by Alfred J. Waterhouse.
Don't Write It—The Pirates of Penzance (T. Wesley Wright)—The Mail Order School (Edwin W.
James)—My Daughter, She's Engaged (Fremont Wood)—Some Rural Observations—The Message
(John C. Cantwell)—California (Evaleen Stein)—Goin' Back East (Frank T. Seagriff)—The Mystery
Explained—An Undesired Rejection—Yawp of the West (E. W. James)—Some Zigzag Philosophy—
Viandas Mexicanas (L. Worthington-Green)—The Way to Fame.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Clinch and His Book.

Mr. Bryan J. Clinch, in what he calls "California and Its Missions," two volumes published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, of this city (\$3.50), starts out with a story that "a dear friend" of his believed that California's "history had not yet been told, as it deserves to be, in any succinct form." He seems to imagine that it was reserved for him to supply this deplorable deficiency, and, as an introduction to his pretentious work, commences with depreciating, and to a considerable extent misrepresenting, his predecessors. After commending H. H. Bancroft for his "tireless industry" in collecting materials and embodying them in several volumes, he disposes of him by substantially saying that no ordinary reader will or can read his books. His next statement is that "Hittell, Tuthill, and the late Father W. Gleason have written works of more moderate compass; but the two former pay very slight attention to the missions, and the latter is almost exclusively devoted to them."

Now, so far as Hittell is concerned, it seems very evident that Mr. Clinch either has not examined Hittell's work or intentionally misrepresents it. Had he read it, he would have found that, instead of "slight attention," Mr. Hittell paid very full and thorough attention not only to the general history of the missions, but also to the particular history of each individual mission, and that he has given us "both the secular and religious history" of California "during the whole period of the missions" in quite as full and much more orderly and readable a manner than Mr. Clinch does. So far as Tuthill is concerned, it is true that he devoted little space to the missions; but he did not profess to give their history. His purpose

ish kings. He had mounted the throne on the death of Ferdinand the Sixth in 1759. His prime minister, the Count de Aranda, was the friend and pupil of Choiseul of France. Both king and minister were great reformers, inimical to priestcraft, and hardly needed an occasion to take vigorous measures against an order so powerful and so dangerous to the many radical reforms they contemplated. It was, indeed, charged that the Jesuits had conspired against the king and that treasonable writings had been found in one of their colleges, but it can hardly be doubted that the action of king and minister would have been the same under any circumstances. They took no counsel of the Pope, but went on and fully matured their plans before a movement was made or anything known of the impending blow. The first intimation the nation had of it was an order, promulgated simultaneously in Spain and in its various colonies, for the immediate arrest of all the Jesuits and their expulsion from every part of the Spanish dominions. At the same time all their wealth and possessions were confiscated, and so great was the animosity of the government against them, that it was further ordered, if any Spanish subject should attempt in writing to vindicate them, that he should be deemed guilty of treason and suffer death. [Hittell's History of California, vol. I, page 252.]

If Mr. Clinch can commence his work with statements such as we have thus pointed out, it is hardly worth while to review him any further. But it may be noted that he does not give any citations of authority, except by saying that certain well-known books have been consulted. A historical work nowadays, to be of any value as such, or to have any justification for being given to the world, must indicate particularly its sources of authority. Further than this, a historical work nowadays, to be of any value as such, must either impart information not previously made public or convenient of access, or it must be such a collection of old material as to present the facts in a new light, or in a much more attractive form than former works. Mr. Clinch can and does use good English, but we can not see that he has given any new information, nor has he collated the facts so as to throw any new light on the subject. As to whether his "rehash" will be attractive, will depend very much upon whether his reader partakes of his own bias.

It may be further noted, in reference to Mr. Clinch's book, that he has given in it a few pictures, chiefly cheap reproductions of old wood-cuts. Among these is one, copied out of the "Annals of San Francisco," of the "Landing of Captain Woodes Rogers—from an old English engraving." Woodes Rogers never touched in any part of California except Cape San Lucas, and the picture was intended to represent the good time the Rogers sailors had with the San Lucas Indians in 1709. Mr. Clinch has improved and given new "historical" value to the picture by representing and calling it the "Landing at San Diego" in 1709 of those of the Alta California pioneers who came up to San Diego Bay by sea. The pressing of this poor picture into the service to which it is thus put is at least "funny," but as "history" it, like the statements above adverted to, is simply "rot."

George Ade's Grand-Opera Travesty.

George Ade, fabulist and playwright, arrived here on Monday, from Mexico, with a party of friends, and sailed with them on Wednesday for Japan. Mr. Ade says that he is not going to the Orient in search of material for a comic opera, the accusation that he plagiarized "The Shogun" from "The Mikado" having discouraged him. He is working on two plays—one for Henry Savage, and the other for Charles Frohman, and says that he will devote himself entirely to drama hereafter.

The New York Globe is responsible for the statement that years ago, in Lafayette, Ind., Mr. Ade wrote a grand-opera burlesque which was afterward unearthed and put on by some amateurs, with accompanying fragments of music by Wagner, Verdi, and other composers. Mr. Ade has Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and the janitor as the principal characters. Mr. Tyler is seated in the parlor of his flat. Enter Mrs. Tyler:

Mrs. TYLER—I think I smell smoke.
Mr. TYLER—She thinks she smells smoke.
Mrs. TYLER—I think I smell smoke.
Mr. TYLER—Ah, what is this? She says she thinks she smells smoke.

Mrs. TYLER—What does it mean?
What does it mean?
This smell of smoke may indicate
That we'll be burned. Oh, awful fate!
That we'll be burned.
Oh-h-h-h, awful fate!

Mr. TYLER—Behold the smell grows stronger yet.
The house is burning. I'd regret
To perish in the curling flames.
Oh, horror! Oh, horror! Oh, horror!

Mr. AND Mrs. TYLER [duet]—
Oh, sad is our lot, sad is our lot, sad is our lot,
To perish in the flames so hot.
To curl and writhe and fry and sizz.
Oh, what a dreadful thing it is
To think of such a thing.

Mrs. TYLER—We must escape!
Mr. TYLER—Yes, yes, we must escape.
Mrs. TYLER—We have no time to lose.
Mr. TYLER—Ah, bitter truth! Ah, bitter truth!

We have no time to lose!
Hark! What is that?
Mrs. TYLER—Hark! Hark! What is that?
Mrs. TYLER—Ah, yes; ah, yes; it is the dread alarm.
Mr. TYLER—The dread alarm
Strikes on the ear
And chills me with
An awful fear.
The house will burn.
Oh, can it be.
That I must die
In misery?
That I must die
In misery?
The house will burn:
Oh, can it be.
That I must die
In misery?
Mrs. TYLER—Come, let us fly.
Mr. TYLER—'Tis well, 'tis well; we'll fly at once.

[Enter all the other residents of the sixth floor of the apartment building. They range themselves in a semicircle behind Mr. AND Mrs. TYLER.]

Mr. TYLER—Kind friends, I have some news to tell—
This house is burning; it is well
That we should haste ourselves away,
And save our lives without delay.
Oh, let us not remain too long,
Remain too long; too long, too long.
Oh, let us not remain too long.

WOMEN OF THE CHORUS—
What is this he tells us?
It must be so;
The building is on fire
And we must go.

MEN OF THE CHORUS—
What is this he tells us?
It must be so;
The building is on fire
And we must go.

GRAND CHORUS—
Oh, hasten, oh, hasten, oh, hasten away.
Our terror we would not conceal,
And language fails to express the alarm
That in our hearts we feel.

[Enter the JANITOR.]

JANITOR—Hold—I am here!
Mr. TYLER—Ah, it is the janitor.

Mrs. TYLER—Can I believe my senses,
Or am I going mad?
It is the janitor,
It is, indeed, the janitor.

JANITOR—Such news I have to tell.
Mr. TYLER—Ah, I might have known,
He has such news to tell.

Mrs. TYLER—Speak, and break the awful suspense.

Mr. TYLER—Yes, speak!

JANITOR—I come to inform you
That you must quickly fly:
The fearful blaze is spreading:
To tarry is to die.
The floors underneath you
Are completely burned away;
They can not save the building—
So now escape, I pray.
The flames are roaring loudly—
Oh, what a fearful sound!
You can hear the people shrieking
As they leap and strike the ground.
Oh, horror overtakes me,
And I merely pause to say
That the building's doomed for certain—
So haste, oh, haste away!

Mrs. TYLER—Oh, awful message!
How it chills my heart!
Yet we will sing
A few more arias
Before we start.

Mr. Ade ends the opera here, remarking that the principals and chorus had wasted so much time in the arias that they perished in the flames.

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William Dean Howells, author of "A Son of Royal Langbrith." Published by Harper & Brothers.

was to write only a brief political history of the State after the American occupation. In reference to Father Gleason's book, it is somewhat difficult to understand what Mr. Clinch's objections to it are. Although Father Gleason wrote with strong Catholic prepossessions (and Mr. Clinch does the same, "only more so"), it is curious with what coolness, after thus for a single time mentioning Father Gleason, he ignores him as entirely unworthy of further consideration.

On the same page, and it is the first in his book, Mr. Clinch, after expatiating on "the singular ignorance of most modern American writers on California," says: "Hittell calmly attributes the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain to an imagined refusal to pay tithes." How it was possible for Mr. Clinch to make such a statement it is utterly impossible to conceive. It is easy enough to see how a writer of narrow religious bias, who is predetermined under all circumstances to represent the people of his own church as the salt of the earth, should speak evil of another writer on the same subject, who does not share in his own prepossessions. But that he should deliberately make a statement so devoid of truth, and at the same time so easy to be shown untruthful, is truly marvelous. We have examined Mr. Hittell's account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, and find that there is not a word in it about any refusal to pay tithes, or any reference to tithes whatever. After giving an account of the action of Portugal against the Jesuits in 1759, followed by their expulsion from France in 1764, principally at the instance of the Duc de Choiseul, the prime minister of Louis the Fifteenth, Mr. Hittell goes on to say:

In Spain their expulsion was effected three years afterward by Charles the Third, one of the ablest, if not the very ablest, of the Span-

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Of late years there has been a new kind of drama evolved, of which "The Earl of Pawtucket" forms an excellent example. It is farce, but high-class farce, equally free from the objectionable suggestiveness of the imported French product, and from the tiresomely acrobatic humor of the made-over American article. There are wit and humor in this more refined form of farce, and some affiliations with the clever and sparkling comedy which is born of the present. The characters continue to retain their manners and even their good sense in this most recent variant of the theme dramatic, and while the actual probabilities are comparatively ignored, there is an air of calm reason on the surface of things that gives the beholder a chance to enjoy many a good bit of acting and some really artistic character study.

"The Earl of Pawtucket" was written for and all around Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay. His

action, would have much vitality without the former. That, however, is what Mr. Thomas started out to do—to write a play which would most fitly permit of the public's enjoyment and appreciation of Mr. D'Orsay's peculiarly English individualisms and his adroit manner of utilizing them on the stage.

The play, like others of which I have had occasion to speak more than once of late, is of the kind that requires first-class presentation. Mr. D'Orsay is accompanied by a group of competent players, nearly all of whom handle their rôles with that thoroughness of workmanship which conduces to naturalness and which permits the spectators to enjoy even so small a thing as a couple of men falling hungrily upon a hotel menu and ordering a meal.

Miss Jane Peyton, who succeeded Miss Elizabeth Tyree as the leading lady, although an actress of pleasing address and much quiet charm, is not quite up to Mr. D'Orsay in comedy work. Nor does Lord Cardington's verdict of "devilish handsome" upon his fair American quarry quite fit, in spite of Miss Peyton's unquestionable personal attractions. She is not of the stunning type of woman. There is no *diablerie* in her acting, and little of that spark of mischief in the eye which would add spice to the playful quizzing between his hewilded lordship and the pretty American divorcee. Not, be it understood, spice of a questionable order. There is nothing in the play that is in the slightest degree *risqué*, an important factor in French farces which the American public misses only with relief. In the work done by the company, Miss Robinson's Aunt Jane, Mr. Elton's

as a player, was a conspicuous example of the success an actress may attain merely by the possession of beauty, breeding, and personal distinction.

It seems to me it would have been an illuminating experience for those young players at the California to have witnessed the recent performance of "The Liars" to find out how much they did not know about acting; and to learn, furthermore, how thoroughly inexperienced professionals can be outdone by intelligent, hard-working amateurs when the latter are placed in a dramatic environment in which they are, so to speak, on their native heath. If we except Zelma Wells, the leading lady, who has refinement of speech and manner, there was not a single member of the company at the California, including Mr. Gilmore himself, who was not manifestly a misfit as a debonair saunterer in a London drawing-room.

Miss Jolliffe, whose professional experience has been of the briefest, could, as Lady Jessica in "The Liars," give Mr. Gilmore's leading lady cards and spades in the matter of by-play, while in Mrs. Gerstle's Lady Rosamond Tatton—a rôle closely akin to that of the widow in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird"—exactly the right note was struck. Lady Rosamond is a frank, attractive woman of the world; perfect mistress of herself, absolutely sure of her place and popularity in the pleasant world in which she lives, but for the time being subordinating her claims to attention by her solicitude over her friend's predicament.

I notice that the tyro frequently endeavors to mask lack of ease by a great deal of transparent crossing and counter-crossing, or popping up and down from seats like a deliberate jack-in-the-box during prolonged stage colloquies. It was not so with the amateurs, who showed no stiffness, either in their stage conversations or when they yielded the centre of the stage to others; a merit that was perhaps partly due to the very successful coaching of Mr. Frank Mathieu, who has stage-managed "The Liars." Lady Rosamond, for instance, serenely effaced herself in the last act, with a demeanor of perfect repose, while Sir Christopher exerted his eloquence on the recalcitrant wife.

It is scarcely surprising that a really clever and forceful play becomes tame and colorless when acted by incompetents, and, under the circumstances, it is difficult to pass judgment upon the merits of "The Mummy and the Humming Bird."

The mummy, with his fresh young face, and the boyish uncton of enjoyment with which he hored in his points with an auger, was the most unummy-like of personages. The bright repartee in the talk of the characters who form, as it were, the embroidery of the play, was unspeakably flat from the wretched manner of its delivery and the awkward self-consciousness of the players.

It was deplorable to see a play of apparently ample possibilities in the hands of novices. The dialogue is bright, and the strained state of affairs between the married pair a little stereotyped, but susceptible of much romantic interest when treated by first-class players, although the wife strikes me as a young woman of very flimsy staying powers, who was scarcely worth saving. The organ-grinder's pantomimic recital of his domestic tragedy, while open to a suspicion of dramatic trickery, makes good business. The part of the organ-grinder, by the way, done by a Mr. John Martin, was very well acted.

Mr. Gilmore has made too early a start as the head of a company. He needs to learn simplicity and naturalness by getting down and digging in a stock company. He has some points, a sufficiently agreeable appearance and personality, a good rich voice, which he plays hattlelore and shuttlecock with, like a child, a capacity for honest work, and a great deal of misdirected zeal.

Miss Zelma Wells, although as yet weak in her emotional scenes, gives promise of being an attractive actress in society drama. But she, too, like Mr. Gilmore, is in need of a good deal of routine work in a stock company. Neither of these players has learned the value of deliberation, or the impressiveness of a pause at the right moment; two points—to recur to "The Liars" again—in which Dr. Shiels was noticeably proficient. And not a soul in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" company had even a theoretical knowledge of the lightness of tone and manner necessary in the give-and-take of social intercourse; a quality whose presence makes the least important scenes in society comedies retain a strong hold on the interest and enjoyment of audiences.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

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Lawrence D'Orsay, who has scored a hit at the Columbia Theatre in Augustus Thomas's Comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket."

pronounced Anglicisms form excellent paying capital, more especially from the fact that the man upon whom they sit so naturally is a skillful actor in his line, and has an extremely attractive personality. All these qualities Mr. Thomas has turned to account in "The Earl of Pawtucket," and is planning to still further realize on them in another play for Mr. D'Orsay, which is now under way.

Mr. D'Orsay, in his Tuesday evening speech—a very neat effort, interspersed with a good many "Haws," "Aws," "Don't you knows," and other Britishisms which mightily tickled his attentive listeners—said that he had implored Mr. Thomas not to make him "a silly ass" in the present piece. But Mr. Thomas was wise in his generation. Lord Cardington is the central figure of the play, and nearly always in evidence. It follows as a necessity that he must have the full sympathy and regard of the audience. To this end, the playwright has made him the best of good fellows, and thoroughly able to conduct himself with good humor, a fine sense of honor, perfect breeding, and even some faint gleams of discretion in the awkward situations in which he has been placed by the New York friend with an "American sense of humor," who has lent him the use of his name.

The play is expertly constructed, and goes lightly and smoothly, but it can not be said that in the matter of witty lines Mr. Thomas has quite equalled his former efforts. There are several stretches of dialogue in the second and third acts in which the lion's share of the humor is plainly contributed by Mr. D'Orsay himself. That is to say, he makes far more of the material put into his hands than other actors, even clever ones, could hope to do. Indeed, Mr. D'Orsay and the play are closely united, and I doubt if the latter, in spite of its smooth construction, the deftly contrived humor of its situations, and its easy

Wilkins, Messrs. Fortier and Hallock's Senator and Mr. Fordyce stand out as being specially realistic bits of impersonation. The piece is capably mounted and well handled, the detail in the matter of serving at the breakfast tables, and the bit of "valeting" done by Wilkins, being greatly conducive to the illusion of the scenes. The latter business is of the kind that playwrights make a special point of utilizing because they are so distinctly aware of the profound interest the general public feels in the ways of the wealthy. It is even possible that our gilded youth, who are just acquiring the art of alluding to "my man" with an air of aristocratic ease, took points from his lordship's demeanor to his valet and from the man's service to his master.

Mr. Paul Gilmore's assumption of a John Drew rôle in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" did not turn out a lucky venture. It is disastrous to a degree for inexperienced players who lack manner and personality to attempt to portray lords and ladies or other polished *habitués* of the gay world, whether titled or commoners. The acting that is required in drawing-room dramas, except, perhaps, in the most prominent rôles, can sometimes be satisfactorily done by comparative beginners, provided they know how to conduct themselves in the social atmosphere, and have ease, elegance, or individual charm. Mrs. Langtry, in the beginning of her career

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Grand Opera in English.

Interest is already being taken in the coming first visit to San Francisco of the Savage English Grand Opera Company, the first and only organization composed entirely of all-American voices able to sing a repertoire of grand-opera masterpieces. The company will appear at the Columbia Theatre during the three weeks beginning Monday, February 27th. There will be performances of Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," Verdi's "Othello," Puccini's "Tosca" and



Marion Ivell, leading contralto of the Savage Grand Opera Company, soon to be heard at the Columbia Theatre.

"La Bohème," as well as a number of popular and more familiar operas. The company to be heard here numbers upwards of one hundred and fifty people, and there will be a full grand-opera orchestra of fifty musicians at each performance, under the alternate direction of the Chevalier N. B. Emanuel and Elliott Schenck, the Wagnerian conductor. The season will open with a production of Verdi's "Othello." Sale of seats for the engagement opens on Thursday morning.

"Mother Goose" Popular.

Klaw & Erlanger's big spectacular show, "Mother Goose," continues for two weeks more at the Grand Opera House. It has been playing to very large audiences. With its three acts, divided into seventeen elaborate scenes, and with its good comedians and army of dancers, it furnishes an evening crowded with entertainment. Cawhorn, Macart, Kelly, Neva Aymar, and Corinne's efforts to please meet with hearty approval, and the flying hallet never ceases to cause wonder.

The Orpheum's Bill.

Delmore and Lee, acrobats, will reappear at the Orpheum to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon. They have been abroad for about five years, and have gained fame by their revolving illuminated ladder act. Josephine Sabel, the original "little woman with the



Josephine Sabel, the chic singing comedienne, who will reappear at the Orpheum on Sunday.

big voice," who is filling her last vaudeville engagement, and who is to return to legitimate opera, will also reappear. She brings her latest songs, and a lot of imitations of French celebrities. Hayes and Healy, "The Clerk and the Bell-Boy," will undoubtedly create amusement. Hayes is slender, standing about six feet high, while Healy reaches

to about half this altitude, and is almost as broad as he is long. An engagement of interest is that of Barney Bernard, who will appear for one week, and will not be seen at any other place of amusement in San Francisco this year. The hold-overs will be Howard and Leona Bland, Cole and Johnson, Ford and Wilson, and the Orpheum motion pictures.

Shakespeare at the Alcazar.

After having appeared in farce, comedy, romantic drama, and melodrama, the Alcazar players will devote next week to Shakespeare. "The Merchant of Venice" will be the play, and it will be given in its entirety, including the sixth act. John Craig, who received Shakespearean training under Augustin Daly, will play Shylock. Lillian Lawrence will be seen as Portia, and the cast will include Harry S. Hilliard as Bassanio, Harry Mastayer as Gratiano, John B. Maher as Launcelot, Luke Connors as Antonio, John Davies as old Gohho, Mary Young as Jessica, and Elizabeth Woodson as Nerissa. There will be an extra holiday matinee on Washington's Birthday. Among the many first-stock productions to follow in rapid succession will be Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," Herne's "Sag Harbor" and Willard's success, "The Middleman."

D'Orsay's Last Week.

Owing to the demand for seats at the Columbia Theatre, it has been decided to give Sunday night performances of "The Earl of Pawtucket," with Lawrence D'Orsay in the leading rôle. However, there will be matinees on Saturdays only. Mr. D'Orsay's engagement will continue for one week more.

Realism at the Central.

"A Ride for Life," a play said to be full of thrilling scenes, will be the bill at the Central Theatre next week. One act shows a Mexican mine in full operation, and in another a full-sized locomotive, wrapped in



Julio Blanc, a favorite at the Central Theatre.

flames, dashes across the stage. Herschel Mayall and Juliet Crosby will appear in the leading rôles, Jim Corrigan will be the comedian, and Henry Shumer the villain. There will be a special matinee on Washington's Birthday, February 22d.

Extension of the Tivoli Opera Season.

The grand-opera season at the Tivoli will be extended another week. This unexpected arrangement was rendered possible by the receipt of a cablegram from the director of the opera-house at Havana, which stated that a

postponement of a week in the opening of the grand-opera season in that city was absolutely necessary owing to a complication with a dramatic company playing there. The new arrangement will cause the grand-opera season at the Tivoli to close Sunday night, February 26th, when a special farewell programme will be presented. This (Saturday) afternoon "Rigoletto" will be given, with Tetrazzini, and to-night "La Bohème," with Berlini. To-morrow (Sunday) night Tetrazzini will sing "Lucia." The repertoire for the first three performances of next week is as follows: Tuesday, "The Pearl Fishers," with Tetrazzini; Wednesday, "Mignon," with Berlini; and Thursday, "Dinorah," with Tetrazzini. To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at two o'clock a grand symphony concert will be given at the Tivoli by an orchestra of seventy-five, under the direction of Signor Polacco. Tetrazzini will be the soloist. Seats for this concert are 50 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50, and are now on sale at the box-office of the Tivoli.

Sunset Magazine for March.

Stories, descriptive articles, and drawings by several San Franciscans appear in *Sunset Magazine* for March, which is an unusually attractive number of this wide-awake Western magazine. Among the local contributors are Maynard Dixon, A. J. Waterhouse, Dr. Alfred Emerson, John Hamilton Gilmour, Joseph Cairn Simpson, John D. McGillivray, Wallace Everett, Charles K. Field, Professor Alexander McAdie, Gelett Burgess, Alhera Bancroft (Mrs. James Steele Reid), T. Wesley Wright, and Isahel Fraser. The leading article in this number, well illustrated, tells of the forthcoming Lewis and Clark Exposition which is to open at Portland, Or., June 1st.

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VANITY FAIR.

The people who read my dispatches may naturally suppose the chief and perhaps the only cares which rest heavily upon the head of the President of the United States are matters of policy and legislation—how he shall induce a slow and reluctant Senate to pass a railway rate bill; how he may overcome the anti-tariff-revision inertia of the House of Representatives; how he may induce the statesmen on the hill to give him more battle-ships. But at this season of the year the President finds social affairs not the least of his anxieties," says Walter Wellman, the well-known Washington correspondent. As an instance of one of these social causes of Presidential anxiety, the case of Speaker Cannon may be cited. To "Uncle Joe," it appears, belongs the distinction of being the first man who has declined to dine in the White House since Mr. Roosevelt became President. Mr. Cannon was invited to the state dinner given to the Supreme Court. It was decreed that as this dinner was to the members of the Supreme Court, the justices should take precedence. For instance, the chief justice or ranking justice would take Mrs. Roosevelt into dinner and the President would take in the wife of that justice. The chief justice is in mourning for his wife and could not attend, and the ranking justice at the dinner was Justice Harlan. When Speaker Cannon learned that the court was to be accorded precedence over him, he sat down and penned a note to the President, in which he asserted that he, as Speaker of the House, could not be outranked by any person at that dinner except the President, and he begged the President to excuse him. This Mr. Roosevelt did, and he will doubtless have the Speaker at a dinner where his full rank can receive due recognition. It is explained that if President Roosevelt had failed to give the Supreme Court precedence at the dinner given especially for its members, the justices would have felt mortally affronted, and some of them might have marched out and gone home.

Another matter over which Washington society is in a ferment of discussion is the propriety of one of the social customs at the White House under the Roosevelt régime, and as a result of the criticisms which have been passed, it is understood the President will order a change at an early day. The custom in question is that of having two classes of guests at the card receptions at the White House. A great many people persist in being dissatisfied with the arrangement at the evening levees, or card receptions, given at the White House. The critics say there is no better established social rule than that all the guests of a house shall meet on a common footing. Every winter the President of the United States and his wife, according to tradition, give a series of evening receptions in honor of the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, the Congress, and the army and navy. The cards are sent out to 2,000 or 3,000 people marked "Not transferable." Pretty nearly every one in town that is anybody at all gets a card to one or the other of these receptions. Nearly every one tries to go at least once during the winter, and the result usually is a great crush of people in the White House corridors and apartments. In addition to the thousand or two ordinary guests, there are two or three hundred who hold special invitations. Cards of a different color are sent to those favored ones. They drive to the south entrance of the White House instead of using the porte cochère at the east end of the terrace. Not only have they a private entrance, as it were, thus avoiding the inconvenience of the long wait in line, but the minute they set foot within the historic building they are taken in tow by servants and escorted to the blue room. In the blue room they are roped off from the common herd. They stand facing the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the women of the Cabinet who form the receiving party. Actually they occupy the centre of the stage. They stare at the common stock as it passes by through the long line, and are stared at in return. Evidently the "blue-blood party," as this group generally is spoken of from the color of the decorations of the apartment in which they hold their court within a court, enjoy the experience of seeing and being seen in their reservation. Some of the comments of senators, judges, generals, and others who have not been deemed of sufficient importance to merit promotion to the charmed circle, are often quite blunt and pointed. This is the White House system society is talking about, and this is the species of discrimination which it is understood President Roosevelt, now that his attention has been called to it, soon will abolish.

Meanwhile, all eyes in Washington are fixed on the date of the inauguration of President Roosevelt—Saturday, March 4th. There will be a big parade, a brilliant spectacle on the east front of the Capitol, when the President takes the oath of office, and the most magnificent ball that ever marked the inauguration of an American President, and one that will attract pretty women from all over the United States in their finest gowns. General Wilson has appointed Lieutenant

General A. R. Chaffee, chief of staff of the United States army, to the post of grand marshal of the parade, and General Chaffee has made General Johnson, former adjutant-general of the army, chief of staff. General Chaffee will have a brilliant staff, and it will include some civilians as well as military men. When the President leaves the White House for his drive to the Capitol he will be escorted by Squadron A of New York, which was the escort of Mr. Roosevelt when he was inaugurated governor. He will also have on the flank and rear a large number of members of his old Rough Rider regiment, commanded by a major of the regiment. It is estimated that there will be in line about five thousand men of the army and navy. There will probably be ten thousand members of National Guard organizations from the various States. The President has signed the bill granting the use of the Pension Building to the inaugural committee for the ball, and it will be held despite the opposition of members of Congress, who gave it grudgingly. Designs have been made to make the interior of the hall-room the most magnificent spectacle that has ever been presented indoors. There will be a scheme of decoration in electric lights, the colors being green, crimson, and gold. These will blaze on almost every foot of space on the walls and ceilings. There will also be elaborate floral and flag decorations. The bunting will be fire-proofed. Tickets to the hall will be five dollars for each person, and free tickets will be sent only to the President and his family, to the Vice-President and his family, to the members of the Cabinet, and to the ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries. Diplomats of rank lower than that of ambassador or minister will have to buy their tickets like the rest of the public. No carriage can be had the night of the ball for less than ten dollars.

The most picturesque feature of the ceremonies will, of course, be the hand of genuine Western "cowpunchers"—men who have "rounded up" the herd, "hog tied," and "cut out" big steers, "husted" broncos, ridden and conquered outlaws, and braved many a storm and spent many a cheerless night astride their cayuses. Captain Seth Bullock, one of the best-known characters in the West and a warm friend and admirer of President Roosevelt, is gathering the "cowpunchers" together for the journey to Washington. The men are not only going to wear the conventional cowboy's apparel, but they are going to ride their cayuses in the parade as well. They will be under the command of Captain Bullock, who, while giving them a sufficient license and measure of liberty to insure their riding naturally, will hold them to a strict accountability for their deportment. He declares that he will tolerate no "foolishness" on their part, and they all understand that the former frontier scout and former marshal of Deadwood, the man who in the early days was a terror to all the bad men in the hills, will see to it that what he says "goes." The men will gather at Belle Fourche, and start for Washington from there.

A periodical of the tailoring industry, published under the title of the *Sartorial Art Journal*, has an inspired writer on its staff who is able to see, in the conventional and sombrehued garments which custom prescribes for men living in an environment of civilization, much that has hitherto been invisible to the normal vision. In coats, waistcoats, and trousers, made as they should be and as they are when a genius wields the shears and needle, he discovers indescribable possibilities of grace, beauty, and delight. Among other things, he says: "The soul of the craftsman can express itself more fully and clearly in tailoring than in any other trade. If the tailor's thoughts are poetic he can issue pastorals in colors that are charmingly suggestive of hillslides or meadow, foliage or waving grain; he can make his overcoats speak of bleak December, his dress suits of frolic and festivities, his frock coats of dignity and wealth, his cutaways of self-content, and his sacks of strenuousness, and he can make his waistcoats jingle like limericks, his trousers sing of sunshine or of rain and mud, his spring suits chortle of hope and joy, and his summer suits prattle of flowers. If he is an artist he can make overcoat, undercoat, waistcoat, or trousers seem a sensuous haze, a reverie in color, a riot in action, or a vigorous portrayal of conflicting emotions in a decimated field of question; and if he is a musician he can impart to his sartorial creations an expression that suggests the bleating of a lamb, the clashing of cymbals, the rat-tat of a drum, the ragtime movement of a cake-walk, the wail of despair, the shout of triumph, the roar of a lion, or the bray of an ass."

The President's message to Congress on the subject of divorce deserves reprinting in full: "I call the attention of the Congress to the fact that no statistics have been collected by the Federal government upon the subject of marriage and divorce since the year 1886, and that but few of the States have provisions for the collection of such statistics. The institution of marriage is, of course, at

the very foundation of our social organization, and all influences that affect that institution are of vital concern to the people of the whole country. There is a wide-spread conviction that the divorce laws are dangerously lax and indifferently administered in some of the States, resulting in a diminishing regard for the sanctity of the marriage relation. The hope is entertained that co-operation among the several States can be secured to the end that there may be enacted upon the subject of marriage and divorce uniform laws containing all possible safeguards for the security of the family. Intelligent and prudent action in that direction will be greatly promoted by securing reliable and trustworthy statistics upon marriage and divorce. I deem the matter of sufficient general importance to recommend that the director of the census be authorized by appropriate legislation to collect and publish statistics pertaining to that subject covering the period from 1886 to the present time."

LUNCHEON FOR LADY SHOPPERS, VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McArdie District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for February 9th to 15th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 15, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Stock Name, Shares, Price. Includes BONDS, Stocks, and MISCELLANEOUS.

Table with columns: Water, Shares, Price. Includes Contra Costa Water and S. V. Water.

Table with columns: Bank, Shares, Price. Includes Anglo-California and Giant Con.

Table with columns: Powders, Shares, Price. Includes Giant Con.

Table with columns: Sugars, Shares, Price. Includes Hawaiian C. S., Honokaa S. Co., etc.

Table with columns: Gas and Electric, Shares, Price. Includes Mutual Electric, S. F. Gas & Electric.

Table with columns: Miscellaneous, Shares, Price. Includes Alaska Packers, Cal. Fruit Cannery, etc.

The sugars continue to be active, and have held their own in price, Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar closing at 88 asked; Honokaa Sugar Company 21 bid, 21 1/2 asked; Hutchinson 17 1/2 bid; Makaweli Sugar Company 38 bid, 39 asked; Onomea Sugar Company 37 1/2 bid; Paauhau Sugar Company 23 1/2 bid, 24 asked.

Spring Valley Water sold up one-half point to 38 1/2 on sales of 200 shares.

Giant Powder was steady at 64 1/2-64 1/2.

Sales of twenty five shares of Alaska Packers was made at 84 a loss of three points, the stock closing at 81 bid, 85 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up one and three-quarter points to 55, but at the close sold off to 52 1/2, closing at 52 1/2 bid, 53 1/2 asked.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Baron Graham once asked an epicure how many oysters he should eat in order to create a good appetite for dinner, and was told to eat away until he became hungry. The baron, who never saw a joke, ate ten dozen, and then plaintively remarked: "Pon my word, I don't think I am as hungry as when I began."

An extremely corpulent Viennese priest went to see a friend who, he heard, was lying, and warned him to confess his sins and receive extreme unction, as death might not be far away. The invalid, resenting the advice, exclaimed: "Comment vous, vous savez me parler de la mort—vous qui êtes apoplexie ambulante" (You, you dare to speak to me of death—you, who are a walking apoplexy).

During the Smoot hearing, Governor McConnell, of Idaho, was giving testimony on behalf of the Mormons, and doing what he could to help the Utah senator. He read a newspaper article, which, he said, coincided with his views. "From what do you read?" asked Senator Dubois, of Idaho, the leader of the anti-Mormon crusade. "I read," said McConnell, looking at Dubois with a triumphant grin, "from an interview given in 1898 by Fred T. Dubois, now senator from Idaho."

Logic sometimes triumphs over dogma, as is illustrated in the case of a little girl who had been brought up a believer in Christian Science. She was visiting her aunt, a non-believer, and in the course of the afternoon fell down stairs, whereupon she began to cry lustily. "Are you hurt, dear?" inquired the aunt. "No," was the sobbing response. "Then," said the aunt, not without a touch of wicked enjoyment, "why do you cry?" "I'm crying," was the reply, "because I can't feel that I aint hurt."

A London clergyman tells of preaching one day about God's wisdom being superior to man's, dwelling at length upon the fact that He knows best what we need, and provides what is best for us. "It is just as you do with flowers," he said. "You plant geraniums and heliotrope in the sunshine, because you know they will grow better there. But you provide a shady nook for the fuchsia." He felt that the sermon had been a helpful one, so was gratified when, after services, a woman came up to him, and said: "Oh, doctor, I am so glad of that sermon." He was about to express his pleasure at having helped her, when she added: "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."

A professor in an agricultural college had a hobby. He believed and preached on all occasions that the food of animals should be cooked, just like that of human beings. One day, while out driving in the country, he passed a farm, the owner of which was standing in a pen near the road feeding to a drove of swine generous quantities of corn in the ear. This caused the learned theorist to stop and forthwith hail the violator of his theory: "My friend, don't you know it is wrong to give those hogs feed that has not been cooked? Don't you know that if you would cook that grain before issuing it they would digest it in just one-half the time it takes them as it is now eaten?" "Waal, stranger, suppose they would; I'd like to know what in the time is to a hog!"

In the days when dentistry was not the science it is now, the pounding of a hickory plug into the space between the teeth taking the place of modern bridge-work, the elder Judge Peckham, who was noted for his picturesque flow of profanity, visited a dentist. The work had hardly started when the judge began to swear. When the tapping of the hickory plug increased in force, his language became torrid, and when, in time, the dentist gave the final blows, the patient arose from the chair and fairly shattered the atmosphere with a weird, terrible torrent of profanity. As the judge passed out, the dentist remarked to a waiting patient: "Wasn't it beautiful? It wasn't really necessary to pound half so long, but I did so enjoy his inflection that I almost pounded the hickory plug into splinters. Wonderful command of language the judge has!"

A Virginia justice of the peace undertook to temper justice with mercy in the case of a boy charged with "petty larceny." The evidence against him was conclusive; but he was very young; it was his first offense, and there were some extenuating circumstances. The old farmer justice decided to give the boy a stern lecture. He looked at the culprit severely through his spectacles, and began his lecture. "Young man," said he, "this is awful, this is right down awful, and I want to warn you—I want to say—" Here the old man's sense of justice suddenly conflicted with the pity awakened by the sight of the lad, who stood trembling before him. He cleared his throat twice, and then, half

in mercy and half in indignation at his own weakness, he cried: "Clear out o' my sight, you onery scamp, before I send you up for life!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Manhattan Thaw.

Swear, and the town swears with you;
Don't, and the crowd is mad,
For the whole town knows
In the melting snows
That the walking's p. d. bad.
Oh, for a flat in some
Vast wilderness where snow
Is kept always
In a dry *frappé*
Until it is time to go
In a summer rush
Of decent slush,
And not the kind we know.
Slush, slush, slush;
Slush, slush, slush.
Out of the slush
The gutters rush:
Into the slush
The gum golosh
Goes with a glickety-gluck-galuck,
And out again with a slimy suck.
Slippery, sloppery;
Drippy, droppery;
Flippery, floppery;
Skippy, hoppersy—
We jump
On a lump
Of snow in a lump
To find that it's only a sloppery slump,
A devilish, deceitful, damply dump.
And we get
Our feet wet
From the icy jet
That shoots up our—
Well, no matter.
We get the splatter
Just the same,
And our temper is hot,
Though our feet are not.
Look at our pants, or skirts
Soaked in the slush that squirts
Out of the Beautiful, everywhere,
Thawing fast in the melty air.
Look on us; pity us,
Kindly Heaven;
Let us say: "Damn!"
And be forgiven.
—William J. Lampton in *New York Sun*.

In the Good Old Times.

Folks married then for good,
And took due previous thought,
Nor ever guessed they could
Back out, once they were caught.
When gallants offer now,
They say: "I like you well.
Let's make no lasting vow,
But try me for a spell!"—*Life*.

Passing Fashion.

Remarked a man: "This auto fad
Will soon pass over; 'tis a whim."
And—lo!—a whizzing auto mad
Obligingly passed over him.
—*New York Sun*.

A Romance.

A buttonhole with mournful voice
Bewailed his empty life;
A button just across the way
He wanted for a wife.
He loved her pretty nodding head,
Her never ending charms,
And when by happy chance they met
He held her in his arms.
But life hung only by a thread,
She went despite his pains.
'Twas months ago—the buttonhole
A widower remains.
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

At the Play.

"Funny name, isn't it?" The Darling of the Gods! Didn't know gods had darlings—just look at those diamonds—and there's Mrs. Smythe—she looks a fright—oh, now the curtain's going up—why, they're all Japanese—it's a Japanese play, you say—what a funny way those girls walk—I never can remember all those foreign names—why doesn't Blanche Bates come on?—that's her, you say—which?—I don't see her—Yo-San?—oh, that one—is that Blanche Bates?—she looks just like a Jap, doesn't she?—you'd never tell from her looks she was born right in this town—are those geishas?—how horrid—they're not nice persons, are they?—what does that man want with two swords?—one for each hand, I guess—that's the result of *ju-jitsu*—why does she talk about breaking bones?—must be going to make soup for him—oh, oh, they've killed that man, haven't they?—I do hope they won't shoot off any guns—my nerves won't stand it—what are these ky-isses?—oh, just kisses—what a fuss to make over a kiss—is the hero an American?—they're all Japanese—I don't see why the hero can't be an American—look at those Japs in the box—this must make them feel like home—what's this *shoji* they talk about?—I hope it's not improper—why does that man in front of us keep looking back?—is anything wrong with my hair?—I don't understand it a hit—these foreign plays are foolish, I think—what are souvenir chocolates?—you can't keep chocolates—now the curtain's going up again—just look at that girl letting that man hug her—she's a geisha, you say—well, that makes no difference—she's a bold thing—what's down in the cellar?—is it on fire?—well, it looks like it with that red light—torturing him down below?—well, he's only a Jap—are all those people swimming?—the River of Souls?—how can souls swim?—a thousand years after, you say—a thousand years—why are they in the clouds?—have they airships in Japan?—why don't they come down by parachute?—is that the end?—how silly—the villain wasn't even killed—I'll never come to see a Japanese play again—but wasn't Blanche Bates just too sweet?—yes, the Irvington car—we're just in time, if we hurry."—*Wex Jones in Oregonian*.

Essays of Little Robbie.

GERMANY.

Germany is a funnie country whare there is funnie dogs with long bodys and weener wursts and Beer espeshally lots of Beer. There is a Kiser thare who is the Boss and he has some Ares who will inherit the throan some day if thay doant die.

Germany is bownded on the Noarthy by some country i forget the naim and on the south by another place whare I never been and on the East and West by land and Water. The people of Germany love thare Kiser and thare Beer and it is a nice place to live if you aint living in America and thats all I know about Germany.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

William was a grate man who could fite like a wildcat and he done some grate fiting at Hastings against a fiter named Harold who got shot in the eye and then he quit because he couldn't see whare to retreat or nothing and William prased the man that shot Harold and said, "Good eye, old man."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

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Teutonic.....Mar. 8, 10 am Majestic.....Mar. 22, 10am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric..... Mar. 1, Apr. 5 | Arabic..... Apr. 27

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Republic.....Apr. 1, Apr. 13

From Boston.

Romanic.....March 11, April 25, June 3
Canopic.....Apr. 1, May 15, June 24

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SOCIETY.

The Mardi Gras Ball.

Invitations have been sent out for the masked ball at the Art Institute on Shrove Tuesday. Very beautiful these invitations are, too, well conceived in a decorative spirit, full of the swing and rhythm of the dance, firmly drawn, and rich in color; in fact, quite what is to be expected from their creator, Mr. Mathews, when he turns his experienced brush to such dainty trifling.

It is twenty-three years ago since the Art Association gave its first ball for the benefit of its funds, which, in those days, were in a chronic state of collapse and which, in spite of the liberality of some few of our wealthy citizens and the energy of the assistant secretary, Mr. Martin, constantly threatened to efface themselves altogether. This first ball was given in the rooms on Pine Street, where the association had the Bohemian Club for a neighbor. The club, with that brotherly feeling for its twin organization which has always characterized it, threw open its rooms to the revelers for supper. This, for the young people, was one of the features of the occasion, and what between the picturesque enchantment of the artists on the one hand, and the delightful mystery of the much-talked-of Bohemian Club on the other, not to mention

scarcely an appreciable effect on the sales, for last year the profit was larger than ever. In fact, our best society has made the Art Association ball its own, the excellent management of its board of directors has won the confidence of the most cautious chaperones, and its reputation for an event, where a thoroughly enjoyable time may be had under the most refined conditions, is well established. This is just as it should be, for there is no other organization that has done more for the city and State than the Art Association, and it well deserves the hearty support of all our citizens.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eugenia Hawes, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, to Rev. David M. Crabtree, of Redwood.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Emilie Peck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Peck, of Hilo, H. I., to Mr. Ormond Wall, of Honolulu.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabel Birkmaier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Birkmaier, to Mr. Frederick H. von Ulbrich, of New York.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bacon, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Bacon, to Mr. Thomas Driscoll, will take place at Santa Barbara Mission on Tuesday. Miss Cornelia Kempff

Ethyl Hager, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Courtney Ford, Mr. Royden Williamson, Mr. Joseph Eastland, Mr. Thomas Eastland, Mr. S. L. Ford, Mr. Theodore Vogt, Mr. Cleveland Baker, and Mr. Jerome B. Landfield.

Mrs. William J. Herrin and Miss Katherine Herrin will give a tea on Friday at their residence, Scott Street and Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Butters entertained a week-end party of six at their residence, "Rose Lawn," Oakland.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Mrs. Silas Palmer will give a dinner on Wednesday at her residence, Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, in honor of Miss Leontine Blakeman and Lieutenant Robert F. McMillan, U. S. A.

Mrs. Edward Pond will give a dinner Saturday evening, February 25th.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr. Others at table were Mrs. Morton Mitchell, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., Mrs. de Ruyter, Mrs. Philip K. Brown, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

A Marvel of Beauty.

Already noted for her beautiful theatres, hotels, and restaurants, San Francisco has recently added another star attraction for her pleasure-lovers, the George Haas & Sons' new candy store in the James Flood Building, corner of Powell and Market Streets. The store in the Pbelan Building will continue (as it has for the twenty-two years since its establishment by George Haas) to cater to the most exacting candy buyers, as will also this new store, which is simply a natural expansion, in keeping with the growth of the business and the demands of the public.

"The finest candy store in America; Chicago or even New York can not match it"—that has been the exclamation of many Eastern people who have seen the finest the country has to offer in this line. The store has entrances both on Market Street and on Powell Street. The high-arching, ivory-colored ceiling, mahogany woodwork, and art glass, all in the richest Roccoco style, lighted by many crystal lights, form a dream of beauty, a surpassingly handsome creation of the architect's art, and a fitting background for the dainty candies displayed to advantage in their crystal cases. After all, the greatest charm of this store is its candies and its perfectly appointed soda fountain. Both the old store and the new will handle exclusively the George Haas & Sons' candies, made at the firm's own factory.

Situate in the heart of the business district and within easy distance of the principal theatres, the beautiful new store can not fail to be a most popular resort for after-theatre-parties and shoppers who wish to have a chat with friends in pleasant surroundings before returning to their homes.

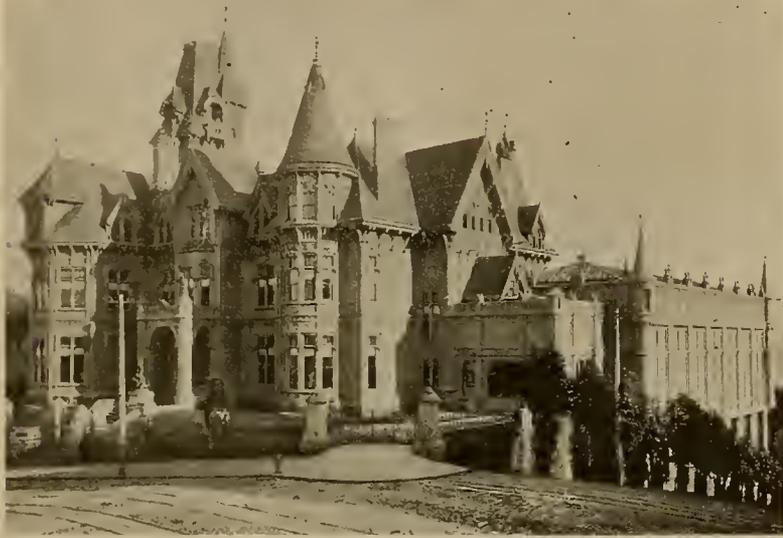
SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Confidential, rapid instruction given to ladies in letter-writing, penmanship, conversation, current news, current literature, and many other matters of self-improvement. Mrs. B., the St. Charles, 1560 Sacramento Street, Apartment C.

Beautiful New York Millinery.

Miss Widrin, of 928 Geary Street, is pleased to inform her many patrons that she has just returned from New York, where she selected some of the finest millinery ever displayed in this city. She hopes to see her many friends and all others interested in the latest modes.

—MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.



The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, where the Mardi Gras Ball is to be held.

the army and navy officers who contributed their glittering presence to the pageant, every young woman present lived for a few short hours in as near an approach to fairyland as is permitted to mortals.

At the present writing, the youth of that day are portly men of business, gray-haired lawyers, and doctors; the slim-waisted ensigns and lieutenants are captains and colonels, with their sword-belts let out to the limit, while the slender maidens are matrons with girls of their own, fluttering with anticipation, we may presume, over the alluring invitation which now lies before us. And so runs the world away!

The first of the balls to be given on Mardi Gras was in 1888, and in the following year, when Mr. Joseph D. Redding was president of the association, the Grand Opera House was the scene of its festivities. This enormous place was transformed by the artists into a "color scheme," the describing of which exhausted the newspaper reporters' stock of adjectives.

When the Art Association took possession of the gorgeous Hopkins mansion, its possibilities for a masked ball were instantly perceived; but, strange to say, after the first one or two, they languished and failed to prove successful financially, the expenses about equaling the receipts. It was not until some six years ago that they were revived, and since then, they have been steadily advancing in favor, until the attendance became so large as to warrant an increase in the price of the tickets. Even this had

will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Eleanor Phelps and Miss Kautz.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott gave a dance on Thursday evening at her residence, 517 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Miss Katherine McCann and Miss May Deering. Others at table were Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Constance Crimmins, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Mrs. Godey, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Father Senon, Mr. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. Edward Tobin, Sir James Talbot-Power, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. James F. J. Archibald, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla gave a luncheon on Sunday at their residence at Mare Island to the members of the amateur company that presented "The Liars."

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at their residence, 2180 Washington Street, in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Blair, Miss Ives, Mr. Harry Stetson, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. John Zeile, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mr. James D. Phelan will give a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will give a bridge-party on Thursday.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan will give a dinner on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. George C. Boardman will give a luncheon on Friday.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall gave a card-party on Tuesday at her residence, 1206 Post Street.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a card-party on Wednesday at her residence, Clay and Laguna Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a supper at the Hotel St. Francis, following the benefit performance of "The Liars" at the Tivoli Opera House, on Monday evening. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McD. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Miss Frances Joliffe, Miss Eleanor Haber, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss

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Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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Are replete with articles suitable for

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. Mills are expected at Milbrae next week. Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule, after a tour in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and the upper Nile, are spending the winter at Shephard's Hotel,airo.

Miss Katherine Kent, of New York, is a guest of her uncle, Captain Horace H. Watson, at his residence, 456 Twenty-Sixth Street, Oakland.

Mrs. Jane Stanford and Miss Berner sailed on Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mrs. Lillie H. Coit expects to remain in Egypt until the end of this month, when she will return to Paris.

Miss Ethyl Hager has returned from Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Ruth Allen have returned from Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. William P. Harvey (née Galatin) have returned from their wedding journey, and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin is sojourning in Southern California.

Mrs. Camilo Martin has returned from San José.

Miss Kitty Johnson, who has been a guest of General Charles Austin Coolidge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Coolidge, has returned to Vancouver barracks.

Mrs. William Borrowe and Miss Constance Borrowe will sojourn at Pacific Grove for several weeks.

Mrs. John C. Klein, of Piedmont, Oakland, as returned from a two months' visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear and Miss E. McNear sailed on Wednesday for Hong Kong.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane is expected here from Honolulu next week.

Mrs. John Deane and Miss Marie Deane have taken an apartment at The Empire for the remainder of the winter.

Among the week's visitors at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. A. McCarnay, of Chicago, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Murphy, and Mr. J. B. Murphy, of South Dakota, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Milton, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Monerratt, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Grover, Mrs. Hamilton Beall, Miss Beall, Dr. August

Army and Navy News.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., Mrs. MacArthur, and Captain Parker W. West, U. S. A., sailed on Wednesday for Japan. General MacArthur and Captain West will join the Japanese army in Manchuria as military observers.

Mrs. Moore, wife of Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., and Miss Jessie Moore arrived from Honolulu on the United States transport Logan Saturday.

Major George Howell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Howell have returned from the Philippines.

Colonel Charles B. Hall, U. S. A., arrived on the United States transport Logan Saturday.

Captain John J. Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing sailed for Tokio, Japan, on Wednesday.

Lieutenant Arthur Conger, U. S. A., and Mrs. Conger arrived from the Philippines on Saturday.

Commander E. B. Underwood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Underwood arrived from Tuituila, Samoa, on Monday.

Mrs. Maus, wife of Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on Saturday.

Mrs. Bell, wife of Brigadier-General J. M. Bell, retired, U. S. A., and Miss E. G. Hones are among the guests registered recently at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., and Mrs. Parmenter arrived from Samoa on Tuesday.

Captain G. W. Moses, U. S. A., and Mrs. Moses arrived from Kansas City a few days ago, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Paymaster John S. Witcher, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Witcher were recent guests at Byron Hot Springs.

Lieutenant-Commander Miles Gorgan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gorgan arrived here Wednesday.

Two Interesting Picture Exhibits.

The exhibition of paintings by Thad Welch at Schussler Bros.' gallery, 121 Geary Street, has been very successful, there remaining but a few pictures to be sold. There is no painter who so truly depicts California as Mr. Welch does. Marin County is the scene of all the paintings shown at this exhibition, and in



The Mission of Santa Barbara, which is to be the picturesque scene of the Driscoll-Bacon wedding on Tuesday.

Jerome Lartigau, Dr. Brandley Plymire, Mr. Ritchie L. Dunn, and Mr. John N. Robinson. Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Derby, Mrs. E. L. Waitt, Miss Mary Wry, and Miss A. W. Ross, of Massachusetts, Mr. and Mrs. W. Larkin, Miss M. E. Waterbury, of New York, Mrs. E. W. Gilman, of Maine, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mrs. N. J. Nissen, Miss M. Black, Mr. H. H. Taylor, Mr. N. P. Nye, Mr. T. McMullin, Mr. Dieckmann, Mr. W. I. Hogg, and Mr. C. P. Colburn.

The opening night of the Forest, Fish, and Game Association's first exhibition at Mechanics' Pavilion will be on March 31st. A reception will be held on that evening, and will not be open to the general public. Association membership tickets are on sale at ten dollars each, and these tickets are good for the season, and also include ten admissions, good only on reception night. It is aimed to make this associate list exclusive.

There is no view in California to be compared to that to be had from the top of Mt. Tamalpais. Nor is there a ride comparable to that over the crooked, picturesque railway running up the mountain. The Tavern of Tamalpais offers ideal hospitality.

SAN MATEO CEMETERIES.

Southern Pacific Sells Round-Trip Tickets Daily. For the accommodation of visitors to the different cemeteries in San Mateo County, Southern Pacific agents sell daily round-trip excursion tickets for 25 cents. Only twenty-five minutes are consumed in making the trip, and superior accommodations are afforded. Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets depot at 11:30 A. M., 2:15 P. M., and 3:30 P. M.; returning, trains leave Holy Cross Cemetery at 12:46 P. M., 5:10 P. M., and 6:01 P. M., stopping for passengers at Cypress Lawn, Emanuel, Sholim, Mt. Olivet, and Eternal Home Cemeteries. Ask Southern Pacific agents.

every one of them he has portrayed with almost absolute fidelity to nature the hills, the sea, and, most of all, the sunshine. None can excel Welch in making the beholder think that he is looking directly upon the sun-touched hills.

Impressionistic, on the other hand, are the pictures in the exhibit of Francis J. McComas's works, held at 236 Post Street. This artist's work shows a great improvement in style. Flatness, weird shapes, and glaring colors have been subdued, but enough of the fantastic quality displayed in his early work is retained to give his pictures distinction. Spanish and Californian landscapes are shown, and in all of them there is a mellowness of tone, a warmth of color, and technical excellence that makes them very attractive.

The California Derby, \$2,500 added, for three-year-olds of 1905, will be run at the Oakland Track on Wednesday (Washington's Birthday). Good contests mark every day's racing at the Oakland Track.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

— NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats,

Spring styles, now open. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street, Telephone Main 3185.

— AN EXCELLENT MENU, DAINLTLY SERVED, Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bispham Concerts.

David Bispham, the great American baritone, will be the first of the male opera stars to appear in this city in recital. Mr. Bispham is perhaps the best actor on the operatic stage. His repertoire is enormous, and he has sent Manager Greenbaum five interesting programmes to select from, without one number being repeated. They include the masterpieces of German, English, French, Italian, and American composers of song, as well as selections from his great operatic successes. At his opening concert at Lyric Hall on Tuesday evening, February 21st, he sings first a group of old classics, then a group of operatic numbers, including Alherich's curse from "Rheingold," "Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser," the ever-popular prologue from "I'Pagliacci," and the page song from Verdi's



David Bispham, the popular baritone, whose first concert will be given at Lyric Hall on Tuesday.

"Falstaff." Richard Strauss will be represented, and the latter part of the programme will be devoted to songs in English, and includes, by general request, "Danny Deever." The second concert will be given on Thursday night, and the Saturday matinee, which will be given at the Alhambra Theatre to accommodate the large number of matinee-goers, will have for special features the complete cycle "Dichterliebe," by Schumann, the "Credo" from "Othello," and "Amfort's Lament" from "Parsifal." Old English, Irish, and Scotch songs rarely heard also appear in the list.

The Verdi Monument Fund.

A fine programme is promised by the Minetti Orchestra, which, with the Howe Club (vocal) will give a concert at the Alhambra Theatre on Friday evening, February 24th, in aid of the Verdi monument fund. The orchestra of seventy-five amateurs will be strengthened by thirty professionals. The quartet from "Rigoletto" will be sung by Mme. Caro Roma, Mrs. Edith Bassford, Signor Borghesi, and Signor Cortesi. A prominent feature of the performance will be the finale of the third act of "Ernani," with the full orchestra and the one hundred and fifty vocalists of the Howe Club. Tickets, 50 cents and \$1.00, will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's. on Monday.

The Buckingham Cafe Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar table d'hôte dinner (with wine \$1.25) will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, February 19, 1905:

California Oyster Cocktail.

Stuffed Dates. Salted Almonds. Radishes.

Green Turtle, American Style. Chicken Broth a la Duchess.

Broiled Striped Bass, Sauce Colbert. Potatoes Chateaux.

Sweetbreads a la Toulouse, en Cases. Baked Ham, Champagne Sauce. Pears with Rice, a la Conde.

Lemon Ice.

Prime Ribs of Beef, au Jus. Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressing, Cranberry Sauce. Spinach, German Style

Corn on Cob. Mashed Potatoes. Fried Sweet Potatoes. Whole Tomatoes, en Mayonnaise.

Crackers.

Apple Pie. Pumpkin Pie. Wine Jelly, Whipped Cream.

Pineapple Ice-Cream. Assorted Cake.

Cafe Noir.

Water Crackers. Roquefort Cheese. Edam Cheese.

Music by Professor Graeber's Mandolin Club.

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilng, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all outdoor sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1905. FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street.)

MAIN LINE. ARRIVE

Table of train arrivals and departures for the Main Line, including routes to Richmond, Davis, Niles, and other destinations.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

Table of train arrivals and departures for the Coast Line (Narrow Gauge), including routes to Newark, San Jose, and other destinations.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

Table of train arrivals and departures for the Coast Line (Broad Gauge), including routes to San Jose, San Francisco, and other destinations.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

Table of ferry arrivals and departures for the Oakland Harbor Ferry, including routes to San Francisco and other destinations.

UNION TRANSFER COMPANY. Call for and check baggage from hotels and real estate. Telephone No. 53.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Doctor, isn't there anything I can do for this seasickness? "Why, yes. Try farming."—Life. "What shall I furnish my cozy corner with?" "Oh, any good, desirable, seventeen-year-old blonde."—Life. Stella—"How do you know what are trumps?" Bella—"I notice what I put on my partner's ace."—New York Sun. Heredity: Knicker—"What were your baby's first words?" Becker—"She said, 'Am I the first you ever kissed?'"—Ex. "What is the chief product of the United States?" asked the teacher in a European school. And without hesitation the bright pupil replied, "Money."—Washington Star. "Did you ever try any of our whisky, judge?" asked the dealer. "No," replied the judge, "but I tried a man to-day who had."—Yonkers Statesman. Suitor—"I'm poor but honest, sir." Old Rocks—"I don't doubt it at all, my boy; and unless you change your principles you'll never get rich."—Town Topics. "I heard you make use of the word 'jackass,' sir; did you apply it to me?" "No, sir, I didn't. You don't imagine you're the only jackass in the world, do you?"—Cleveland Leader. "What is the secret of your success?" asked the very young man. "In buying," said the old horse dealer, "I look sharp, and in selling I look just as ignorant as I can."—Chicago Daily News. "Did you spend money to get into public office?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I didn't spend it. I gave it away, and then depended on a decent sense of gratitude in the beneficiaries."—Washington Star. "It's seven o'clock, Fritz! We must run home." "No, if I go home now I shall be whipped for being so late. I'm going to stay till nine, and then I'll get hobbons and kisses because I'm not drowned."—Lustige Blätter. Fair devotee—"I don't see any way to raise our church debt, except to have a lottery." Minister (shocked)—"That will never have my sanction, madam, never, unless you call it by some other name."—New York Weekly. Finnegan—"Oh, yis, Oi can understand how thim astronomers can kalkilate th' distance av a shtar, its weight, and dinstity and color, and all that—hut th' thing that gets me is, how th' divlle do they know it's name."—Puck. She—"What is the use of searching for the North Pole, anyway?" He—"Why, it would result in a great saving of money if found." She—"How's that?" He—"It wouldn't be necessary to send any more expeditions to look for it."—Philadelphia Inquirer. Hicks—"He'll never succeed in life—never make a living, in fact." Wicks—"Why do you think that?" Hicks—"Oh, every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it." Wicks—"Well, that's one way at least of making both ends meet."—Catholic Standard and Times. Hercules had just captured the Amazonian girl from Queen Hippolyta and was about to present it to Admetus. "Take it back," said the regal beauty, "and get me a straight-front one." Disheartened by her unappreciativeness, Herc tackled his next assignment.—New York Mail. "How do you like my new low-neck dress?" asked the Chicago society lady, as she came into the presence of her husband, just before going out to dinner. "It's all to the good, dear," replied the man of affairs, "but where on earth are you a-goin' to tuck your napkin?"—Yonkers Statesman. "Constituent—"Now, Mr. Wunnot, I wish you'd do your best to get my boy a good government job." Congressman—"Well, what can your son do?" Constituent—"What can he do? Great Scott, man! if he could do anything I wouldn't be botherin' you!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "This John Doe must be a terrible bad feller," mused Maw Hoptoad; "he's allus in trouble. I see he's been indicted again out in Oregon. I wonder where he lives when he's to home?" "I expect he lives in Effigy," chuckled Paw Hoptoad, "the place where so many people are hung."—Houston Chronicle. All the world over, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders. He—"I go to bed at night with gloves on to keep my hands soft." She—"And do you wear your hat, too?"—Hartford Courant.

GUY T. WAYMAN REAL ESTATE 129 Montgomery Street. Estates managed and full charge taken of property. Rents collected. Loans and appraisements. \$85,000. \$140,000. \$197,500. A desirable list for speculators—\$10,000 to \$75,000.

1905 SEED CATALOGUE FREE. We are growers of all kinds of garden, field, and flower seeds, bulbs, roots, and nursery stock. 300 kinds of choice flower seed, 10 full-sized packages garden seeds, and a 15 cent seed check, good for 15 cents' worth of any kind of seed listed in our catalogue. F. C. GRAVES SEED CO., Des Moines, Iowa

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The Argonaut.



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sympathy with the murderer is expressed. Indeed, we are told that among the professors in our universities, secret satisfaction is the dominant feeling.

Every man has, we suppose, a right to his opinion. Newspapers are not bound to divulge theirs. Yet it would be somewhat less cowardly if journals like the chief conservative newspaper of this city would express in plain language the idea they evidently mean to convey by the platitudinous calm with which they discuss the superficial details of this, the last of nihilistic crimes—the idea, namely, that Russia is well rid of Sergius, and that his slayer deserves the world's plaudits for his act, and the world's sympathy in his inevitable punishment.

No such piddling caution as some conservative journals exhibit is shown by our Socialist friends, of whom there are 30,000 voters in this glorious State of ours. They, at least, are outspoken. Not only do they, as individuals, frankly say of the assassination of Sergius, "We're glad they got him," but they hold mass-meetings for the purpose of giving still freer vent to their enthusiastic rejoicing. Nay, more than this. They gave of their substance in support of the Russian revolutionary committee, which decreed the death of this hated grand duke—they furnish the funds that helps the committee to murder more high Russian officials! Picture for a moment such a meeting as that held a few weeks ago in a theatre of this city. A vast crowd, chiefly workingmen; an overflow meeting in the street; Socialist speakers crying "Blood for blood" and "Down with the Czar"; audience catching up the phrases and shouting them over and over; a wild cheer at mention of the name of a famous Russian anarchist; comparison by speakers of Plehve and Peabody, of Colorado; their denunciation as twin tyrants; the waving of blood-red flags; passage of resolutions declaring sympathy for their "comrades" of Czardom; voluntary subscription of some one hundred and sixty odd dollars to be forwarded to St. Petersburg for use in the overturning of the autocracy.

Actions, these, entirely consistent with their principles. But does it strike no one as singular—does it seem to nobody strange—that these Socialists, these men anarchistically inclined, and our influential, conservative journals should hold identical views about the assassination of government officials in Russia? Does it strike no one as inconsistent that a substantial newspaper, such as our leading one is—a newspaper which believes in our present form of government, in our individualistic society—one whose columns not many years ago were bordered deep with black in mourning for the dead President of this Republic, slain by an anarchist's dastard hand—does it strike no one as inconsistent, we say, that this newspaper in its comment should voice, though veiledly, the same feeling expressed by the resolutions of Socialist meetings where red banners wave and the cry "Blood for blood" wakes the echoes of applause?

Granted that the Russian Government is despotic; granted that the lot of the Russian people is pitiable; granted that the bureaucracy, which is the real ruling force in Czardom, is abhorrent to us, the citizens of a free republic. But what would you have? The government of any country is the result of its people's character and intelligence; nothing more. Because some hundred millions of the Russian people are apathetic, ignorant, superstitious, and servile, they are ruled as they are ruled. It can not be otherwise. Nations do not change their character overnight. There will be no revolution. The vast population is unaffected by the movement. A revolution is the result of general national discontent.

"Like streams gushing forth from sources hidden in the silent depths of the soil," says the Russian writer,

Rappoport, "a revolution is the outcome of a spirit of discontent that has penetrated all the strata of the nation. Such is not the case in Russia. Just as the deep of the ocean remains calm and undisturbed by the gales and furious winds that lash its surface, so the bulk of the Russian people remains untouched by the currents of thought which, from time to time, cross the upper classes, and continues its sleep of apathy and resignation. Centuries will elapse before such a social convulsion, similar to that of France in 1789, and of England in 1649, will take place. To witness a Russian National Assembly, like the Parliament or the Convention, deposing the Czar of all the Russias is an event which will never happen. The descendant of the Romanoffs mounting the scaffold as a traitor to his people and condemned to death is a picture which only the wildest imagination or ignorance of the Russian national character can conjure up."

If this be true—and we think it is—what basis is there for sympathy with assassination even on the ground of utility? In last analysis, the act was a blow at government and thereby a blow at all governments; the shock of it ran like a shudder through every ruling institution and all were by a little weakened. The anarchists all hang together. They are consistent. When a blow is struck at government—in whatever country it may be—they rejoice. But conservative men and newspapers in the United States hold the curious view that you can discriminate between assassinations. Sometimes they give their sympathy to the assassin; sometimes their blame, not realizing at all that the individual is little but the deed much, and that by strengthening one murderer's arm they strengthen all. No, it is not possible consistently to applaud the anarchist who strikes at a king and condemn him who aims a blow at a president. Both king and president are equally the incarnation of the people. Relatively to the intelligence and character of the respective peoples, Russia has as good a government as the United States. When we contribute funds or soft words to the Russian "fighting league," we but sow the wind. It is a Czolgosz that we breed with our sympathy, a Cesare Santo with our fair words. An anarchist is an anarchist, whether he be Teuton or Celt, Latin or Slav, citizen of a republic or subject of a monarchy, and the slayer of Sergius is but a murderer—no more.

It is the commonest saying that the beginning of crime is in the dime novel. This has been said for many years. But it is possible that we meant most of the time not that the novel was bad, but the cheapness of it. People never looked upon the truant as the product of "David Copperfield" or "Nicholas Nickleby." The moment a writing was literature and escaped being sold for a dime, it lost all possible bad influence. At present there is a serious discussion whether the well-known "Raffles" is a healthy acquaintance for young boys. Examples have been cited of precocious youth daring robberies in emulation of this knight of the light finger and the jimmy, and once more we are looking up at that sphinx of a problem. Who is responsible for the influence of Hamlet on this world? Who bears the guilt of Guinevere's eternal sinning? Does the creator of Iago share his shame? It is the question of ages. Once settled, we could point to Slobbery Jack, the boy thug, and say "Bad influence in his youth. He read 'Raffles.' Horning is now serving time in the House of Correction as an accessory before the fact."

And it is all true, only too true that the boy poring over a tattered book in an alley hears the voice of an older lad, the coaxings of a stronger mind, the orders of a spirit he delights to obey. The streets are full of boys following the daring leadership of some br...

the comments of the conservative newspapers of the United States on the assassination of Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, uncle of the Czar, make curious reading. These journals do not applaud the assassin; they do figuratively spurn the corpse of his victim. Yet it is quite evident to the observant reader that their cret and guarded language only veils satisfaction Sergius's fate and sympathy for his slayer. Among people, too—among well-informed men of affairs—

of a novel, some swaggering, daring, unconquerable creature of pen and ink. The policeman on the beat does not recognize the hand of Pilfering Pete in the misdemeanors of plain Tim Smith. Possibly Pilfering Pete and his pal, Redshirt Tim, never were met by policemen in real life. But they live and have their being, and the truant school and later the penitentiary know their disciples.

And yet Raffles is not really to blame if certain indiscreet and imaginative youth seek to follow in his footsteps. The trouble with our times is the little opportunity we give the small boy to tread the devious paths of fancy. The messenger-boy can not scale mountains, nor swim rivers, nor fight with Indians (imaginary) in a forest. He has the imagination and he must follow its call. The dime novel gives him a plot which fits in with brick and mortar and hurry calls and long waits in front offices. It is all right for a boy to hunt Indians to kill on a farm. It is all wrong for him to lie in wait for the copper. He never finds the Indian, and comes home at supper-time to sleep the sleep of the just. But he does find the policeman, and sooner or later stays up all night to land this foe. Then the foe lands Tim Smith, and Tim Smith lands in jail, and suddenly the whole tapestry of his fancy crumbles up and he stares right into the eyes of crime. And while Tim grows sullen and debased and servile, the original Slobbery Jack pursues his airy career through the 101st series of adventures, eluding all the gross materialities which have worn through the tinsel of Tim Smith's dreams. And when Tim goes to serve his time, who's to blame?

The San Francisco *Chronicle* does the *Argonaut* an honor by the publication of an arti-

cle ten columns long entitled "Japanese Invasion of the Problem of the Hour for the United States." From before the beginning of the war up to the present moment, the *Argonaut*, almost alone among the journals of the Pacific Coast, has continually maintained that great problems having to do with the conflict of white and yellow races were soon to be laid at our doors for solution. On October 26, 1903, in anticipation of the war which began in the succeeding February, we showed that, while it would be natural for Americans to give their sympathy to the small nation as against the large in the impending conflict, a consideration of the problem in a philosophic and reasonable spirit would dictate a far different conclusion. During the progress of the war we have continually pointed out that, by glorifying the Japanese as a nation to such a degree that their statesmen and their influential journals look upon America as a potential ally, we were storing up for ourselves trouble incalculable. Now, at length, representative newspapers such as the *Chronicle* is are beginning to recognize that the views which not long ago, perhaps, seemed visionary, contain a kernel of bitter truth. We welcome the *Chronicle* as a powerful convert to a cause that needs influential champions and strong defenders. In its long, and for the most part excellently reasoned article, the *Chronicle* shows that there are now in the United States, by conservative estimate, about 100,000 Japanese; it justly says that, with the ending of the war, it may reasonably be expected that the present moderate emigration from the Island Kingdom will be transformed into a brown Asiatic flood; it points out that while personally the Japanese is a more pleasing individual than the Chinese, he is no whit more assimilable than his fellow-Asiatic, and is quite as efficient in reducing the white workingman's wage; it clearly shows how experience proves that any race—be it negro, Chinese, or Japanese—which does not or will not assimilate, is "destructive of communal life that should be purely American"; it calls attention to the fact that the Japanese as a nation, in practice, exclude the foreigner from Nippon, and points out that this gives us further warrant for the taking of similar action.

All this which the *Chronicle* says is well said. But it falls into a gigantic error when it endeavors to reconcile admiration for the qualities of the Japanese nation, and sympathy for it in its present struggle, with avowed distrust and dislike for the Japanese as an individual as he touches us in our daily life. True, the Japanese has remarkable qualities of brain and character. He is brave and strong. But you do not pause to admire the strength and agility of a wild beast when it prepares to spring at your throat. You are not concerned to applaud the cool nerve of the night invader of your household as he rifles your pockets, with a revolver at your head. When a conflagration, wind-driven, threatens your domicile, it is not the part of wisdom to pause in admiration of the splendor of its appearance or the efficiency with which it reduces stately structures to heaps of smoldering coals. It is about time that we in America, and especially we in California, stop glorifying the Japanese as a beautiful little fighting angel, and begin to consider seriously the real menace that the

Asiatic will be to us in years not far in the future. With all respect to the *Chronicle*, with all hope for the efficiency of the articles it proposes to publish, we are constrained to say that it has already done more harm to the cause of Japanese exclusion, by glorification in editorials and in misleading head-lines of the yellow Asiatic in the struggle with the white European, than it will ever be able to undo. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the people of the nation as a whole, or their representatives in Congress, were induced to pass a law excluding the Chinese from our shores. It is only with the greatest difficulty now that this law is maintained in unabated force. Yet the Chinese, compared with the Japanese, is a sinister and repellent figure. The Japanese wears our clothes more jauntily than even we do ourselves, and in appearance is neat and attractive. For a whole year the press of the United States almost without exception has been glorifying him as an individual and his nation as a nation. In what manner do you suppose, O long recreant but now half-converted *Chronicle*, that the people of the country as a whole, with their admiration for the Japanese, will ever be induced to permit the passage of laws excluding him from this country? For our part, the endeavor to secure the passage of a Japanese exclusion law seems to us the most hopeless and heart-breaking of tasks. The mischief is done. The die is cast. Had the press of the West recognized at the beginning of the war, as the *Argonaut* was compelled to do, where glorification of the Japanese was bound to lead us, and had it united to stem the current of laudation of the Asiatic, there might now possibly be a chance for the passage of a Japanese exclusion bill. But as it is, it seems as if it were a simple impossibility until after the influx of a million or two brown men shall have disabused the people of the country as a whole, and the East in particular, of its erroneous ideas. We sincerely hope that in this we are wrong, but we fear that we are not. And this is not all the problem that confronts us. What will Japan, arrogant in her strength, flushed with victory, full of pride at having beaten the biggest of all the white nations, say to a legislative endeavor in America to exclude her subjects? What a rebuff such an act would be to any European nation! How much more, then, to Japan! Would she, indeed, submit to it? Would she not resent by force of arms, if need be, such action on our part? It is not in the least improbable. With the Springfield *Republican* we quite agree that this is the most likely cause of war between the United States and Japan.

William Dean Howells has been spending the winter

on the Riviera, until a while ago an apparently contented man. Then he wrote from San Remo to a friend in Massachusetts: "You have no idea how sick one gets of sunshine and calms. I should like to see a naked elm tree shuddering in a good old north-easterly storm."

Immediately after this hint to the Deity, the Paris editor of the *Herald* began to receive telegrams like these:

MONTE CARLO, Sunday, January 15th.—The weather shows a great change from yesterday. To-day it is dull and there is a cold wind. It is snowing. At noon the thermometer registered five degrees centigrade.

NICE, Sunday, January 15th.—Since noon there has been a heavy snow-storm at Nice, Villefranche, Beaulieu, Monaco, and San Remo. All along the Riviera the damage to the flower-gardens has been great. The frost of January 2d destroyed at San Remo alone 6,000,000 francs' worth of flowers. How much to-day's losses amount to is not yet known.

Presumably Mr. Howells is happy again, even if there are no elms to shudder in a north-easter. He ought to be satisfied with that 6,000,000 francs' worth of dead flowers. But much as we should like to have Mr. Howells visit California, we must have a bond from him with good sureties that he will not go into a pet because we don't happen to have blizzards on tap, and address a cogent appeal to the Almighty. Perpetual sunshine on the Riviera may be tiresome. Eternal calms on the Riviera may be a bore. But Mr. Howells ought to have spared all those flowers. Had he been in California he would have sighed for no elm shuddering beneath the blast. Were he basking in our serene climate, breathing our brisk airs, viewing our hills and coast lying under our splendid sun, he would ask nothing better than its continuance. He would forbear rash appeals to heaven, and think hard before ruthlessly condemning a single posy to frost-bite. We presume to state that under the benign skies of California, Mr. Howells would not offer any supplicatory prayers whatever on any subject, confining his communications to the Throne to gratulations and praise. In time he would quite forget the years in Massachusetts which so seared his memory with horrors as to make the image of an elm shuddering in a storm a pleasant recollection. Gradually he would grow young again, warmed by the sunshine, refreshed by the ocean breezes, his nostrils stung perpetually with the scents of lovely life. His eyes would turn no more to the icicled East but

to El Dorado of the West, which never was anything else but the reflection of California in the sky—by some blessed mirage meeting the weary gaze of those seekers of old who were too unfortunate ever to walk into Paradise. The California climate, unlike the much vaunted one of the Riviera, is too perfect to be at a pettish or homesick novelist's whim. Of course, if Mr. Howells wishes to spoil a climate in Italy and the people allow him, our sole concern with the affair is merely to commiserate the Riviera on Mr. Howells' efficacy in prayer.

The resignation of M. Combes as prime minister, and the selection of M. Rouvier by President Loubet to form the new cabinet, has apparently resulted very happily. The salient doctrines of M. Combes are the tenets of M. Rouvier, and the new programme is merely the old one with new spirit in it. The Concordat will be abrogated, no more government aid will be given to religious sects or functionaries, and all church associations will be forced to become civil corporations. This is the sum of the first measure of the new ministry by which it is known that the change has been one of men only. But the Combes ministry's last majority of six and the Rouvier ministry's first one of 303 show by comparison the way in which the anti-clerical campaign may now meet with success.

M. Rouvier, the premier, is the most experienced and noted financier in France. In the former ministry he held the portfolio of finance and showed himself a conservative and careful statesman. He is not an adroit parliamentarian or an eloquent speaker. During the Panama Canal scandals he was named prominently among those besmirched by the mire of that iniquity. But personally M. Rouvier is a very well liked man. Further, he is trusted, as Combes has not been for some time. But whether he will be able to carry through the abrogation of the Concordat is an open question to the minds of most. He has also an income-tax bill which is lauded as the one thing needful to equalize the burdens of the taxpayer. It is suspected that opposition to this measure might be strong enough to forbid the passage of a measure so distinctly radical as the separation of church and state.

Among the provisions of the Rouvier bill is one extending to all clergymen over forty years of age the equivalent of about one-half their present stipends for the rest of their lives. This compromise is coupled with another provision relative to church property which will revert to the state allowing parishes to use that property for religious purposes at easy terms. The majority gained already by the new ministry—a record-breaking one—is pointed out as a practical endorsement of the Combes policy, with a very uncomfortable insinuation that it was the late premier's person that was objectionable. Just how far Combes, now president of a group in the senate, will support his successor has not been said; but it is, of course, out of the question that he should refuse to aid in the passage of measures originating really with himself.

Never since the beginning of our country's history has the navy been used in on unjust war. Never has it failed to render great and sometimes vital service to the Republic.

It has not been too strong for our good, though often not strong enough to do all the good it should have done. Our possession of the Philippines, our interest in the trade of the Orient, our building the isthmian canal, our insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine, all demonstrate that our navy shall be of adequate size and for its size of unsurpassed efficiency. If it is strong enough, I believe it will minimize the chance of our being drawn into foreign war. If we let it run down it is certain the day that sooner or later we shall have to choose between a probably disastrous foreign war, or a people kept on terms that imply national humiliation. Our navy is the surest guaranty of peace and the cheapest insurance against war. [From Theodore Roosevelt's address at Philadelphia, February 22d.]

Contracts were entered into last year by which the Catholic missions on several Indian reservations were granted portions of the tribal trust moneys to the total sum \$98,460. No other church got any appropriation whatever apart from \$4,320 paid to a small Lutheran mission. This diversion of funds by the government for what confessedly sectarian education has roused protest many quarters, and finally evoked from President Roosevelt himself a letter of explanation and justification.

Back of the whole exposé is the statement of Senator Bard, of the Committee on Indian Affairs, that this payment to the Catholics of nearly \$100,000 was purely the nature of a bonus for political support in doubtful congressional districts. This has been hotly denied

Charles J. Bonaparte, a very prominent Catholic in President Roosevelt's confidence, absolutely believes that there is a word of truth in the accusation that this large sum of money was got by what is termed "ecclesiastical lobbying."

The diversion of these funds from the tribal treasuries into the pockets of the Catholic church was done by special executive order. Mr. Roosevelt is the responsible one. It has been pointed out that in doing so he violated the spirit and the letter of an act of Congress by which the rule was laid down that never would the government have anything to do with the education of its Indian wards. Missionaries of every Protestant sect have forcibly declared that this is the only safe rule.

Commissioner of Indian Affairs Francis E. Leupp has come out of the matter, merely stating that it was done in his predecessor's term. He has referred to the fact that the money was diverted only on petition by the tribes themselves. These petitions have been proved largely fraudulent, a loaf of bread being the price exacted at one agency by the Catholic missionaries for the education of the children. Another phase of the matter is that if the rate had been observed of \$15 a head for the purpose of education, the tribal treasuries would have been depleted by less than one-third of the amount that has been poured into Catholic coffers. The rate established for the mission schools is \$108 a scholar—which leaves a heavy burden on the shoulders of those who are not Catholics. The *Argonaut* regrets exceedingly that Mr. Roosevelt has allowed himself to be mixed up in this matter. It regrets still more that he, for once, has not been shown in a creditable light by what fair-minded people must take as the unmanly evasions of letters and the speeches of his confidant, Mr. Bonaparte.

A notable instance of the manner in which American public opinion is misled by biased British accounts of Russian affairs is furnished by the North Sea incident. The impression that the American public has of the Russian firing upon the trawlers is that it was the work of an unnerved blundering blockhead. American officials have caricatured the admiral mercilessly. It has been the butt of a thousand jokes and scores of satiric verses. Editors of country weeklies and remote hamlets have felt quite justified in speaking disrespectfully of his skill as a navigator and his qualifications as a commander. Yet, when a distinguished and impartial tribunal, composed in part of naval officers selected from various nations, comes to weigh and consider the sober facts of the Dogger Bank incident it decides—what? That Admiral Rozhkovsky was quite right in acting as he did under the circumstances! Such, at least, is the unofficial statement, and consideration of it must give pause to those Americans who have gulped so unthinkingly the British version of the affair, and have easily dismissed the Russian version as "mere lies."

The following paragraph is from the *Call*:
A weekly paper of standing and influence has criticised the *Call* for initiating this movement for a city government on a non-partisan basis, that can be supported by all citizens who are at heart the best interests of San Francisco. Our critic reminds us that the last election showed this to be a Republic, and inferentially insists that the proper course in municipal politics is to follow party lines. What evidence is there that in municipal politics San Francisco is a Republic? How long is it since we had a Republican mayor? How long is it since the party that carries the city in general election won it in a city election?

In the last election, 39,816 Republican votes and 27 Democratic votes were cast for the regular identical candidates. In other words, there are more than two Republicans to every Democrat in this city. We have had no Republican mayors of late years, because the Democrats have been too smart for our Republican politicians, and succeeded in electing their candidates under pretense of furthering a non-partisan movement—which is precisely what they are trying to prevent. The Republican *Call* is only pulling Democratic chestnuts out of the fire. Put up a good clean Republican for mayor—there ought to be one or two among the 39,816 men who cast their ballots for Roosevelt—and let your Democrats vote for him.

A senatorial committee appointed to investigate the charges against Senators Bunkers, Wright, French, and Emmons, accused of accepting \$350 each on the promise they would make a favorable report on the stand of certain building and loan associations, submits report to the State senate on Monday. In the opinion of the committee, the accused senators are guilty of the charges brought against them. It was voted to have the senate take up the matter of their expulsion from that body on Thursday, but, on ac-

count of the serious illness of Emmons, the matter was deferred. It is announced that action will be taken on Monday, and no doubt is felt that the accused men will be expelled from the senate.

A somewhat sensational phase of the scandal is the connection of Martin Kelly, a local politician, with it. Gavin McNab told Senator Belshaw, of the committee of investigation, that Kelly had told him that he (Kelly) had received from Senator French, one of the \$50 bills that McNab and Clarence Grange had marked for the purpose of entrapping the senators. Belshaw alleges that he then saw Kelly, who confirmed the story. Yet, when Kelly was called before the committee last week, he denied, on oath, that he had told any such story either to McNab or Belshaw, but that he had said that a bill he received from French might be one of the marked ones. He even produced a bill (not one of the marked ones) which he says is the one he received from French. McNab and Belshaw, under oath, flatly contradicted Kelly's testimony. Kelly and French have been in many political deals, and have accused each other of bad faith. It is thought that Kelly's motive in telling the story was revenge, and that he was telling the truth; but that subsequently the boodling senators bought the marked bill back from him at a heavy premium. At to-day's (Saturday's) session of the Sacramento grand jury, an effort will be made to have Kelly indicted for perjury.

Meanwhile, the prosecution of the four accused senators in the superior court of Sacramento County has begun. Their attorneys asked that the complaint against them be set aside on the ground that the legislature has no power to investigate building and loan associations, and that, therefore, these men, if they did take money for protecting such associations, were not guilty of bribery, as they were not acting in an official capacity. District Attorney Seymour argued against this contention, pointing out that the code defines legislative bribery as the acceptance of money for legislative influence; and that the legality of this committee on which the accused senators were serving does not enter into the case. The attorneys for French and Wright have made, in addition, an attack on the validity of the grand jury, which found the indictments against the senators. The case has been continued until Wednesday.

There are 27,800 miles of railway now in full operation in South America, and Argentina has 11,000 of these miles. This is only one sign of what has consistently been done

by successive governments in those much-troubled republics. And now, according to the inaugural address of President Quintana, of Argentina, which has reached us, "the public works that are undertaken will be by preference those called for by territories and provinces. Preference will be given to making up roads and to giving healthy centres of population irrigation."

This new movement, joined in by practically every government of that continent, is bound to bring a prosperity not to be reckoned in money. Already an immense system of highways, both water, rail, and road, has been carefully planned, and is now under construction. The Amazon, Orinoco, Plata, and Parana Rivers will all be used, and their lesser branches developed enough to serve as feeders. Should the proposed Pan-American Railway become an accomplished fact, it will not so much parallel the ocean trading lines as give them an outlet into the country. This project seems likely to receive still more serious consideration than it has so far, interstate alliances giving more prospect of immediate success.

But with the great growth of South American trade, the United States is not getting its share. With an annual increasing demand for good and substantial stuffs to an amount last year of over \$110,000,000, we have supplied only a paltry \$16,000,000. England and Germany lead. But it is pointed out that our political relations with all the southern continent are getting closer, and that we must prepare for closer commercial relations—not by mere expansion, but by a genuine and intimate knowledge of conditions, and sympathy with the effort to make the South American republics worthy of their position.

Nothing striking has developed in the police scandal. Since the suspension of Chief of Police Wittman, formal charges of neglect of duty have been filed against him, and he will be tried before the police commissioners within a few days. He promises a vigorous fight, and so many conflicting political interests enter into the matter that it is by no means certain that he will be deposed. Sergeant Ellis, who was found guilty by the police commissioners of neglect of duty in permitting gambling in Chinatown (the same charge that is made against Wittman) has not yet been sentenced. The patrolmen who were under Ellis are on trial.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.

By Jerome Hart.

"That," said I to myself, as we entered the long "Hall of the Nineteenth Century," "that must be Liberty." And from afar off I gazed on a picture of a lady with very little on, who brandished in one hand a flag and in the other a bayoneted gun.

True, I was at the other end of the long gallery, but I felt instinctively that she was Liberty. Why did I know that she was Liberty? Well, partly because she "had nodings on," as Hans Breitmann said; partly because she had a flag; but principally because she had a gun. Liberty always needs a gun. Whenever you are going to give people liberty you give it to them with a gun. If you have a great many people to whom to give liberty, you go and get a lot of assistant liberators with a whole lot of guns and thus give it to them good. Oh, yes, I knew it was "Liberty" as soon as I saw her; I knew her by her gun.

So, pointing to the picture at the remote end of the gallery, I repeated, this time aloud: "That must be Liberty."

I was speaking to a gentleman whose card read: "Monsieur Hyacinthe Potiron artiste-peintre, No. 12 bis Boulevard Picpus."

That Monsieur Potiron's card termed him an Artist Painter sufficiently indicated his calling; that he lived on the Boulevard Picpus showed that he was not rich; that he resided at No. 12 bis proved that he was superstitious and did not like to live at No. 13. When I add that Monsieur Potiron was not the dashing, roaring, long-haired artist of the "Vic de Bohème" such as American art students describe in their letters to their newspapers "back home," but that he was a small, thin, pale, underfed man, supporting Madame Potiron and the little Potirons by painting copies of Old Masters, I have sufficiently sketched Monsieur Potiron.

"In effect," said Monsieur Potiron, looking at me wonderingly, "it is Delacroix's allegory of 'Liberty at the Barricades in the Revolution of July, 1830.' But how at such a distance could Monsieur detect—?"

"In the first place," said I, "the lady is naked."
"Of a truth, yes," replied Monsieur Potiron. "But one sees so much of naked ladies in the Louvre."

I suppressed a desire to tell Monsieur Hyacinthe that "tant de femmes nues" might mean either "so many nude ladies" or "so much of nude ladies" in French, but that in English the two phrases are not synonymous. Still, gazing on the pictures around me, I was not prepared to take issue with him on this question of syntax and nudity.

"In the second place," I went on, "the lady is carrying a gun."

"Ah! Yes," said Monsieur Potiron, as his puzzled air gave way to an expression of relief. "It is that. You have recognized Liberty by her gun."

Thus, all misunderstandings being cleared away, and my apparently phenomenal clairvoyance turning out to be simply ordinary eyesight, Monsieur Hyacinthe and I walked on together toward the Salon Carré, where the Artist Painter was making for me a fair copy of a canvas by Master Raphael Santi, sometime of Urbino.

At first I smiled within me to think that Monsieur Hyacinthe should take so literally my mild jest about Liberty with a gun. But why should he not? Has it not been the invariable instrument of Liberty in France—at least since the discovery of gunpowder? Prior to that time I suppose Liberty sometimes used a bludgeon and sometimes used an axe. Could my friend the Artist Painter recall any time in France when it was not so? When the revolutionaries cut off the heads of King Louis Capet and his Queen; when young Bonaparte swept the streets of Paris with grape-shot and quelled the revolting sections; when Robespierre and his kindred madmen tumbled heads by hundreds into the bloody baskets of the guillotine; when under the restored monarchy the "three deadly days of June" puzzled even Paris, for no one could tell exactly what the fighting was about; when Louis Napoleon struck terror into the great city by his massacres of December, 1851, by which he climbed to power; when the Commune of Paris liberated the capital from the government of the Fourth September by murder and arson; when Thiers and the men of the Fourth September liberated Paris from the Commune government by shot and shell, by bayonet and torch, by sword and fire, by storming street barricades in hot blood and by shooting incendiaries in cold, by the guillotine, by battle, death, and hell—were not all these things done in the name of Liberty?

Of a surety, yes. Why then should I be surprised at Monsieur Hyacinthe's calm acceptance of my theory that Liberty in France always goes with a gun?

But how did it hap that I should entertain such odd views of the French idea of Liberty? For here I must make a humiliating confession—the French phrase "Liberté, ou la Mort" always to me meant this: "Liberty [according to the Liberator's ideas], or death [to the other fellow]." On the other hand, the American "Liberty or Death" always meant to me "Liberty [for us] or death [to us if we fail to attain it]."

Probably my views regarding French liberty grew out of my superficial and kaleidoscopic jumble of French histories, French museums, and French pictures. One manifestation of it was set forth in the naked Louvre lady with a gun. Then there were the many museum impressions left on my mind. In the

ARTISAN
MENT.

ITTEE
JUNCES
ORS GUILTY.

THE CRY ON THE TRAIL.

How It Wrought a Great Change at Lone Pine Ranch.

the high, bare sitting-room of a lonely ranch, with brown, unpainted walls, and doors and windows open to the pine-eland mountain side, a man at a small deal table reading over a pile of cherished letters. They were written by a woman; dated from a house on Beacon Street, Boston, and they dealt with music, and with art. To the reader, who had pressed in the battle of life, they seemed to him into a great treasure-house, while he longed for the more constricted walls of a home; the simpler pleasures of a fireside. Ah, they were so intellectual, the letters, and try as he would, he could read nothing between their lines! As he turned over the pages, a child of three years old, with a large rent in her forehead, ran in from time to time from the open air, sight of her, the cry in the heart of the man for a woman was stronger than ever. Both of them needed her—man and child, they needed her so.

At length he took his pen and began to write to her. Her letters addressed him as "Dear Mr. Geraldson"; his letters to this date had been invariably superadded to "Dear Miss Vining." But now he broke through the veils of reserve. He wrote to her as the best woman on earth, calling her his love. He wrote aside all the topics with which they had dallied long, and wrote simply of himself—of his own joys and fears. He told her how for years he had wanted to ask her to come out to him; how his family had forbidden his doing so; and how, in spite of all his efforts, he had remained poor and struggling, without anything to give her. Two months ago he had yielded that at last his chance had come. He had stepped up into the Trinity Mountains to take up an offer of partnership in a promising "prospect" he had received from a friend. But on the long stage-journey, Redding through the heat and dust, he had fallen with an unfortunate Englishman, very sick with cold, who had implored him to stand by him and him on his legs again. Circumstances had been such that it had been impossible in common humanity to stay with this man and his little mite of a helpless girl. So he had nursed and tended him, and had experienced the satisfaction of pulling him through the worst danger. But the poor fellow, who was so terribly impatient, had attempted to get out of bed spite of every warning, and had died suddenly one day from the passage of a clot of blood to the heart. His nurse and little daughter had left him for a breath of fresh air.

And so," went on the letter, "I found myself with a child on my hands. I haven't the heart to do anything but keep her. For though apparently she has no relatives or friends, she's a splendid little piece of stuff, and it would be a crime to send her to any institution. The sequel of this is, my dear, dear friend, that the venture which was to bring me fortune, to give me the right to ask you for yourself, has come to nothing. By the time I had fixed everything up, my money was unable to wait for me, had taken in another man on the deal. I went prospecting near Weaver—but luck was against me. Then both the little girl and myself fell sick with malaria, and so I came home to my pine trees again."

Here Geraldson's pen fell from his hand, for the child had him in its grip, and he was shaking miserably.

Later on he managed to put the letter into an envelope addressed only with her name, for after all, he thought, he should never send it, and he left it on a table, thinking that when he had strength again, he could go on writing, just for the sake of the consolation it was merely to pretend that he could tell her everything. But the letter was never finished. He grew rapidly weaker, till one morning he found himself sick that he could scarcely drag himself to the veranda to scan the landscape for the child that never came. For Lone Pine Ranch was regarded as only mountain ranches can be, and no one could set foot on it for weeks together. Now as he lay helpless, unable to move, lost sometimes in suffocating drowsiness, the child brought him water in the tiny cup which she tantalized rather than quenched his thirst. He wondered what would become of her, and in his last coherent moments told her to run out along the road and call with all her might. That was the last she could do. Soon after he ceased to move, and he did not hear the desolate wail that resounded through the empty house.

Geraldson was not to lose himself forever in the water of unconsciousness. Once more he felt himself alive, and, on the verge of sleep, lay with his eyelids, unwilling to awake, till a memory of the Margery, whom he had last seen weeping in the corner of the room, forced him to open his eyes. To his surprise his bed clothing covered him very neatly. A sheet was folded under his chin in a strange, comforting way, so that a sense of peace and security fell on him, and he lay very still, sure for an unaccountable reason that Margery was all right. The night was wonderfully pleasant. In the dim light of the darkened room a slender white hand glided over the smooth sheet to make it a trifle smoother. He held his breath and half closed his eyes that he might watch it went away. Too weak to turn his head, he did not till it fluttered down again with a cup of milk.

There was no woman in the district with such a hand, and full of the wonder of it he fell asleep.

He dreamed of beautiful things—white flowers, white doves, white hands. Waking stronger for long rest, his first movement was one of curiosity. A woman, in a blue sunbonnet that completely shaded her face, was pouring something into a glass at the washstand. Was it possible that ugly bonnet could go with those slender fingers? He asked for a drink of water. To his joy the same hand appeared again.

"Is it evening?" he asked, when she had taken away the cup.

"No, it is morning," returned a voice that was little more than a whisper.

"Then please will you be so kind as to let in some light?"

"Light is not good for you just yet," was the answer in subdued tones.

Geraldson was not strong enough to dispute this point, and he lay quiet, inwardly vexed at the bonnet. Ideas came to him slowly. At last he asked, brilliantly: "Will you please tell me who you are?"

"I am a nurse."

"A nurse!" He considered for some time.

"How did you come here?"

"That is very simple. Your little girl was crying on the trail, and I came in and found you."

"And you stayed and nursed me—how wonderfully good of you!"

"Not at all." The voice was cold. "You would have done the same yourself."

"Oh, but not in the way you are doing," he returned, modestly.

After that he pondered for a long time. She had "happened to be passing," as though a road that led to nowhere were a much-frequented thoroughfare. That in itself was a miracle, and her beautiful hands, her movements, so unlike those of a mountain woman, were something to brood upon.

"But why did you come here?" he asked, after a long silence. "No one ever comes here."

"I came to see my brother."

He dared not ask her any more. He could only suppose that while he had been away some stranger had come into the district. But any attempt at connected thought was too much for him, and again he fell asleep.

When he was breathing quietly, the woman with the beautiful hands threw off the bonnet as though she were tired of the troublesome disguise, and leaning her chin upon her hand, gazed intently at his pallid face. Still she kept the bonnet on her lap, ready to don it at the moment he should show signs of waking, for she was determined that he should not recognize her—should never know that it was she, Elsie Vining, who had saved him. She had taken the initiative, come out from the East, because mere letters were not enough, and she had felt at last that she must have something more tangible than those impersonal epistles. She had discovered him in his extremity, and had brought him back to life. But her joy in this was chastened. She knew now why his letters had been so cold. She had been no more than an abstraction, an intellectual phase in his life. He had not even thought it necessary to tell her of the important events that were taking place with him. He had concealed—say, rather, ignored, as of no possible interest to her—the fact that he had married and had a little daughter. He had never even told her that his wife was dead, as she could only suppose she must be. It was plain that he had not cared as she had cared. He had not remembered—perhaps had never experienced—those moments when they had met in Boston five years ago, in which it had seemed to her so much had passed without words between them that even in the letters—for all their impersonality—it had appeared permissible to read between the lines meanings tender and magnetic. She had taken too much for granted! She blushed to the roots of her hair, and hid her face in the bonnet as though it were a veil. Outside the open window she could hear the little child singing to herself. Had he loved the mother very much, she wondered? Love! What had she to do with love? It was high time she should take her departure. She went restlessly out of the room and into the kitchen, where the nurse, for whom she had sent to San Francisco, had already begun a feminine revolution in the bachelor order of things. As she worked, this young woman glanced out of the window at Margery at play beneath the trees, remarking that the child was the very image of her father. The other briefly assented, and immediately went out into the open air and looked at the little girl from a short way off. "I suppose there is a likeness," she said to herself, "but I can't see it." It was strange, she thought, that she should never have heard of Geraldson's marriage. How blind she had been not to suspect some affair of the heart, which would account for his sudden departure for the West. Of course, he had loved another woman. She wondered if the child were very like her. At that moment Margery came running up, and, forcing down the primal instinct that had prompted her to turn away, she held out her arms, drew the "other woman's" child to her breast, and kissed her.

The little creature looked up at her with her fearless eyes. "You're the lady, aren't you?" she said.

"The lady—what lady?"

"The lady daddy talks about that's coming to be my nuvver."

Outwardly quiet, she kissed her again, but it was as though a door, not quite closed, had violently shut, never to open again. She went back into the house, into Geraldson's room; but when she saw him look toward her, pathetic in his helplessness, her heart beat so quickly she could not bring herself to say good-by at once, and sat down in the shadow, angry at her own weakness.

"Nurse," said Geraldson, "won't you draw up the blind? Mayn't I see your face?"

"The light would hurt your eyes," she murmured. "I put on my bonnet because I was going away."

"Going away!" Dismay was in his voice.

"Yes, I am obliged to go. There's another nurse here to look after you."

"But I don't want another nurse," he cried. "And you've done so much for me. I can't even thank you. I don't know what your name is. I've never seen you even!"

She said nothing, but slowly measured something into a glass. He could not see that she was trembling.

"May I have a drink?" he asked, as she put down the tumbler.

She had intended to go now immediately. She felt she had lingered too long, but she could not refuse his request. She held the cup to his lips, and he drank slowly, looking at her hands, which would flutter away so soon, like white birds of passage. He was very weak, and the tears came into his eyes. The hands were so beautiful—so like her hands.

She took the cup and rinsed it carefully and slowly. At the same moment little feet pattered along the passage and baby hands beat upon the door. She opened it and carried little Margery to the bedside, telling her to be very quiet. But Geraldson had turned his face to the wall, and took no notice. Having looked at him gravely, the child seated herself upon the floor, and began to examine the heap of treasures in her lap. Suddenly she held out a chubby hand with an envelope.

"A 'etter!" she said, emphatically, to the strange lady. "A 'etter!"

"Is it for me, dear?"

"Ess, for 'oo!" She ran across the room, and held it out, triumphantly. The eyes under the sunbonnet glanced at it with indifference. Then at the name on it—a name with no address—the beautiful hands clutched it eagerly. A moment after a touch on Geraldson's shoulder forced him to turn.

"Here is a letter," said the quiet voice, "to a Miss Vining. The address is not finished. Do you wish it mailed?"

At the thought of her so far away, so inaccessible, Geraldson's eyes filled again.

"No, no," he muttered, turning to the wall again, "it isn't to be posted. I haven't any right!" The next minute he begged her, half-querulously, to give it to him that he might put it under his pillow. But the room was empty. She had gone.

Outside, on the veranda, she paced up and down with the unopened envelope in her hand. He had wanted it back. She had known that even as she had closed the door, but it didn't belong to him. With her name upon it, it certainly belonged to her. But ought she to read it? Ought she? Well, she didn't care—she must! It was hers, after all. Tearing it open, she saw the tender superscription, and all her scruples vanished like the wind. Then she read it to the end and kissed it many times, and walking up and down, longed, yet hesitated, to go back into the darkened chamber.

Geraldson lay awake without any desire to take up the thread of life again. All his difficulties pressed upon him, and he felt listless and dispirited in his gloomy room. But a soft sound, the drawing of the blind, the flooding of the room with sunshine, caused him to turn with a faint revival of interest. The light was the light of sunset, just bright enough to make everything clear, and some one with shining hair was standing near the window. Surely he knew that poise of the head. Only one woman carried her head just like that! And yet he must be dreaming!

"Who are you?" he cried, eagerly.

A clear voice came through the stillness. "I've brought an answer to your letter."

"My letter to her? But it wasn't addressed. It wasn't—"

"There wasn't any need to send it. You see, Elsie Vining isn't in Boston just now."

"Not in Boston! Then where is she? Where is she?"

She came toward him. He saw her in the level sunlight as men see visions.

"Don't you understand, Gerald? Don't you understand?"

It was her voice. He raised himself on the pillows. "Elsie! Elsie!" he cried.

She dropped on her knees beside him. She gave him her hands and her face.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1905.

France's wine harvest in 1904 was 1,743,959,650 gallons. The *Cleveland Leader* wants to know how many Americans realize, even in the dimmest fashion, what that means. It is the equivalent of a canal of wine ten feet deep, one hundred feet wide, and forty-four miles long.

THE CRITIC AND THE SYNDICATE.

"Life's" Fight Against the Theatrical Managers: Its Critic Barred
From Syndicate Playhouses—How It Happened—
Other Critics Also Barred.

James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, has commenced suit against the Association of Theatrical Managers, charging them with conspiracy in keeping him from certain of their theatres, to which he went in the pursuit of his regular calling, and to which he had tickets. The doorkeepers in several instances acknowledged the validity of the tickets, but said they had instructions not to allow Mr. Metcalfe to enter. His attempts to pass the doorkeepers were sufficiently resisted to support the charge that technical force had been used against him. The law proceedings are in only their preliminary stages as yet, but both sides are in dreadful earnest, and not only theatrical people but the general public are watching the fight with interest. Daniel Frohman, Marc Klaw, Abraham Erlanger, Henry W. Savage, Charles Burnham, and others have been summoned as defendants.

For years *Life* has kept up a systematic and vigorous fight against the theatrical syndicate, asserting that it has debauched the theatrical business; has tyrannized over playwrights, actors, and the general public; has made no effort to secure good plays; and, by controlling the situation, has forced the public to accept whatever it offered. All these contentions Metcalfe, *Life's* critic, has supported in a manner that could not fail to make his victims squirm. His criticisms and signed articles have been supplemented by jokes, satirical verses, caricatures, and cartoons, all calculated to make the theatrical managers ridiculous, or worse. They are all Jews, and this fact was not lost sight of in the shafts of wit, ridicule, and condemnation that *Life* leveled against them. It has been that paper's contention that Jews of the worst type dominate the theatrical situation, not only in New York but all over the country. So, as a Jewish organization, the syndicate was attacked.

The trouble came to a climax through a suit that was brought against *Life* for libel by Klaw & Erlanger, one of the most prominent Jewish theatrical firms. At the time of the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, "Mr. Bluebeard" was the bill. Klaw & Erlanger were part owners of the theatre, and were the owners and booking agents of "Mr. Bluebeard." *Life*, shortly after the fire and its terrible consequences, published a full-page cartoon showing a theatre exit barred, smoke pouring through it, hands and arms supplicating help thrust through a crack in the padlocked door, and a hideous, clothed skeleton, arms folded, a leer on his face, and keys in his belt, standing on the steps. Underneath the cartoon was the legend: "Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger present 'Mr. Bluebeard,' late of the Iroquois Theatre." Assuredly, it was a savage cartoon, a merciless, scathing rebuke to what *Life* denominated criminal greed and negligence. I don't wonder that Klaw & Erlanger were infuriated by it. But their libel suit was lost, a jury deciding, after five minutes' deliberation, that *Life* was justified in publishing the cartoon.

It was almost immediately after this that a resolution was adopted by the Association of Theatrical Managers to the effect that Metcalfe be kept out of the forty-seven playhouses controlled by the members. The reason given was that Metcalfe has been a Jew-baiter, who, through his paper, constantly ridiculed and insulted Jews—sufficient reason, the Jewish managers thought, for them to keep him from their places of entertainment.

Every one who has read *Life* knows how fiercely it has fought the Jews in their theatre-management capacity. Nothing has been too severe for it to say, as witness some of the following paragraphs:

Strange things are coming to pass in the world of the American stage. The strangest thing is that the Hebrew is getting an education.

It lies quite within *Life* and duty to appeal to American public sentiment against powerful combinations of rich Jews, who are using their power to search the stews and sewers of Europe's capitals for filth to put before the American people.

Life believes that the debauchery of the American stage was brought about by the Hebrew.

The American theatre is a building devoted to exhibitions of filth, froth, and frippery under the direction of Hebrew foxes for the education of Gentile geese. . . . The syndicate is always Hebrew, with minor Hebrews in the box-office and press agency.

Life's defense for having published the above and similar paragraphs is that the situation justified it; and that the attacks were not on the Jews of the syndicate as representative Jews, but as bad Jews, who, had they been Irish, German, Chinese, or of any other race, would have received the same castigation. It also points out that it is not averse to praising Belasco and other anti-syndicate Jews.

Life is not without its supporters in this contention. One of its chief champions is the *Daily Jewish Times*, a leader among the Hebrew papers of New York. It says that the men who are quarreling with him are Jews only when in trouble—that they are not recognized by reputable Jews, but that when any one assails them they at once fly to the protection of the banner of Judea.

Other papers outside of New York support *Life*, pat it on the back, and urge Metcalfe to go ahead, but he receives little encouragement from New York dailies. In fact, the dailies do not support their own critics

against the syndicate. Acton Davies, of the *Sun*, has been harred from all of Klaw & Erlanger's playhouses, yet his paper has brought no suits in his behalf. Alan Dale, of the *Journal*, has suffered the same indignity, and both these critics were kept out of Daly's during the Nance O'Neil engagement. The *Press* is not allowed representation at any of Klaw & Erlanger's houses on account of the late Hilary Bell's articles against the syndicate. Even William Winter, of the *Tribune*, was refused admission to two or three syndicate houses a year ago.

The reason that the dailies are so apathetic is that the Jews control not only the theatres, the advertising of which cuts quite a figure in the journalistic business-office, but they also control the great department and clothing stores, the advertisements of which occupy whole pages in the dailies—and whole pages cost more money than the proprietors of the dailies care to risk losing. So these papers, while not unkind to Metcalfe, are careful to be kind to the syndicate.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1905. FLANEUR.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The late "Pittsburg Phil," the gambler, left a fortune of not less than \$3,500,000.

Bombita, the foremost *matador* of Spain, who has retired from the bull-ring at the instance of a wealthy father-in-law, was recently the guest of honor at a banquet given by thirty of his colleagues. After the banquet, Bombita's beautiful Andalusian wife, with all due ceremony, cut off her husband's *colita*, or queue, the bull-fighter's professional badge.

How closely President Roosevelt is guarded by the Secret-Service men is indicated by the fact that on January 1st, when four or five thousand visitors shook hands with President Roosevelt in the Blue Parlor of the White House, government detectives, stationed along the line of visitors, gave the orders "Hands out of your pockets!" and "Hat in your left hand!" These orders were quietly spoken, but they were said so firmly that they were never once disobeyed. The President of the United States will not soon again be put in danger of his life through a man or woman approaching him with extended hand covered by hat or handkerchief and holding underneath a deadly weapon. No person will get the opportunity of shooting at a President through the pocket of a coat or overcoat. The Secret Service will see to that.

Winston Churchill, author of "The Crossing," writes to the editor of the *Evening Post*: "How did your usually well-informed editor get the idea that I am out of politics? I am happy to assure him that I am now serving my second term in the New Hampshire legislature, and I trust that the other literary gentlemen whom he mentions are not as dead (politically) as he would make them out. Your political editorial writer must learn not to believe everything he reads in his newspapers, because there is a boss in New Hampshire who owns a newspaper, and who publishes a funeral notice of me nearly every week. And yet I refuse to die. Your editorial says that literary men are looked upon with suspicion by politicians. Everybody is looked upon with suspicion by politicians. When I am dead I will drop you a line."

It is doubtful whether any artist ever had a centenarian for a sitter until John S. Sargent painted the portrait of Manuel Garcia, just completed. A cable dispatch from London states that the portrait will be presented to the venerable singing-master on his one hundredth birthday, which occurs a few weeks hence, together with an album with signatures of his admirers in all parts of the world. It is eighty years since Garcia and his famous sister, Malibran, visited New York in the opera company brought over by their father, the famous composer and impresario. The unhappy marriage of the sister in New York, the extension of the operatic tour to Mexico, and the loss of its entire proceeds to brigands in that country, are stories that opera-goers of to-day have heard from the lips of their grandfathers. Human life is being protracted and centenarians are not uncommon, but comparatively few have had such interesting experiences as Manuel Garcia.

King Oscar the Second of Sweden and Norway has made Crown Prince Gustaf regent until further notice. The reason given for this step is the king's illness. Oscar the Second has been called the ablest ruler of the nineteenth century, and the most democratic king that ever lived. As a referee in international arbitrations he has had an importance in world politics out of all proportion to the rank of his kingdom. At home, owing to the peculiar constitution of the dual kingdom, he has had a position which called for the highest quality of tact and diplomacy, and he has pulled Sweden and Norway through a dozen threatened storms. Oscar is a Viking in appearance—six feet four inches tall, powerful and handsome. Next to his books and his music, he has taken most delight in traveling about among his people in a supposed *incognito*. It is said that every one knew who he was when he took those trips, but it was etiquette not to seem to know. He has always been popular, both at home and abroad. Although Gustaf has hardly shown his hand as yet, it is thought that he is less liberal than his father. In 1901, Oscar granted the Liberal demands which Gustaf opposed.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Laboratory.

ANCIENT REGIME.

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is with her, and they know that I know
Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears
While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste!
Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,
Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come!
And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,
Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too?

Had I hut all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket!

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!
But to light a pastille, and Elsie, with her head
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should
Dead!

Quick—is it finish'd? The color's too grim!
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer.

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me!
That's why she ensnared him: this never will free
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, "No!"
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whisper'd, I hrought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought
Could I keep them one half minute fix'd, she would fall
Shrive!d: she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I hid you spare her the pain;
Let death be felt and the proof remain:
Brand, burn up, hite into its grave—
He is sure to remember her dying face!

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose;
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee!
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's!

—Robert Browning.

The Slaying of Rosamond.

[According to the legend, Rosamond Clifford, surnamed Fair, the mistress of King Henry the Second of England (1150), was concealed by him from Queen Eleanor in a labyrinth maze. This maze the jealous queen penetrated by means of a silken clue, and put Rosamond to death. This incident forms the theme of Swinburne's dramatic poem, "Rosamond," from which the following passage is quoted, beginning at the point where queen discovers the king's mistress.]

QU. EL.—Here, golden lady, look me in the face:
Give me both hands, that I may read you through.
See how the blood runs, how the eyes take light,
How the mouth sets when one is beautiful.
Ah sweet, and shall not men praise God for you?

ROS.—I shall die now. Madam, you are the queen.

QU. EL.—Does fear so speak?

ROS.— Not so; for pain with me
Is a worn garment or that common food
That sleep comes after best; what wrath will do
I make no reckoning with.

QU. EL.— What love hath done

I keep the count of; did he not hold this way?
Did you not set both hands behind his head,
And curl your body like a snake's? not set
Each kiss between the hair of lip and chin,
Cover your face upon his knees, draw down
His hands on you, shut either eye to kiss?
Then it was "Love, a gold hand either side,
A gold ring to pull close each knot of hair!"

"Nay, not so; kiss me rather like a bird
That lets his bill cut half the red core through
And rend and bite for pleasure,—oh! I felt
What pinched my lips up after?"—was it not?

Did it not sting! the hood, pluck at the heath
If a bird caught his song up in the leaves?
Eh! this was sweet, too, that you called the king
Some girl's name with no royal note in it
To spoil the chatter,—some name like a kiss
The lips might loose and hesitate upon?

He would weave up this yellow skein of yours
To knot and ravel, though his hands might pluck
Some plait a little overmuch; your throat,
Pure pearl, too fair to swell or strain with sobs,
One would not have a rough thing rasp it round,
Not steel to touch it, only soft warm silk.

Will you not sing now, lose your hair well out
For me to hold the gracious weft? Alas,
So white you grow, love; the head drops indeed,
A moan comes out of that kissed mouth of yours!
You harlot, are you sick to look at me?

Though my heel bruise you in the gold snake's head
I choke to touch you. . . .

It were good game to get white iron out
As did God's priest with a king's harlot once,
Burn up your hair and brand between your eyes
That I might have you wear me so in red.

Besides to-night the king will look for you,
"Eh, Rosamond? she hides then closer yet,
May he for fear of passengers that slip
Between those waters: I shall have her now.

Ha love, have I said right?" would he kiss you,
Spoil face and all?—You will die simply then?
You do the wiselier. . . .

[After some further colloquy ROSAMOND drinks of the

It is done indeed.
Perchance now it should please you to be sure
This were no poison? as it is, it is.

Ha, the lips tighten so across the teeth
They should hite in, show blood; low white she is,
Yea, white! dead green now like a fingered leaf.

—Algernon Charles Swinburn

THE REAL SWINBURNE.

Shy to Painfulness—Cares for No One But His Own Kin and Watts-Dunton—Unfashionable in Dress.

I often read paragraphs and articles about Swinburne in the papers that make me laugh. It is impossible that even a tenth of them can be true. The fact is, no one but his own immediate relatives know anything about him—except just one man, Theodore Watts-Dunton. He goes nowhere, associates with no one, outside of his own family, and whenever he notifies the different members of his family that he proposes to visit them, it is with the express understanding that no outsiders shall be present, and no one who calls during his visit is admitted. The fact is, he is bored with people. He is too much of a gentleman to show it, and so he simply wishes to avoid having to put the restraint of assumed politeness and civility upon himself. But he thoroughly enjoys his few hours with his kith and kin, his own flesh and blood, and comports himself with the freedom and naturalness of his boyhood days.

One of his greatest favorites—indeed, you might say his greatest favorite—among his near relatives, he lost some six years ago by the death of an aunt who lived in a beautiful old house in the Isle of Wight. This was Lady Mary Gordon, the widow of Sir Henry Gordon, who had been senior wrangler at Cambridge in the forties. This aunt, who was the sister of his mother, he used to visit often, and stay weeks at a time. He was perfectly free and natural with her, and "was just like other people," the servants said. He has one sister left, to whom he is very much attached. One hears little or nothing of her, for she possesses all the retiring delicacy of the true gentlewoman. But people whose privilege it is to know her, will tell you what a cultured, accomplished, and really brilliant woman she is. Were she not so averse to having public notice directed toward her, she would fill a place in the world's esteem more worthily than those whose merits are so much inferior, but whose modesty does not interfere with their every act being known.

I have often wondered how the poet ever mustered up courage to let his poems be published, for he was (and is still) naturally shy to painfulness. Indeed, all the Swinburnes are shy. And shyness is a quality to be cherished—one meets it so seldom, as you find it in this family. However, with the poet, his genius overcame his shyness, and you would never expect from his poetry that he is shy. But sit opposite to him and look at him, as I have done often, for, say, ten minutes. Were it any one else you would think he was nervous. His glance never meets yours. He seldom speaks. Should you speak, he will reply by a low bow. Should Watts-Dunton be present, you will see them converse naturally and easily together, but in so low a tone that you hear nothing but a murmur. I have heard people say that Swinburne is conceited and puffed up, and thinks no one is good enough to waste himself upon. That is utter rubbish. It takes him a long time to get to know people. When he began with Watts (as he was then) it was just the same. He used to answer him by bows. But fate threw them together, and kept them together, until the present friendship, of the Pylades and Orestes pattern, got established between them; and now Watts-Dunton and he might be brothers. One thing—Watts-Dunton is a man of infinite tact. He is very clever, and he knows Swinburne to the backbone. So he never tires him. Therefore the two go on living together, Swinburne, often for days in the summer, never leaving the long grassy garden of their semi-detached villa, where the poet sits under a tree, or against the ivy-covered back wall of the house in an arm-chair. All the yarns about him are mostly the veriest rubbish. His people are much amused at them. He never notices them. Indeed, I doubt if any one would venture to call his attention to what the papers said of him. The most absurd tale is that of his jumping off the deck of a steamer, as though he were committing suicide. It is about the last thing he would do—to draw attention to himself. In that, as in everything else, he shows his gentle blood. The color of the story came from his daily swims when he stayed with his aunt in the Isle of Wight. One of her places there, for she had several, had a garden terraced to the beach, and it was from this place that he used to go for his morning sea bath.

Swinburne has been said to be an atheist. He is far from that. He is not orthodox, perhaps, and believes, with most men of the present day, that the worship of God is best shown in obedience. Just as being obeyed is more gratifying to the Deity than all the chants and anthems and processions and banners that man-made ritual directs to be used in his honor.

"Which would a father prefer," I have heard him ask, "for his child to do: what he told him, or to sing a song to him?"

In nine cases out of ten when you see him and are told, "There! that is Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet," you won't believe it. Should you chance to meet him, walking near his house at Putney—a rare occurrence—you would pass him by without giving him a

thought. Perhaps, if you noticed him at all, you would think you were passing a quiet carpenter or gardener, not exactly out of work, but dressed in his Sunday clothes. But let this speak no disparagement to the great man of letters, nor let it be taken as evidence that he does not outwardly show the blue blood which unquestionably courses in his veins. He shares his uncouthness of appearance with dozens of other men of high birth. His unfashionable dress has, of course, much to do with it. And he wears, as I heard a lady once say, "such dreadful boots." Truth to tell, they are not very smart, though he gets them made by one of the best bootmakers in Bond Street. If I told the name, the shop would be interviewed by *Express* representatives as soon as the next *Argonaut* came over, and snap-shots of his lasts given in photogravure reproductions. But I may say that the boots themselves are generally of *glacé* kid, perfectly plain, without tips, or toe caps, as some people call them, and have elastic sides. They have also very thick soles. They are, in fact, what in America are known, or used to be known, as gaiters.

His favorite dress consists of light-gray trousers, made exceeding wide and shapeless, like the clerical black trousers worn by "advanced" clergymen. His coat and waistcoat are of smooth black cloth, and bound with narrow silk braid. He abhors "fashion." This isn't affectation, the least little bit. The poet is far too natural and uncaring to be affected. That is to say, natural, in a Swinburnian sense, for it would hardly do for the nature of all mankind to show itself as it is shown in Swinburne. It would be a pity, for more reasons than one. His shirt collars are turn-down—not the "up and down" monstrosities which all good "Johnnies" wear, but the simple, very old-fashioned, wide-apart at the throat sort which scarcely show above the coat collar, and give him an appearance at the back of having a bare neck. His necktie is a wide black silk. There is not so very much that is now to be said further of his personal appearance. So much has been said already, beginning years ago, when *Harper's Magazine* gave a labored and absurdly erroneous account of him and his family, embellished by reproductions of antiquated photographs lacking in chronological degree or sequence, that the reading world has formed a pretty fair impression of the little red-bearded man who is the leading poet of our time. He is seen sometimes in the streets, but seldom; and then chiefly by people who don't know who he is. Those who do, see him with his hat on. The fact that he has a large head, is well known, and that it is out of all proportion with his tiny body. But to get a proper idea of his head, you must see him without his hat. You will then be struck by the dome-like expanse of his forehead, now that the fast silvering hair has retreated so far back. I don't know why it is, but whenever I see it I invariably call to mind Conan Doyle's description of the forehead of Professor Moriarty.

HUBERT GERALD BURGESS.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Millionaire Baby," by Anna Katharine Green.
3. "Whoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymus.
5. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
3. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
4. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Stanley J. Weyman.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "The Brethren," by Rider Haggard.
4. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.
5. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.

Oscar Wilde's Literary Remains.

Robert Ross addresses to the London *Chronicle* the following letter:

My attention has been drawn to a very interesting article by Mr. Tighe Hopkins in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 27th, where it is suggested that a translation of *D'Aureville* is from the pen of Mr. Oscar Wilde. Shortly after his death several English translations of risky books were issued by a Paris publisher bearing his name indeed, but coming from some other gifted source, and in second-hand book catalogues a number of anonymous and often pornographic works of no literary merit are constantly ascribed to him by the enthusiastic vendors. I venture to think you will agree that this is a kind of posthumous punishment from which the author of "Lady Windemere's Fan" is entitled to be released. With the exception of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and the two letters on prison life

contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote nothing after his release from prison. Though he planned several plays he was never able to fulfill the hopes he had entertained of resuming his literary and dramatic activity. Besides the work "De Profundis" (which will appear very shortly, as already announced in your columns), and composed while still a prisoner at Reading, only three of his works will remain unpublished—the "Florentine Tragedy" and "La Sainte Courtisane" and the "Duchess of Padua." The manuscripts of the two former have, unfortunately, been lost, while the "Duchess," though never issued in English, has recently been translated into German by Dr. Max Meyerfeld, and was reviewed by Mr. Archer in the *Daily Chronicle* a short while ago.

Disraeli's Novel.

A writer in the *Times* of New York explains why he thinks Disraeli chose the name Joseph Toplady Falconet for William Ewart Gladstone, who is satirized in the great Jew's unfinished novel, which is being published: "First, by the same number of names, viz. three; second, by the substitution of 'Joseph' for William, in order to render the name even more plebeian, or, was it because 'Joseph' was the youngest son, the favorite, the recipient of the 'coat of many colors,' and the one who afterward came into power, as Mr. Gladstone did? This would be very like Beaconsfield; and, third, by the use of 'Toplady,' which is probably one of his best and most stinging satires, for it is well known that Mr. Gladstone's favorite hymn was the 'Rock of Ages,' composed by the Rev. Augustus Toplady, and translated by Mr. Gladstone into both Greek and Italian. 'Falconet' is merely a play upon the nickname 'Owl,' by which Mr. Gladstone, for his always solemn appearance of wisdom, was, in his younger days, known, while in his last years the nickname became more particularly appropriate, as his large, wide-open, lustrous eyes and prominent nose bore witness."

John Lane has in press a volume by sprightly, paradoxical G. K. Chesterton, entitled "Heretics," in which the author treats of the writings of Kipling, Yeats, H. G. Wells, Omar, and the English "Omarites," George Bernard Shaw, and others.

The American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society is issuing a new edition of the theological writings of Emanuel Swe-

denberg, of which the first volume, "The Four Doctrines with the Nine Questions," is translated from the original Latin by the Rev. John Faulkner Potts, B. A., London.



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GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE.

Strikingly Picturesque Career of Famous Author, Soldier, and Diplomat—How He Wrote "Ben Hur"—Quarrel with Grant.

General Lewis Wallace (or "Lew" as he preferred to write his name), who died at his home in Crawfordsville, Ind., on Wednesday of last week, aged seventy-eight years, won fame in three departments of activity—as an author, a soldier, and a diplomat. Born in Brookville, Ind., on April 10, 1827, Wallace grew up to be a wild boy. His father, David Wallace, who, in 1837, became governor of Indiana, endeavored to have the lad go to school, but with small success. The elder Wallace was accustomed to say that, though he had paid Lew's school tuition for fourteen years, the future author of "Ben Hur" only attended school one year, and spent even that caricaturing his teachers. However, like many another wild motherless youth (his mother died when he was ten), Lew managed to get a smattering of knowledge from his father's well-stocked library, and, as he approached his majority, undertook, at parental instigation, the study of law. But neither did the law appeal to him; he was accustomed to term it "the most detestable of human occupations," and when the war with Mexico broke out, Wallace chucked his Blackstone into a corner and enlisted with alacrity. He helped raise a company—Company H, of the First Indiana Infantry—and was made second lieutenant. Curiously enough, at this time Wallace had already begun (at eighteen) the first of his published books, "The Fair God," and he always regarded it as one of the most singular coincidences of his life that just at that time events should take him to the scene of his story. The war was soon over, but Wallace had covered himself with glory, and then returned dolefully to the law. It is said that "repelled by the labor of routine, he could never prepare a case; but when it was to be argued in court before a jury, he took his partner's statements of the law and the evidence, and from his own convictions of right would make an appeal of such eloquence as rarely failed of effect." It was about this time that he married Susan A. Elston, widow of a pioneer of Crawfordsville, who was herself the author of several books, and with whom he lived happily.

Then the Civil War broke out. Again Wallace deserted the law, and showed his military ability by organizing in three days the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers, of which he became colonel. He served with distinction and honor in West Virginia and at Fort Donelson won a major-generalship. At the Battle of Shiloh, however, General Wallace's military reputation suffered a blow from which it never recovered. On the first day of the battle, he was in command of troops held in reserve, and was ordered by General Grant to bring his forces some six miles to the field at a specified time. Wallace failed, and Grant's plans were thrown into disorder. He criticised Wallace sharply, and in his "Memoirs," written long after the war, concludes his chapter on Shiloh with the remark that he did not understand at the time, and never has been able to since, why Wallace failed. This incident embittered the last twenty years of Wallace's life—as he was a proud man—and no longer ago than last year, in a speech delivered on the field of battle, the forty-second anniversary, General Wallace defended himself from the charge of disobeying orders, and declared that Grant's army was surprised on the morning of the first day by General Johnson's troops.

Toward the close of the war, General Wallace was sent as a secret emissary to Mexico to aid the Mexicans in their fight against the French under Maximilian. Wallace had an interview with General Juarez, found him with few troops and no arms, and, after consultation, immediately returned with the governor of Tamaulipas to the United States, where, with the aid of Matias Romero, the Mexican minister to Washington, \$5,000,000 worth of arms were bought and paid for with Mexican Government bonds. These arms turned the tide against Maximilian.

After the war, Wallace resumed his law practice and returned to the writing of "The Fair God," which was published in 1873. A chance conversation with "Bob" Ingersoll is said to have been the inspiration of the investigation that led to the writing of "Ben Hur," which appeared in 1880, and instantly became popular. By President Hayes, General Wallace was appointed territorial governor of New Mexico, and for a time led a strenuous life in his efforts to eradicate the "bad men." Subsequently President Garfield sent him as minister to Turkey. The story runs that Garfield, who greatly admired "Ben Hur," wrote "Ben Hur, J. A. G.," across one corner of the Presidential commission, and said to Wallace: "I want to send you as minister to Turkey, for the duties of your office will leave you ample leisure for writing, and I want you to give us a book on Constantinople." Hence "The Prince of India," which appeared in 1893, but failed of the success of "Ben Hur."

General Wallace, it is said, wrote only by a laborious study and painstaking toil. He was his own best critic and scrutinizing every line

before he let it appear in his final copy. He took twelve years to write "A Fair God," and five to write "Ben Hur." His habit was to write the rough draft of his ideas on a slate, so that erasures could be made easily, then to transfer the writing with a soft pencil to paper, and finally, when all was to his satisfaction, to copy the book in ink with the precision of a clerk. When "Ben Hur" was sent to Harpers it was beautifully executed in purple ink, every line of exact length, every page of writing almost identical in the number of words with an ordinary printed page. This was the book that the publishing house hesitated for a time about accepting, fearing that it might not prove a financial success. It has been translated into every important tongue in the world, and 2,000,000 copies have been sold in this country by Harpers. On the first million, the author received a royalty of fifteen cents the copy, on the second, thirty cents. The dramatization of "Ben Hur," which was made in 1899, was also enormously profitable. It has been played 1,800 times in America, England, and Australia, and netted General Wallace an income of \$35,000 a year. It was produced in London at the Drury Lane Theatre, and the king, then prince, attended no less than six performances of the play. At the time of his death, General Wallace was writing his autobiography, and had completed it up to the close of the Civil War period. General Wallace had some leanings toward art, and in his home hangs a portrait of Sultan Abdul Hamid, painted by himself from sketches he made secretly. Besides the three books mentioned, Wallace wrote "The Boyhood of Christ," "A Life of Benjamin Harrison," "The Wooing of Malkatoon," and a glowing flowery romance of the crusades in twenty-five chapters, which he produced at sixteen, has never seen the light. General Wallace was a man of distinguished manners, and imposing personal appearance. Among the important positions he held was that of a member of the commission appointed to try the assassin of President Lincoln. He leaves a fortune estimated at \$2,000,000.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jack London has abandoned, temporarily at least, the idea of touring the United States to give readings from his books, and is at present seeking solitude on board his sloop, the *Spray*, on the upper Sacramento, where he expects to remain some weeks longer. He is accompanied by Cloudsley Johns, and London's Korean protégé whom he brought back with him from Manchuria.

Let no man say hereafter that newspaper work is ephemeral. Mr. Robert Grier Cooke is to publish a volume entitled, "Casual Essays of the Sun," which will contain a selection from the editorials of more general interest printed in that pungent journal during the past twenty years.

It seems that "Briefe eines Dollarkönigs an seinen Sohn" was the only work of a foreign writer which was largely in demand in Germany last year. The author of this work is George Lorimer, of Philadelphia, and he wrote it in the American language.

Marie Corelli's latest novel is now in its one hundred and twentieth thousand.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce that they have definitely fixed February 25th as the date of publication for the new volume of Dr. A. Conan Doyle, entitled "The Return of Sherlock Holmes."

H. G. Wells, the author of those amazing romances of man's future on this and other planets, has collected a number of his briefer stories and Charles Scribner's Sons have made a book of them. They cover a wide range of subjects and motives, and will be presented in a fortnight with the title "Twelve Stories and a Dream."

Paul Elmer More's first series of "Shelburne Essays" has been received so well that a new volume is promised before long. It will contain a paper which recently elicited the praise of Th. Bentzon in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

It was erroneously stated in these columns last week that the price of Bryan J. Clinch's "California and Its Missions" is \$3.50; it is, in fact, \$5.00.

Oscar Wilde's posthumous work, "De Profundis," which G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish, will have for frontispiece a portrait of the author etched at the time of his visit here in 1882, by J. Kelly.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that Booker T. Washington's autobiography, "Up from Slavery," is to be published at Shanghai in a Chinese translation by Cheng Han, who has written the American firm that he had already obtained the illustrations to be used in the Russian edition, which is nearly ready for issue. It is interesting to state in this connection that the book has already appeared in Germany, East India, Holland, Spain, Poland, England, Norway, and France.

E. J. Dillon, the well-known English journalist and traveler, has written a detailed life of Maxim Gorky, the Russian tramp novelist and friend of the people, who has brought

himself into such prominence and danger through his connection with the strikers' riots in Russia. The biography is being published in English in this country by McClure, Phillips & Co.

More than two hundred thousand copies of Dickens's various books were sold in England during the month of December last, which would seem to indicate that the novelist holds his popularity pretty well.

"Nora Hopper," who is Mrs. Hugh Chesson, has hitherto been known as a writer of verse and fantasies. She has now written a novel of contemporary life, which will be published under the title, "The Bell and the Arrow."

Mrs. Clayton Glyn, whose first book, "The Visits of Elizabeth," was so successful, has finished a new one, to be published soon under the title, "The Vicissitudes of Evangelism."

Around the World with "They."

Sandwiched in among these unfeeling tales of war and of horseplay is the dainty flower called "They," in which Mr. Kipling strikes the deepest and truest note he has yet achieved.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"They" is the charming bit of mysticism recently printed in the same magazine, a tale in which Mr. Kipling's feeling for children is delicately expressed.—*New York Tribune*.

There remains, then, "They," the story of dream children, which some admire, and others declare they do not understand, which certainly suffers from overmuch vagueness in the attempt to create the proper mystic, intangible atmosphere. The impression left by these three stories is that the *genre* is not Kipling's own, that he can handle it with all the deftness of a superb craftsman, but that he would do far better to leave it alone.—*New York Mail*.

"They" is in many respects one of the loveliest and most exquisite of Kipling's imaginative creations. Technically it is absolutely flawless. Nothing more delicately fanciful, more wonderfully elusive, could be conceived; and we have here a triumph of literary art in the projection of an atmosphere of old-world mysticism in close contact with the realities of intensely modern life. Indeed, this contrast only heightens the effect; and when the motor-car puffs across the sun-hated lawn before the house where "They" have made their home, no incongruity is felt; but rather do the natural and the supernatural blend into one harmonious and unchallenged verity.—*Horry Thurston Peck in the Bookman (New York)*.

Regarding the explanation of the story "They," by Rudyard Kipling, I am willing to concede a poetic license, but this story is evidently written by a Spiritualist to impress his readers into a belief in materialized spirits, or else while under the influence of some narcotic, for to see and to hear those departed at windows, on the lawn, in the hall, behind the screen, on the stairway is a stretch of imagination so out of keeping with common sense that the story "They," is, in my judgment, puerile.—*J. W. W. in New York Herald*.

Kipling's latest masterpiece in the August *Scribner's* arouses so much discussion because it is essentially undiscussable. It may be felt by some, but interpreted to others by none. Only those who have suffered can see.—*New York Independent*.

The story "They," the origin of which has been so widely and impertinently discussed, represents the highest poetic point that pure English narrative prose can reach; as for its meaning, people either understand it or they do not understand it; if they do not understand it, nothing but life and experience can instruct them.—*The London Outlook*.

Without wishing to boast of any unusual achievement, I must lay claim to a really intimate knowledge of Rudyard Kipling's work, with a vivid, profound admiration for it. And out of the depths of this knowledge I declare that a story in this volume called "They" is the most exquisite story of his I have ever read. It is simply marvelous that a man can write "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" and the Recessional hymn one day, and next day put aside this virile work, this clear, dramatic tale-telling and stately, solemn verse, to play with gossamer, to suggest the indescribable and intangible, to hint at a tale of the spirit world in faint thrilling whispers.—*Edward H. Cooper in London Daily Mail*.

"They," the alleged masterpiece whose "beautiful mystery" has exercised so many people anxious by all means to be improved, is merely a patch of fog obscuring nothing in particular.—*A. G. Stephens in Sydney (Australia) Bulletin*.

"Ghost story" is too material and gross a phrase to describe a work of such wistful beauty, of such haunting loveliness, and strange indefinable charm, as the tale entitled "They." It is a perfect thing. Its beauty is as absolute as that of sunset or of dawn.—*Argonaut*.

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"THE WONDERS OF LIFE."

some Conclusions by One of the World's Great Thinkers—Miracles, Origin of Life, Suicide, Euthanasia, and Marriage.

Ernst Haeckel, of the University of Jena, Germany, is one of the most distinguished philosophers living. His long life has been devoted solely to science. As long ago as 1866, he published his "General Morphology." In 1868, he wrote "The History of Creation." These books he followed with many others in speculative philosophy and experimental science, and, in 1899, published "The Riddle of the Universe"—a work whose popularity has exceeded that of almost any other of its character published during recent years. A hundred thousand copies were sold within a year in Germany. Of the English translation also, the sales equaled his figure. In other countries, interest in the book was great. Hundreds of reviews and many books attacking "The Riddle of the Universe" were published. From readers of the book its author received no less than five thousand personal letters, to which, he says, he at first endeavored to reply, but later had to content himself with sending a printed acknowledgment.

Professor Haeckel is now seventy-one years of age, and it is not unlikely that this new book that comes from his pen, "The Wonders of Life," will be his last. It is the flower of his fifty years of thought and investigation. It is a work of the first importance, and it will be interesting, we think, to sketch briefly his conclusions about life and living at which his venerable *savant* has arrived.

Of course, it is well known that Professor Haeckel rejects abruptly the whole body of so-called supernatural phenomena. "In seeking to solve the riddle of the universe," he says, "the only paths which I had recognized; profitable were those of experience and thought—or empirical knowledge and speculation. I had insisted that these two methods supplemented each other, and that they alone, under the direction of reason, led to the attainment of truth. At the same time, I had rejected as false two other much frequented paths which purported to lead directly to a profounder knowledge, the ways of intuition and revelation; both of these are in opposition to reason, since they demand a belief in miracles."

Further, on the subject of miracles and religion, Professor Haeckel says with some aptness:

For my part, I hold that superstition and religion are the worst enemies of the human race, while science and reason are its greatest friends. Hence it is our duty and task to attack the belief in miracles, wherever we find it, in the interest of the race. We have proved that the reign of natural law extends over the whole world of phenomena as far as we can reach it. A general survey of the history of faith on the one hand, and of science on the other, clearly shows that the advance of the latter has always been accompanied by an increasing knowledge of fixed natural laws and the shrinking of superstition to an ever-lessening area.

And again on the same topic:

When we compare the higher forms of religion of civilized nations we find the same notional cravings and thought-processes instantly recurring, and the belief in miracles developing, in much the same way. The great founders of the great monotheistic Mediterranean religions—Moses, Christ, and Mohammed—were equally regarded as wonder-working prophets, having direct intercourse with God in virtue of their special gifts, and transmitting His commands to men in the shape of laws. The extraordinary authority they enjoy, which has given so much prestige to the religions they founded, is grounded for ordinary people on their miraculous powers—the healing of the sick, the raising of the dead, the expulsion of devils, etc. If we examine the miracles of Christ as they are given in the gospel, they run counter to the laws of nature and rational explanations just in the same way as the similar miracles of Buddha, Brahma in Hindoo mythology, or Mohammed in the Koran.

The myth of the conception and birth of our Christ is mere fiction, and is at the same stage of superstition as a hundred other myths of other religions. Of the three persons who are mysteriously blended in the one God, the Son Christ is supposed to be gotten by both Father and Holy Ghost, syngogenetically through the Virgin Mary. We have dealt with the physiology of parthenogenesis in the seventeenth chapter of "The Riddle." The curious adventures of Christ after his death, the descent into hell, resurrection, and ascension, are also fantastic myths due to the narrow geocentric ideas of uneducated people. . . . The idea of the last judgment, with Christ sitting on the throne of the Father, as many famous medieval pictures represent (notably Michaelangelo's in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican), is another outcome of a thoroughly dish and anthropomorphic attitude.

Professor Haeckel is not one of those who content to let "the women and children" whatever solace they may in religion, but he believes that ecclesiastical superstition must be combated like other palpable evils. "It is the question of the highest interests of humanity," he says; "the struggle against superstition and ignorance is a fight for civilization. Our modern civilization will emerge from it in triumph, and we shall

only eliminate the last barbaric features from our social and political life when the light of true knowledge has driven out the belief in miracles and the prejudices of dualism. . . . Modern spook-seeking has no more value than mediæval magic, cabalistic, astrology, necromancy, dream-interpretation, and invocation of the devil."

One reason that Professor Haeckel cites for the continued strength of religion in the face of scientific hattering is its alliance with the state. On this point, he says:

Most modern governments maintain the connection with the church in the idea that the traditional belief in the miraculous is the best security for their own continuance. Throne and altar must protect and support each other. However, this conservative Christian policy meets two obstacles in an increasing measure. On the one hand, the ecclesiastical hierarchy is always trying to set its spiritual power above the secular and make the state serve its own purposes; and, on the other hand, the modern right of popular representation affords an opportunity to make the voice of reason heard and oppose the reactionary conservatives with opportune reforms. The chief rulers and the ministers of public instruction, who have a great influence in this struggle, generally favor the teaching of the church, not out of conviction of its truths, but because they think knowledge brings unrest, and because docile and ignorant subjects are easier to rule than educate and independent citizens.

In the chapter on "Life," Professor Haeckel discusses what has been called one of the three great problems of the universe—the origin of life. He dismisses the creation theory, and re-promulgates his theory of what he calls "archigony"—the theory that between what might be called the highest form of inorganic chemical action and the lowest form of organic chemical action there is no real dividing line. At some period in the world's history, or it may be at many periods, the lowest forms of organic existence—the simple plasm—took their rise. Professor Haeckel points out that experimentation which fails to duplicate this archigony by no means proves that it is impossible. Experimenters along these lines simply prove that they are unable to originate life, and touch not at all the vast question whether it did or did not originate independently in some past epoch. On this point, the author further says:

In the subject we are considering, the question to be put to nature is: "Under what conditions and in what manner is living matter (or plasm) formed from lifeless inorganic compounds?" We may confidently assume that in the period when archigony took place—the time when organic life first appeared on the cooled surface of the earth, at the beginning of the Laurentian Age—the conditions of existence were totally different from what they are now; but we are very far from having a clear idea of what they were, or from being able to reproduce them artificially. We are just as far from having a thorough chemical acquaintance with the albuminous compound to which plasm belongs. . . . As long as we are ignorant of the complex molecular structure of albumin, it is useless to attempt to produce it artificially. Yet in this position of the matter we would seek to produce that great wonder of life, the plasm, artificially, and when the experiment miscarries (as we should expect) we cry out: "Spontaneous generation is impossible." When we carefully consider the intelligent experiments that have been made in regard to archigony in the light of these facts, it is clear that their negative result does not in the slightest degree affect our question.

The chapter on "Death," Professor Haeckel begins with the following paragraph:

Nothing is constant but change! All existence is a perpetual flux of "being and becoming"! That is the broad lesson of the evolution of the world, taken as a whole or in its various parts. Substance alone is eternal and unchangeable, whether we call this all-embracing world-being Nature, or Cosmos, or God, or World-Spirit. The law of substance teaches us that it reveals itself to us in an infinite variety of forms, but that its essential attributes, matter and energy, are constant. All individual forms of substance are doomed to destruction. That will be the fate of the sun and its encircling planets, and of the organisms that now people the earth—the fate of the bacterium and of man. Just as the existence of every organic individual had a beginning, it will also undeniably have an end. Life and death are irrevocably united.

In the same chapter, it is worthy of note that Haeckel indorses Schopenhauer's dictum: "Clearly there is nothing in the world to which a man has a plainer right than his own life and person. It is simply ridiculous for criminal justice to deal with suicide." To this, Haeckel adds: "The voluntary death by which a man puts an end to intolerable suffering is really an act of redemption. We should, therefore, describe it as self-redemption, and look on it with Christian sympathy, not brand it pharisaically as 'self-murder.'" With these views on life, we may naturally expect that Professor Haeckel also affirms the right of men to end the lives of other men who are useless to society.

We must class as traditional dogma the widespread belief that man is bound under all circumstances to maintain and prolong life, even when it has become utterly useless—a source of pain to the incurable and of endless trouble to his friends. Hundreds of thousands of incurables—lunatics, lepers, people with cancer, etc.—are artificially kept

alive in our modern communities, and their sufferings are carefully prolonged, without the slightest profit to themselves or the general body. We have a strong proof of this in the statistics of lunacy and the growths of asylums and nerve-sanatoria. In Prussia alone there were 51,048 lunatics cared for in the asylums (six thousand in Berlin) in 1890; more than one-tenth of them were quite incurable (four thousand of them suffering from paralysis). In France, in 1871, there were 49,589 in the asylums (or 13.8 per thousand of the population), and in 1888 there were 70,443 (or 18.2 per thousand); thus, in the course of seventeen years, the absolute number of the unsound rose nearly 30 per cent. (29.6), while the total population only increased 5.6 per cent. In our day the number of lunatics in civilized countries is, on the average, five-sixths per thousand. If the total population of Europe is put at three hundred and ninety to four hundred millions, we have at least two million lunatics among them, and of these more than two hundred thousand are incurable. What an enormous mass of suffering these figures indicate for the invalids themselves, and what a vast amount of trouble and sorrow for their families, what a huge private and public expenditure! How much of this pain and expense could be spared if people could make up their minds to free the incurable from their indescribable torments by a dose of morphia! Naturally this act of kindness should not be left to the discretion of an individual physician, but be determined by a commission of competent and conscientious medical men. So, in the case of other incurables and great sufferers (from cancer, for instance), the "redemption from evil" should only be accomplished by a dose of some painless and rapid poison when they have expressed a deliberate wish (to be afterwards judicially proved) for this, and under the control of an authoritative commission.

On the concrete subject of marriage, the author expresses his views in the following paragraph:

Reason demands the liberation of marriage from ecclesiastical pressure. It demands that matrimony be grounded on mutual love, esteem, and devotion, and that it at the same time be counted a social contract, and be protected, as civil marriage, by proper legislation. But when the contracting parties find (as so often happens) that they have mistaken each other's character, and that they do not suit each other, they should be free to dissolve the bond. The pressure which comes of marriage being regarded as a sacrament, and which prevents the dissolution of unhappy marriages, is merely a source of vice and crime.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Call-All Euchre," by R. F. Foster. Brentano's; 75 cents.

"Mr. Waddy's Return," by Theodore Winthrop. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

"Stealthy Steve; A Satirical Detective Story," by Newton Newkirk. Illustrated. John W. Luce.

"Hawaiian Almanac and Annual for 1905," Thomas G. Thrum, compiler and publisher, Honolulu; 75 cents.

"Elements of Comparative Zoölogy," by J. S. Kingsley, S. D. Illustrated. Second edition. Henry Holt & Co.

"Walt Whitman," by Isaac Hull Platt. Small, Maynard & Co.; 75 cents—a brief biography of distinguished excellence.

"Strasbourg, par Paul et Victor Margueritte." Edited, with notes and vocabulary, by Oscar Kuhns. Henry Holt & Co.

"On Etna," by Norma Lorimer. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50—a story of Sicily; good descriptions but indifferent characterization.

"Guthrie of the Times," by Joseph A. Alsheler. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a rather good novel of politics and journalism.

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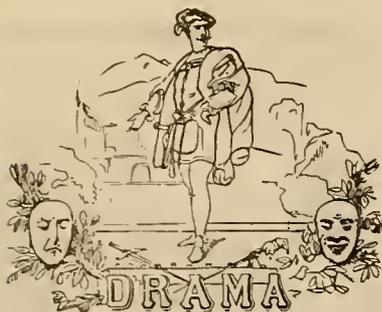
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Woman on the concert stage is always more of a show than man. If she is young, she has, perhaps, some beauty. If mature, she makes the best of her failing charms, and there is always the element of dress and jewels to attract feminine attention at least. If we could sift down the motives that animate those who pay well to listen to famous singers, we would always find an appreciable proportion who go because it is the thing, or to give their best clothes an airing, or for the exhilaration of forming one of a large and appreciative assembly. And always there is the curiosity, with many, to pass in review the looks, the Parisian clothes, and the jewels of the famous female singers.

The managers of Mr. David Bispham, in spite of his exceedingly high standing as a singer, knew better than to take him to the Alhambra. A mere man, and that a gray-haired one of mature years, and possessing no claims to being a professional beauty, would not possess sufficiently spectacular drawing powers to fill the large auditorium of that theatre. It was, however, a fortunate choice for those who assembled in goodly numbers at Lyric Hall for the privilege of listening to one of the most finished musical exponents known to the opera-loving world. The hall, although well filled at Mr. Bispham's first concert, is small enough in area to enable even those in the rear rows to be closely in touch with the singer; a desirable and pleasant state of things indeed with one who possesses in such a marked degree the ability to establish the *entente cordiale* with his audience. Mr. Bispham is a man of dignified presence; in his mien an unusual mingling of the aspect of the scholar, the artist, and the man of the world. His expression is that of an optimist and an enthusiast. I should not wonder if he could say, with Abou Ben Adhem, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." We have already heard and approved of Mr. Bispham in opera, but I doubt if, even in his most favored rôles, he could have awakened a keener appreciation than he did in Tuesday night's audience, who responded with such unfeigned delight to the charm of his singing.

Mr. Bispham's gift is rare and distinctive. Upon each of his songs is shed the illuminative interpretation of a profound musical and dramatic intelligence. It is odd, considering his Quaker ancestry, that this American singer is so fiery in his dramatic expression. He seems to have the temperament of fifty ordinary Latin opera-singers rolled into one. But it is, rather, temperaments guided, inspired, and controlled by that same fine and discerning intelligence which will not permit its owner to slight the meaning of a single syllable.

The programme for Tuesday night was a particularly well-chosen one, in the variety and striking character of the numbers selected, and in their particular applicability to Mr. Bispham's powers of versatility. His voice showed traces of fatigue—perhaps the wear and tear of his steady operatic work is telling on it. But its tone is so beautiful, so smooth, so musical, and superbly modulated, so admirable is his execution, and his singing is so charged with mobility and variety of expression, that one scarcely noticed defects that seem slight in an otherwise beautiful and almost perfect organ.

Mr. Bispham does with his audience what he pleases, and speedily holds them in the hollow of his hand. His first number, a beautiful selection from the "St. Matthew Passion" of Bach, was rendered in a manner so expressive of the hush and reverence of prayer, that we paused to wonder that the effect was gained through the medium of sound. "O Ruddier than the Cherry," with its dashing, brilliant runs, and its refrain full of a lover's hyperbole, plunged his hearers abruptly into another and a contrary mood—one of gayety and gallantry. So, too, with the "Chanson Ancienne," during the singing of which Mr. Bispham became all Gallic, and wholly irresistible. Meyerbeer's "The Monk" was the means of introducing the first strongly dramatic note, almost melodramatic, indeed, until the prayer for succor from the claims of the flesh came: a prayer of most touching appeal—sung in a smooth, firm, exquisite pianissimo to which few baritones could lull their resounding tones.

When he came to "Alberich's Curse," the instinct of the artist impelled Mr. Bispham to offer a few prefatory remarks explanatory of the motives and causes preceding the curse. So, too, with the prologue from "Pagliacci" and the number from "Falstaff," in

which the rotund knight celebrates the beauties of his former slenderness—a song from Verdi's famous opera, in the title-rôle of which Mr. Bispham achieved one of his greatest successes.

In the delivery of the "Curse," Mr. Bispham gave full rein to his celebrated dramatic powers, and with face, voice, and gesture transformed and electric with passion, indicated the fierce hatred and rage with which the earth-gnome hurled his malediction against his betrayers. One almost rubbed one's eyes when the aria from "Falstaff" followed. It seemed as if this flood of coaxing, rolling, insinuating, ductile Italian could not be issuing from the same lips that had but a few moments before sent forth a volley of thick, thunderous German maledictions. Here, indeed, is where Mr. Bispham's extraordinary ability as a linguist is recalled—for there are few opera-singers, male or female, who can, like him, sing entire parts with equal facility in four languages.

One naturally loves best to hear him sing in one's own language, yet would not willingly forego the privilege of noting how quickly he adapts himself to the national characteristics of the people whose language he is for the time singing. Of the group of English songs toward the end, each was a little gem. The wooing lightness of "The Pretty Creature," the deep, wistful tenderness of rare Ben Jonson's "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," will not be easily forgotten—and "Danny Deever" brought the audience to their feet with shouts and bravos.

Oh Shakespeare, what crimes are committed in thy name! Thy truest devotees are passing away. One by one the old guard is dying out. In a comparatively few years there will not be left a single one of the old school whose tastes and experience best fitted them to interpret to the modern appreciation the poetry, the philosophy, the romance, and the beauty of the one hard to whom all bend the knee. Yet Shakespeare must be known to the rising generation, and in acknowledging that, it is, perhaps, foolish to repine at the almost wholesale slaughter of his noble works—to which one grows gloomily accustomed. But yet again, what is Shakespeare if unseen through the lambent glow of the imagination?

And the ordinary modern player belongs to the world of prose and practicalities. He can not interpret, or enlighten, or illumine, or beautify dramatic works in which the spell of poetry is invoked. I don't believe half of these young men in "The Merchant of Venice" knew what they were talking about. How they skipped and stuttered and stumbled and gasped over the familiar beauties that we have heard intoned so musically, so sonorously, in the past. Powers of poetry! but how Lorenzo mutilated the text and one's feelings in that exquisite exchange of lovers' reminiscences in Portia's garden. Alas, there was no garden there, no silvery moonlight, no summer night enchantment—only paint and canvas and a glare of incandescence. True there was Jessica, lovely, dark-eyed, young, quite seductive enough to tempt her Gentile lover, and uttering her lines with dainty sweetness. Indeed, I don't believe that a man like Craig—for Mary Young is his wife—who has such a respect for the proper pronunciation of the English language, could have ever brought himself to marry a dull-eared woman whose accent was crude or uncouth.

Lorenzo spoke in a series of mechanical jerks, Gratiano was too complacent over his own humor, too pervasive, while the voice, the intonations, and the inflections of Salanio—but soft, let us not be unkind. Only I advise the youth who impersonated him to take a vigorous course of lessons in the gentle art of pleasing speech.

Mr. Conness's unmusical intonation will never adapt itself to the poetic drama, but he is too intelligent a man to chop up his discourse into vocal hash. Mr. Hilliard is of late cultivating a rapid method of enunciation, in imitation, doubtless, of Craig, who, with his style and elegance, his judiciously employed talent, and his correct and cultivated accent, is probably the beau ideal of the junior members of the Alcazar staff. This habit of rapid speech hampered Mr. Hilliard, but he knew what he was talking about—at least he seemed to, which is much more than can be said of the more subordinate members of the company. John Maher was a pretty good Launcelot Gobbo, but aside from him and Mr. Craig, none of the men spoke acceptably save a new member of the company, a Mr. John Davis, who filled the two rôles of the duke and Launcelot's father, and as the duke gave his text in a mellow, agreeable voice, and with the distinctness and deliberate dignity of an actor of the old school.

Mr. Craig's Shylock had the merits one would confidently expect. The Jew had too

much vigor of tone for an old man, and at times his lines were too rapidly uttered. The presentation necessarily lacked in those fine details with which actors of longer experience or higher inspiration increase the power of the impersonation. But one had no need to shake the head, or sadly fold the wings of the imagination. In spite of its limitations, it was a good, honest, studied, and entirely credible effort; and, indeed, in the court scene rose to a pitch of dramatic power.

Of Miss Lawrence's Portia, one could not say as much. There is an element of practicality in the expression of this actress's personality which helped her Lady Algy, but which has prevented her from being so well adapted to any other rôle, except, perhaps, that of Sophie Fulgarney. But in Shakespeare she is, in spite of her intelligence, out of place. She gave the beautiful "quality of mercy" lines in a manner to soothe the ear and the understanding, and yet one feels that she lacks in poetic sympathy, or, at least, in the expression of it.

Miss Woodson's Nerissa was rather stereotyped, and the comedy scene between the four lovers in the last act was cheaply done, with too much reliance on mere physical activity, and ineffective except to those who take the will for the deed.

The sudden induction in doublet and hose of a stock company unaccustomed to any but modern dress, is not always a happy experiment. The walk of an actor in the romantic dress of feudal times calls for a more measured pace, greater physical freedom, and more studied pose and port than those young men have been trained to. They seemed, however, sweetly unconscious of their defects. Some of them, I fancy, were exhilarated by the novelty and rich adornments of their costumes. It pays to take pains even for a small part in a one-week production of Shakespeare, and they would not find it amiss to learn a few things about themselves by practicing their parts in a mirrored room.

"The Pearl Fishers" has been almost the only novelty produced during the Tivoli opera season, although "I Puritani" is a rarity here. Both belong to the same school, that which furnished the florid music with which the Italian singers and their apostles were able to demonstrate the brilliancy of their vocal execution.

It is to Tetrizzini's facility in this style of music that the revival of "The Pearl Fishers" is due. In the middle act occurs an ornamental aria with flute accompaniment, very similar to that sung in the mad scene from "Lucia." The action of the piece, however, is built on lines of operatic routine. The ear notes with pleasure the freshness and purity of Tetrizzini's voice, and the ease of her execution, but the dramatic sense remains unaffected.

One would do better, however, to keep his ears open and his eyes closed in "The Pearl Fishers." It is fatal to look at Tetrizzini as she appears in the costume of Leila. Leila is a Hindoo maiden, and Tetrizzini has conscientiously supplied her with a pair of chocolate-colored arms, a sooty neck, and a dusky complexion that doesn't match, and shines stickily with the compound of which it is made. Away with such realism! say I. It is woman's first duty to be beautiful, or at any rate not to disfigure herself; and stage-managers should shut firmly down on all such literal followings of tradition as will turn players and singers into freaks and frights.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Maude Adams a Farmer.

Much of the money that she has made from the stage has been invested by Maude Adams in country property. About four years ago Miss Adams selected a tract of ground in the most remote portion of the Catskill Mountains, on an extremely high elevation overlooking the valley of the Hudson River. Here she built a home. She has another country home on Long Island, but that she calls her farm. Here she owns about one thousand acres, and when in that section of the State she takes considerable pride in calling herself a progressive farmer—not an agriculturist, but a farmer. The farm, however, saw but little of her during the past summer. She sought the higher altitude of the Catskills, and, with her mother, two or three intimate girl companions, and the necessary servants, grew strong upon the pure and wholesome food that the rural section provides. She is fond of horseback riding, and to this recreation she devoted much of her time, particularly in the mornings.

There are races of interest every day at the Oakland track, and on Saturdays there are especially exceptionally good contests. The nearness of the track to San Francisco draws large patronage to it.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Grand Opera in English.

Lawrence D'Orsay makes his final appearance at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The Savage English Grand Opera Company will appear there on Monday night at the first performance here in English of Verdi's "Othello," which is to be repeated on Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee. Joseph Sheehan, the robust tenor, will be the jealous Moor, and Gertrude Rennyson, the dramatic soprano, will be heard as Desdemona. Winifred Goff will be the Iago, and Reginald Roberts, the lyric tenor, will be the Cassio. On Tuesday evening, Bizet's "Carmen" will present the contralto, Marion Ivell, in the title-role, with Mr. Roberts as the Don José, Arthur Dean as the Toreador, and Jean Lane Brooks, the alternating dramatic soprano with Miss Rennyson, in the rôle of Michaela. Conductor Elliott Schenck, who is also to direct the Wagnerian operas, will make his San Francisco debut on "Carmen" night. "Carmen" will be repeated on Friday night and the following Sunday night. "Lohengrin" will be sung on Wednesday night. William Wegener will have the rôle of the swan knight, and during the week Miss Rennyson and Miss Brooks will alternate as Elsa. Mr. Goff will be the Telramund, and Harrison W. Bennett the king. "Lohengrin" night will also be the first appearance of Rita Newman, the San Francisco mezzo-soprano, who returns after six years' study and singing abroad. The same cast will be heard at the repetition of "Lohengrin" on Saturday night. Elaborate scenic effects are promised, and an orchestra of fifty will be heard at each performance.

Fitch Comedy at the Alcazar.

Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," will be put on at the Alcazar Theatre next week. The period of the play is in the early seventies, and the action concerns a European opera-singer and a lot of New York dandies, who strive to entertain her. A pleasing feature of the play is the reproduction of the costumes of thirty years ago. Lillian Lawrence will impersonate the opera-singer, John Craig will play the title-role, and John Maher, Luke Connors, Harry Hilliard, John Davis, Adele Belgarde, Ruth Allen, Mary Young, Elizabeth Woodson, and others will have important parts. "The Middleman" comes next.

Kolb and Dill to Appear.

"Mother Goose," the Klaw & Erlanger spectacle, now on at the Grand Opera House, runs for one week more. It is easily the most elaborate show of the kind ever given here. It has plenty of good comedians and dancers, and altogether furnishes novel and unusual entertainment. To follow "Mother Goose," Kolb and Dill, supported by an Eastern company, will appear, beginning at the Sunday matinee, March 5th, in an elaborate version of Judson Brusie's "I. O. U." Maude Alice Kelly, Lillie Sutherland, and other people new here, will be in the company.

Comic Opera Again.

On Monday night the comic-opera season will begin at the Tivoli Opera House with a revival of Von Suppe's popular "Baccaccio." The story of this opera tells of a love-affair between a prince and the disguised daughter of a duke, and errors due to mistaken identity enter largely into the plot. The cast will include Edith Mason in the title-role; Aimee Leicester as Leonetto; Thomas S. Perse as Pietro; Willard Simms as Lambertuccio; Teddy Wehh as Lotteringhi; Dora de Filipppe as Isabelle; Eugenia Barker as Beatrice; and Marcel Perron, Joseph Fogarty, Ruth Verner, and Bessie Tannehill in various rôles.

Moral Drama at the Central.

"Why Women Sin" will be the play at the Central Theatre next week. It is announced as a strong and moving drama, taken from every-day life, and containing a sermon that will do good to all who hear it. There is plenty of comedy in the piece, and a wide diversity of characters.

Novelties at the Orpheum.

Paul Powell's Electric Marionettes, the most elaborate act of its kind ever staged, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. Another novelty from Europe will be Piwitt and his "Mysterious Face." This monstrous head, as large as a hundred faces put together, portrays every possible human emotion in pantomime. The effect is weird. The brothers Rossi will return with their acrobatic act, "A Mysterious Sweetheart." One of the trio is made up as a dummy, and is thrown around the stage in a manner which would break every bone in an ordinary man's body. The Alpine Family, acrobats and tight-rope walkers extraordinary, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. By universal request, Barney Bernard will be retained for another week. Josephine Sahel will change her songs. Hayes and Healy will introduce new specialties in "The Clerk and the Bell Boy"; Delmore and Lee will continue their aerial ex-

hibition; and Howard and Bland will appear for their last week in "A Strange Boy." The Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete the programme. Mahel McKinley, the American soprano, will reappear at the Orpheum shortly.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Bispham at the Alhambra.

David Bispham, the baritone, will appear at the Alhambra Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon, in the following programme:

"Vittoria" (old Italian). Carissimi; "Lungi Del Caro Bene," Secchi; "Che Fiero," Legrenzi; "At Last the Bounteous Sun" (Seasons). Haydn; "The Erlking," "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and "Who is Sylvia?" Schubert; "The Wedding Song," Loewe; Iago's credo ("Othello"), Verdi; "Desir d'Amour," Saint-Saens; "Maid of Athens," Gounod; "The Sands o' Dee," Clay; "Four Songs of the Hill" (Simpson), Ronald; "Sonnet" (Tennyson), Max Heinrich; "The Lady Picking Mulberries" (Stoddard), Edgar S. Kelly; "Now Sleeps the Grimson Petal" (Tennyson), Roger Quiller; "Lady Moon" (Ross), Arthur Bruhns.

Eugen D'Albert, recognized in Europe as one of the very greatest pianists in the world, is on an American tour, and will appear in San Francisco during the week of March 13th, under the management of Will S. Greenbaum. The concerts will be given at the Alhambra Theatre. D'Albert is acknowledged to be the greatest living interpreter of Beethoven.

Theatre-Going in the Fog.

The London *Daily Mail* has the following regarding the loss imposed upon London theatres by the heavy fogs: "Pits and galleries were half empty almost everywhere. Hundreds of stalls and dress-circle seats that had been paid for were left unoccupied. Cabs were practically unobtainable, the shrillest whistle died away into vacancy unanswered, and even people who had private carriages were to be seen crawling gingerly up at half-past nine to plays that began at eight, with torch-bearers running by their side, and demanding the usual fee of 'Anything you like, sir, for guidance.' For the most part to arrive at any theatre was satisfaction enough, so long as one could reach a haven of light. Indeed, one gentleman in faultless evening dress, who had dined not wisely, but too well, mistook a flash jeweler's for a theatre vestibule, and ordered a ticket for the dress circle from the astonished assistant at the counter."

Francis Wilson, who has left comic opera for comedy, says: "I never could quite understand why any one thought I was funny when I sang. To me those topical songs were the saddest moments of my life. I have never had any illusions about singing. That mistake has been spared me. It was the public who was lead astray. I am heartily sorry if I have deluded any one into the belief that I could sing. I knew better, and I won't do it again."

Some interesting decorative paintings by Walter H. Pritchard and José V. Giles are on exhibition at Paul Elder & Co.'s, 238 Post Street. "Submarine Fantasies" is as good a description as could be given of most of them, and they display talent and a decidedly original touch.

A Chicago paper wants to know which was the greater author, Shakespeare or George Ade, whereupon the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* remarks that "Bill has had a longer run, but George has more successful companies on the road this year."

E. S. Willard, now playing in New York, has revived "The Middleman" and "The Professor's Love Story" with success.

"The Virginian" is coming West, and will be seen at the Columbia Theatre next month with Dustan Farnum in the star rôle.



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VANITY FAIR.

A male Briton who has been observing how American wives manage American husbands affirms that the handling of husbands by wives in America amounts to an art, a profession, almost a science.

"At this point the editor rather apologized for his distraught manner, excusing himself on the score of having engaged a new staff of domestics, and said he always found it a nuisance breaking in a cook and butler simultaneously.

"Few die and none resign," is the motto of such clubs as the Union and the Knickerbocker, in New York, where membership confers upon a member a peculiar social distinction which perhaps nothing else can give.

There are to-day in New York 186 clubs which have either club-houses or suites of rooms. These do not include literary, scientific, artistic, philosophical, patriotic, or political organizations.

Thousands of them, too, are members of out-of-town clubs. J. Pierpont Morgan figures as the star clubman of New York. He is a member of thirty-five clubs and his dues amount to more than \$7,000 a year.

According to a writer in the British Weekly, among the wives of reigning sovereigns who shop by post or telegraph in London, no one is a more regular customer than the German Empress.

"There is still much discussion," says the New York Herald, "of the eighteenth-century fete given by Mr. James Hazen Hyde at Sherry's on the night of January 31st, and it is conceded that it ranks with former entertainments given by the wealthy residents of this city.

"Aside from the play there was a characteristic dance of the eighteenth century executed by debutantes and young bachelors of society, and also a quaint dance by members of the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera, of which company Mr. Hyde is the vice-president.

"This is a story," says the World, "of honi soit qui mal y pense. It concerns the pocketless woman and then only if she carries hers in her hosiery. It is a bad habit. Coin of the republic wandering about on exploring expeditions inside warranted lists thread or web silk is apt to be disconcerting to the most self-contained woman.

The bank's idea is not entirely new. There is already a "stocking-room" established by the National Bank of Commerce in Kansas City. It proved to be such a popular innova-

tion with the ladies, that the idea has been adopted in several other Kansas City banking institutions. The "stocking-room" is a small apartment, but it is beautifully finished in mahogany and plate glass.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

Table with 5 columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain, State of Weather. Rows for February 16th through 22nd.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, February 21, 1905, were as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Bay Co. Power 5%, Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%, Hawaiian C. S. 5%, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Stocks, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists stocks like Contra Costa Water, S. V. Water, S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry., etc.

The market has been steady for the sugars, and about 3,050 shares changed hands, and gains of from one-half point to two points were made, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold up to 88 on sales of 420 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been in better demand, sales of 215 shares being made at 53-53 1/2. Mutual Electric sold up one and one-quarter points to 14, on sales of 725 shares, closing at 13 bid, 14 asked.

The water stocks have been fairly active, Spring Valley Water selling at 37 1/2-37 3/4; Contra Costa Water at 44-44 1/2.

INVESTMENTS.

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THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1905

Table listing magazine subscriptions with prices. Includes Argonaut and Century (\$7.00), Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine (6.25), Argonaut and St. Nicholas (6.00), Argonaut and Harper's Magazine (6.70), Argonaut and Harper's Weekly (6.70), Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar (4.35), Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly (6.70), Argonaut and Judge (7.50), Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (6.20), Argonaut and Critic (5.10), Argonaut and Life (7.75), Argonaut and Puck (7.50), Argonaut and Current Literature (5.90), Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) (4.50), Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World (5.25), Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly (5.90), Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) (4.25), Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine (4.70), Argonaut and Nineteenth Century (7.25), Argonaut and Argosy (4.35), Argonaut and Overland Monthly (4.50), Argonaut and Review of Reviews (5.75), Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine (5.20), Argonaut and North American Review (7.50), Argonaut and Cosmopolitan (4.35), Argonaut and Forum (6.00), Argonaut and Littell's Living Age (9.00), Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly (6.70), Argonaut and International Magazine (4.50), Argonaut and Mexican Herald (10.50), Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine (4.35), Argonaut and the Criterion (4.35), Argonaut and Out West (5.25), Argonaut and Smart Set (6.00), Argonaut and Sunset (4.25).

STROYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is asserted by a London exchange that a methodical and business-like bank clerk in a country branch forwarded a letter to the following effect to the head office: "Greatly regret to inform you I died this morning of pneumonia. John Smith, per James Brown."

It seems that an elderly man had taken a horse to a riding academy to be broken to "an old gentleman's pace," an amble, which to the aged has always been an equestrian beatitude. As the riding-master, after several attempts, did not immediately succeed in his object, the old man petulantly exclaimed: "Great Scott, man, do you call this an amble?" "No, sir," was the reply, "that is merely a preamhle."

The Hon. Bird S. McGuire, Congressional delegate from Oklahoma, received the following letter from a constituent: "DEAR MR. MCGUIRE: I enjoyed that last package of garden and flower seeds you sent me very much. I wish you would send me some more garden seeds, and send a few flower seeds to my wife. But please do not send her any canary seeds. If you did she might eat them and try to sing, and God knows I have troubles enough now."

One of the newest Depew stories was told by the senator as an event of his last foreign trip. The senator was in a Paris shop when a fellow-countryman entered, and asked the price of a pin on the counter. He was told it was twenty francs. "That's too much," said the tourist; "it's a present for my sister. I'll give you five francs for it." "Zen it would be I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know ze young mademoiselle."

The Democratic defeat of last November was being discussed by Representative John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. "It reminds me," said he, "of the farmer whose house and barns were picked up by a cyclone and blown into the Mississippi River. The farmer landed on top of a saw-log. As he came to the surface, blew the water out of his nose, wiped his eyes, and got a better grip on the log, he said: 'Well, that was so danged sudden it is ridiculous.'"

Miss Helen Gould recently entertained at luncheon at her home a number of little girls from a charitable institution. At the end of the luncheon Miss Gould showed to the children some of the beautiful contents of her house. She showed them hooks, carved Italian furniture, tapestries, and marbles. "Here," she said, "is a beautiful statue, a statue of Minerva." "Was she married?" asked a little girl. "No, my child," said Miss Gould, smiling; "she was the Goddess of Wisdom."

A prominent New York manufacturer of sporting goods has a daughter who, during a recent trip abroad, made an effort to be presented at the royal court of Italy. After due investigation, she was refused admittance on the ground that her father sold merchandise. She cabled at once to her father, and the next day received the following reply: "Absurd! It isn't selling. At the price, they are practically given away. See catalogue." The court attendant stretched a point, and presented her as the daughter of a great philanthropist.

"A few days ago it was my fate to be forced to listen to a long and tedious speech by an amateur speaker," said Simeon Ford; "I listened to him attentively for more than an hour, because, you know, I like to have people listen to me when I set out to hore them with language. Well, I am glad I listened, because if I had not done so I would probably have missed one of the best wind-ups to a speech I ever heard. Just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, he said: "'And now," as Lady Godiva said when she was returning on her ride, "I am drawing near my clothes.'"

J. D. Benedict, the superintendent of the Indian Territory schools, pointed out a sturdy and grave young Indian girl. "She is a maid," he said, "in the house of a friend of mine, and the other day she was left in charge of the children while her mistress went for a long drive. The mistress on her return said to the maid: 'How did the children behave during my absence, Caroline? Well, I hope?' 'Beautifully, madam,' Caroline answered; 'and at the end they fought terribly together.' 'Why did they fight?' the mother asked. 'To decide,' said Caroline, "which was behaving the best.'"

The late Bishop Elder, of Cincinnati, tried vegetarianism for some months during his residence in Natchez, but soon abandoned the practice, finding that it did not agree with him. Bishop Elder dined with one of his parishioners one night in Natchez at about this time. Vegetables in profusion were on the menu, but

the hishop disdained them all. He had had enough of vegetables for a long time. He found the meat much more to his taste. His host, who did not know that he had abandoned vegetarianism, said in surprise: "Why, bishop, I thought you were a vegetarian, and here I see you eating mutton." Bishop Elder laughed. "I am not a bigoted vegetarian," he said; "I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Happy Union.

'Twas an Automobile
Fell in love with a Wheel,—
The name of the Bike doesn't matter,—
But she was as trim
As the maidens so prim
That set mortal heart-strings a-clatter.

When the Automobile
Proposed to the Wheel,
She replied, with a blush, that she'd wed him;
And one day in Spring
He bought her the ring
And off on the honeymoon sped him.

And after a time
This pair of my rhyme,
So happily started in marriage,
Were blest with a son—
A most beautiful one—
A fine seven pound baby carriage.—Puck.

The Ballad of the Ice.

A little dish of broken ice
Lay basking in the sun,
Its owner had forgotten it
Before her work was done;
But when she went to get the ice
And bring it in to tea,
She found the ice was not what it
Had been cracked up to be.—Puck.

"Provincial."

Outside New York, in some vague place,
There lives a stranger, outland race
Who bear the infinite disgrace
Of being called "Provincial."
Their minds are rudimentary,
They have no God or Tammany,
Their clothing, cut outrageously,
Is shockingly "Provincial."

To them R. Mansfield sometimes goes
And sometimes Heinrich Corried shows
His Parsifalians, for he knows
There's money in "Provincials."
But if these artists fail to make
A hit, their worldly heads they shake,
"To show high art's a great mistake
Among the rude Provincials."

All but New York is thus effaced
Chicago is a barren waste,
St. Louis seven times disgraced
By that black word "Provincial."
And if her sister cities show
New York a thing that she should know
She simply lifts her eyebrows, "Oh,"
Quite decent, but "Provincial."
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

An Ex-Hero.

My boyhood's heroes!—ah, how grand were they!
I'll never look upon their likes again;
Bob Simpson seemed to me, when I was ten,
To be a very Launcelot: I lay
At night, considering how I some day
Would try to be as great as he was then.
I longed to look like him; all other men
I fancied had been made of baser clay.

He played the alto horn, and when the band
Marched down the street, I trotted at his side;
How splendidly his breast seemed to expand,
And how I envied him!—To-day he's dried
And bent, and on a little patch of land
He toils to keep the village mart supplied.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Improbable Story.

MARCH 11th.—A freshman came, quite eager to be instructed in all the wiles of society. He wanted to try his hand at a flirtation, and requested minute instructions, as he knew nothing whatever; he was so very fresh. "Dance with her," he was told, "and talk with her; walk with her; and flatter her; dance until she is warm and tired; then propose to walk in a cool, shady piazza. It must be a somewhat dark piazza. Begin your promenade slowly; warm up to your work; draw her arm closer and closer; then break her wing."

"Heavens, what is that—break her wing?" "Why, you do not know even that? Put your arm around her waist and kiss her. After that it is all plain sailing. She comes down when you call, like the coon to Captain Scott: 'You need not fire, captain,' etc."

The aspirant for fame as a flirt followed these lucid directions literally, but when he seized the poor girl and kissed her she uplifted her voice in terror, and screamed as if the house were on fire. So quick, sharp, and shrill were her yells for help that the bold flirt sprang over the banister, upon which grew a strong climbing rose. This he struggled through, and ran toward the college, taking a heel line. He was so mangled by the thorns that he had to go home and have them picked out by his family. The girl's brother challenged him. There was no mortal combat, however, for the gay young fellow who led the freshman's ignorance astray stepped forward and put things straight. An explanation and an apology at every turn hushed it all up.

Now, we all laughed at this foolish story most heartily. But Mr. Venable remained grave and preoccupied, and was asked: "Why are you so unmoved? It is funny." "I like more probable fun: I have been in college, and I have kissed many a girl, but never a one scroome yet."—Saturday Evening Post.

Straight Goods on Pure English.

The announcement that Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill for the preservation of the English language is sure a hot one right off the hat. The general impression, at least on our beat, was that when it came to handing out the English language in a manner that was dead right we were pretty fly guys. Not only the preservation, but the amplification of the English language has always been the long suit of the American people, and no matter how fast new hunches of it were sprung, we are always dead next in a minute. What the senator's game is we can't see from here, but we can give him a quiet tip that we're for the English language from soda to hock, and that if we can give him a lift at this graft he won't find any of us with cold feet. That is, of course, if it's a straight deal and he really wants to do the right thing by the lingo that we are all so proud of. But if it's anything else he wants to keep his eye peeled. We've a hunch that any man who tries to monkey with our mother tongue for political purposes is going to get in the neck all he has got coming to him. We of Indiana, where, perhaps, in politics and literature, we use as much English language per capita as in any other neck of woods in the country, certainly won't stand for anything that gives the language the heavy end of the log. If there is anything we are touchy about it is our English, and whether it is being used for the hot air of political gabfest, or the perfectly lovely resolutions of the Local Council of Women, we want it kept straight and used without any marks on the deck, and it will never lack for a gang of husky guys to see that it doesn't get the worst of it. Us for English, pure and undefiled and oodles of it.—Indianapolis News.

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SOCIETY.

The Mardi Gras Ball.

At the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, on Tuesday evening, spectators' boxes for the Mardi Gras ball, which is to take place there on the evening of March 7th, were sold at auction. Heretofore it has been the custom for those who wished boxes to apply to the executive committee, but those who came last were often dissatisfied at not securing the locations they wanted. So this year the auction plan was adopted, the one bidding the highest premium on each sale of a box (in addition to its regular price) having the choice of location. Mr. Edward Curtis donated his services as auctioneer, and secured premiums which will be of material benefit to the association. The following is a list of those who bought boxes and the premiums they paid:

Mr. J. D. Phelan, \$100; Mr. A. W. Foster, \$100; Mrs. J. H. Chanslor, \$75; Mr. M. H. de Young, \$75; Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, \$20; Mr. Francis J. Sullivan, \$30; Mrs. William Kohl, \$40; and Mrs. Eleanor Martin, \$20.

Mr. J. H. Breuer has begun the decorations, which will be the most elaborate yet done. A pageant, with a representation of Joan of Arc as the central figure, is to head the grand march, and this Mr. Breuer has taken as the keynote of the decorations, which will be medieval in character, and historically correct. The following are the various committees that have the ball in charge, and the members of each:

Executive Committee—Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mr. Lorenzo P. Latimer, Mr. Newton J. Tharp, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. George W. Turner, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. William G. Stafford, and Mr. Vanderlynn Stow. **Committee on Decoration**—Mr. J. H. Breuer. **Committee on Music**—Mr. Henry Heyman. **Floor Committee**—Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. W. W. Thurston, Mr. John M. Gamble, Lieutenant H. H. Rousseau, U. S. N., Mr. E. Courtney Ford, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, U. S. A., Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. Harry W. Seawell, Mr. Jerome B. Landfield, and Mr. Percy L. King. **Reception Committee**—Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. M. H. Hecht, Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Andrea Sbarboro, Mr. Josiah R. Howell, Mr. Arthur F. Mathews, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. W. E. Dean, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. T. C. Van Ness, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, Rear-Admiral B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., Mr. Louis Stoss, Mr. William G. Irwin, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Charles Bundschu, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. M. M. de Young, Mr. A. B. Hammond, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

The Driscoll-Bacon Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bacon, daughter of Pay Director Albert W. Bacon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bacon, to Mr. Thomas Driscoll, took place on Tuesday at the Santa Barbara Mission. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan, assisted by Father P. E. Mulligan, Father S. M. Sweeney, Father Gleason, and Father Superior Glauber. Miss Cornelia Kempff was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Eleanor Phelps and Miss Catherine Kurtz. Mr. Edward J. Tobin acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. James K. Moffitt, Mr. Richard N. Tobin, Mr. Thomas M. Kennedy, and Mr. Neal Power. A wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll will go East and to Europe on their wedding journey.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Spreckels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, to Mr. Harry Holbrook, will take place this (Saturday) evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, Pacific Avenue and Laguna Street. The ceremony will be performed at nine o'clock by Rev. George C. Adams. Miss Grace Spreckels will be maid of honor, Mr. John Merrill will act as best man, and the ushers are to be Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Robert

Greer, Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton, Mr. Allen St. John Bowie, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., and Mr. C. H. Adams. A reception and supper will follow the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Florence Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Bailey, to Mr. William Mohr, of New York, will take place on Wednesday evening, March 15th, at the First Unitarian Church.

The wedding of Miss Paula Wolff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wolff, to Mr. William Penn Humphreys, took place on Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1312 Washington Street. The ceremony was performed at a quarter after eight by Rev. William Kirk Guthrie. Miss Arlie Humphreys and Miss Helen Speyer were bridesmaids, and Mr. David Farquharson and Mr. John Zeile acted as ushers. A reception and supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, upon their return from their wedding journey, will live at the residence of the bride's parents.

The wedding of Miss Hope Cheney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney, of New York, to Mr. Harold Havens, of Oakland, took place in New York on February 14th. Mr. and Mrs. Havens will reside at Piedmont.

Dr. Harry Tevis will give a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Lurline Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, Washington Street and Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels. Others at table were Miss Ada Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Sir James Talbot-Power, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mrs. Charles K. Harley gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence, 2118 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Belle Harmes.

Miss Anita Wieland gave a luncheon on Thursday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Ethel Wallace.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Miss Anna Beaver gave a card-party on Saturday.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell gave a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a theatre-party on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Anita Harvey.

Mrs. William Tevis will give a ball on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Edward Greenway gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening, in honor of Miss Lillie Spreckels and Mr. Harry Holbrook. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Florence Whittell, Miss Spreckels, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Ethel Cooper, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. E. Courtney Ford, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. Thomas Eastland, Mr. R. G. Berkeley, Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., Mr. Reddick McKee Duperu, Mr. Frank Owen, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. Jerome B. Landfield, and Mr. Thomas Barbour.

Miss Elsie Dorr gave a luncheon on Tuesday. Covers were laid for eight.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter gave a card-party on Monday at the residence of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence, 2027 California Street.

Miss Elsie Sperry gave a tea on Wednesday in honor of Miss Lurline Spreckels.

Mr. Harry Holbrook gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovell and Miss C. L. Lovell received yesterday (Friday) at their residence, 2220 Sacramento Street.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn will give a tea on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. William H. Crocker will give a tea on Friday at her residence, 1150 California Street.

Miss Florence Gibbons will give a tea on Friday in honor of Miss Elsie Dorr.

Mrs. Robert Armstrong Dean and Mrs. M. V. Tingley Lawrence were "at home" on Tuesday at 1450 Leavenworth Street.

Miss Florence Whittell gave a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday afternoon. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Abby Parrott, and Miss Emilie Parrott.

Mrs. George F. Richardson will give a tea on Monday at her residence, 2418 Gough Street, in honor of Miss Ethel Wallace.

— MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schnsler Bros., 116 Geary Street.

— AN EXCELLENT MENU, DAINTELY SERVED, Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

Society's Interest in Picture Sales.

We understand that the S. & G. Gump Company is to hold an auction sale of paintings at Native Sons' Hall on Mason Street, during March. The news should be welcome to art-lovers, for, from all accounts, this will be the most important picture sale ever held here—a sale in keeping with the advance of the San Francisco public's taste in art, and ranking with those held in New York and other Eastern cities.

San Francisco is beginning to attract the notice it deserves as an art centre. This is a young community, the members of which were engaged up to a very short time ago in carving an empire out of a wilderness. This being done, attention was turned to artistic things. A love for pictures quickly grew, better ones were demanded, and, in accordance with the law of supply and demand, were produced. So it is that now the people of San Francisco, through travel, association, and study, have developed a critical taste that calls for the best in art.

Eastern collectors have, heretofore, taken the cream of foreign collections, attending, in large numbers, sales such as the one now projected. In fact, the best galleries in the East have been built up in this manner. Picture sales there call forth the most fashionable people, and are looked on as society affairs in the highest sense of the term. And there is no reason in the world why the same condition should not prevail here. We have an educated leisure class, fully capable of seeing the merit of first-class works of art, and eager for an opportunity to acquire them. With the realization that at the proposed sale pictures are to be offered as good as those put before Eastern people, will come a determination to take full advantage of the opportunity offered.

As to the quality of the paintings to be offered at this coming sale, we imagine there can be no dispute. The firm that is to hold it has been constantly buying and selling European masterpieces, and has on hand a collection that represents years of experience, and an intimate acquaintance with artists and their work. It is understood that the choicest treasures of the Gump galleries are to be offered, and consequently the sale will exceed in importance any other ever held in San Francisco.

Races for Charity at Ingleside.

The California Polo and Pony Racing Association held a largely attended meet at Ingleside track on Wednesday. This meet was for the benefit of the Children's Orphanage at San Mateo and the California Women's Hospital. The net proceeds were over \$1,000. The races were under the direction of the following officials: Major Rathbone, Henry T. Scott, and Joseph D. Grant, stewards; R. E. de Lopez, presiding judge; R. J. Harvey, starter; W. D. Randall, timekeeper; D. W. Donnelly, clerk of the scales; and Robert Leighton, clerk of the course. Those who acted as jockeys were H. Marsh, Francis Carolan, Joseph Tobin, Cyril Tobin, Richard Dunphy, Frank Skinner, Sir James Power, William Carl Gutzhow, Paul Clagstone, and Laurence McCreery.

The New York critics are having fun over one Aldora Shem, who, last week at the New York Theatre, gave a matinee performance of "Hamlet," preceded by much spectacular press-agenting. This performance is described as utterly impossible, without the first conception of the requirements of the part.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1905. FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

Table of train schedules for the Southern Pacific Main Line, listing departure and arrival times for various routes including Richmond, Vallejo, Napa, and San Jose.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Sar—"Your new auto is sixteen horse-power, isn't it?" For—"Um! Sixteen balky horse-power."—Brooklyn Life. Johnny—"Pa, what is hell?" Pa—"The vermiform appendix of theology. Many doctors remove it entirely."—New York Sun.

She—"Is skin grafting a very late discovery?" He—"No, it is only a new branch of a very old art; just grafting is a skin process."—Detroit Free Press. Sometimes a man is desirous for twenty or thirty years because he is so stingy, and then envied all the rest of his life because he is so rich.—Somerville Journal.

"You haven't been here long," remarked the ink-well. "No," replied the new blotter. "How do you like your work?" "Well, it's certainly absorbing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Howell—"Rowell can't seem to live within his income." Powell—"No, he is one of those unfortunate fellows who has a politician's tastes and a statesman's income."—Ex.

Bless their hearts! The women who love you in the right way may not remember if you like poetry, but they always put up some of your kind of jam and pickles.—Acheson Globe.

McFlub—"I see a French scientist is advocating the wearing of wooden clothes. How do you think a wooden suit would look?" Sleeth—"Rather knobby."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mistress (to applicant for cook's position)—"Why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

"I understand," said Miss Minnie Brown, "that you appeared to be feelin' yoh oats at de pahlser social yesterday." "Dat wasn't oats," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "dat was rye."—Washington Star.

Seedy—"Some people are always howling for more, no matter how much they have. Don't you think you'd be satisfied with enough?" Greedy—"Don't know. I've never had enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Tankley—"Let's see, we've had four rounds of drinks, haven't we? And Markley's called for a Scotch highball each time." Luselman—"Except the last time. He called for a 'Hotch skyball' then."—Philadelphia Press.

Mamma—"I thought there was an apple on the sideboard and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there!" Freddy—"Well, will you give me something else, mummy, 'cos it wasn't a very good one?"—Punch.

"One-half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business." "Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble!" "What's that?" "Getting other people to mind theirs."—Detroit Free Press.

"If a coat of paint is applied to a man's body," said the scientific boarder, "he will die within a few hours." "It doesn't seem plausible," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "when you take into consideration that an occasional coat of whitewash is necessary to keep some politicians from becoming dead ones."—Chicago Daily News.

Dad—"Now, Reginald, your college expense account is not altogether clear. I find an item, here—'Charity, fifty dollars.' What is that?" Reggy—"Why, sir, I—well, I couldn't go into particulars on that point, you know—that is—" Dad—"Exactly. I suppose this is one of the instances where 'Charity covers a multitude of sins.'"—Cleveland Leader.

All the world over, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

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San Rafael to San Francisco. WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:20 p.m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p.m.

Table of train schedules for California Northwestern Railway Co., listing departure and arrival times for various routes.



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Trust as executioner of measures repugnant to his rule, his heavy axe having but just severed from its anæmic body the drooping head of Tariff-Reform. Below the cartoon was printed hut the single word "Next!"

Well, "Next" is headless. Having succeeded very early in the present session of Congress in decapitating the tariff-reform agitation, the Power which is in the so-called government of the United States turned its interested attention to the bill which provided for the placing of the railway rate-making power in the hands of the United States, and, despite the voiced or voiceless petitions of about seventy-five million of the eighty million people in this country, ordained its death. The sad event occurred on the floor of the United States Senate on February 21st, and was accompanied with facetious senatorial remarks pertinent to the occasion. Of course, the killing had been arranged beforehand. The bill was marked for slaughter. Three days before, at the fourth annual dinner in New York of the Community of Freight Traffic Interests (as the *Sun* sweetly tells us) the guests "poked fun at rate control," knowing well that the Senate could be depended upon to do its duty. A telegram from the President, regretting his inability to be present, was (so the *Sun* tells us again) "received with chuckles and suppressed laughter. One man called out: 'He'll fix it O. K.'" Mr. Charles F. Moore, we are also told, "poked fun at the government control of railways." This tendency to facetiousness appears to us a regrettable phase of the matter. If the corporate interests of the country order that this legislative measure shall be killed and that legislative measure be put in cold storage for a year or so, we suppose that Congress must obey. But really it is bad taste—a violation, indeed, of the ethics of the guillotine—as you slay to chuckle at the impotence of your victim.

Quitting for a moment these unpleasant lethal scenes, let us permit our eyes to rest upon the pleasant prairies of Kansas. What picture is it that meets our eye? A race of Lilliputians in unequal contest with the giant Standard Oil. To be explicit, hleeding Kansas—believing she has been bled enough by the corporation which, by subtle manipulation of railway rates and oil pipe lines, has succeeded in forcing the price of crude oil to such a point that producers are on the verge of ruin, while it maintains the oil the Kansas farmer burns at a lofty figure—proposes now to build a refinery and compete with the Standard. All in two weeks, the plan has sprouted in a fertile Kansas mind, been enacted into law, signed by the governor, and work on the plant is under way. Hot and doughty Kansans! But we suppose that no one seriously believes that an oil refinery costing \$400,000 is really going to damage the billion-dollar trust to any appreciable extent. Actually more significant is it that the Federal government, stirred by recital of Kansas's wrongs, has undertaken a "searching investigation" of the Standard.

Ah, these "searching investigations"! How long have these "searching investigations" been going on, anyhow? Investigations by committees, investigations by commissions, legislative investigations, executive investigations, investigations into railways, investigations of the Sugar Trust, the Shipbuilding Trust, the Steel Trust. And all these investigations ended in—what? Smoke, merely. We have never heard that any trust went out of business because of an investigation or an investigation's sequelæ. And now, shortly, the investigation into the Beef Trust is to come to a head. Mr. Garfield is to publish his exhaustive report, and we are told that terrible things are to be uncovered.

And then what? The imposition of fines upon the beef-packers will not frighten them a bit. But there

is an alternative to fines in the provisions of the Sherman law, which says that every person guilty of a conspiracy in restraint of trade shall be punished by fine or by imprisonment not exceeding one year. Shall the beef-packers be sent to jail? Who thinks that they really will be? "We are willing," as the *New York Evening Post* pertinently remarks, "to pile thousand-fold condemnations upon the hateful abstraction, the Trust, but we refuse to move a step against the agreeable gentlemen who are the Trust. Incarcerate grave citizens who found charities and wear white waistcoats, display far-reaching public spirit and unimpeachable top hats!—the thought is abhorrent."

Precisely. Here is the nub of the matter. As a nation we are so tolerant of individuals of sharp practice ("business is business, you know") that it appears we can not bring ourselves to prosecute criminally the rotund, rich, and respectable law-breaker. He is, after all, our hero. He it is—the multi-millionaire magnate—whom we love to read about in our favorite Sunday paper. To send him to jail would make him a martyr. As a nation we resemble some mediæval hamlet, which, though it loudly complains of the plunderings of the bold outlaw who hides in its bounding hills, still takes a certain pride in his prowess and would fain secrete him from the king's soldiers that search to slay. We are a fickle people, too, one easily distracted from its purposes. At one moment we are all for tariff-reform. But after a few months, tariff-reform, having become a stale topic, and railway-rate regulation having been hauled into the foreground, we forget all about tariff-reform, and ululate uninterruptedly for railway-rate control. But that soon becomes tiresome, also, and when the newspapers print a brief paragraph saying that "there will be no railway-rate legislation at this session of Congress," we give it scarcely one regretful thought. By that time we are all applauding "Kansas's brave stand." But soon we forget about Kansas, also, and all eyes are centred on the Beef Trust investigation, or perchance some other. Meanwhile, the Trusts, knowing well that our storm of rage will blow over, sit tight and hang on till the clouds roll by, and then go calmly on their predacious way.

Thus it goes. We are too tender-hearted to send rich violators of the law to prison (fancy J. J. Hill or E. H. Harriman in stripes), and lack sticktoitiveness. And so, dear reader, if you think the trusts and the railways are soon to be nicely regulated, you have more faith in the efficiency of government than remains to us.

A man with a theory is a public menace. There should be a law against the exhibition of hypotheses within the city limits, or the discharge of opinions upon the highway. We live happily, and gradually adjust ourselves to our neighbors. Then a man comes swinging along and stops. "Well, well. Who would have thought it! How curious! My dear sir, do you know you illustrate my new theory that a man should be chloroformed when he reaches the age of sixty?" And straightway we are by the ears, and the old men have got up and are shortening their valuable lives by denouncing Dr. Osler.

If men were like billiard-balls, and their gyrations, and angles of incidence, and impact, and resiliency, could be accurately and mathematically determined, we should, of course, be grateful for theories like Dr. Osler's. We might even accept the grosser result of his belief, and asphyxiate those who have lost the impetus given them by the great Cue. But it is a sad fact that human souls and bodies are not to be contained by laws set down in figures. Men dawdle away forty years and then start ahead, driven by some invisible, unaccountable fire of the spirit, and for forty more move the ball

one of the New York illustrated weeklies recently contained a striking cartoon. In the background of the picture was represented the Capitol at Washington, with architectural decorations of money-bags. A sign upon the front advertised that: "For a Seat in the United States Senate, Apply to the Trusts, Sole Owners and Proprietors. Permanent Jobs for the Right Parties." In the middle distance stood a whimpering w of personified anti-corporation legislative measures. Before them was a huge block, and behind it the

marks of our existence. Others bellow through youth and strive through young manhood, only to halt, falter, and go to sleep long before Dr. Osler's limit is reached. We are creatures of fancy, of spirit, of airy passions. We fix our eyes on the goal of the theorist and turn aside from it unquestioningly at the call of some vaingrant vision, forever forgetful of the stern and tangible mark. Dr. Osler's fortieth milestone, beyond which we should not try to go, is a mere gross token of distance. He is past it himself. But he should not examine his own mind and then shout to the world that every man near sixty is a fool.

Most of us think of life not as measured by years or days, but as a succession of infinite moments. It is a procession of flashlights on the continuous screen of our memory on which we see ourselves in various sudden attitudes—heroic, abashing, foolish, ludicrous, and inspiring. It is like the humming kinoscope which we can slow up sometimes to see the continuous action break into contortions as the whirl slackens, until, at last, the machine nearly stopped, we fail to recognize the glory and the quick life of what but a moment ago we were enjoying. Consequently, to the great world that does and thinks none too much, it is a short life and a hot one in preference to a long one and a cold one. Better to struggle and fight and drop exhausted, than to worry along, hiding in the corners and avoiding the highway filled with dangers.

We warn the legislature of the State of California, which this week adopted a concurrent resolution urging upon the national government the passage of a law or negotiation of a treaty looking to the restriction of Japanese immigration, that it will be regarded by the press of the United States with marked disfavor. The great majority of the journals of the East will, as with a single voice, characterize our legislature's action as "subserviency to the ignorant demagogues of labor." Scornfully they will inquire: "Are our national policies to be dictated again by the voice from the sand-lot? Does another Dennis Kearney dominate the California senate and assembly?" Much as we rejoice that California has at length awakened to some of the perils of race antagonism that confront her, and heartily as we endorse the legislature's action, yet it is idle to pretend that it will evoke from the country at large much more than a grunt of disapproval. For a whole year the press of English-speaking countries has been glorifying the Japanese, most California newspapers mistakenly joining in, and the people are loth to hear a single word against the "brave little brown man." We reiterate the opinion expressed a week ago that it is now too late for anything to be done in the way of an exclusion law.

As we quoted the Springfield *Republican*—perhaps the straightest-thinking newspaper in the United States—as saying, some two months ago: "An exclusion law against the Japanese as Japanese is manifestly impossible." California has a population of a million and a half people. The population of all the Pacific Coast States is, comparatively speaking, insignificant. We shall not be able at the present time to impose our beliefs about Japanese exclusion upon the people of the nation—eighty millions of them—who have been carefully educated to believe the Jap a charming little hero. We do not say this in discouragement of those who desire a restriction of Japanese immigration. Far from it. Let them by no means halt in the work of arousing public sentiment. But, on the other hand, it is foolish not to recognize what the facts of the matter are. It is absurd to go into the fight blindly ignorant of the nature and extent of the pro-Japanese sentiment that is to be overcome. The *Chronicle*, for example, will effect nothing for its cause by talking, when referring to the Japanese, of the "manners and customs of the slave-owners." Such exaggeration hurts rather than helps, for we all know that the ordinary Jap is a neat, clean, personally pleasing little fellow. We don't want to exclude him because he is immoral or because he sells his labor (since it is more convenient) through a contractor. The reason we must exclude him is in order to preserve intact our Occidental civilization. The Jap may be our moral superior. In manners he may excel us. His philosophy of life may be a better one than ours. Yet, since self-preservation is the first law of nature, we are impelled by that immutable law to preserve our inferior selves. It matters not if the Jap were an angel of light—if he could live cheaper and did not racially assimilate, he would have to go. As a matter of fact, the Jap, while personally far more pleasing than the Chinese, is tricky, dishonest, a liar, and unreliable, whereas the Chinese is usually honest, truthful, and dependable. But that has little to do with the case. What we must base all arguments upon is the great and eternal truth that two races, unassimilable, can not occupy the same land together in peace.

We have expressed the opinion that no exclusion law is possible. There is, however, a possible solution of

the problem without it. It may very likely happen that the Japanese Government itself, cognizant of the growing agitation on this Coast, and undesirous of sacrificing the friendship of America for the slight national advantage to be gained by unrestricted emigration, will put a check upon emigration of Japanese for a few years at least until the Japanese people recover fully from the drain of the present war and are in a position to take a strong attitude toward this country. Then, indeed, we shall have a problem!

In spite of the oft-repeated congratulations with which the ministerial organs greet the opening of Parliament, there seems to be a general feeling in the British press that things are not altogether as promising as they appear to be superficially. It is pointed out that there is nothing in the king's speech of a distinctly controversial nature, and that domestic politics are comparatively free from irritating questions. But the uncertainty which always precedes a general election, even in the least strenuous times, is manifest.

Some doubt has, it seems, been caused by Lord Teynham's statements on the employment of Chinese in the Rand, and the South African mining community has been more or less wrought up over the possibility of a change of front by the government. The solidarity of the government in the House shows no apparent signs of weakening, but the coalescence of the Irish group under Mr. Redmond is the most serious problem which at present confronts the ministry. The thick-and-thin government supporters, however, show a tendency rather to rejoice in this demonstration of Irish strength as tending to make the term of office of a liberal government, should it come into power, very short and not a little unstable. The long vexed question of the leadership of the Liberal party would appear to have been settled by the recognition of Earl Spencer, who will be the next premier, should the almost universal forecast of a Liberal victory prove to be sound prophecy. Mr. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has led his party through all the barren days of opposition, must therefore have surrendered his claims.

It will be seen that the prospects of the Liberal party in power, with an Irish party sufficiently strong to upset the government, must result in one of two things: the early dissolution of Parliament, owing to the inability of the ministers to carry out their policy in face of obstruction, or the resurrection of the Home Rule cry, upon which the constituencies have already passed, and with which they are doubtless completely disgusted. The alternative to this annoying state of things would be a redistribution of seats which would give the Irish party the actual strength to which it is entitled by the numbers of its supporters. This question could, however, only be taken up as part of a much larger question involving the distribution of seats throughout the kingdom, and this appears to be too large an undertaking for a dying ministry.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that there has been a noticeable decline of late in the enthusiasm shown for the reform of the tariff. His opponents are rallying Mr. Chamberlain upon the apparent lack of results produced by his speeches, but the latter does not seem to have abandoned any of that enthusiasm which is positively engaging in a man of his years. Altogether, British politics appear to be in just that uneventful state in which surprises happen most frequently.

The satisfactory solution of the admission to statehood of Oklahoma, New Mexico, Indian, and Arizona Territories can be reached only by the admission of each of them to statehood separately. The idea of making two States out of these vast portions of the country is merely a compromise measure, and, like all compromises, can please nobody. It is, moreover, illogical, and the difficulty of reconciling it with any reasonable system of State admission is seen in the uncertainty which those who engineer the scheme display when they come to deal with the subject. New Mexico has been included, excluded, and again included, until the matter more closely resembles a game at hide-and-seek than the well thought-out acts of responsible statesmanship.

The people of New Mexico say with a good deal of truth that the idea of the continuance of the present system is more endurable than that of consolidated statehood. They point to the guarantee of statehood under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Arizona also claims statehood under the distinct promises which were made at the time of her segregation from New Mexico.

The arguments made by the advocates of the two-State idea, that the present population and wealth of the Territories is a bar to the admission as States, will not hold in face of the fact that Ohio, Indiana, and

Minnesota each had populations that were very small indeed compared to the present population of New Mexico, and that the prospects and chances of development of these Territories are at least as reasonably secure as those of any other part of the country. It is not surprising that in reply to such contentions the advocates of the separate-State idea are encouraged to declare that the sole object of the two-State advocates is to deprive the West of the voice which it should have in the national councils.

Oklahoma has a larger percentage of native whites of native parents than any other State except West Virginia, and though the population of Arizona and New Mexico is not so conspicuous for the comparative absence of those of colored or Indian descent, the proportion of races will naturally be corrected as the Territories develop. Upon the question of the development of Arizona and New Mexico, no one can have doubts who is at all aware of the extent of their natural resources and of the wonders which can be achieved by irrigation in a very brief period.

The varied resources of these Territories are sufficient to insure them prosperity. Oklahoma is the only one which depends upon agriculture. Indian Territory has coal and oil lands, Arizona has an unlimited supply of the precious metals, while the mineral wealth of New Mexico in these, as well as coal and iron, has never been properly appreciated.

The citation in these columns last week of the announced decision of the International Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea incident in favor of Russia as an instance of how American sentiment is misled by colored British accounts of Russian affairs was scarcely happy, in view of the fact that the report referred to was quite false, and the decision, when it appeared, was found to favor Great Britain, not Russia. The editorial paragraph was rather a proof that no deductions should be drawn from European dispatches until they are at least three days old. If denied then, it may be assumed that they are not the phosphorescent product of a correspondential brain in the last stages of cerebral decay.

California should be congratulated on having given Yosemite back to the government for perpetual guardianship and care. It is still ours by the unbreakable bonds of location. It is more ours now than ever before, because it will be kept intact, it will be watched by lovers of its beauties and not spoiled thereby. The government can now do what the State authorities with all the will in the world could not do—begin and continue plans of improvement of roads and facilities for tourists. The opposition to the recession did not take into account the fact that under the present system hotels and roads have been conspicuous for their absence, and that therefore not a tithe of the people who have wanted to visit it have been able to do so. There are many other advantages in having Yosemite a National Park, but they pale before this one—that it will be the people's, well cared for, far beyond any danger of political exploitation, always a public place where beauty is free.

It was a great shock to the people of San Francisco to the people of the whole State, in fact—when news came on Wednesday that Mrs. Jane Stanford, widow of the late Leland Stanford, and founder, with him, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, had died at Honolulu. And the shock was augmented by details which indicate that Mrs. Stanford died of poison. She had been out all day, had partaken of a picnic lunch, and on her return to the hotel ate only a light dinner. When bedtime came, her secretary and companion, Miss Bertha Berner, prepared medicine for her, which included a dose of bi-carbonate of soda. Mrs. Stanford did not take the medicine while Miss Berner and the maid, Miss May Hunt, were in the room, but went to bed, and later drank mineral water containing the bi-carbonate of soda. Then convulsions came on. A physician was summoned, but there was no help for Mrs. Stanford, who died within half an hour, after repeating several times that she had been poisoned. An analysis of the contents of the bottle from which the bi-carbonate of soda was taken showed that it contained over six hundred grains of strychnine.

Just after Mrs. Stanford's departure from here, on February 15th, a sensational story was printed to the effect that, on January 14th, while at her residence in this city, she drank of mineral water which brought on an illness that had all the symptoms of poisoning. A servant had the mineral water analyzed, and it is said that it was found to contain poison. Detectives worked

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MYSTERIOUS
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MRS. STANFORD.

It was a great shock to the people of San Francisco to the people of the whole State, in fact—when news came on Wednesday that Mrs. Jane Stanford, widow of the late Leland Stanford, and founder, with him, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, had died at Honolulu. And the shock was augmented by details which indicate that Mrs. Stanford died of poison. She had been out all day, had partaken of a picnic lunch, and on her return to the hotel ate only a light dinner. When bedtime came, her secretary and companion, Miss Bertha Berner, prepared medicine for her, which included a dose of bi-carbonate of soda. Mrs. Stanford did not take the medicine while Miss Berner and the maid, Miss May Hunt, were in the room, but went to bed, and later drank mineral water containing the bi-carbonate of soda. Then convulsions came on. A physician was summoned, but there was no help for Mrs. Stanford, who died within half an hour, after repeating several times that she had been poisoned. An analysis of the contents of the bottle from which the bi-carbonate of soda was taken showed that it contained over six hundred grains of strychnine.

Just after Mrs. Stanford's departure from here, on February 15th, a sensational story was printed to the effect that, on January 14th, while at her residence in this city, she drank of mineral water which brought on an illness that had all the symptoms of poisoning. A servant had the mineral water analyzed, and it is said that it was found to contain poison. Detectives worked

in the case, but reached no definite conclusions. They have renewed their investigation.

Miss Berner says that the original bottle of bicarbonate of soda was bought in Adelaide, Australia; that the bottle was refilled in San Francisco; and that one of its contents were used until the night of the tragedy. The affair is a mystery, much deepened by the fact that Mrs. Stanford had no known enemies, and, while here, was surrounded by trusted servants.

Mrs. Stanford was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1828, and was a daughter of C. Dyer Lathrop, who was descended from Revolutionary stock. In 1850, she married Leland Stanford, then a young lawyer, and went to Michigan with him. There, before they were finally settled, Mr. Stanford's law-office burned; then he came West, established himself, and returned with his wife. Prosperity attended their life here, and the foundation of a great fortune was laid. In 1868, a son was born to them, who was named Leland. The three went abroad in 1879, and again in 1883. In the following year, while they were in Italy, the boy died. From his death came Leland Stanford Junior University, founded in memory of him—and in his memory most liberally provided for by Senator Stanford before his death in 1893, and by Mrs. Stanford since that time. A few years ago she turned over nearly half of her fortune to the university, endowing it with \$3,000,000. Besides this, her gifts to it were constant, and included a \$1,000,000 library, now in course of construction. She had made other plans for beautifying the surroundings of the college—plans cut short by her death. But she had already done enough to place her in the foremost rank as a benefactor. The prosperity of the university was a passion with her, and all her thoughts and plans were for its benefit.

A good woman has passed away—more, a noble, devoted, unselfish, broad-minded woman, whose chief thought was of the good that she could do. And her unending monument will be the stately group of own, mission-like buildings at Palo Alto—Leland Stanford Junior University, dedicated to her son, the memory of whose untimely death was an ever-abiding sorrow with her.

For the first time in the recorded history of the State, legislators have been pronounced by their associates unfit to sit with them.

The report of the investigating committee to the effect that Senators Frank French, Harry Winkler, Eli Wright, and E. J. Emmons were guilty of receiving bribes came before the senate on Monday, and by a unanimous vote they were expelled. Wright made a vehement speech in his own behalf, asserting his innocence, but beyond that there was no dramatic scene—nothing but the fact itself to indicate at something of extraordinary importance was happening.

Even to a politician, hardened by his profession, exclusion from office on the charge of bribery is felt to be a deep and lasting disgrace. But it is likely that these four men will have further punishment meted out to them. Their case is before the superior court in Sacramento County. Their attorneys are fighting hard, questioning the validity of the grand jury that returned indictments against them, and raising other technical points in their behalf. But District Attorney Seymour, who is prosecuting them, and who seems to be an attorney of unusual energy, declares that he will convict them.

The evidence that was brought before the investigating committee was conclusive, and there is no one who has followed it but believes that these men received the three hundred and fifty dollars each that Edwin McNab and Clarence Grange, for the purpose of entrapping them, sent to them by Joseph Jordan. Had, believing them guilty, the public would like to see them convicted. The sinister shadow of San Quentin dancing across the paths of the unworthy who are admitted to our legislative halls would get a grim reminder of them that honesty is, if not agreeable or profitable, at least the best policy.

It costs only \$84 per year for a license to retail liquor in San Francisco. That is far too cheap, and efforts are now being made to have the question submitted to the voters of raising the license to \$500 per year. A petition to that effect is in circulation, and will be presented to the election commissioners. They denied a similar petition last year, on the ground that some of the signatures were not genuine. It is proposed, this year, to obtain the legally required number of signatures, and carefully to verify them. Moreover, the petition will be presented early, so that if the election commissioners do not heed its request, the courts may be applied to in time to have the question put on the ballot, if a favorable decision be given. The liquor men are making an extremely vigorous

fight, as they did last year, against this measure. But the *Argonaut* is convinced that the majority of the voters favor high license. No other city of any importance in the United States receives so little proportionate revenue from its liquor traffic as does San Francisco, and the bad results may be seen on every hand. Children are made familiar with saloon life by the grocery-store bar-rooms, which are in all quarters of the city. In the cheaper residence districts, they are numerous beyond belief, and are dirty, squalid, and debauching. Along the water front and the Barbary Coast the character of the drinking-places is even worse, furnishing, as they do, gathering-places for thieves and thugs. They are dives and deadfalls of the worst type. The high license would drive hundreds of these grogeries out of existence. Such crime as they breed would be greatly lessened, and the city would be much cleaner morally.

We are constantly hampered by not having enough police. With fewer saloons, and of a better class, a smaller police force would be sufficient, and the revenue from a \$500 license would easily support it. Who but the retail liquor-dealers, and a few thirsty mortals who measure time by drinks instead of by the clock's hands, could object to such a fair and just arrangement?

Second thoughts are often best. Especially those of journalists. These gentry are liable, at times, to go off the handle, and only get back to sanity after the lapse of considerable time. A good instance of this is the so-called massacre in the streets of St. Petersburg on January 22d, whereat British, French, and American newspapers vied with each other in hysterical comment, and filled their columns, day after day, with invented details of the "slaughter of a gentle defenseless crowd of humble petitioners without warning by the Czar's brutal soldiery." In all the United States not a score of journals, and only a few public men, kept their poise and sanity. A few men who had traveled in Russia, like the war-correspondent Archibald, showed that the socialistic riot and the means used to suppress it differed only in degree, not in kind, from riots and their forcible suppression in all civilized countries, including our own. A few newspapers with better than a parochial outlook, like the *New York Herald*, refused to join in the lachrymose wailings of the majority section of the press because soldiers fired on a mob.

But now, at last, a more sensible view of the affair is coming to be taken, as we see from this interesting passage from the Paris correspondence of Paul Villiers for American papers—a passage which we have great pleasure in reprinting:

Now that the hysterical outcries against the massacre at St. Petersburg have ceased, the French press is commenting more calmly upon the events which are taking place in and around the Czar's capital.

The violent attacks on the Franco-Russian alliance have ceased, and even papers which denounced the Czar now admit that he could not probably have acted otherwise than he did.

All correspondents and eye-witnesses declare that the mob which tried to invade the Palace Square, far from being unarmed and harmless, was really most dangerous.

The rioters also had plenty of warning to turn back before they were fired upon, but they paid no heed. If a demonstration of a similar kind had taken place here, if a mob had tried to invade the Elysees Palace, the police would have attempted to drive them back, used their batons, and, if they had failed, troops would have been called out to assist the police.

All unprejudiced correspondents agree that this was just what was done at St. Petersburg. The Cossacks tried first to drive back the mob with their *nagalkas*, and these short whips are not nearly as dangerous a weapon as a police club.

When this did not impress the crowd, the soldiers fired a volley of blank cartridges, and not until then did they actually fire upon the crowd.

No other government in the world, neither in England, France, nor America, would have acted with more moderation.

It is perhaps with somewhat justifiable satisfaction that we set in juxtaposition to the above passage (which is described as the settled opinion of the press of the French Republic upon sober and extended review of the affair) the opinion expressed by the *Argonaut* but a few days after the occurrence—an opinion that ran counter to that then expressed by most American journals. Perhaps they think differently now. This is what we said in our issue of January 30th:

Sympathy with the people as against the tyrant is the predominant feeling in this country. However, it may not be amiss to point out that the Russian Government's course was simply one which almost any government might be compelled to follow under analogous circumstances. Suppose, for example, the United States were in the midst of a great war; that failure of crops and other disasters combined to bring in its train profound industrial depression; that a mob of workmen, disaffected with the war (as were the Copperheads with the Civil War) should demand that the President meet them in conference before the White House; suppose that his Cabinet should counsel him against meeting them there, and that the mob should assemble and clamor vainly for him. It would then be the duty of police officers to disperse the mob; in the event of their being powerless to do so, the Federal troops would be called upon, and, in the event that the mob

still refused to disperse, it would be necessary to fire upon it. When, in time of peace, and during industrial depression of no seriously distressing character, the so-called "Coxey's Army" endeavored to invade the White House, it was not received by the President. The ringleaders were arrested. It is time of war it might well happen that in countries far more civilized than Russia such a tragedy as that in St. Petersburg might occur. The draft-riots in the City of New York during the Rebellion are not yet forgotten.

We are, of course, not defending the Russian autocracy. But it is just as well, at a time like this, to look at events soberly and calmly in the light of history, rather than through the eyes of hysterical journalists.

The post-prandial eloquence of a decade seems to be justifying itself in present-day actual facts. The alliance between Great Britain and the United States, which has of late aroused so much eager discussion, seems to have realized itself as nearly all-important historic events have the trick of doing, silently and as a matter of course.

The withdrawal of British white troops from the West Indies and the practical military abandonment of Canada by the British Imperial Government are striking facts, which tend to show that here on this continent, at all events, it is not considered worth while to maintain any military organization other than the colonial governments can themselves provide.

The redistribution of the British fleet in American waters, a plan by which the British admiralty claims to have very greatly increased its efficiency, is an even more remarkable testimony to the existence of a very complete understanding with the United States Government. This abandonment of a century-old disposition of the imperial naval forces can not have been made without some good security with respect to the actions of this country. As Commander J. D. Jerrold Kelly, of the United States navy, remarks: "It was necessary to show that the trade routes, ports of call, the profitable back countries, and imperial defense, would be unimpaired under the new plan." The British Government, then, must have assured itself on those points. It will be noticed that the United States navy tends to assemble its strength, particularly in the North Atlantic and in Asiatic waters. It is precisely in these two directions that the modifications in the distribution of the British fleet have been made, and this is in distinct agreement with the suggestions of Sidney Lee, whose recent article in the *Nineteenth Century and After* is generally supposed to have been approved, if not instigated, by the British admiralty. Mr. Lee proposes an employment of the British and United States navies for common beneficial objects, and gives to such united action the somewhat pompous name of the "league of peace."

There can be little doubt that the teachings of Captain Mahan on the dangers of coalitions, and the practical experience of the risk of a European coalition in 1858, have had much to do with this arrangement. But President Roosevelt's definition of the Monroe Doctrine has been followed by the statement of the British admiralty that "England no longer considers it necessary to maintain fleets in peace time in waters which are sufficiently policed by the United States navy."

From which it would appear that if there is no alliance between the two governments there is at least "a league of peace."

The most ludicrous phase of the tremendous agitation for the commutation of the sentence of

SYMPATHY FOR MURDERESS WANES. Mrs. Kate Edwards, who killed her husband for the life insurance, is the

sudden change of front of the people who have had to pay. Mrs. Edwards was convicted and sentenced to death. The excitement was prodigious. The death penalty was denounced as infamous when applied to a woman. Vast vocabularies of pity were poured forth upon the ground of justice. Tears gushed over an entire State. Commonwealths rocked on their foundations, undermined by the floods of commiseration. A board of pardons sat amid mail-sacks and tried to keep a stiff upper lip.

Then suddenly the tumult and the shouting died. The pity and the tears sought their reservoirs. The excitement dropped. The mist of words and prayers was dissipated, leaving a county standing ruefully looking at the murderess and feeling in its pockets for the coin that was not. "By gum, we spent eight thousand dollars in convicting this woman. And here she is yet. How much more is it going to cost?"

All of which goes to show that the man who can sport the tear of sympathy and still cheerfully hand out the price is not a man to have on a board of pardons. When we can estimate the cost of every dewy tear, we need fewer handkerchiefs. It looks very much as if Mrs. Kate Edwards would have to hang. After spending so much money, the bargain will have to go through. Thus doth sordid business do the work of common sense.

"THERE'S NEVER A LAW—"

How the Fact Was W. Todd's Salvation and Dad's Undoing.

Bill Todd came to the Glasgow country from across the line in search of strays from the "Seventy-Six." There was nothing remarkable about that, of course, because Canadian horses were always drifting south into Montana. The remarkable thing was that Bill should send his stock to the home ranch by his partner, and hang around Glasgow himself for no obvious reason. But Annabel Stafford could have enlightened those who wondered at Bill's absence from his native heath, had she been minded to do so.

Glasgow habitants were too much taken up with their own urgent affairs to pay much attention to Bill Todd and his comings and goings, or undoubtedly some of them would have given him a few pointers on the idiosyncrasies of "Dad" Stafford. Besides, Bill, being a Canadian, and a quondam shepherd, was of little moment in their estimation. So he continued to grace the main street of Glasgow with his presence during the day, and when the shades of evening fell he would hie unobtrusively to the cottage where Annabel Stafford, with the futile aid of a hard-of-hearing maiden aunt, kept house for her absent father.

How Bill, whose long suit was the taming of refractory broncos and the chasing of long-horned cattle, came to make the acquaintance of, and such a decided hit with, Miss Annabel is not a matter of history. It was a fact, nevertheless. Every evening, when gray dusk was rolling in from the east, and a ruddy glow tinged the western horizon, Bill Todd might have been seen snugly ensconced in the capacious arm-chair of the absent sheriff, exchanging repartee with Annabel or quoting poetry that made her blush and smile sweetly on him. Bill was strong on poetry. He quoted Keats and Tennyson with great feeling to Annabel, as they seemed to him to be most appropriate for the occasion; but his main hold and private choice was Burns or Kipling—especially Kipling.

Bill could elocute Kipling by lariat-lengths on the slightest provocation. "On the Road to Mandalay" was his favorite lullaby for soothing restless cattle when he stood night-guard, and he even went so far as to improvise an air for the "Song of the Banjo"; but when he essayed to render it, the cowboys indignantly rose en masse and drove him forth from camp with much profanity. And the Seventy-Six men swear that Bill stampered their beef-herd one calm moonlight night by getting off his horse and declaiming "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" from the top of a convenient rock.

He would have enjoyed giving Annabel a sample of his elocutionary powers, but he remembered the herd and took no unnecessary chances. Keats and Tennyson furnish some very tender little love passages which go well with the dusk of evening; and Kipling is a bit strengthly for a lady, anyhow.

Bill had convinced Annabel, in spite of the maiden aunt's vigorous assertion that all men were a snare and a delusion, that life without one William Todd would be a gloomy, lonesome, heartaching void; and they had plighted their vows of eternal faithfulness, when Dad Stafford appeared on the scene and disrupted their little idyl. Not as the serpent entered Eden did Dad Stafford come, with insidious sophistries, but like a raging lion seeking whom he might devour—the same being Bill Todd.

There were two things that Dad Stafford guarded with jealous care—one was the dignity of his office as sheriff, and the other was his daughter. In his capacity of sheriff he was duly respected by the unlawful ones of Valley County, for when he went after a man he generally got him; and having got him he kept him, for Dad believed in the primitive frontier method of shooting first and talking the thing over afterward. In his paternal capacity he had been equally successful, seeing that Annabel had arrived at the mature age of twenty without having had her connubial rights preempted; this in a country where pretty girls—or girls of any kind, for that matter—were away above par in the matrimonial market.

Those eligible suitors who, heretofore, had laid siege to the feminine Stafford citadel did not appeal to Annabel. Dad did not attempt to influence her in their favor; he simply took good care that no ineligible got on the firing-line. And for graceless cowpunchers and devil-may-care bronco-peelers he had a decided aversion—from the father-in-law view-point, that is. They were a necessary adjunct to the proper carrying on of the stock business, he admitted, but he didn't want any in the family, by thunder!

It was afternoon when Dad Stafford returned from his arduous five weeks' hunt for certain horse-thieves who had been persistently plying their nefarious calling within the confines of Valley County. Annabel, who was neither a fool nor an angel, immediately rushed in where she should have feared to tread, and the valiant sheriff swore by the unhallowed bones of the horse-thieves he had failed to catch, that he would see Mr. W. Todd roasted to an elegant brown in the classic abode of fallen spirits before he would permit him to become allied by marriage to the house of Stafford. In this mood he cleaned and oiled the cylinder of his forty-five, and otherwise prepared for a hostile demonstration as the time of Mr. Todd's vesper-time fall drew nigh.

Bill knocked valiantly on the front door. He was

aware that Dad Stafford had returned, and he came prepared to importune that gentleman for the hand of his daughter. It was rushing things a little to woo, win, and wed a maid within such a limited period, but Bill's presence was demanded across the line; and there was nothing slow about Bill Todd, if he was a Briton and had had dealings with sheep. So when a rumbling voice bade him enter he went meekly in, like a lamb to the slaughter.

In the big easy-chair Bill had occupied for many pleasant evenings, Dad Stafford reposed his generous frame, and glowered at Bill as he entered. On a couch sat Miss Annabel, nervous and red-eyed from much weeping. Bill bowed politely to both and casually mentioned that it was a fine evening. Then he cleared his throat and prepared to take the bull by the horns, so to speak.

"Mr. Stafford, I suppose?" he interrogated of the surly looking paterfamilias.

"That's what they call me," came a cavernous growl. "My name is Todd," said Bill, hesitatingly. This was not a very auspicious beginning, he felt. "I—got somethin' t' tell yuh. I—"

"Yuh needn't tell me nothin'," Dad Stafford rudely interrupted. "This girl o' mine has done all the tellin' that's necessary. I won't have it. Yuh c'n save your breath, an' hit the trail."

"But, look here—" Bill got under way once more, but the huge waves of the sheriff's anger speedily swamped his frail conversational craft. Also he discovered that Dad was intensely anti-British.

"Doggone yuh! don't yuh stand there chewin' the rag with me," Dad rose to his feet, emitting sundry forcible objurgations, and thumped a convenient table with a ham-like fist. "I want to tell yuh right now, young feller, that I'll have no blasted Canuck hangin' round after my girl. When she wants a man I'll see that she gets the right kind of one—an' yuh don't look good to me. See! Furthermore, I'm sheriff uh this here county an' if I catch yuh inside these here Glasgow city limits t-morrow I'll run yuh in for a 'vag.' Vamoose! or I'll go in the air with yuh right here."

Bill stood slightly undecided, wholly surprised, and very much angered, until Dad made a threatening move toward him. Then Annabel uttered a frightened, "Oh, please go!" and Bill went hastily, but flinging defiance over his shoulder as he stepped through the front gate.

"Yuh bigoted old cuss!" he stormed back at Dad Stafford, "I'll show yuh what a Cypress Hill cowpuncher c'n do."

At the first corner he paused and stared gloomily back at the abode of his beloved. As he gazed the words of "The First Chanty" came to his mind.

"Mine was the woman, darkling I found her,"

he muttered, "an' by the Lord! no chin-whiskered old varmint is a-go'in' t' come between us, either." After which utterance he strode along. Even on the most momentous occasions Bill Todd could not refrain from Kipling.

He proceeded to his room at the Leland, to nurse his outraged dignity, and plan the confusion of Dad Stafford, for Bill had no intention of giving up his heart's desire without a bitter struggle. Unless Annabel refused to listen to his plea, Bill was confident that he would ultimately win.

Bill spent the rest of the evening cultivating the acquaintance of a riotous spirit from the Little Rockies. "Bones" was in Glasgow to have a good time, and he welcomed with open arms any one who would join him in his frolic. It is a cowpuncher's failing that he is not content to enjoy himself in solitude; he must have comrades to share his joy—the more the merrier. Bones was no exception to the general rule, and he was also a stranger in Glasgow; therefore he met Bill's advances with keen appreciation, and they became sworn friends in a marvelously short time.

Next day Bill kept eagle-eyed watch on the Stafford home and the movements of Dad; but the sheriff's duties did not carry him beyond gunshot of the cottage. The court-house and county jail were within plain sight of his house, and he kept continually within these bounds.

Bill reviewed the situation comprehensively. He felt no uneasiness concerning the sheriff's promise to "vag" him—that was purely a threat. But he could not afford to precipitate a personal encounter by boldly going to the house. The thing to be done, then, was to manage a clandestine interview with Annabel. Bill felt that if he could speak privately with her he could induce her to take matters into her own hands; in short, to follow the universal fashion of lovers thwarted by relentless parents, and elope. Once married, he, W. Todd, would take a long chance with the doughty Dad.

Late that evening a daring plan came to Bill Todd. He had just returned from a fruitless attempt to interview Annabel. A glance through the front-room window, the shade of which was unlowered, had revealed Dad Stafford reclining in his favorite chair, and Annabel glumly seated on the couch. As I said, a plan came to Bill Todd and he proceeded to put it into execution immediately. His first act was to seek out the hilarious Bones, without whose aid Bill's plan was not feasible.

Bill did not consume much time in search of Bones, for he knew exactly where to find him. Having done so, he lugged the exhilarated stockhand to a secluded spot and unburdened his soul. Whatever the proposition, Bones heartily concurred. It would, he assured Bill, be a pleasure to him if he could wake up this old

town. In fact, he had figured on doing so before he left, and he would gladly advance the date of his departure if thereby he could help a brother-cowpuncher—and he didn't like old Stafford, nohow! Then the separated, each to his task.

W. Todd's next move was to buttonhole the proprietor of the livery stable which sheltered his horse. After a conversation during which certain crisp greenback passed into the stableman's hands, Bill busied himself saddling two horses. Having done this to his liking he placed the two in a wide stall near the rear exit of the stable, and sallied forth into the night.

A half-hour later Glasgow was experiencing a slight revival of the good old "cow-trail" days, when swarms of riders took the town by weight of numbers and much burning of powder. Bones, of the Little Rockies, well mounted and plentifully supplied with cartridge was manfully endeavoring to "smoke up" the town in old-fashioned style. This was very amusing to those Glasgow citizens who owned no property on the main street, to which thoroughfare Bones confined his dexterous pistol practice; but certain solid municipal pillars began to fear for their window panes, and sought about for the town marshal to have him abate Bones as a public nuisance.

The town marshal, however, was not to be found—Bones and Bill Todd were well aware. He had gone on private business to a ranch a short distance out of town. Thus it came that after a fruitless search, an excited drug clerk ran wildly to the sheriff's home and demanded that he come forth and arrest the exuberant youth who was dispensing bullets and thrilling war whoops with such joyous abandon, before he demolishes the colored globes which graced the windows of the chemical emporium.

Dad Stafford girded on his pistol and fared forth with a parting injunction to Annabel not to sit up for him if he did not soon return. Being informed that Bones was mounted, the sheriff mounted also, having had experience with men who shot up towns. He knew that Bones would probably show a clean pair of heels to an officer on foot—provided the aforesaid officer didn't tumble him off his horse with a luck shot—and since he must go after him, Dad intended to get him.

Barely had Dad Stafford clattered away from the stable before there came a gentle tap-tap on the front room window. The maiden aunt was snoozing vibrant in a rocker—she was a little deaf, anyway. Annabel went curiously to the window and peeped out. Bill Todd stood in the shadow and pointed meaningly toward the rear of the house, moving even as he pointed. Annabel tiptoed softly out of the room, and met him joyously at the kitchen door.

In a few blissful, fleeting moments Bill Todd unfolded his plan.

"Will yuh come, girlie?" he pleaded. "Yuh know I'll be good t' yuh. Yuh got a right t' pick for yuhself—yuh aint no kid."

"I'd like to, Will," she whispered; "and yet I hate to leave dad like this."

"He's so set in his ways," Bill urged. "Yuh know he'll never give in as long as yuh don't take things in your own hands. I've got a fine little place across the line, an' maybe he'll soften up after a while, who we're married an' gettin' along fine. Yuh better come, Bell."

And she went.

At daylight Dad Stafford went also. At sunrise he struck the fresh hoof-marks of two shod horses on the soft earth of the White Mud trail. A little before noon he winded his weary horse on the frontier Canada, forty-five miles from home. Before him, the cleft end of a willow planted squarely in the center of the trail, a folded sheet of paper fluttered in the wind. Climbing stiffly down from his saddle, Dad Stafford opened and read it. It was a truly W. Todd-esque rendition of Kipling, and this is how it ran:

"Go back in peace to your Glasgow home, for Annabel mine, and there's never a law of Uncle Sam runs north of for nine."

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1905.

By actual measurement they have had four feet of snow on the island of Manhattan so far this winter. The superficial area of the island is, say, 14,000 acres, 609,840,000 square feet. Four feet of snow on each square foot would call for 2,439,360 cubic feet of snow. If these foot-square blocks were set one upon another they would make a column 462,000 miles high—to the moon, that is, and 180,000 miles the other side of it, or a foot-wide girdle around the earth 18½ times. Piled on one of the city blocks this snow would make a mountain over two miles high. In cords it would weigh 18,276,000. It is estimated that the cost of snow removal will be between two and three millions of dollars nearer the latter figure.

The Japanese Government has been greatly concerned in its mind over the low stature of the six-footers, and it appointed a commission to study the cause of the lack of height, and to suggest a remedy. The commission has published its report, and it ascribes the shortness of the Japanese to the habit of sitting on their heels instead of on a chair. This attitude, it holds, prevented the legs of the Japanese from growing. It suggests that the children should for the future be made to sit in the European fashion.

MRS. FISKE'S NEW PLAY.

Success of "Leah Kleschna" in New York—Clever, and Comparatively Good—A Thievish Heroine, a Priggish Hero—Acting Excellent—A Weak Last Act.

The dramatic season is half over, and the verdict passed on it is that the best piece of acting has been that of Warfield in "The Music Master," and the best play Mrs. Fiske's production of "Leah Kleschna." Whether it is the best or not, "Leah Kleschna" has played teadily to large houses, and to a much more intelligent class of audience than one usually sees at the New York theatres. It is said to be a great pecuniary success, which is pleasing to hear, as Mrs. Fiske is not an actress who has made much money, and as she has artistic ideals, which, we are led to suppose, predestine her possessor to distinguished poverty—anyway, in tageland.

I don't think "Leah Kleschna" is a great play; I don't even think it is a very good play. But it is great and good and everything else that's commendable compared to the boring and dreary productions to which we unmurmuringly submit. What I should call it would be a clever play, with an exceedingly bad last act, which its four bright and interesting predecessors carry through. The thing about it that is unusually good is the acting. That is really excellent. From Mrs. Fiske down, everybody in the cast plays well and fits well into the ensemble. It is more like an old-fashioned stock company performance than a modern star production, and for that we all owe Mrs. Fiske our thanks. She might have insisted on being an effulgent, dominating star, always in the centre of the stage, having all the best lines, with a few shrinking assistants pushed back into corners. Instead of which she gave each member of the company a fair chance, and stood back and let them have their say without interference.

"Leah Kleschna" has two sorts of attractiveness. One is that it moves along with the rapid action and spirited vivacity of a good novel. It does not bother with problems or psychology; there is no effort to make a brilliant dialogue, or effective "curtains." Its author brought to its making two valuable points—he had a good story to tell, and he told it simply and straightforwardly. He had also an instinct for the naturally dramatic, here and there the melodramatic. The combination of people he brought together made the plot, and then they unraveled it, and you followed them from act to act just as you follow "a rattling good story" from chapter to chapter. You do not care or the right or the wrong of it. You want to find out whether Leah got caught, and what Berton did with the stolen jewels. This, I take it, is a pretty good test of either a novel or a play. Perhaps, however, my judgment is prejudiced, as I am one of those people who "read for the story."

The other attractive point was that it deals with a class of people who are perennially interesting. I mean the world of educated thieves and cracksmen, the desperate and daring pirates of our day, sailors under the black flag, who, if they are not as picturesquely wicked as they were when they swept the seas with Morgan the buccaneer, are at least as picturesque as they can be in the present unpicturesque age. The story of the villain who will cut your purse, but not your throat, is always of interest, especially to the severely respectable. Since men began to write, the tale of the "picaroon" has had its acknowledged place and charm. Secure in the shelter of our firesides and bank accounts, we love to read of the dwellers in the underworld, the men who have trod in the footsteps of François Villon and Robert Macaire, the women whom they have loved and forgotten—loved and died for. It may be a bad romance, but it is a romance just the same—a romance with the curdling cold of danger in it, a romance far removed from the security of our own well-trodden ways.

"Leah Kleschna" was a thief, her father was a thief, and her friends were thieves. She had been bred to the business, and was adroit and daring. Both father and daughter were clever and strong in character and mind. I was reading a book about the poor, the other day, and it said that it was easier to reform a thief than a pauper, because to be the former a certain amount of force and courage were necessary, and to rise from the depths these attributes were essential. The two Kleschnas make one understand this. They are a pair of strong spirits; they love one another, they quarrel, but in the main they get on as well as most fathers and daughters where the character is forceful and the will unbending.

Kleschna père is satisfied with his profession. He wants no better one, especially with his daughter growing up to be such a valuable assistant. Morally he is not squeamish. He has no objections to her listening to the exceedingly insulting advances of a horrible young rake called Berton. Kleschna does not want her to respond to these advances, but he does not mind her encouraging Berton's hopes, as the young man is useful to him. Leah, in the first act, is shown as rather disgusted, but cynically accepting the situation. I do not know what age she is supposed to be. Mrs. Fiske makes her look anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five.

The playwright's idea is that Leah for years has cherished a secret ideal, to which, in darkness and inner turmoil, she has been slowly stretching out futile hands. Years ago she and her father were rescued in a shipwreck by a man who, behaving with heroism

under desperate circumstances, won her devotion, her almost reverential worship. The thought of him has never left her, has been an inspiration to her, and under its influence she has been slowly breaking from the life she has always led, has been unconsciously severing the ties that have held her to her father and his associates.

This is the state of her inner nature when they counsel her to keep Berton dangling about her in profitable uncertainty, and arrange for her to rob the safe of Paul Sylvaine, a rich deputy who lives near Paris, and is famous as the promulgator of a sort of Tolstoyan moral creed of non-punishment for crime. At midnight she enters Sylvaine's apartment through the garden, and is at work on the safe when he softly comes in and turns up the electric lights. She turns on him with a drawn pistol, and sees that it is the hero of the shipwreck.

All through this the play is excellent. The story opens up and unfolds itself with charm and skill. Your interest is caught at once. The character of Leah attracts you. It is not a stage character, but is a natural woman—hard, clever, cynical, gay, and brave. There is no sentiment about it, so far, and yet the auditor can see that Leah is restive under conditions she has outgrown. She is ripe for regeneration. With the appearance of Sylvaine there is a slight drop. This is due to the fact that Sylvaine is the most excruciatingly difficult kind of figure to make interesting and plausible on the stage. He is not only the acme of nobility himself, but he is a sort of vehicle for expressing the virtuous views of other people. Facing the thief in the loneliness of midnight, he gives her a sort of lecture about crime and punishment that is what we might imagine Tolstoy would deliver to a peasant whom he had caught stealing a cow.

Leah remains a natural figure during this interview. She is cool, bold, and keen as a razor. Thinking herself caught, she threatens Sylvaine with blackmail unless he lets her go. He is unmoved at this, and resumes his lecture, until suddenly interrupted by Berton, who is out on a drunken frolic, and, seeing a light, comes riotously climbing in over the balcony rail. Then of course the fat is in the fire. Berton finds Leah, thinks she and Sylvaine are lovers, threatens to make a scandal, and is only silenced when Leah avows the truth—that she is a thief, and came to steal the jewels. She goes, after this, Sylvaine politely escorting her to the door. Berton, left alone with the restored jewels, gazes at them with gloating eyes, wavers, moves nearer, and, as Sylvaine's returning footsteps sound on the parquet, pockets them.

There are two acts after this, rapid and full of action, in which one sees the working out of Leah's regeneration and Berton's theft. The former is so quick and complete as to be somewhat of the nature of those transformations made on the vaudeville stage by "Lightning-Change Artists." After she leaves Sylvaine's house that night, Leah walks the streets for twelve hours, reconstructing her morals and scheme of life. When she returns to the attic, where her father and his henchman await her, she has determined to break from them and begin anew, as a peasant, in the land where her mother lived. She, with her amended line of conduct, and Berton, frightened almost to death for fear of detection, arrive at the attic almost simultaneously, the one to acquaint her father with her resolve, and there and then leave him forever; the other to listen, transfixed and gray with terror, to the steps of the detectives ascending the stairs.

That is virtually the end of the piece. Nearly every one deploras the last act, which shows Leah as a chastened farm-hand picking lettuces somewhere in Austria. Sylvaine has come to seek her, and carry her off to a sister with whom she is to live. It is the last and hardest trial on poor, priggish Sylvaine that he has to come into this lettuce-grown landscape, dotted with picturesque peasants, in the pompous dignity of his Tolstoyan principles, his silk hat, and yellow gloves. It was the unkindest and bitterest thing he had to do, and Mrs. Fiske as a saccharine Leah, with a long golden braid down her back, and an elegantly made blue-cloth costume, did not help him at all. Take it all in all, it was a pretty bad last act. It was comforting to know that Leah was purified of her sins by two years among the Austrian lettuces, and was now to be taken back and still further purified by a residence with Sylvaine's sister before she was to become Sylvaine's wife; but it would have been so much better if it could have been indicated in a phrase or two in the act before. It is a great pity that this marrying and settling down of the hero and heroine, which the public insists on, can not be done in a single, compact sentence, a sort of tabloid form of last chapter and last act.

I am not a good person to pass judgment on Mrs. Fiske's acting, because I have seen her so seldom. I do not think I understand her exactly, or, to put it differently, understand the ideal that is animating her art. She is very intelligent, and is, I am sure, a player of fine appreciation and high intellectual aspirations. She seems devoid, too, of that strange egotism which dwarfs the dignity of so many first-class actors. She not only does not stand always and endlessly in the centre of the stage, but she avoids it, continually pressing herself into corners, and withdrawing into inconspicuous backgrounds. Everything about her suggests this subdual of herself to the position of one of many figures on the canvas. What I do not understand is how, with all her experience and intelligence, she has not conquered the faults of her manner of speech. I find it very difficult

to follow her, her delivery is so rapid and choppy. I think her idea is to create an effect of naturalness by avoidance of the slow, elaborate declamation of the stage; but this could be done without talking so quickly and so jerkily that a person can not catch up with it. It makes me feel as if I was getting deaf, and that is not a cheerful sensation.

She indicates admirably the viceroy of hardness that such a girl as Leah was certain to get in such an environment. There is something boyish, *gamin*, in her playing of the part which makes it exceedingly alive. The quick instincts of the creature bred in danger are there, the control of every faculty in the chilliest moments of menace. When Berton shows his craven fear—the fear of the novice and the coward—she suddenly bursts into a laugh of irrepressible, cynical amusement. Danger is at all their heels, the moment is a desperate one; but Berton, white in the face and driveling with terror, is not in the least disgusting, only funny, and her laugh bursts out almost unconsciously, and with startling naturalness.

The men of the cast are all good. I wanted to say something of them, but have left no room.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, February 20, 1905.

THE MAN WHO "SAVED THE NATION."

Jay Cooke, who died recently, was (says the *Sun*) scarcely more than a name to many persons of young adult life to-day, but in the days of the Civil War he was one of the most widely known men of his time. He was even called the savior of the nation, for by his financial genius he had made possible the work of the armies. Mr. Cooke induced the people of the country to invest in government bonds. And as the war was drawing to its triumphant close, General Grant, meeting Jay Cooke's son at the front, said to him: "Tell your father that it is to his labors more than to those of any other man that the people of this country owe the continued life of the nation."

Mr. Cooke was born at Sandusky, O., on August 10, 1821, the son of a lawyer whose name, Eleutheros—owing to the inability of the Ohio pioneers to spell it—brought him defeat in an election and caused him to name his sons in few letters, one Pitt, one Jay. At eighteen Cooke left Sandusky for Philadelphia, and entered the banking house of E. W. Clark & Co. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to partnership because of the ability and aggressiveness which he had shown in the business. Early in the war, after some bankers, at Cooke's solicitation, had furnished Secretary Chase with \$50,000,000 and told him that that was all they could do, and that the Secretary must "finish the war with that," Mr. Cooke went ahead trying to raise money for the government loans, and his house had raised nearly half of all that had been secured up to 1863. At that time the army paymaster was in arrears about \$60,000,000, and Mr. Chase asked Cooke to become the government's special financial agent. He accepted and set out upon a scheme of the most extensive advertising, appealing to the mingled motives of patriotism and self-interest of the people. He afterwards said that only through such advertising as he resorted to could he have accomplished his aim.

During the war, Mr. Cooke's firm paid out for newspaper advertising more than \$2,000,000. He was a firm believer not only in the nation, but in the patriotism and reasonableness of the people, could they be reached, and he set about reaching them and succeeded. Bonds that the government had been unable to get rid of when offered from Washington were soon going "like hot cakes" from Cooke's office, and all at par or better. Subscriptions came in at the rate of \$3,000,000 a day and footed up a total at the beginning of 1864 of more than \$500,000,000 of bonds issued, and the government authorized more to fill the orders. Mr. Cooke's house of J. Cooke & Co. floated all the great war loans, the last one amounting to \$830,000,000, and in total to over \$2,000,000,000. Yet he made on the whole work, he once said, only \$200,000, the expense of advertising and clerk hire being so heavy and his percentage so light. Mr. Cooke was on a Philadelphia street-car when he heard of Lincoln's assassination. He jumped off instantly, and from the nearest telegraph station telegraphed one hundred agents of his house throughout the North to advance the price of bonds, thereby, as he believed, preventing greedy speculators from bringing on a panic for their own profit.

After the war, Mr. Cooke's greatest work was the promotion of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The result was his failure in the beginning of the panic of '73. Great as was his financial fall, Mr. Cooke retrieved himself, paid his last cent of obligation in five years, and built up another fortune that enabled him to buy back his country seats.

The Jews in New York now make up a community of seven hundred thousand persons, the greatest Jewish community ever gathered together in the history of mankind. Their political influence is already great. Commercially and financially, their power in New York is becoming the strongest. Even numerically they are now about as many as the native white citizens of New York of native parentage, and the time is near at hand when they will be far more numerous than the inhabitants of any other race, of foreign or native birth; and if their immigration continues at the rate of the last few years, they will form the majority of the population of the town in the near future.

ACTRESSES AND PEERS.

Some Bewitching Show-Ladies and Their Titled Admirers—Marie Studholme's Victims Are Numerous—Viscount Brackley's Devotion—Modest Maudi Darrell.

There has been a great deal of talk going on lately, not alone among the members of the theatrical profession, whom it chiefly concerns, but among everybody, about five well-known personages in the social and public world of London—two ladies and three gentlemen. However, they don't all appear in one group, there being really two separate and distinct little love romances, one of which involves but two of them; the other takes in the other three. The ladies are Miss Marie Studholme (called Studd'm, by the by) and Miss Maudi Darrell. Both are leading actresses on the musical-comedy stage, with perhaps a preference as to rank in favor of the former. Both are greatly admired and run after by all the young men. That is to say, admired by all, but run after by those only who have plenty of money. Never, in the present day, have two actresses in London been so attractive to the *jeunesse dorée* of the smart set as have these two. I won't even except Edna May, who, after first enslaving Maurice Farkoa, about whose dainty comeliness, charming voice, and bewitching French accent, all the titled young girls of Belgravia have for years gone mad, might have found in marital fetters either the Duke of Manchester or young Rothschild, had it not been for the tiresome Titus who wouldn't obligingly let himself be divorced. It has been done at last, I know. But in the meantime the fickle and impetuous duke has married Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, and the gilded Isrealite has (they say) grown cold.

As for Marie Studholme, she is bewildered with the number of her slaves. At least, she used to be bewildered when that sort of homage was new to her, for the fair Marie is "getting on," if the truth must be told. She was playing one of the leading parts in "The Toreador" when it came out four years ago, and four years is a big slice out of the life of an actress who goes in for musical plays. She is unquestionably a very beautiful woman. She sings delightfully, dances divinely, and is altogether charming. She is also the most photographed actress in the universe, there being no less than four hundred and sixty-two negatives extant of her different poses. This is an authentic statement. Of course, she has gone through dozens upon dozens of beseechments from enamored men, mostly young, but not a few old chaps. To one and all she has turned a deaf ear, and the hearts she has broken could be counted by the score. She is indeed almost the only actress of note in her line on the English stage who remains single. All whom I can recall at the present moment are married: Ellaline Terriss, Ada Reeve, Gertie Millar, Evie Greene, and there are dozens more.

But to return to Marie Studholme and her late love-affair, which is answerable for half the talk which has been going on. For months past Marie Studholme has been playing the leading lady's part in "The Orchid" at the Gaiety Theatre, and for a good portion of that time there was one of her army of admirers who never missed a performance; even the matinees saw him seated in the stalls, if he didn't occupy a box all to himself. This was no less a personage than Viscount Brackley, the eldest son and heir of the enormously rich Earl of Ellesmere, who is the head of the ancient and distinguished family of Egerton. I believe that Lord Egerton of Tatton disputes this; but it is all nonsense; Ellesmere is the man, beyond a doubt. The admiration which the viscount so openly showed for the pretty actress naturally attracted attention, and, of course, people talked. Everybody thought there was more in it than met the eye; that eventually he would win where so many before him had failed, and that soon the ranks of the nobility would be graced by the addition of another bride drawn from the ranks of the theatrical profession. It would certainly be a grand match for the actress, everybody thought. Lord Brackley is a fine, strapping fellow, an athlete and keen sportsman, and one of the best amateur cricketers. He is also heir to an earldom and vast estates and property of great historic value. The famous Bridgewater House is part of his inheritance. Another thing; his admiration, though it may have looked it, was not the infatuation of a raw youth, for he is in his thirty-third year. Old enough to know better, some people may think. But after all, why shouldn't a man of his rank and position marry an actress if he choose? Not so much as a breath has ever been whispered against the lady's good name. It is now whispered that Lord Brackley has met the same fate as his predecessors, and has actually been refused. But the fact is that he is at present in the West Indies, where he is captaining a cricket team which he has taken out himself to play the niggers of Jamaica and Demarera, and the English residents of Bermuda. People think he was sent about his business, and made up this cricketing tour to assuage his chagrin. But I don't believe it, and have strong faith in the fact that the future will see Marie Studholme the Countess of Ellesmere, and the mistress of Bridgewater House. For why? I don't believe she would be so silly as to refuse so advantageous a marriage in every way. Besides, she is not growing younger.

Now for the other three. Maudi Darrell—mind you spell it with only the *i*—is a fascinating young creature,

who has for some time been slaughtering the young guardsmen. At present she is playing in "The Talk of the Town," Seymour Hicks's new lightning musical play at the Lyric. In looks she doesn't compare with Marie Studholme. Her face has a massive look, though her dark eyes are most effective. There is one very curious thing about her. She never lets her legs be seen. You would hardly think this was a feature likely to attract the gilded youths of his majesty's household troops. Yet it seems to do the trick. But how does she manage about it? Easily enough. She wears a certain undergarment so long that it reaches to her ankles, and when she raises her skirts to dance, instead of the usual display of silken hosiery, this is what you see. They say it created consternation among the young fellows at first, but now the fashion is regarded as rather *chic* and fetching. "By Jove, don't you know," I overheard one young subaltern in the Grenadiers, but a few months out of Sandhurst, say one night, "one got rather fed up on stockings."

One of Maudi's first admirers of the ardent pattern was Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's eldest son. He wanted to marry her "right away." It would have been a big thing for her, but she hadn't a long enough inning yet, and didn't want to settle down, just as she had begun to taste the sweets of competitive admiration. That's what people said, for it happened last year. But it is my honest belief, and was at the time, that she couldn't stand for Lord Dalmeny's looks. He is a common-looking young man, for a fact. His fat pudding-like face, with its small eyes, far-apart teeth, and thick Hebrew lips, is not what you'd call attractive to a pretty girl, despite the fact that he is heir to Mentmore, the famous Rothschild country place, which he inherits through his mother. Besides, he has the loose-hipped, shambling gait of the typical Jew when he walks. I tell you he needs all the help he can get from his own courtesy title, his father's great public name, and his maternal grandfather's wealth, to make him a presentable member of society to female eyes.

But whatever was the reason, Maudi wouldn't smile on him. It was just as well, for Lord Rosebery would never have permitted it. But now, the coming man is Lord Gerard. He is a good-looking young fellow—the Gerards are a handsome family, like the Hamiltons and the Gores—and having just come of age, he walks into possession of his titles and estates at once, and can do what he pleases. One of the things he pleases is to marry Maudi Darrell. Good heavens, how he is envied! But his family don't like it, and are doing their level best to put a stop to it. Lady Gerard—the young peer's widowed mother—is a friend of the king, and she has begged him to reason with the boy. But King Edward himself is not proof against the charms of pretty actresses even now. He is said to have lately expressed and shown such admiration for Mrs. Brown Potter that consternation is no word for the state of mind of his regulation country house set who always make the party invited to meet him. Meanwhile, everybody is betting on Lord Gerard, and Lord Dalmeny mutters curses in pure Yiddish. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 20, 1905.

LATE VERSE.

Age and Childhood.

She stooped with serious eyes
Where peace in shadow lay,
Searched in my frightened eyes, and smiled
All fear away.

Pierced to my heart—my heart,
All language else forgot,
Caught all the secrets love to love
Refuses not.

Trembling, and dim, and weak,
Took my cold, idle hand
That yearned, yet trembled to receive
Her mute command.

Out of the dusk a bird—
A leaf from the tossing tree—
Eyes in a fading mist of age
Summoning me.

—Walter de la Mare in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Dial's Shadow.

Thou'rt not inconstant? I will prove thee then:
If shines the sun thou show'st thyself, yet when
But comes a cloud to dim its radiance,
Or Fortune hides a trice her countenance,
Or creeps the dusk of age across the day,
Thou dost desert thy place; and slink away
When most I need that heaven should lend
Thy help in my hard way—thou'rt no true friend.
—John Finley in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Hunting Song.

O, it's up with the sun with your dog and your gun,
And it's out on the wind-swept hill,
When the bird's on the wing and the stag's at the spring
That the hearts of the huntsmen thrill.
Hark! The blast of the horn through the cabin of the morn
Rends the air with its clear "Hullo!"
And your dog gives a bound o'er the dew-softened ground,
For the game's on the run, Hi-oh!

O, it's down through the brush with a leap and a rush
Through the ruts where the dead leaves fall,
And you strain and you hark for your dog's eager bark
And the lilt of the horn's clear call.
And the sun rises high in the blue autumn sky
As o'er valley and hill you go,
Not a pause for a breath, you'll be in at the death,
And the game's on the run, Hi-oh!

—Charlotte Cauty in *Sunset Magazine*.

The Dunkard religious sect will colonize 2,000 acres of land in Glenn County.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John D. Rockefeller's wealth in silver dollars would weigh as much as two first-class battle-ships; in one dollar bills, it would make a double girdle around the earth, and leave a remnant fifteen hundred miles long.

All records for continuous and combined service in Congress and in the Senate have been broken by Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa. He has been in the Senate just thirty-two years, and in Congress forty years.

Ex-Governor Dockery, of Missouri, who used to wear cowhide boots while in Congress years ago, has been on a visit to Washington, where old friends were glad to see that he sticks to the same kind of foot-covering. An unwonted addition to his make-up was seen in the shape of two huge diamond studs.

Dr. Tillaux, one of the most eminent surgeons of Paris, whose death was recently announced, has bequeathed 500,000 francs to a fund for providing old-age pensions for workmen. He rendered much valuable service to the poor as chief surgeon of the charity hospital, where he was greatly beloved by all the students.

There are good places in the government held by colored men that are much desired by others if changes are to be made. The best of these is Register of the Treasury, held by J. W. Lyons. Lyons has a greater political pull than any colored leader. He is the national committeeman from Georgia, a creditable man, good official, and first-rate speaker. He has, however held his office for going on eight years.

David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., owns the largest farm in the world. He is worth \$1,000,000, and has made it by farming. He owns 23,500 acres in Atchison County and, being still afflicted with the desire to own more land, had to reach into Fremont County, Ia., the other day, when he bought 3,500 acres more. Rankin never sells. He is a cattle king, a corn king, a land king, a philanthropist, and a captain of industry. He employs about 300 persons, representing 1,500 population.

The Washington *Post* has honored August W. Machen with a three-column account of his recent departure from that city in company with thirteen other criminals, nine of them negroes and four whites. He is to be absent from the city for two years, and his address during that time will be the district jail, Moundsville, W. Va. A large crowd gathered at the station to bid him farewell, and the excellent fit of his handcuff was noted and commented on.

When Senator George Vest died, the announcement was definitely made that the last survivor of the Confederate congress was no more. A few weeks later came the news from Asheville, N. C., that Colone Davidson, also "the last surviving member of the Confederate congress," had died there at the age of eighty-six. He was born at Jonathan Creek in May 1819, and was a representative from North Carolina A delegate to the first Confederate congress, Judge Roger A. Pryor, survives and resides in New York. Judge Pryor was also a member, as a representative of the fourth Virginia district, of the Confederate congress that met in Richmond in 1863.

Anecdotes of Máxim Górký are on the wing. Here is one they tell in Paris. He went to the theatre a Moscow one evening to see a play by a popular writer. Instead of paying attention to the stage, the entire audience rose and greeted Górký with prodigious acclamation. Then he delivered this address: "What on earth are you staring at me for? I am not a dancing-girl or the Venus of Milo, or a drunkard just picked out of the river! I write stories; they have the luck to please you, and I am glad of it. But that is no reason why you should keep on staring. We have come here to see a charming play. Be good enough to attend to that, and leave me alone." More delighted than ever the audience shouted with joy. Perhaps they thought they would get another speech, but Górký jumped out of his seat, and left the theatre in disgust.

There is no possible doubt as to who is the greatest man alive at this moment. He is Feodore Machnow the new Russian giant, who is appearing for the first time in England at the Hippodrome. Machnow stands nine feet eight inches in his socks, weighs four hundred and forty-eight pounds, has a foot two "feet" long, a hand one foot seven inches from finger-tip to wrist, an a head three-quarters of a yard round. Machnow is an artistic as well as an arithmetical giant. He looks the part. He is broad and massive, and strides the earth like a really well-ordered Colossus. With him he has brought to England not only his young wife—pretty peasant woman from Tcharkoff, a place far away on the Persian frontier, whence Machnow himself hail—but a three months' old daughter. This the wife carries always fondly in her arms. Both wife and babe are of normal size, the wife reaching about to the giant's waist. He is now just twenty-three. He eats voraciously; for breakfast two quarts of milk, twelve eggs, and two fairly large loaves; for lunch two or three pounds of potatoes and a quart of beer; for dinner three to five pounds of fresh meat, with vegetable, three pounds of bread, and two quarts of beer; for supper ten to fifteen eggs, bread and butter, and a quart tea.

FIGHTING IN THIBET.

A War-Correspondent Describes Colonel Younghusband's Expedition to Lhasa—Easy Conquests—Forbidden City Described.

"The Unveiling of Lhasa," by Edmund Candler, correspondent for the London Daily Mail, is an exceedingly interesting volume, describing, as it does, the advance of the British troops under Colonel Younghusband to the mysterious Thibetan capital—the sacred city which so few white people had ever visited. The author points out in the first part of the volume that Lhasa has been visited by outsiders more often than is generally supposed. It was not until near the close of the eighteenth century that the Thibetans, seeing the encroachments made upon their religion by Jesuits and Capuchins, barred foreigners. The first Europeans known to have entered the city were the Fathers Grueber and d'Orville, who penetrated Thibet from China in 1661 by the Sining route, and stayed in Lhasa two months. In 1715 the Jesuits Desideri and Freyre reached Lhasa; Desideri stayed there thirteen years. Four years later arrived Horace de la Penna and other members of a Capuchin mission, who built a chapel and a hospice, made several converts, and were not finally expelled till 1740.

The first layman to penetrate to the Thibetan capital was the Dutchman, Van der Putte, who arrived in 1720, and stayed there some years. Thereafter there is no record of a European reaching Lhasa up to 1811, when the feat was performed by Thomas Manning, the first and only Englishman who is known to have entered the city before 1904. Manning remained in the capital four months, and during his stay was presented to the Dalai Lama, the pope of the Thibetans. The influence of his patron, however, was not strong enough to assure his safety in the city. He was warned that his life was in danger and returned to India. In 1846, the Lazarist missionaries, Huc and Gabet, reached Lhasa in the guise of Lamas. They were received kindly, but permission to stay was firmly refused, on the ground that the fathers had come too thither to subvert the religion of the state.

The story of the advance upon Lhasa is one of continual hardships. The climate was most trying, extremities of heat and cold being encountered within a few hours of each other. Cattle and horses died of all sorts of diseases. Good food was hard to procure, and decent sleeping accommodations even more difficult. Sleeping in a tent on bitterly cold nights was preferable to lodging in the filthy villages.

The battles with the natives were like sheep-killing might be, if one wanted to indulge in such inglorious sport. The Thibetans were grossly ignorant of modern firearms or warfare, and, though sometimes brave, were suicidally foolhardy. According to Mr. Candler, he British temporized, gave them every opportunity to save themselves, and shot them down only when compelled to do so. He says, referring to the first battle:

It was thought at the time that the lesson would save much future bloodshed. But the Thibetan is so stubborn and convinced of his self-sufficiency that it took many lessons to teach him the disparity between his armed able and the resources of the British Raj. In the light of after-events it is clear that we could have made no progress without inflicting terrible punishment. The slaughter at Juru only forestalled the inevitable. We were drawn into the vortex of war by the Thibetans' own folly. There was no hope of their regarding the British as a formidable power, and a force to be reckoned with, until we had killed several thousand of their men.

Of this battle, the action at the hot springs, Mr. Candler writes that no one dreamed of the sanguinary action that was impending. The British had surrounded the Thibetans, who had been ordered to disarm. They refused, and the Sikhs were ordered to take their weapons away. Then followed a wrestling match, in the midst of which a shot was fired—by the Lhasa Depon, commander of the Thibetans, it is thought. "My own impression," says the author, "is that the shot was the act of a desperate man, ignorant and regardless of what might follow. To return to Lhasa with his army disarmed and disbanding, and without a shot having been fired, must have meant ruin to him and probably death."

Slaughter followed. There were extraordinary incidents, of which the following is a sample:

As my wounds were being dressed I peered over the mound at the rout. They were walking away! Why, in the name of all their bodhisats and Munis, did they not run? There was cover behind a bend in the hill few hundred yards distant, and they were exposed to a devastating hail of bullets from the Maxims and rifles, that seemed to mow down every third or fourth man. Yet they walked!

It was the most extraordinary procession I have ever seen. My friends have tried to explain the phenomenon as due to obstinacy or ignorance, or Spartan contempt for life. But I think I have the solution. They were bewildered. The impossible had happened. Prayers, and charms, and mantras, and the oliest of their holy men, had failed them. I

believe they were obsessed with that one thought. They walked with bowed heads, as if they had been disillusioned in their gods.

Fighting of this kind, besides skirmishing, taking of forts, short sieges, marked much of the march to Lhasa. Sometimes braver Thibetans, fairly well armed, somewhat skilled in war, would be encountered. But mostly they were easily vanquished enemies.

Lhasa was reached on August 3, 1904, and entered the following day. The author says of the city, and of the entry of the troops:

It must be the most hidden city on earth. The Chaggo Ri rises bluffly from the river-bank like a huge rock. Between it and the Potala hill there is a narrow gap not more than thirty yards wide. Over this is built the Pargo Kaling, a typical Thibetan chorten, through which is the main gateway into Lhasa. The city has no walls, but beyond the Potala, to complete the screen, stretches a great embankment of sand right across the valley to the hills on the north.

An epoch in the world's history was marked to-day when Colonel Younghusband entered the city to return the visit of the Chinese Amban. He was accompanied by all the members of the mission, the war-correspondents, and an escort of two companies of the Royal Fusiliers and the Second Mounted Infantry, two guns, a detachment of sappers, and four companies of infantry were held ready to support the escort if necessary.

In front of us marched and rode the Amhan's escort—his bodyguard, dressed in short loose coats of French gray, embroidered in black, with various emblems; pikemen clad in bright red with black embroidery and black pugarees; soldiers with pikes and scythes and three-pronged spears, on all of which hung red banners with devices embroidered in black.

We found the city squalid and filthy beyond description, undrained and unpaved. Not a single house looked clean or cared for. The streets after the rain are nothing but pools of stagnant water frequented by pigs and dogs searching for refuse. Even the Jokhang appeared mean and squalid at close quarters, whence its golden roofs were invisible. There was nothing picturesque except the marigolds and hollyhocks in pots and the doves and singing-birds in wicker cages.

The few Thibetans we met in the street were strangely incurious. A baker kneading dough glanced at us casually, and went on kneading. A woman weaving barely looked up from her work.

The streets were almost deserted; perhaps by order of the authorities to prevent an outbreak. But as we returned small crowds had gathered in the doorways, women were peering through windows, but no one followed or took more than a listless interest in us. The monks looked on sullenly. But in most faces one read only indifference and apathy. One might think the entry of a foreign army into Lhasa and the presence of English political officers in gold-laced uniform and beaver hats were every-day events.

The only building in Lhasa that is at all imposing is the Potala.

It would be misleading to say that the palace dominated the city, as a comparison would be implied—a picture conveyed of one building standing out singularly among others. This is not the case.

The Potala is superbly detached. It is not a palace on a hill, but a hill that is also a palace. Its massive walls, its terraces and bastions stretch upwards from the plain to the crest, as if the great bluff rock were merely a foundation-stone planted there at the divinity's nod. The divinity dwells in the palace and underneath, at the distance of a furlong or two, humanity is huddled abjectly in squalid smut-begrimed houses. The proportion that which exists between God and man.

The country around the forbidden city is thus described:

I have written of the squalor of the Lhasa streets. The environs of the city are beautiful enough—willow groves intersected by clear-running streams, walled-in parks with palaces and fish-ponds, marshes where the wild-duck flaunt their security, and ripe barley-fields stretching away to the hills. In September the trees were wearing their autumn tints, the willows were mostly a sulphury yellow, and in the pools beneath the red-stalked polygonum and burnished dock-leaf glowed in brilliant contrast. Just before dusk there was generally a storm in the valley, which only occasionally reached the city; but the breeze stirred the poplars, and the silver under the leaves glistened brightly against the background of clouds. Often a rainbow hung over the Potala like a nimbus.

The Dalai Lama, the ruler of Lhasa, a mysterious, closely guarded, superstitiously worshiped man, fled before the British troops reached the town. The author says of him:

I have been trying to find out something about the private life and character of the Grand Lama. But asking questions here is fruitless; one can learn nothing intimate. And this is just what one might expect. The man continues a hodge, a riddle, undividable, impersonal, remote. The people know nothing. They have howled before the throne as men come out of the dark into a blinding light. Scrutiny in their view would be vain and blasphemous. The abbots, too, will reveal nothing; they will not and dare not. When Colonel Younghusband put the question direct to a head Lama in open durbar. "Have you news of the Dalai Lama? Do you know where he is?" the monk looked slowly to the left and right, and answered, "I know nothing." "The ruler of your country leaves his palace and capital, and you know nothing?" the commissioner asked. "Nothing," answered the monk, shuffling his feet, but without changing color.

From the various sources, which differ surprisingly little, I have a fairly clear picture

of the man's face and figure. He is thick-set, about five feet nine inches in height, with a heavy square jaw, nose remarkably long and straight for a Thibetan, eyebrows pronounced and turning upwards in a phenomenal manner—probably trained so, to make his appearance more forbidding—face pock-marked, general expression resolute and sinister. He goes out very little, and is rarely seen by the people, except on his annual visit to Depung, and during his migrations between the Summer Palace and Potala. He was at the Summer Palace when the messenger brought the news that our advance was inevitable, but he went to the Potala to put his house in order before projecting himself into the unknown.

Mr. Candler devotes a good deal of space to the political causes that led up to this trouble with Thibet, and declares that the British had tried for years, without receiving any satisfaction, to make new treaties with the Thibetans; and that the latter constantly violated every treaty that had been made. He says that if the British had shown the mailed hand fifteen or more years ago, there would have been no trouble; but that they were dilatory, thus encouraging Thibet to the belief that England was afraid of her. The fact was, according to Mr. Candler, England was afraid of offending China, whereas, as it has developed, Chinese suzerainty over Thibet was more a name than a fact; that country of the Lamas having almost an independent government.

Mr. Candler's observations, which, in the reading, are very convincing, are remarkable in the face of later developments. It has been shown that Lord Curzon, who, on behalf of the Indian Government, directed Colonel Younghusband's movements, went beyond the instructions given him by the British Government—so far beyond that the government has repudiated parts of the treaty forced by Younghusband, and has made terms far more favorable to the Thibetans. The government, according to official reports, did not want to send a mission to Thibet, deeming the differences between the two countries too trivial for such a course. When it did consent to such a move, it was on the understanding that the expedition was not to go to Lhasa, but only to Gyantse. But Curzon wanted Thibet for England, and sent Younghusband clear through to the sacred city.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Henry Miller is going temporarily into vaudeville, having signed a sixteen weeks' contract. He will produce "Frederic Lemaitre," and other short plays.

The corner-stone of the California Club's new building will be laid on Tuesday afternoon.

SAN MATEO CEMETERIES.

Southern Pacific Sells Round-Trip Tickets Daily.

For the accommodation of visitors to the different cemeteries in San Mateo County, Southern Pacific agents sell daily round-trip excursion tickets for 25 cents. Only twenty-five minutes are consumed in making the trip, and superior accommodations are afforded. Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets depot at 11:30 A. M., 2:15 P. M., and 3:30 P. M.; returning, trains leave Holy Cross Cemetery at 12:46 P. M., 5:10 P. M., and 6:01 P. M., stopping for passengers at Cypress Lawn, Emanuel, Sholim, Mt. Olivet, and Eternal Home Cemeteries. Ask Southern Pacific agents.

Mothers Take Warning.

Don't expose children's eyes to the glaring sun or strong wind, and don't have the morning sun shine in their faces to arouse them. Such carelessness often causes permanent injury to the eyes. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 107 1/2 Market Street (near Seventh). George Mayerle's Eyewater, 50 cents; by mail, 65 cents. Money order. The George Mayerle Antiseptic Eyeglass Wipers clean the lenses and make clear the vision; by mail, two for 25 cents. Eyes examined free.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Gertrude Atherton's New Book.

There is great work in Gertrude Atherton's "The Bell in the Fog." A gulf vast, and one would have thought impassable, separates it from "Rulers of Kings." It is infinitely better. Where that was merely grandiose, this is lug and strong. Where that made its appeal to the many, this book speaks to the comparatively few. Where that tickles the American sentiment of patriotism, this book—these stories—stoop not at all, or very little, to trifling pseudo-ideals, but deal with vital and essential things. The best story is not a story at all—it is the prologue to an unfinished play. We do not know that the idea of the thing has before been employed. It would be strange if it had not. Still, no instance comes to mind of the romantic diversion of purely physical emotion into erotic channels—old as the thing is in fact, accounting, as it does, for the orgies after battles, the rapes of war, the license that accompanies and follows great urban conflagrations. In this prologue there is pictured for us a detached dwelling in the West Indies, down upon which a hurricane is sweeping. In the place are a mother and her daughter, the younger woman bound to a brute, but in love with a fiery youth—James Hamilton. He is out in the storm; by Titanic exertions he gains the place; the mother, knowing what will happen, bars him out that is a dramatic scene which follows; and the two young wills triumph over the senile one. But one sees why Gertrude Atherton never finished her drama of the life of Hamilton—so legotten in a hurricane. The remainder of the play would have been all anti-climactic.

It is also an anti-climax to speak now of the other stories. "The Bell in the Fog," with its rather daring choice for hero of the great expatriate American novelist, is a delicate and charming tale, told with fine reserve. "The Striding Place" is well worth any man's time, if only for the thrilling shock, like a blow, of the last four words. "The Dead and the Countess" makes rather an appeal to the god out the machine at the end—if we suppose, as it seems we must, that hers was the one real voice among the many that the venerable priest heard in imagination. "The Greatest Good" is very neatly handled, for the reader gets in deadly fear that conscience will get the better of the surgeon and that he will not let the woman die. So when we get a right about—without violence to psychology, too—in the last half paragraph, the emotional relief is inexpressible. "The Tragedy of a Snob" is, comparatively speaking, a failure; it altogether fails to convince but "A Monarch of Small Survey" is, on the other hand, strong as truth and as tragic. Altogether, when these stray stories of Mrs. Atherton's are got together, they are seen to be a lot such as almost any contemporary writer in English might be proud to acknowledge.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A Truly Great Novel.

Many poems have been written, especially in the last decade, whose theme is "Wanderlust." Kipling's "Feet of the Young Men" is one. Theodosia Garrison's "Wanderlust" is a second. Herman Scheffauer has a poem on the same new-old theme. There are others by the score. Novels, too. In recent literature there are many, many books that make the contrast, draw the parallel, between existence in cities huge and the life of the mountain, the plain, the jungle, and the desert. It is the last of these—the desert—that is the great theme of Robert Hichens's profoundly interesting novel, "The Garden of Allah." That is what the Arabs call the Sahara—Allah's garden—and doubtless Mr. Hichens would have made use of the simple and more forcible title of merely "The Desert" had it not already been employed.

The protagonists of the drama of the soul that is all—that is played in the infinitely wonderful setting of the oasis town of Beni-Mera in the midst of the illimitable wastes of shimmering sand are Domini Entilden, an English girl, and Boris Androvsky, whose mother was English and his father a Russian from Tiflis. The woman has been educated conventionally, taught to act the little social part to repress emotion. Now, freed from trammels by the death of her father and the elopement of her mother, she flees London, and her first taste of what her life is to be she gets as she approaches the African shore in the ship by night. She got up walked across the floor to the open window and unfastened the presiennes. Heavy rain was falling. The night was very black, and smelt rich and damp, as if it held in its arms strange offerings—a merchandise altogether foreign, tropical and alluring. As she stood there face to face with a wonder that she could not see, Domini forgot Newman, whom she had been reading. She felt the brave companionship of mystery. In it she divined the beating pulses, the hot, surging blood of freedom. She was freed, a wide horizon the great sun, the great sun, the terrible spaces, the glowing, shimmering radiance, the hot, entrancing moons and bloomy

purple nights of Africa. She wanted the nomad's fires and the arid voices of Kabyle dogs. She wanted the roar of tom-toms, the clash of the cymbals, the rattle of the negroes' castanets, the fluttering, painted figures of the dancers. She wanted—more than she could express, more than she knew. It was there, want, aching in her heart, as she drew into her nostrils this strange and wealthy atmosphere."

As for the man, Boris, who comes into the life of Domini there in the desert, we read that "in the play of the untempered golden light the face seemed pale. It was narrow, rather long, with marked and prominent features, a nose with a high bridge, a mouth with straight red lips, and a powerful chin. The forehead was high and swelled out slightly above the temples. There was no hair on the face, which was closely shaven. Near the mouth were two faint lines that made Domini think of physical suffering and also of mediæval knights. Despite the glory of the sunshine, there seemed to be a shadow falling across the face."

It is scarcely possible, in words, to convey any adequate sense of what Mr. Hichens has achieved in portraying the desert and its people and the soul-struggle of these two creatures in the midst of it. The book is nearly five hundred pages long, closely printed, yet so finely is the fabric woven that it seems as if it were but one color used in its dyeing rather than a thousand.

The book is unforgettable. It is the best Mr. Hichens has given us. It is written in the manner of the great artist, and surely it will live.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Lady of Loyalty House," by Justin Huntly McCarthy.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "Broke of Covenden," by J. C. Snaith.
5. "The Sin of David," by Stephen Phillips.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
4. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
5. "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
2. "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.
3. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
4. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
5. "The Millionaire Baby," by Anna Katharine Green.

The Centenary of the Great Dane.

Danish residents of this State will celebrate on April 2d the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Danish poet and writer of fairy-tales, Hans Christian Andersen. Bien, the Danish weekly paper of this city, sent out a number of letters recently urging that the anniversary be celebrated in a suitable and fitting manner, and has received gratifying replies, showing sympathy with the movement. Thomas J. Kirk, State superintendent of public instruction, has sent a letter to each city and county school superintendent in the State, recommending that a suitable programme be arranged for either Friday, March 31st, or Monday, April 3d. Danish residents have met and arranged for a public celebration in this city on April 2d. It is probable that the proceeds of the celebration will go into a fund for the erection of a Hans Christian Andersen monument on the children's playground in Golden Gate Park.

INTAGLIOS.

Carol.

[FIFTEENTH CENTURY.]

I sing of a maiden
That is makeles';
King of all kings
To her son she ches."

He came al so still
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
To his mother's hower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.

He came al so still
There his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddess mother be.

A Cradle Song.

"Coth yan me von gilli beg,
'N' heur ze thu more a creena."

The angels are bending
Above your white bed;
They weary of tending
The souls of the dead.

God smiles in high heaven
To see you so good;
The old planets seven
Grow gray with his mood.

I kiss you and kiss you,
With arms round my own;
Ah, how shall I miss you,
When, dear, you have grown.

—William Butler Yeats.

Between Our Folding Lips.

Between our folding lips
God slips
An embryo life, and goes:
And this becomes your rose.
We love, God makes: in our sweet mirth
God spies occasion for a birth.
Then is it His, or is it ours?
I know not—He is fond of flowers.
—T. E. Brown.

Letty's Globe.

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world: old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped,
And laughed and prattled in her world-wide bliss:
But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—
"O! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.
—Charles Tennyson Turner.

Desideria.

[Written by the poet four years after the death of his daughter, who died in infancy.]
Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—O! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recall'd thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.
—William Wordsworth.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. Hopkinson Smith's new book, which will be issued March 1st, bears the significant title, "At Close Range," and is a collection of dramatic studies of real men, written, as Mr. Smith's books always are, from knowledge gained at first hand from intimate acquaintance and personal experience.

There is a neat little sketch of the late W. E. Henley as an editor in a recent number of *T. P.'s Weekly*. As the conductor of the *National Observer* he was, we are told, a real editor, and "went through his copy with a pencil, amending and altering to his whim. He took infinite pains with a contribution which he saw to have the right 'stuff' in it, but very frequently a new writer would scarcely recognize his own work when it appeared. He loved toying with the copy. Thus 'ises and 'twases were scattered promiscuously about the pages, and were not necessarily the work of the writers themselves. He called his work of supervision 'tickling up.'"

D'Annunzio has written a new drama with the curious title of "The Light Under the Bushel."

Moncure D. Conway, the author, arrived in New York on Friday last on the steamer *Baltic* from England.

It appears that a complete edition of the poems of the late E. R. Sill was published in Cambridge, Mass., in 1902. "This oversight is perhaps not so strange," says a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, pointing out a misstatement in a California literary letter to that journal, "seeing [he says] that the edition was limited to five hundred copies. The preface reads: 'The present edition gives the reader, for the first time, an opportunity to survey Sill's poetical productions in their entirety. It contains all the work included in the three volumes already published, . . . and in addition to this, several poems hitherto uncollected.' It is hardly necessary to add that the limited edition has long been out of print."

John Lane is preparing two Napoleonic books, one of which, by Oscar Browning, treats of the boyhood and youth of Bonaparte. The other is a life of the emperor's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, by Edward von Wertheimer.

Gilbert Chesterton's new book, "The Club of Queer Trades," will appear shortly from the press of Harper & Brothers.

The record price, \$317, was paid at Libbie's auction-rooms in Boston recently for a copy of the first edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The previous highest price was £63, paid at Sotheby's, London, some time ago. Fitzgerald, after offering part of his translation to *Fraser's Magazine*, which failed to print the verses, gave the whole thing as a present to the late Bernard Quaritch. The latter in 1859 printed the Rubaiyat in a brown paper-covered pamphlet, asking five shillings a copy. None sold at that price, and after being offered at two shillings, then at one shilling, and then at sixpence, the pamphlets finally descended to the penny stand in front of Mr. Quaritch's store. It was there that Whitney Stokes bought the copy which he gave to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who in turn passed it on to Algernon Charles Swinburne, thus laying the foundation for the Omar cult.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has named his new novel, which the Century Company is to bring out in March, "Constance Trescott." Those who have read the manuscript say that the story is the best the author has written.

Maxim Gorky, the novelist, was released from prison on Monday, but was immediately re-arrested. It is said that he will be deported to some distant city or province.

The compilation of the "Kaikoku Gojunen Shi," which is a history covering the fifty years that followed Japan's entry upon friendly intercourse with Western countries, is completed. The principal writers were Prince Tokugawa, Marquises Ito and Yamagata, and Counts Matsukata, Inouye, Okuma, and Soyejima. Of these, Marquis Ito dealt with the origin and development of the constitution, Marquis Yamagata with the military system, Counts Matsukata and Okuma with finance, Counts Inouye and Soyejima with foreign relations, etc. The book has been translated into English, French, and Chinese. It is now in the press.

"What, then, do you think of the state of literature to-day?" was a question recently, asked Thomas Hardy by a London interviewer, to whom he replied: "The fatal defect of most of it is the absence of a philosophic standpoint, and what lacks that can neither be of the highest quality nor enduring. Descriptions of life, however brilliant or varied, are not sufficient; some reasoned comment on life as a whole, some sustained criticism—the outcome of modern knowledge—on the relations of man to the universe, both now and in the past, are essential in literature, and these we now look for largely in vain. I am convinced, however, that a belief in Necessitarianism is very widely

adopted by the most thoughtful writers and critics to-day, but they are hardly bold enough to express it. There is, of course, some excuse for them, since publications prosper more easily by circulating among the unthinking many instead of the thoughtful few."

A Visit to Haeckel.

Last week we reviewed at length in these columns Professor Ernst Haeckel's profound work, "The Wonders of Life." A brief account of a visit to the philosopher at his home, contained in a private letter from Herman Scheffauer to George Sterling, may therefore be specially interesting at this time. As readers of "The Testimony of the Suns" are aware, this work of Mr. Sterling's is a poetic embodiment of the Haeckelian philosophy:

From Weimar to Jena, another ancient town, the seat of another great university, where Haeckel has taught for over forty-four years! It is wonderfully picturesque, is Jena, with its old houses, towers, and steep hills covered with vines. I arrived on a Sunday, and forthwith presented myself at the large mansion wherein dwells Herr Professor. He received me in the most courteous, affable manner, in a large study crowded with books and papers. A kind-faced, white-bearded man is he of about sixty-six years of age, if not more, and in his demeanor is something of the utmost gentility and refinement. He seemed pleased to see me, and listened to me with the utmost attention when I told him of you and your work, of Thor, of California, and of our great West. I then went back to my hotel and got your book at the same time thinking up a short verse which I hurriedly inscribed in one of my own, and then presented him with both. "It is time that Science and Poetry were friends," he said. "All the labors of my long life could bear no lovelier fruit than that it might be said that I had contributed something toward that end!" I assured him no man had contributed more, and that many in America held him in great reverence, and knew the value of what he had done for mankind. He kept turning the pages of the "Testimony" and would now and then read a stanza in very good English. I felt proud to stand in the presence of this great man, without doubt the greatest living scientist, and, since Darwin, the greatest biologist. As a thinker, as a philosopher, he is no less eminent. The labors, the achievements of this man are wonderful, they are monumental, and compared with them, the works of even more than ordinary men are mere hills of beans. For instance, during a scientific expedition to the Island of Ceylon last year, he found time to paint several hundred characteristic landscapes in water-colors, and they were well done, too. He was the only man found capable of classifying the thousands of strange deep-sea animals brought home by the English *Challenger* expedition. His books are innumerable, one of his last works being a great portfolio of designs drawn by his own hand for the use of artists and decorators, the motifs being taken from polypi, medusae, radiarii, and other strange yet beautiful marine animals. "The Riddle of the Universe" had an enormous circulation, and was translated into every tongue. His last masterpiece is called "Die Lebenswunder"—"The Wonders of Life"; the English translation has already appeared.

We drank to your health, to Poetry and Science. The next day I visited him at his

study in the Zoological Institute, and took some photographs—one a picture of him in his gray suit and broad beaver hat as he sat in the garden at the old stone table whereon Schiller wrote his "Wallenstein" when a professor at Jena. Both he and Goethe, who used to come over from Weimar, spent many hours together in this garden, at this table. Haeckel has been offered fabulous salaries by other universities, but prefers to remain in his dear, sleepy old Jena.

Alone in Canton Streets.

Sir Frederick Treves, in his book, "The Other Side of the Lantern," a record of an all-round-the-world journey, gives this picture of Canton:

Canton is a nightmare city, and it is hard to conceive of a more ghastly dream than to be lost in its maze of cruel streets. Everything is strange, the dark ways are cramped and sinister, and shut in from the sky. They seem to lead on for miles and miles, so that one might wander for days before the outer wall and the green fields are reached. The streets are corridors in a prison, like subterranean trenches, like cuttings in a mine. The high walls on either side seem to be creeping together. There is a fear that the causeway will become narrower and narrower, until at last the wayfarer must be crushed between the greasy stones. The stench in the air is unbreathable as a gas. The alleys are full of a sallow crowd, some in dingy clothes, some with bare yellow skins. They have shaven heads and grinning teeth. As the terror-stricken man in the dream hurries by like a hunted thing from lane to lane, they all stare with curious faces. There comes to him a memory of the deviltry of the people, of their murderous risings, of their fiendish cruelty. He is filled with piteous alarm. He is imprisoned. He is seized with a frenzy to escape before the painted walls close in, before the fumes of the place stifle him, or the growing crowd trample him in the mud. There is no sound about the place like the sound of cities, only a muttering in an unknown tongue, and the slimy tramp of thousands of bare feet. More terrible than all, the panting man in the dream is utterly alone.

Witticisms of Sydney Smith.

Among the *bon-mots* of Sydney Smith, a biography of whom from the pen of G. W. E. Russell is just out (Macmillans), are the following:

Sydney Smith used to say, "Bobus [his brother] and I have inverted the laws of nature. He rose by his gravity; I sank by my levity."

When a lady asked him for an epitaph on her pet dog Spot, he proposed, "Out, damned Spot!"

In 1819, Sydney Smith violated his own canon, thus: "But, after all, I believe we shall all go—"

ad veteris Nicolai tristia regna, ut ubi combustum Dundasque videbimus omnes."

"This put me at my ease for my few remaining years. After buying into the Consols and the Reduced, I read Seneca 'On the Contempt of Wealth.' What intolerable nonsense! I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained."

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Published This Week

Mr. Robert H. Fuller's

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A TALE OF THE TIME OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

A story of the loves and adventures of men whose race was never laggard in love or war. It is told in a series of vivid pictures based on the history of the times of the wonderful boy who conquered the world before he was thirty. Its details are historically accurate, but there is no wearisome description; through all the riot of color and the swing of adventure the thread of its love-story holds one absorbed.

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Miss Adelaide L. Rouse's

The Letters of Theodora

By the author of "Under My Own Roof," "The Deane Girls," etc.

Theodora's uncommonly amusing letters turn her mental self as nearly inside out for our inspection as a woman's letters can. They show a woman of many moods, of great hopes in her literary work, of some successes and more failures, but through it all a woman of pluck and never-failing sense of humor. Contradictory as her moods are, Theodora is a very lovable person, and her letters make a delightful hook to read aloud.

Cloth, \$1.50

Published Last Week

L. H. Hammond's new novel The Master-Word

is an interesting story of present-day life in the phosphate counties of Tennessee. Its tension turns mainly on the problems created by race relations, but it is not "sensational." Its tone is sane, as if the writer spoke from thorough knowledge of the evils attending the existence of the huge "labor-camps," yet was not made hopeless by them.

Cloth, \$1.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY Publishers, 66 Fifth Ave., New York



Othello—or "Othello," as we may now respectfully call it in its English version is one of the most beautiful of operas. It is like "Faust" in that the story is of such tragic import that sensibilities other than musical are gripped and held in a thrall that is never felt in the naive old Italian operas, whose books are openly and artlessly pegs to hang the music on. "Faust" has become too familiar, but "Othello" is still rare enough to have plenty of unremembered musical depths in which to revel and explore. Its orchestration is so varied, so expressive, so harmoniously beautiful, so wholly satisfying, that given a leader whose baton wields the necessary skill to evoke its beauties—a tribute that may fairly be paid to Mr. Emanuel—and one is safe to enjoy a feast of rare instrumental harmonies, even in the absence of fine voices.

Mr. Savage has made a point of disclaiming the presence of great voices in his company, and it becomes apparent, after one gets accustomed to the first sensation of pleasure at hearing fine and artistically controlled singing, that we may not expect those furors of emotion to whose heights Italian opera singers love to lead us. The American singers do not court the climax. They are less children of impulse, and are aware of the price they have to pay. We have sometimes seen within a year the effect of this rash prodigality on the voices of the Italians who have revisited San Francisco during successive Tivoli seasons, and exhibited, to the disconcertment of their exacting admirers, threadbare places in the velvet of their once beautiful voices.

In contrast to their prodigality, and the heights of musical excitement to which they urge on themselves and their listeners, the Savage singers give the effect of singing almost too carefully. In "Othello" one was conscious of being encompassed by an even flood of sustained, lovely music. But there were no Salassa-like surges upon the calm but irresistible tide of Iago's cold malice; nor did Othello give vent to those cries of animal-like fury with which the Latin singer portrays the rage of the jealous Moor. Yet the pleasure afforded by the fine vocalism of the newcomers was keen and constant.

What a magnificently dominating figure Iago is in the opera. His fine person—for we have never yet seen an insignificant or feebly endowed man in the rôle—his rich dress his lordly confidence in the favor of his general, the fatalistic calm with which he anticipates success to attend his treachery cause one to overlook the smallness and actual purposelessness of his base contrivings. He seems a prince of evil, chosen, through his inexorable purpose, as an instrument of the fate that loves to deal in cruelty and doom.

Mr. Winfred Gott, whom we have formerly heard in light opera, was to us a stranger in the rôle. His voice has developed greatly, and his make-up, which was on the Mephistophelian order, rendered his features entirely unfamiliar. He played the rôle with dignity and in a manner to win approval, but scarcely complete satisfaction. He was, perhaps, too calm and impassive to accord with our previously gained ideas of the Moor's splendidly dominating ancient. Mr. Gott's voice is most pleasing, dependable of good volume, tone, and sonority, but a trait that it shares with that of Joseph Sheehan the tenor—maintaining too steadily the even tenor of its way without any soaring into the passionate crescendoes that heard have the listener out of his reflected calm.

Historically, Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan's Othello was a very creditable piece of work, although his voice, which is particularly agreeable in the more subdued numbers, lacks power and volume in those fortissimo passages in which the lot passions of the Moor excite him to cries of blood and vengeance.

Miss Gertrude Reimann would probably be lauded in the same relative standing as Messrs. Gott and Sheehan. She is a person of the woman with a fine figure, a fine face—and, it may be added, a talent, also—for assuming the appropriate pose and a voice of rich timbre whose every vocal point are greatly in excess of the fault. The most noticeable one of these latter is a lack of ease and spontaneity in the utterance of the higher and more powerful notes. But there is a womanly and expressive quality to her singing which overrules many pleasurable sensations without necessarily awakening enthusiasm. Miss Reimann is also a fine light singer, and able to modify, and subdue traits

which would seem to suit a more commanding character, to the rôle of the tender Desdemona.

The minor parts were all well done, and the chorus particularly fine. I can imagine it in "Lohengrin," an opera the beauty of whose concerted numbers was virtually unknown to us in San Francisco, until we heard them sung by the chorus of the Grau company. Mr. Savage's chorus has not that air of routine that pervades the members of an Italian organization. American ambition urges each one to do his best, in the hope of a rise, and this individuality of effort lends to the aggregate group an air of intelligent coadjutorship in the work in hand, which is rather a novel aspect in operatic choruses. Their singing, by its superior merit, is lifted out of the category of ordinary chorus work, and becomes a more important element in the performance.

We are so much creatures of routine that when we go to hear this company fully aware that Mr. Savage makes a point of its singing in English, suddenly recognizing the sound our own familiar tongue when we are accustomed to the comparative blankness of an alien language, comes with a shock of surprise. The gain will no doubt be questioned by many who love better to have music wedded to the "soft, bastard Latin." But gain there is on one point at least. There is no guessing, no diving for librettos during the more striking passages. We know now the meaning of each note in those waves of wonderful, brooding, encompassing music that flows from the orchestra. We are enveloped in a mist of delicious harmony, drowned in a soft flood that continually translates or echoes a mood or an emotion to our enchanted ears. Iago hares his black soul, and we hear a serpent-like hiss of evil. He plots, and the accompaniment is low and has a furtive sound. Othello, with blood-injected eyes, sees all his joys in flames and ashes at his feet, and the music knells despair. And oh, that wonderful last act! Every note sounds foreboding, a mourning recognition of impending doom. Miss Rennyson softened her voice very effectively to the note of sadness, and sang the willow song and the prayer with much sweetness and pathos. No great prima donna will ever assume the rôle of the gentle Desdemona. The wife who dies under the hand of her lord, meekly blessing his name, is not made of the stuff that furnishes a rôle full of heroic emotions. There is nothing pyrotechnic about Desdemona's music, but in the opera she is the same soft and tender figure as in the tragedy.

Since the above was written, the company has had recorded two other and greater successes to its credit. "Carmen" and "Lohengrin" have tested the mettle of its singers more thoroughly, and they have rung true. People are questioning anxiously, "Ought I to see the Savage Opera Company?" Meaning, "Is it my sacred duty to see something or somebody, like Tetrizzini, that everybody is talking about?" But if it comes down to the plain query, "Will I get my money's worth in pleasure?" the answer is simple enough. The performance is keenly enjoyable and extremely interesting. Besides, it is representative of a new order of things. It reminds me of a fine organization called the "American Opera Company" that came out here in the mid-Patti days, and gave us beautiful, although starless, performances; performances in which one dispensed with musical hysteria, but got a vast deal of solid enjoyment. Scenery, costumes, and minor matters are looked after very carefully in organizations of the kind in which the ensemble effect is aimed at instead of the exploiting of stars, but music is the first and most important consideration. And in the Savage Opera Company principals, chorus, leaders, and orchestra have all that solid and tested musical merit which causes opera-goers to leave one performance with very definite anticipations of enjoyment for the next.

After the unexampled prosperity and excitement of the opera season, there is bound to be some reaction at the Tivoli. It showed on the first night of Von Suppe's interesting opera of "Boccaccio," which has enough gallantry and romance in its story, and plenty of charming music to recommend it. But huge chasms of unoccupied space yawned in the auditorium, and the audience had a slightly pensive air and was rather dilatory in responding to the humor of the three comedians. Their fun, indeed, was of rather a primitive type, and a little saddening in its effect. The effort to modernize the humor in these unmodern productions is always apparent, and yet, if it is presented in all its pristine old-fashionedness, people simply will not laugh. I know, however, of no surer way for comedians to invoke the spirit of humor than to spoof a pretty number—as

was done with the serenade to Beatrice in the first act—by introducing a lusty falsetto under the impression that it is acceptable to the woovers of laughter.

The appearance of Fiametta in the opera always suggests that moment of fate when Marguerite first met Faust. Both scenes are charming in their reminiscent suggestion of mediæval romance, and Dora de Filippé really tamed down her sometimes oppressive sprightliness to the appropriate demureness and propriety of the Italian maiden who courts romance under the fringes of her downcast eyes. Miss de Filippé has some charming music in her part, and the pretty old "Heart's Rose Garden" was just within the richest and most expressive notes of her voice. Edith Mason, a little archaic in her red plush, is a pretty, if not particularly dashing, Boccaccio, and Eugenia Barker lent a voice which grows bigger, though less sweet, to the rôle of Beatrice.

Perhaps the piece will make good before the week is out, for it is well sung and vivaciously acted, and there are always those in the community who prefer to take their music with frivolity and merriment as congenial accompaniments.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Bispham's Farewell Concert.

The farewell concert of David Bispham will be given at the Alhambra Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at half-past two. An excellent programme will be offered, including the famous "Danny Deever," for which hundreds of requests have been received. The first group of songs will be old classics, and includes "Ruddier than the Cherry," by Haender; "Ah Rendimi," by Rossi; the recitative and aria from Hadyn's "The Seasons"; and Beethoven's "Creation Hymn." Then come three of Schubert's works—"Der Neugierige" and "Ungedult" from "Mullerhilder," and "Who is Sylvia?" A group of Brahms consists of "Von Ewiger Liebe," "Sapphische Ode," and "So Willst du des Armen," and a miscellaneous group includes Rubenstein's "Der Asra," Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and six or eight other numbers, among which are "The Lady Picking Mulberries" and "Danny Deever." Reserved seats will be \$1.50, \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents, and general admission will be 50 cents.

D'Albert's Concerts.

Eugene D'Albert, the pianist, who is to give concerts at the Alhambra Theatre on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 14th and 16th, and on Saturday afternoon, March 18th, is noted as a composer as well as a player. His songs and operas are very popular in Europe, and it is said that after the present tour he will devote himself entirely to composition. D'Albert ranks among the very best pianists of the world. His interpretations of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms are unsurpassed. Season tickets for these concerts will be \$6.00, \$4.50, \$3.75, and \$2.25, while single seats will range from \$2.50 to \$1.00. The sale will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Wednesday morning. Programmes may be obtained at the box-office. Mail orders may be addressed to W. L. Greenbaum.

Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, of San Francisco, gave a song recital in New York last week, and was accorded high praise by the critics.

W. L. Greenbaum announces that Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, will be heard here during the week of March 21st.

E. H. Rollins & Sons' New Quarters.

E. H. Rollins & Sons, bankers and financial agents, with banking houses in Boston, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco, have moved into their new offices in the Merchants' Exchange Building. It has remained for the banking house to exploit the beauty of the California redwood in its application to interior finishings. The main room is so spacious and lofty that it serves as an admirable setting for the massive and solid redwood finishings. The straight lines and massive effect of the work would have been lost in a smaller room. The design approximates closely that of the old Mission school, with its solid columns, heavy beams and bolsters, rails and pillars. The paneling is fastened by dowels, and heavy brass hinges and latches are used for the trimmings. The wood, it is understood, is all sawed by hand, and it is left in all its natural beauty of grain, unspiced by stain or varnish. As an evidence of the artistic taste of the bank officials who selected it, and as an advertisement of the beauty of the California redwood for practical purposes, the banking-rooms of Rollins & Sons stand unrivaled on the Coast.

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Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.
Brilliant success of the comic-opera season. Beginning next Monday night, last week of Von Suppe delightful comic-opera.
BOCCACCIO
Regular matinee Saturday.
Next—The Burgomaster. Usual Tivoli comic-opera prices.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
GRAND OPERA nightly, including Sundays. Henry W. Savage's famous
ENGLISH GRAND OPERA COMPANY
This week—Saturday matinee, Othello; Saturday night, Lohengrin; Sunday night, Carmen. Repertoire for second week—Monday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee, Tannhauser; Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday nights, La Bohème; Wednesday and Saturday nights, Il Trovatore.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT—Mr. Frank L. Perl will present
MISS MARGARET ANGLIN
for an extended engagement in repertoire, commencing Monday evening, March 20th, with the following excellent cast: Frank Worthing, Hall McAllister, Walter Allen, Edward Emery, Mrs. Whiffen, Blanc Stoddard, Eleanor Blake, Gwendolyn Vallentin and others.
Opening play—ZIRA, a powerful, modern emotional drama, by J. Hartley Manners and Henry Mills. Initial production at Chicago, March 6th.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar"
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.
Week commencing Monday, March 6th. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company in E. S. Willard's famous success.
THE MIDDLEMAN
Play of great power and pathos. Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, March 13th—Virginia Harned's romantic success, Alice of Old Winchester. Soon—Magnificent revival of the real Old Heidelberg.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Last matinee to-day (Saturday), last night
MOTHER GOOSE
Prices 50c to \$2.00.
Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, the Fris favorites, Kolb and Dill, and their own company in a new and up-to-date edition of Judson Brusse's musical absurdity.
I. O. U.
Popular prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Regular matinee Saturday.

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Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.
Week beginning March 6th. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Hoyt's most successful farce comes first time in stock at popular prices of
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The greatest laugh-getter of the age.
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 20c.
Next—Faust.

Orpheum
Week commencing Sunday Matinee March 5th.
A Prodigious Programme.
Mabel McKinley; Peschkoff Company; Willy Zimmman; Mallory Brothers; Brooks and Halliday; Pivati; Brothers Rossi; Alpine Family; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Paul Powell Electric Marionettes.
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

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NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
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The Waterhouse Cup, 2 1/4 miles, \$3,000 Add.
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"R.S.V.P."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Conried's Grand-Opera Season.

The grand-opera season planned by Heinrich Conried for San Francisco promises to be the most complete and magnificent ever given here, and will be a social and musical event of the greatest importance. The entire company that has been performing at the Metropolitan Opera House is to be brought here, and the twelve performances to be given, including three matinees—beginning Thursday evening, April 6th, and closing Saturday evening, April 15th—will be duplicates of those given in New York. We are to witness Wagner's great music-drama, "Parsifal," with the accessories and effects employed at the Metropolitan, and with the same singers. The rôle of Kundry will be sung alternately by Mme. Nordica and Mme. Fremstad, whose Carmen was the sensation of the New York season. The rest of the cast will include Alois Burgstaller as Parsifal, Anton Van Rooy as Amfortas, Robert Blass as Guernemanz, Otto Goritz as Klingsor, Adolph Muhlmann as Titurel, Mmes. Moran and Braendle, and MM. Reiss and Alberti as the esquires, MM. Bayer and Greder as the Knights of the Grail, Mme. Jacobi as "the voice," Mmes. Lemon, Bauermeister, Poehlmann, Alton, Ralph, and Jacobi as the flower-maidens. "Parsifal" will be conducted by Alfred Hertz. Another great singer who is to appear is Caruso, undoubtedly the best Italian tenor of the present time. He will be heard in "Rigoletto," "Lucia de Lammermoor," "La Giacomini," and "I Pagliacci." Other eminent vocalists in the company are Mme. Sembrich, whose talents need no mention; Louise Homer, the contralto; Andreas Dippel, the great tenor; Marcel Journet, the French basso; Robert Blass, noted in German bass rôles; Mme. de Macchi, an Italian dramatic soprano of note; Antonio Scotti, an Italian baritone who is well known here; Albert Reiss and Adolph Muhlmann, who were here with the Grau company; besides others of note, as well as a brilliant chorus, a magnificent orchestra, and a complete corps de ballet. There will be three conductors—Alfred Hertz, Arturo Vigna, and Nahan Franko. The scenic and mechanical equipment will surpass anything ever before seen here. The twelve performances will be divided as follows: "Parsifal," three times; "La Giacomini," twice; "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," twice; and one performance each of "Rigoletto," "Lucia de Lammermoor," "Die Meistersinger," "Der Juedenraus," and "Les Huguenots." The prices of seats for the "Parsifal" performances will be from \$3.00 to \$10.00, and for the other performances from \$2.00 to \$7.00. Season seats will be from \$27.00 to \$93.00, and boxes or the season will be from \$350.00 to \$950.00. Applications for season seats or boxes, accompanied by checks or money-orders, will receive prompt attention, in the order received, if addressed to Charles W. Strine, Grand Opera House.

Margaret Anglin Coming.

The announcement is made that Margaret Anglin will play a special engagement at the California Theatre, commencing Monday evening, March 20th. The plays presented will be new here. The opening one will be an emotional drama, entitled "Zira," by J. Bartley Manners and Henry Miller, which is to have its initial production in Chicago Monday night. The second piece of the Anglin season will be "The Marriage of Figaro," a comedy adapted from the French by Cosmo Gordon Lenox. José Echegaray's "Mariana" will also be played, as well as "The Eternal Feminine," in which Miss Anglin has been appearing in the East. In Miss Anglin's company are Frank Worthing, Iall McAllister, Walter Allen, Edward merry, Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Blanche Stoddard, Miss Eleanor Blake, and Miss Gwendolyn Allentine.

Operas for Next Week.

During the second week of the grand-opera season at the Columbia Theatre, "Tannhäuser" will be given Monday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinee. "La Bohème" will be the bill on Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday nights, and "Il Trovatore" will be sung Wednesday and Saturday nights. The first for "Tannhäuser" will include Misses Ennyson, Newman, and Sherwood, and Messrs. Wegener, Deane, Boyle, and Barron. "La Bohème" will introduce Misses Brooks and Newman and Messrs. Roberts, Goff, Bennett, and Boyle. "Il Trovatore" will be sung by Misses Brooks and Ivell and Messrs. Dehan, Goff, and Boyle.

Jones Drama at the Alcazar.

Beginning Monday night, the Alcazar stock company will present Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Middleman." This play depicts humble life in a quaint old pottery town of England. The relation of labor to capital is the theme, but there is also much comedy in the piece. "The Middleman" has been one of E. S. Willard's successes and he has revived it during his present New York season. John Craig will have Willard's part, and William Lawrence will have the rôle of Mary

Blenkarn. Elizabeth Woodson, John B. Maher, and John Davies will be in the cast. The next play to be produced is "Alice of Old Vincennes," and a revival of "Old Heidelberg" is promised.

The Tivoli's Bill.

The comic-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House opened on Monday night with a performance of "Boccaccio," which will continue for another week. Preparations are being made for the "Burgomaster," by Pixley and Luders, which will succeed "Boccaccio."

Kolb and Dill at the Grand.

Kolb and Dill will commence an engagement at the Grand Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. Kolb and Dill will be supported by their own company, which has been specially engaged by them for the coming season, and which contains several artists unknown to this city. Among the new-comers is Maude Alice Kelley, vocalist, and Lillie Sutherland, soubrette. Will H. Cross, the monologist and eccentric comedian, will be a feature of the cast, which also includes Ben Dillon and Claude Hunt. The play for the opening is Judson Brusie's "I. O. U.," which has been revised and altered and given new dialogue and lyrics.

New-Comers at the Orpheum.

Mabel McKinley, the American soprano, who was here season before last, will return to the Orpheum for a limited engagement, beginning Sunday afternoon. She will be heard in a variety of musical compositions, including her own latest success, "Karama." The Peschkoff troupe of Russians dancers will make their first appearance in America. The company consists of two men and two women. Their dancing is described as a revelation in agility and grace. Willy Zimmerman, a clever Hungarian, will give a series of impersonations of famous musical composers and directors. Among the impersonations he offers are Von Suppe, Liszt, Verdi, John Philip Sousa, and Oscar Hammerstein. The Mallory brothers, Maizie Brooks and Grace Halliday, musicians, singers, and dancers, will offer a musical entertainment. Paul Powell's Electric Marionettes will appear for the last week; Piwitt will show his "mysterious face"; and the Alpine family of English acrobats, the Brothers Rossi, and the Orpheum motion pictures will complete the programme.

Revival of a Hoyt Farce.

Hoyt's farce comedy, "A Texas Steer," will be given its first stock presentation at popular prices in this city on next Monday night at the Central Theatre. The cast will include Juliet Crosby, Herschel Mayall, Jim Corrigan, and Henry Shumer. Adequate stage settings and picturesque costumes are promised.

The Public School Festival.

The different committees in charge of the May Musical Festival of the public schools are all hard at work in their respective departments, and everything points to a very successful affair. The appended programme will give an idea of the feast of good things in store for the public:

Sunday night, grand inaugural; Monday afternoon, first children's festival of song, by 5,000 children; Monday night, symphony night; Tuesday afternoon, professional matinee, a special performance for musical profession; Tuesday night, Wagner's "Parsifal"; Wednesday afternoon, Tschaiowsky-Liszt programme; Wednesday night, Innes's "Americana" (its first production), an allegory on the Civil War in song, introducing a military pageant by the National Guard, uniformed rank of G. A. R. post, extra bands, drum and fife corps, etc., 1,500 people in the production; Thursday afternoon, music by French composers; Thursday night, "Hymn of Praise"; Friday afternoon, music by Russian composers; Friday night, Wagner festival; Saturday afternoon, second children's festival of song; Saturday night, popular night; Sunday afternoon, oratorio programme; Sunday night, farewell performance.

The Gump Picture Sale.

Far more than ordinary interest has been aroused by the news that the S. & G. Gump Company is to hold an auction sale of paintings. Such offerings of masterpieces are rare here, and lovers of the best in art are preparing to attend the sale and take full benefit of the opportunity afforded to buy paintings done by the best artists of Europe and America.

The stimulus that has been given to art appreciation by the S. & G. Gump Company can not be overestimated. During all its existence it has made its standard a high one, offering the public as good as could be bought. Each year a member of the firm goes East and to Europe, and, visiting the studios and galleries in New York, London, Paris, Munich, Vienna, and other cities, keeps in touch with the painters and dealers. The result has been a marvelously good collection of pictures. There is not a poor canvas in the Gump galleries—in fact, there is not one but any one would be glad to own. Such men as Pablo Salinas, whose "Maneuvers Before the Sultan" is wonderful in its grouping, color, and action; E. Debat-Ponson, knight of the Legion of Honor on account of his work; F. Maury, whose paintings of the woods of Fontainbleau rank with the best; G. Seignac, favorite pupil of Bougereau; C. de Antonio, who painted the wonderfully brilliant canvas depicting Cardinal Mazarin at chess; Casar Detti; Max Gaisser, known as the Meissonier of Germany—these are but a few of the artists who have made the Gump collection one of the best in the country. Its excellence will be realized when it is stated that a large number of Salon pictures are included. It is seldom that a Salon picture is offered for sale at auction in San Francisco, and that these will be quickly taken goes without saying.

The sale will begin in the ball-room of Native Sons' Hall on Thursday evening, March 9th, and will continue up to and including the evening of March 15th. Preceding the sale, the pictures will be on exhibition at the place named, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, March 6th, 7th, and 8th, both day and evening. The discussion that has followed the first announcement of the sale guarantees that the attendance will be large, and that, as in the Eastern cities, it will be a society affair. In fact, the paintings to be shown will appeal especially to those who appreciate and can afford the best.

"The Virginian" will follow the grand-opera season at the Columbia Theatre.

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... inauguration of the new federal city had been a visible fact for nine years, and was determined to assert a right to enjoy itself even if in doing so it followed a habit...

The ball opened promptly at seven o'clock, and soon afterward the music played 'Jefferson's March,' and he who up to noon of that day had been President, entered the room accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Coles...

Mr. Jefferson did not remain more than two hours at the ball, and left before supper. The rooms became more and more crowded and the heat intolerable...

'Kitchen Comedies' in the February Fortnightly. 'I have,' she says, 'heard more complaints of servants in England in a few years than in my whole life in America.'

This matter of serving notice seems to have acquired certain niceties to which we are yet strangers in our blunt-mannered republic. Thus, in Mrs. Lane's happy family: 'In the course of time, Muggins was succeeded by Jane; Jane of the Madonna face, a voice like a summer breeze, and her work divine.'

New York's artistic world is being furnished with a sensation in the galleries of the National Arts Club. It is nothing less than what experts declare to be an ancient statue of Aphrodite, by Praxiteles.

Amateurs fond of the Chartreuse liqueurs will rejoice to learn that by the assistance of M. Rouvier, minister of finance, the Carthusian monks will shortly return to Chartreux to reoccupy their former haunts and devote themselves to their old industry...

According to a dispatch, London cabmen are rapidly realizing that the death knell of the horse-drawn cab has been sounded, and by advice of the president of their union, have started training-classes for instruction in motor driving.

The Mansfield (O.) News reports that 'again have the heart of radiant, fragrant young maiden and heart of cavalier flaming with love been blended into one by nuptial rites.'

ister's words that linked their hearts in jeweled chains of connubial love fell like the dews of heaven on their bowed heads. The bride has all the instincts of a lady, and is a connubial prize, rich and rare.

Be good, but not easy!—Oil City Blizzard.

—DAINTY PASTRIES AND SERVICE, VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with 5 columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows include February 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th and March 1st.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 1, 1905, were as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Bay Co. Power 5%, Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%, Hawaiian C. S. 5%, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Stocks, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Contra Costa Water, S. V. Water, Banks, Gas and Electric, etc.

INVESTMENTS. Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A lawyer, pleading the case of an infant plaintiff, took the child, suffused with tears, in his arms, and presented it to the jury.

Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, once asked a young man how it happened that truth, which every one is by way of seeking after, is so rarely found.

A Scotch divine had risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a man in the front row of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe his brow.

A young lad, whose home was near that of one of the most famous living Americans, said, with a sigh, "I wish I could just once come close to a famous man."

Some years ago Phillips Brooks was recovering from an illness, and was denying himself to all visitors, when Robert Ingersoll called.

J. H. Weaver, mayor of Philadelphia, tells a story of a friend whose stoutness and constant good humor are his chief distinctions.

While a District of Columbia measure was before the House, the other afternoon, Congressman Bartlett, of Georgia, being in a pesky mood, raised the point of no quorum.

A clergyman, recently engaged with another of a different belief in a controversy regarding some question of religion, sent to a newspaper office a long article supporting his side of the question.

The craze for giving and accepting coupons for purchases of merchandise, to be redeemed by prizes, was given a more or less merited rebuke by Nat C. Goodwin.

M. Guyot relates that once, in his youth, he made a very unfortunate error. He had a friend who had a sweetheart named Marcelle, who wrote him most beautiful letters, full of refined poetic sentiments.

gone for a year, and during that time heard that his friend had married. His first act on returning to Paris was to call on the newly married one, who received him joyously.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Baby Vindicated.

"Who broke my cut-glass dish?" she wept. "The baby did!" lied I. She looked; the baby, darn him! slept, and proved a lullaby!

—Cleveland Leader.

Fly.

A fly and a flea in a flue Were imprisoned. Now, what could they do? Said the fly: "Let us flee!" "Let us fly," said the flea— So they flew, through a flaw in the flue.—Er.

Harry's Married.

Harry once was popular, the life of every party; Harry's tales were listened to, Harry's jests were cheered; Harry's laugh infectious was considered bright and hearty.

Harry's married.

Harry once could count upon a half a dozen letters Every single morning when the early mail got in; Harry was imprisoned in a dozen dainty fetters— (Harry wasn't quite so good as Harry might have been).

Harry's married.

Harry once was telephoned to gay, impromptu dinners, Always room for Harry and another extra chair, Harry once was intimate with many petty sinners, Harry found an open door and welcome everywhere.

Harry's married.

Harry once, on Christmas Day, had many a pretty present— Pillows, pipes, and photographs, cigarettes and socks— Every girl who knew him tried to make his birthday pleasant— Slippers, soap, and shaving sets, Conchas by the box!

Harry's married.

Harry, to the married women, once was "interesting." There he told his troubles, and they called him "foolish boy!" (Many other things they said were not of his requesting.) Now they fail to find in him a comfort and a joy.

Harry's married.

All the little love-affairs with which her soul is harried Now are secret sorrows, and they're not to be his toy! Harry's married. —Metropolitan Magazine.

Suzanne's Stocking.

[From "The Freedom of Suzanne," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, running at the Criterion, London.] CHARLES—You look rather white. Are you hungry? Let me get you something to eat. SUZANNE—I'm not so hungry as cold. I feel as if I should never be warm again.

puts log on fire and sits by her.] Charley, do you?

CHARLES—What? SUZANNE—Feel merry! [Glass business; she puts it down.] Isn't it odd you and I having supper together? CHARLES—It does seem odd. SUZANNE—After all this long time. It seems ages, doesn't it? CHARLES—I don't know—I suppose— [She notices his break and follows his gaze.] Why, how wet your shoes are. [Feels shoes.] Take them off.

SUZANNE—Oh, no. CHARLES—Very well, then I shall. [He takes her shoes off.] And your stocking; take it off. SUZANNE—I won't do any such thing. CHARLES—Then I will. SUZANNE [tucking her feet up under her skirt; puts plate on table]—I forbid you. How dare you? [Legs up.] CHARLES—I beg your pardon. I had forgotten for a moment.

[He is kneeling R. of her; he turns away and sits on a low stool R. of chair, his face turned away.] SUZANNE [looking straight in front of her, embarrassed]—You oughtn't to forget.

CHARLES—I know, but I do — sometimes. [Sits near her, looking at fire.] [His face still turned away. There is a pause. SUZANNE looks round and sees that he is not looking at her. She gently puts one foot out, feeling with it for his knee. He doesn't feel it. Pulls stocking down, looking at him.] SUZANNE—Charley! Charley! Charley! CHARLES [still looking away from her]—Yes.

SUZANNE [holding foot out]—Perhaps this is rather wet. [She puts her foot on his knee.]

CHARLES [jumping up and crossing to L. of her, his back to the fire]—Then I may? . . . [She boxes; he kneels and draws off her stocking. She wriggles.] There! [Puts it in fender, looks at her foot, and dries it with his handkerchief.] There—no wonder you were cold.

[SUZANNE laughs, and wriggles on the chair.] CHARLES—What's the matter? SUZANNE—You're tickling me. CHARLES—I beg your pardon [dropping her foot]. SUZANNE [quickly]—No—I don't mind. [Puts it out again.] It isn't disagreeable.—London Daily Mail.

Young Rhymes—"I tell you, marriage takes all the poetry out of a fellow." Friend—"Then it can't be a failure."—Town and Country.

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SOCIETY.

The Holbrook-Spreckels Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Spreckels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, to Mr. Harry Holbrook, took place on Saturday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Pacific Avenue and Laguna Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. George C. Adams. Miss Grace Spreckels was maid of honor, Mr. John Merrill acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Robert Greer, Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton, Mr. Allen St. John Bowie, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., and Mr. C. H. Adams. A reception and supper followed the ceremony. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook will reside in San Francisco.

The Mardi Gras Ball.

Interest in the carnival ball to be given at the Mark Hopkins Institute for the benefit of the Art Association next Tuesday evening is increasing daily. The artists themselves have taken hold with greater enthusiasm than ever and the pageant which opens the ball promises to be even more brilliant than that of last year when the beautiful young goddess Iris entered at the head of her Egyptian followers. This year it is Joan of Arc, who, in glittering armor, will be borne in triumph up the great hall upon a shield supported on the shoulders of four men-at-arms, while priests and soldiers, courtiers, ladies, and knights of that wonderful mediæval period of France will form a dazzling retinue.

Some idea of the gorgeousness of the prospective scene can be formed from the decorations. Never before in the history of these carnivals has the Searles Gallery been transformed into such a superb mass of color as that which Mr. Breuer has placed upon wall and ceiling. The prevailing tones are those peculiar to Joan of Arc—blue, white, and gold, but with them are blended all the tints of the spectrum in rich and delightful harmony. The attention that has been paid to detail is something astonishing. Shields, coats of arms, banners, emblems, all of them designed with absolute historical accuracy, adorn every available space and carry the architectural lines from floor to roof. The work accomplished is something enormous—indeed, it is a liberal education in the heraldry of that period to see it, and Mr. Breuer is to be congratulated on the results of his labor.

Among those who will be present are Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Davis and Miss Davis, Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Prince, U. S. A., Hon. James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses de Young, Mr. J. I. Eastland, Mr. Perry Eyre, Rear-Admiral B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Jr., the Misses Foster, and Mr. A. W. Foster, Jr., Miss Newell Drown, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah R. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Kohl, Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Lieutenant Rousseau, U. S. N., Mr. Milton S. Latham and Mrs. J. H. Chanslor, Mr. Joseph D. Kedding, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. H. A. Williams, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Percy L. King, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, Mr. James B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury, Mr. N. J. Brittan and the Misses Brittan, Mr. F. P. Whittell, Miss Florence Whittell, Mr. E. Courtney Ford, Mr. McKee Dupera, Judge William Lawlor, Mrs. Brugnate Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. John S. Merrill, and Mr. Ralph D. Merrill.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Florence Barley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Bailey, to Mr. William Mohr, of New York, will take place at Wedne-day evening, March 15th, at the First Unitarian Church. Miss Grace

Spreckels will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Frieda Mohr, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Lucie King, and Miss Edith Simpson.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Wallace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Herbert Wallace, to Mr. Charles M. Fickert, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 2414 Gough Street. The ceremony was performed at half after three by Rev. Burr N. Weedon. Miss Pearl Seeley was bridesmaid, and Mr. Frederick Berry acted as best man. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Fickert have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis gave a ball on Wednesday evening at their residence, 1310 Taylor Street.

Mrs. Frank P. Deering gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Frank R. Wells. Others at table were Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Mark Requa, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. Charles M. Cooper, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. J. H. Deering, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Gunn, and Miss Florence Hush.

Mrs. Robert H. Postlethwaite and Miss Margaret Postlethwaite gave a ball on Thursday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edward S. Ayre will give a tea on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall gave a dinner on Sunday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Henry C. Breeden gave a dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Paul Bancroft gave a tea on Thursday at St. Dunstan's in honor of Miss Elsie Dorr. Miss Anita Harvey gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Constance Crimmins.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst and Mrs. John T. Porter will give a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday. Covers will be laid for eighty.

Mrs. Gilbert Guernsey gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Reginald Brook. Others at table were Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. J. H. Prentiss, and Miss Sara Drun.

Mrs. George F. Richardson gave a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Ethel Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave a young folks dinner last Tuesday evening in the Palm Garden, Palace Hotel. Covers were laid for thirty-five.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Constance Crimmins, Miss Anita Harvey, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. Roy Pike.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Younger gave a dinner at St. Dunstan's on Tuesday evening in honor of Baron and Baroness von Schroeder. Covers were laid for sixteen.

Mrs. A. M. Foye gave a card-party on Saturday at Pine and Taylor Streets.

Mrs. Willis Polk gave a tea on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Burnham and Miss Burnham, of Chicago.

Miss Katherine Hall will give a tea on Monday in honor of Mrs. Walter Hale and Mrs. James Kent.

Mrs. William P. Morgan gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 2211 Clay Street. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. Charles Dougherty and Mrs. Jabish Clement gave a tea on Monday at 800 Sutter Street.

The Entre Nous Cotillion Club will give a fancy-dress ball at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening.

Arrangements are being made for the erection of a building to be used by the leading women's clubs of the city. It is to front on Union Square, occupying the present site of the Red Men's Building, and is to be twelve stories in height, with a frontage of seventy-five feet and a depth of over one hundred feet. The building will cost about half a million dollars.

Champagne.

Speaking of the wonderful strides in four years from 481,776 bottles in 1900 to over 1,524,000 bottles in 1904 of the celebrated brand of Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne, the New York World remarks:

It is a superb wine—bon vivants, gourmets, poets, have sung its praises; careful chemists have scrupulously examined it and found it not only free from deleterious elements, but full of all the qualities that go to make a perfect champagne. In body, bouquet, in every quality wherein a wine can excel, it does excel.

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An Impresario's Benefit.

Once during each season a benefit performance is given by the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Usually a hodge-podge of grand opera is put on; but at the last benefit "Die Fledermaus," the German comic opera, was the bill. It was a daring thing to do—to inject comic opera into a grand-opera season, and to put the highest priced singers in the world into (for them) trivial parts. But it was a success. The price of seats was put up to \$10, and speculators sold them on the outside for as high as \$30 each. The house was jammed, and Manager Conried was benefited to the extent of something over \$22,000.

The New York papers gave columns to accounts of the performance. The Herald says:

What a time it was! Worth any kind of money to see the big crowd of famous lyric artists "doing stunts" lyrically in the ball-room and supper scene, to see the Isolde and Evas and Elsas and Marguerites and Gildas and Lucrezia Borgias and Brünnhildes and other imposing operatic ladies throw off the shackles of their customary dignity, join hands with the Romeos and Tristans and Siegfrieds and Lohengrins and Rodolfos and dance music-drama to tatters. The house fairly bubbled in sympathy with the stage, and let pandemonium loose with its applause when the time came.

During the supper scene, the artists who had not appeared in the principal rôles were made choristers, for it is the rule that every singer with the Conried company must respond if called upon to sing on the manager's benefit night—and Conried called on all his stars. They turned the supper scene into a sort of vaudeville, Aekte, Scotti, Nordica, Homer, Caruso, Geraldini, Fremstad, Eames, all singing solos or joining in choruses.

Mr. Conried made a speech during the evening, and the World says that "it was something in this strain":

"Himmel, what happiness! Such a rejoicedness! I, Heinrich Conried, am Right in my element, This aggregation with, Singing for all they're worth, Singing to benefit me. Why? As I said, I'm the Whole Herr Direktor—I'm It, in my singing birds, Who gave them 'Parsifal,' 'Ballo in Maschera,' And 'Götterdämmerung'— Pardon the language, please— 'Rheingold,' et cetera? I, with my singing birds, And I administered So that it paid, without Holding 'em up for a Thundering big subsidy. That's why I'm feeling thus fervently fest-spielish. Thank you—mine here is full, Hoch! and auf wiedersehen!"

Why Not Tahiti?

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Andrew Summers Rowan has returned from Vancouver Barracks, and is at St. Dunan's. Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Mrs. George Howard have returned from Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Miss Reid, and Mr. D. O. Mills are at Milbrae. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holland will spend a summer at San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill and Miss Ruth Merrill were in Constantinople when it was heard from. Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison departed on Friday for New York, and will sail from here on March 11th for Europe. Mr. Tevis Blanding sailed on Saturday for trip to the Orient. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stephenson, and Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Bacon are at the Hotel Vendôme, San José. Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have returned from New York. Miss Jennie Blair has taken apartments at the Richelieu. Mrs. J. K. C. Hobbs and Mrs. Hippolyte attend expect to sail from here on March 7th for a tour of the world. Judge and Mrs. M. C. Sloss and Mrs. Louis Soss expect to depart on Sunday for an extended Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lilienthal were recent guests at the Hotel Rafael. Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurie Spreckels expect to spend the summer in Europe. Mr. Summit L. Hecht, who has been the guest of his mother, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, has returned to Boston. Miss Pearl Landers has returned from Monterey. Mr. Horace G. Platt was a recent guest at the Hotel del Monte. Mrs. Camilo Martin is at the Hotel Vendôme, San José. Mrs. Emma Spreckels Watson has returned from London, and is at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graydon are guests

of Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney at their country place near Rocklin. Mr. and Mrs. E. Courtney Ford, Miss Joliffe, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway spent Sunday at the Hotel Vendôme, San José. Mrs. S. Hart and Mr. B. Hart and family have apartments at the Richelieu. Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis have returned from San Anselmo. Mrs. Francis Carolan, of Burlingame, is in town for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent were at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, last week. Miss Jennie Flood has returned to town. Miss Ardella Mills is home from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Taft, of Oakland, are back from the East. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have departed for New York, and from there will sail for Europe. Mr. Willard Barton and Mr. Joseph D. Redding have returned from the East. Miss Edith Henrici has gone East to remain several months. Mrs. Redmond Payne is spending a fortnight in Los Angeles. Mrs. Porter, Miss Amy Porter, and Mrs. Marguerite Hanford expect to go to Santa Barbara next week for an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. William Magee have gone to Mexico for a trip of several weeks. Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Willis, of Scranton, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Miller, Mrs. M. Monroe, Miss C. Miller, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Day and Miss E. V. Griffin, of Tupper Lake, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tenney, of Everett, Mrs. A. D. Warren, of Chicago, Mrs. A. Sibley and Miss A. Sibley, of Norwood, Mrs. F. L. Day, of Glenn Falls, Mrs. A. B. Bassett and Miss N. Bassett, of Newton, Mrs. K. Nichols, of Syracuse, Mr. T. F. Ena, of Honolulu, Mr. B. Hayward, of Denver, and Rev. J. H. Coroner. Among the week's visitors at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. James H. Park, of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Wood, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Salvador, Miss Salvador, Miss E. C. Nicoll, Mr. Bliss Carnan, Mr. J. B. Vandergrift, Mr. J. H. Vandergrift, and Mr. Nicoll, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Schumacker, of Salt Lake, Mrs. E. B. Underbill, of Cleveland, Mrs. C. G. Warner, Miss Juliet Warner, and Miss Elizabeth Warner, of St. Louis, Lord Athelunmy and Mr. Angell, of London, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. James Hosmer, and Miss I. Hubbard. Among the week's guests at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Miller, Mr. J. Jassaund, Dr. W. T. Maupin, and Mr. J. M. McKay, of Fresno, Mr. John C. Donnelly, of Sacramento, Mr. F. M. Bechtel, of Honolulu, Mr. J. D. Nichols, of Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Apple, Mrs. A. F. Zipp, Mrs. Frank Devlin, Mrs. J. T. Carpenter, Mrs. John Herd, Mrs. James Smith, Miss Augusta D. Ames, Miss Edith Fletcher, Mr. P. M. Lories, Mr. J. G. Mansfield, Mr. W. S. Bartlett, Mr. M. W. Dr. L. Stern, and Mr. Samuel Heller. Among the week's guests at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Linforth, Mr. and Mrs. William Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Emmons, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hughson, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Snook, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Marsh, Mrs. J. D. Hyde, Mrs. Janet Dickey, Mrs. Margaret L. Dickey, Mrs. C. T. Ricketts, Mrs. George Robinson, Miss Georgia Ricketts, Miss Stella Frink, Miss Hazel Cook, Miss Gladys Hughson, Miss Clara Sweigert, Miss Adelaide Hecht, Mr. George A. Innes, Mr. E. M. Pomroy, and Mr. Warren S. Reed.

Army and Navy News.

Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Torney have returned from Fort Leavenworth. Lieutenant Gilbert McKee Allen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Allen have arrived from Vancouver Barracks, and are guests of Mrs. Allen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kent. Lieutenant F. W. Herscheler, U. S. A., is on a two weeks' trip to Fort Bliss, Tex.

Duncan E. McKinlay, first assistant United States district attorney, has resigned his position and will resume the practice of law.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman has been brightened by the advent of a son.

A Gentleman's Country-Place

of fifty-nine acres, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, overlooking Santa Cruz Bay (also suitable location for a sanatorium), will be sold at a sacrifice. House, barns, orchard, vineyard, etc., all in good condition and self-supporting. For particulars apply to Rowley & Packard, 323 Montgomery Street.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

A. Blachman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

Associated Charities Dinner.

The Associated Charities of San Francisco held its annual dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday, March 2d, at half after six. A large number of prominent people, representing the various charitable interests of the city, were present. The following subjects were spoken on by the speakers named:

"The Associated Charities as Part of the Modern Charity Movement," Miss Jessica Peixotto; "Legislative Work of the Associated Charities," Oscar K. Cushing; "Charities Indorsement Committee," Andrew M. Davis; "The Associated Charities and the Merchant Body," F. W. Dohrmann; "The Dependent Child, the Charity Problem of California," Miss Katharine C. Felton; "Other Phases of Associated Charities Work," Herbert W. Lewis and Fairfax H. Wheelan; "The Juvenile Court," Frank J. Murasky.

Miss Jennie Crocker, having attained her majority, has been awarded her share of the estate of her father, the late Colonel Charles F. Crocker. It amounts to about \$5,000,000, and consists of a third interest each in the Crocker Estate Company, the Crocker Hotel Company, and the Crocker Realty Company. Besides there are cash, stocks in various companies, United States bonds, railway bonds, and real estate. Miss Crocker has made Henry T. Scott and Charles E. Green custodians of her estate.

There is no greater delight than a trip up Mt. Tamalpais, over the crooked railway that winds up the mountain through picturesque scenery. And the view from the top of the mountain is unsurpassed in variety and beauty. The Tavern of Tamalpais affords ideal accommodations for travelers.

The Waterhouse Cup, \$3,000 added, a handicap for two-year-olds, will be run at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday.) The daily racing card always furnishes good contests.

More Paintings of Merit.

Mr. Morris is continually adding attractive paintings to his choice collection. One of the latest and most important of his pictures is a gem by Winslow Homer, who stands at the head of American painters. This picture represents a yacht anchored in a quiet little cove to avoid a squall that is clearly in view on the horizon. There is a force in the motive and a wonderful skill in handling the subject that fascinates the spectator. The texture of the canvas and the reflection of the yacht's hull in the transparent surface of the placid waters of the bay bespeak the true artist.

Another painting in this collection which commends itself to the lover of art, is a landscape by Edward Gay, who is the recipient of several medals received both in this country and abroad. The canvas shows a quiet autumnal scene painted in a minor key of color, but with great power. One feels the quality of restraint in this talented artist. The composition has a beautiful pool in the immediate foreground reflecting the cumulous clouds that are lazily drifting along the horizon. The russet-brown tone of the foliage adds an element of warm color to this idyl of autumn.

Mr. Morris has also added two Scotch paintings. One is entitled, "Off the Coast of Scotland," the other "A View in the Highlands." The public should not fail to visit his gallery at 248 Sutter Street to see these new additions.

WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 745 MARKET STREET.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats, Spring styles, now open. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street. Telephone Main 3185.

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TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

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SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.



Trains leave and are to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1905

Table with columns: TRAIN, MAIN LINE, ARRIVE. Lists various train routes and arrival times.

Table with columns: TRAIN, COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge), ARRIVE. Lists narrow gauge train routes.

Table with columns: TRAIN, COAST LINE (Broad Gauge), ARRIVE. Lists broad gauge train routes.

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OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY (Foot of Market Street) 7:16 a.m. 9:00 a.m. 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Vulcan was firm. "No, Jupiter," he said, "I shall not give trading-stamps with my thunderbolts."—New York Sun.

Mamma "She and Mr. Jinks correspond, don't they?" Mug—"Naw! Why he's real dark complected an' she's a dizzy blonde."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Medium—"Do you wish to see your departed husband's spirit?" Mrs. Whiffle—"No; I want to see his ghost! Josh never had no spirit!"—Puck.

"So the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for a while, eh?" "Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up fifteen dollars for good."—Collier's Weekly.

"A New York man advocates the drowning of all idiots." "Why, the cruel brute! I shall raise my voice in protest! I—er—oh, well, it doesn't matter to me."—Houston Post.

Nell—"How in the world did you discover her age?" Belle—"I asked her at what age she thought a girl should marry, and she promptly said twenty-seven."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Their pay is shockingly small for some of our public officials," said the broad-minded man. "Yes," answered the cynic; "but it averages up. Some of the public officials are shockingly small for their pay."—Washington Star.

Old party—"Boy, you'll catch cold if you get your feet wet at this puddle." Small boy—"Dat's what I'm after. I'm a-goin' to speak 'Spartacus to de Gladiators' at school on Friday, an' I wants to git me voice hoarse."—Chicago News.

She—"I hope you'll like the birthday cigars I gave you, dear. You'll be glad to know, anyway, that I paid cash for them; they weren't charged." He—"Really? I thought they were, but I didn't know what with."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Beatrice McCarthy (aged six)—"Is it proper for a girl ter let a man kiss her before dey is engaged ter be married?" Madeline Murphy (aged seven)—"Sure! How kin she tell whether he'll make a satisfactory husband if she don't know how he kisses?"—Judge.

Police justice—"Prisoner, you are charged with kicking your wife in the stomach, biting her ear off, and knocking out two front teeth. What had she done to provoke such a brutal assault?" The prisoner—"She said I wasn't no gentleman."—Cleveland Leader.

The crowded car was plunged in sudden darkness. "Guess they didn't pay their gas bill," piped a small voice, cheerfully; and in the laugh that followed the light returned, disclosing a well-dressed but very red-faced matron busily rearranging her small daughter's curls.—Town Topics.

"Well," said Mr. Tiewad, putting down his paper, "that woman who got all that money from those bankers certainly was shrewd. Seems like a woman can always get money from a man, no matter how cautious he is." "She can," remarked Mrs. Tiewad, "so long as she isn't married to him."—Judge.

Mrs. McCall—"I do wish I could get a good maid." Mrs. Vandine—"You might interview mine. I think she'd be delighted to go to you." Mrs. McCall—"But why don't you keep her?" Mrs. Vandine—"Oh, she won't stay. She says she wants a place where she won't have so many gowns and hats to take care of."—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Smythe (organizing a subscription dance)—"I'm in despair about our dance, Mr. Brown. So many people have failed me. You'll come, won't you?" Mr. Brown (extremely stout)—"Really, Miss Smythe; I'm not a dancing man. I don't dance at all!" Miss Smythe—"Oh, that won't matter in the least. You'd help to fill up, you know!" Mr. Brown—"Ah—yes—with pleasure. I will look in about supper time."—Punch.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Johnny—"Paw, what's the rest of that quotation beginning 'Truth is mighty'?" Father—"Scarce." I reckon."—Pittsburg Post.

DR. E. O. COCHRAN, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS OF NURK AND PNE. MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

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Table with columns: WEEK DAYS, SUNDAYS, San Francisco to San Rafael, San Rafael to San Francisco. Lists departure and arrival times.

Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect Oct. 2, 1904, Destination, Arrive San Francisco. Lists various train routes and destinations.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Ileights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Saviors; at Sherwood for Cabo, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building. JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

NORTH SHORE FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MULL VALLEY, Etc. Via Sausalito Ferry. DEPART DAILY, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 10:15, and 11:35 P. M. ARRIVE DAILY at 16:40, 7:35, 8:15, 8:50, 9:35, 10:50 A. M., 12:10, 1:30, 2:55, 4:25, 5:05, 5:42, 6:22, 6:57, 7:40, and 11:25 P. M. DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, daily at 7:45 A. M., also 3:15 P. M. Saturday and 5:15 P. M. daily, except Saturday and Sunday. THROUGH TRAINS. 7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 3:15 P. M., Saturdays only, for Cazadero, etc. 5:15 P. M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, for Tomales, etc. TICKET OFFICES, 650 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St. JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt. G. W. HEINTZ, Assl. Gen. Pass. Agt.



CALIFORNIA LIMITED TO CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A.M. WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS. Other Santa Fe Trains: 7:30 a.m. For Stockton, Fresno, Bakersfield, Merced, Hanford, and Visalia. 8:00 p.m. For Stockton. 8:00 p.m. For Kansas City, Grand Canyon, and Chicago. Ticket offices—641 Market Street and Ferry Depot San Francisco; also 1112 Broadway, Oakland Cal.; also 27 South 1st, San Jose.

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The Argonaut.



VOL. LVI. No. 1461.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 13, 1905.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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days now have swayed back and forth in the grip of battle, and, at the hour when we write, it is not quite certain that the Russian army is irrevocably routed. In the past, Kuropatkin has shown himself a master of the strategy of retreat. The Battles of Liao Yang and Shakhe River were empty victories for the Japanese. If now General Kuropatkin shall be able to bring his huge army safely into the shelter of Tie Pass, where military experts have long expected him to make his final stand, his enemy will have purchased a comparatively barren victory at enormous cost. All accounts agree that the Japanese generals were reckless of the lives of their soldiers. In some parts of the battlefield the corpses of dead Japanese were piled up to form breastworks. It seems probable that the Japanese loss in life exceeds the Russian, the whole totaling some hundred thousand men—inconceivable slaughter! Such victories as this may yet prove to be, are disastrous to Japan. Of such victories she may bleed to death.

And what a war it is! How stupendous its influence upon the history of the world! No light thing is it to us, the nations now spectators of the struggle, that, almost in a day, a great power has leapt out, sword in hand, into the world's arena, and, point at throat, is driving back the great Russian from Eastern Asia. No wonder that the kings of European states sleep uneasily—that William the Second, the lordliest ruler of them all, dreams no pleasant dreams of the not far distant future. Says the *Spectator*: "The owners of the Philippines, of Indo-China, of Kiao-Chow, of Java, perhaps even the owners of India and Australia, will recognize with a more perfect certainty that a new and most powerful state has been born into the world."

As we read the accounts of the siege of Port Arthur—of the marvelous inventiveness of the Japanese officers; of their methodical patience in the face of the imminent peril of death; of the accomplishment of vast engineering feats in the transport of enormous guns up steep and difficult slopes; of the construction of complex engines of war even on the very field of battle; of the use with unparalleled efficiency of the most complex of Western scientific apparatus—the hyposcope, telegraph, telephone, wireless; and finally of that strange scientific fanaticism which impelled company after company of soldiers to march upon certain death—when we read of these things, we must recognize that it is true, as the experts declare, that Port Arthur would have been impregnable to the besiegers of any nation save the Japanese. In other words, to quote again from the *Spectator*, "no other generals, even if commanding German, or French, or British troops, would have ventured to expend so many trained men on such an effort, or would have been so uninfluenced by the fear that the hideous slaughter which marked every repulse and every partial victory might demoralize their soldiery, or so appall their people at home that a continuance of the policy of attack would become impossible."

Mark what it is the experts say: "There is no nation in existence whose soldiers would encounter the victors of Port Arthur in equal numbers with any certainty of victory." Man for man, soldier for soldier, officer for officer, it is probable that armies of Germans, of Frenchmen, of Britons—yes, of Americans also—would go down in defeat before the Japanese. It is a tremendous fact that the Manchurian war has revealed to us, and is it not, also, a little sinister? Are we yet awake to the subtle change that has come over the face of the world in the year that is just ended?

And what of the Russian? Admittedly he has one of the most formidable enemies in the world. His country is disturbed by strikes and riots; he is plundered and overtaxed by dissolute and thievish officials;

he is cursed with a weak and wavering emperor; he wages war six thousand miles distant from his capital, the only road to which is a black thread of steel which stretches mile upon mile for thousands of miles across the Siberian waste of snow, over plain and mountain and frozen lake. Carelessness and incompetency, debauchery and stupidity, intemperance and idleness (so we are told) are the characteristics of Russian officials, civil and military. And yet, in this far Manchurian country has been assembled an army of close upon half a million men, which, for ten days past, has held at bay these brown scientific fanatics. On hill and plain, with sabre and bayonet, with the deadly grenade or with belching mortars, up and down, Russ has fought Jap for ten long days. Driven from positions, they have rallied and recaptured them. Forced to retreat at nightfall, at dawn they have turned and driven back their pursuers. Companies have been annihilated. From regiments that went forth proudly, only a handful has returned. Surely we must acknowledge that in the Russian character, also, there are some great qualities, some vast heroic virtues.

It is the fashion to sneer at the incapacity of the Slav. Yet it is a fair question to ask if, admitting as we must that the Japanese are the best soldiers in the world, European nations more civilized than Czarism would have succeeded better than the Russian armies have. With the memory of South Africa and Buller, shall we confidently affirm that Great Britain could better than Russia wage, on land, six thousand miles away from home, a successful war against such an enemy as the Jap? Yes, with the memory of the turmoil and confusion and inefficiency that accompanied our trifling war with Spain—with the memory of how our soldiers died of typhoid and dysentery in Chickamauga and Manila—shall we even affirm that we, big as we are, could wage a successful war in a distant land (say the Philippines) against the Japanese?

It is no light thing, we repeat, that a brown race has revealed itself, man for man, stronger than any white nation; that it has taken our best inventions and bettered them; that it has learned of our wisest surgeons and excelled them; that it is patient where we are vacillating and forgetful; that it is prolific where we are slow of reproduction; and that it is economical of energy where we are wasteful and profligate. It is no light thing, and sooner or later we shall realize it well.

The religious revival in Wales and England is a fact, one moreover which is entirely modern in the magnitude of its influence. It would seem as if our colossal industrial undertakings were finding their reflex in the religious world. Evan Roberts, the inspired blacksmith, the genius of the Welsh revival, is said by conservative writers to have made thirty thousand converts among the inhabitants of the principality. Albert Hall in London, where a revival is being conducted by Torrey and Alexander, the American evangelists, has been filled with an audience of 12,000 eagerly taking part in the services, and these meetings have been led in singing by a choir of 3,600 trained voices.

In Wales, at all events, there appears to be no doubt with regard to the actual moral effects of the preaching. The ordinary crimes of the lower classes, such as drunkenness and acts of violence, have shown a very marked falling off, and the presentation of white gloves, the custom followed when a magistrate calls court and has no cases to try, has become not uncommon in districts in which the miners and other workmen usually found plenty of work for the justices.

Not only in Wales and England, but throughout the British colonies, the same revival of religion is noted, and even in this country there are very obvious signs

the three great battles of the Japanese-Russian War—the Battle of Liao Yang, the Battle of Shakhe River, and the Battle of Moukden—the last is the greatest. Not only is it the greatest battle in the present Titanic contest between Slav and Japanese for supremacy in Eastern Asia, but it is the greatest battle of modern times perhaps of any time. The mind balks at forming any real conception of the multitudes engaged in the bloody conflict, or of the extent, scope, and complexity of the military operations. If every adult male in the States of the United States which touch the Pacific were assembled on the level floor of our Valley of the Sun in Joaquin, their number would yet fall short of those war in the Valley of the Hun. Slav and Japanese told there are nearly a million men, who for ten

the same phenomenon. There are said to have been 40,000 persons present at the Keswick convention.

Revivals are, of course, a fairly familiar phenomena to the English-speaking peoples, but it would be interesting to discover just in what respects this religious awakening differs from its predecessors, and in spite of all the writing which has been done on that point, we have discovered no satisfactory explanation. W. T. Stead, with his usual originality, to employ no harder term, has been at the pains to set out a list of former revivals, and endeavors to show thereby that in each case they have preceded social and political changes of importance. It can not be said, however, that the logic of Mr. Stead is convincing, or that the connection has been made out. In any case, this would not explain the revival.

There is little question that a period of religious activity has for some time been pending. The quarter of a century dominance of the agnostic and materialistic view was bound sooner or later to produce its own reaction. This reaction has up to now been more generally observable among the intellectual workers and the literary men, who have returned to the church, even in the centres of modern commercial and business life. The history of modern literature is full of such examples. It would be interesting to learn certainly if the same tendency is beginning to make itself felt among the proletarians who have been supposed hitherto to be hopelessly materialistic.

If this should prove to be the case, what is the particular sociological phenomenon which is responsible for the same effect on classes so diverse?

In brilliant weather, under cloudless skies, Theodore Roosevelt on Saturday last took the oath of office as President of the United States for a term of four years. The inaugural parade and attendant ceremonies were marked by impressive splendor never before attained in our history. Never before has a President, upon taking the oath, been so thunderously cheered. Never before has a President entered upon his duties so secure of the support of the millions of the people of this country. It is, in many respects, another era of good feeling. Party lines are shattered and swept away—we are "all for Roosevelt."

The three years that have elapsed since, on September 14, 1901, Mr. Roosevelt became, through the death of McKinley, President of the United States, have been crowded with events that have discovered the President to the people in all the multifarious phases of his character. Buoyant and efficiently energetic beyond any predecessor; intolerant of all delay and diplomatic shuffling; by temperament an idealist of idealists, but possessed also of extraordinary political sagacity amounting to genius; a hater of shams, a lover of fair play; quick to express an opinion of men or measures that he dislikes; anxious beyond all things for his country's welfare, jealous of her prestige abroad and upon the sea; personally ambitious beyond most Presidents, and sensitive to criticism; well hated by staid legislators, whose dignity he has ruffled, but capable of warm friendships; a radical by nature and temperament, but restrained from dangerous policies by his capacity for listening to sound counsel—such a man has Mr. Roosevelt proved himself. And as the past three years have been years of peace and prosperity, of vastly increased national prestige, of national growth and national progress, so let us hope—we confidently believe—the next four years will be. The enemies that President Roosevelt has are those that it is well that he should have; he has made them by leading the fight for "a square deal" for every American citizen. The nation, satisfied with the past and confident of the future, salutes its chief magistrate in his supreme hour.

When the new papers report that there is the greatest diversity of views in Russia itself upon the meaning and scope of the Czar's rescript, it is scarcely to be expected that non-Russian can form sound views of what it means precisely. What the Czar says is: "I am resolved henceforth, with the help of God, to convene the worthiest men, possessing the confidence of the people and elected by them to participate in the elaboration and consideration of legislative measures." This, to unprejudiced ears, is fair enough, and would seem undeniably to point to the convention of a national legislature—the mutation of representative government. However, elsewhere in the rescript, it is made clear that the supreme authority is still to be held firmly by the Czar. He speaks of "preserving absolutely the mutability of the fundamental laws of the empire." Together with this vastly important rescript, the Czar has issued a manifesto to the people, which alludes to the war in the Far East "involving the honor

of Russia," and to the "insolent attacks" of those revolutionaries who, "blinded by pride," seek to "set up a new administration on a foundation unsuitable to our fatherland." The Czar further asks his people's "coöperation by word and deed in the great and sacred task of overcoming the stubborn foreign foe and eradicating the revolt at home, and in wise efforts to check the internal confusion." The New York Herald's account of the signing of the rescript and manifesto says that the scene was a dramatic one, the affixing of the signatures coming at the end of an impassioned speech by the Czar to his ministers, in the course of which he exclaimed: "I am willing to shed my blood for the good of my people." Doubtless the incident is correctly reported. Few have denied that the Czar's intentions are good—they have only become convinced that his will to execute is weak. By some Russian journals, the rescript is hailed as "the dawn of a new era for the Slav race," while by extreme liberals it is regarded as a delusion and a snare. In the face of such variance of Russian opinion, the world can only wait, and hope that the forces of progress will prevail.

A forged cablegram, purporting to be signed by High Sheriff Henry, of Honolulu, and addressed to Acting Chief of Police Spillane, of San Francisco, stating that some six hundred grains of strychnine had been found in the bicarbonate of soda of which Mrs. Stanford partook, was the basis for the general belief, at first, that she had been poisoned. The establishing of the fact that the cablegram had no foundation in fact put another face upon the matter, and there seemed good reason to hope that the death of the aged and beloved philanthropist was not the result of crime. The discovery by the chemists of indications of minute quantities of strychnine in the vital organs of the body was completely explained by the fact that nuxvomica, which is normally contained in laxative tablets such as Mrs. Stanford was accustomed to take, is a base of strychnine, and affords an identical color reaction. The sudden death and physical condition of the external body which led physicians to testify that the death was due to strychnine might have been due quite as probably to the action of uric acid poisoning or to the disease angina pectoris. Mrs. Stanford's expression of belief that she had been poisoned was readily explainable without the necessity of giving credit to the correctness of her view, and without supposing that she had other basis for it than recollection of her mysterious sickness of January 14th. The discovery of minute quantities of strychnine in the bottle of bicarbonate of soda—quantities incapable of causing death—raised doubts, but it seemed as explainable on the ground that the soda was impure as on that that strychnine in infinitesimal quantities had been introduced—a somewhat meaningless proceeding. The most rigorous investigation into concerns of the household had failed to discover adequate motive for the crime of murder. It is true that testimony had been given to the effect that petty speculation went on in the Stanford household by means of arrangements with tradesmen to charge the old lady double prices and divide the profits with butler and secretary; but these revelations did not even tend to furnish a motive for a capital crime. The theory of suicide also seemed to be equally untenable. Mrs. Stanford, though spiritualistically inclined and of such an age—nearly eighty—that she might well be expected to be subject to senile vagaries, had often expressed such hopes about the future as would tend to discourage any tendency to the belief that she died by her own hand. Altogether, though the sickness of Mrs. Stanford on January 14th, following the drinking of some Poland water, in which strychnine was subsequently found, was still quite unexplained, the painful impression of the early and erroneous reports was rapidly being dissipated, when the publication of the report of the coroner's jury that Mrs. Stanford had come to her death by strychnine poison introduced into the bicarbonate of soda bottle by person or persons unknown, has renewed the worse fears. The course of the daily papers throughout the affair has been inexcusably sensational. The Call's accounts have been especially offensive in this respect, and the Chronicle has followed not far behind.

The will of Mrs. Stanford, a summary of which is printed elsewhere, gives evidence of the same good sense and business sagacity which characterized all her dealings in life. Various worthy charities, irrespective of creed or sect, are liberally but not effusively provided for, and the relatives are granted substantial amounts. The press of the country, in its comments upon the death of Mrs. Stanford, pays warm tribute to her character. "Mrs. Stanford's death," says the New York Tribune, "creates a void which can not be filled, and her devoted and profoundly sympathetic ministrations in the university's behalf will long be missed by

those responsible for the fulfillment of a sacred trust which is without a parallel among memorial foundations." The Portland Oregonian speaks of her as "gentle-spoken, kindly disposed woman, far advanced years, who had done good and not evil all the days of her life; a woman whose heart beat in unison with that of all motherhood because both the joy and the sorrow of motherhood had touched it with exceeding tenderness." The New York Sun speaks of her as "a woman of remarkable ability and strength of character." Other tributes from the press of the country recognize her great service to education and the strength and nobility of her character.

The Reno Evening Gazette, Nevada's principal newspaper, and one thoroughly awake to the interests of the State, is endeavoring to arouse the Nevada legislature to the need of some action on the Japanese immigration question. We reprint some passages from a recent editorial in which the none too popular policy of the Argonaut, in relation to the war and the progress of even in the Far East, receives just and gratifying recognition:

Leading in the effort to bring to the country a realization of the cause for fear which lies in the influx of Japanese on our shores is the San Francisco Argonaut, that ably edited weekly, which for many months has vigorously assailed the tendency of the United States to glorify the Jap because of his fighting prowess, and as vigorously demanded that the American people come to their senses before the time is late. In an editorial in its last number, the Argonaut welcomes the support of the Chronicle, which has also begun to see in the Japanese a brown peril more deadly than the yellow fear of the Chinese, but takes issue with the Chronicle's glorification of the Japanese as a warrior and its dread of him as an individual seeking for admission to our society. "True," it says "the Japanese has remarkable qualities of brain and character. He is brave and strong. But you do not pause to admire the strength and agility of a wild beast when it prepares to spring at your throat. You are not concerned to applaud the cool nerve of the night invader of your household as it rifles your pockets, with a revolver at your head. When conflagration, wind-driven, threatens your domicile, it is not the part of wisdom to pause in admiration of the splendor of its appearance or the efficiency with which it reduces state structures to heaps of smoldering coals."

This remarkable editorial concludes by expressing the fear that the time to close the gates in the face of this threatening danger has passed, and the half-prophecy that war between Japan and the United States may come from some efforts toward exclusion on the part of our nation.

We concur in the belief that the American people should awaken to the fact that what seems but a hand-shadow may soon become a portentous cloud.

Under the heading, "Will We Fight Japan," another able newspaper, the Denver Post, comments in part as follows:

Japanese invasion of America is a future problem where discussion is leaping into prominence on the Pacific Coast. On the occasion of the San Francisco Chronicle printing two columns on "Japanese Invasion the Question of the Hour" that diamond-like journal, the San Francisco Argonaut, exults in its long priority of warning. The Argonaut has been along on the Pacific Coast, from the outset of the war in Manchuria, in asserting the extreme danger of the laudation of the Japanese by the American press—and one of a few in the United States. The strong point, made long ago, but not heeded, was that the excessive friendliness in America toward Japan would invoke a flood of Japs to our shores which already harbor, it is said, one hundred thousand of them. Would the nation, having meantime worked itself into unbounded admiration of Japanese, heed the cry of the Pacific States for an exclusion act? Probably not until a million emigrants from Nippon had landed. And then, asks the Argonaut, would Japan, flushed with victory over the biggest of the white powers, tolerate the inevitable mobbing and persecution of its citizens, and would it submit to the insult of an exclusion act such as China could only resent but not resist? The Springfield Republican, in Massachusetts, agrees with the Argonaut of San Francisco that it is not impossible war will result between the United States and hold Nippon. It may be admitted that this line of argument is entirely plausible and based on sound reasoning.

The vital statistics of England for the past year have alarmed all those who like to think the old customs and old fashions are still with us. While the registrar-general has not fully given all the figures and has only reached the year 1903 in his percentages, it is now a solemn fact that marriage has been declining for twenty years, until in 1903 the slump was so marked that nothing like it has been known since. Statistics were discovered. And with the decline of marriage, remarriage has fallen, too. In 1879, 98 out of every 1,000 widows were induced to wed again. In 1903, only 65.8 out of every 1,000 swore to love and obey a second or a third.

The birth-rate is really nothing in comparison to the marriage-rate in importance. Nature looks on pretty well for herself, and she sees to it that children are born and the race perpetuated. But with marriage it is different. It is, in spite of the romancers, a social compromise, a way of preventing murder over property disputes. Further, it has been made a rank by the virtuous. It is a sort of decoration that has to be paid for, but still wagging tongues. In the old days, a young man chipped himself out a stone hatchet, mad

THE CRAB RESCRIPT

MARRIAGE OUT OF FASHION.

blanket, and was ready to start a home. He and some young woman, dragged her off, and then in wait for anybody who seemed to want the same man. This is what the books call a Marriage Custom. But there was no marriage about it. Consequently there was no decline in a rate, and no alarm if a few young men in a thousand refrained from getting into trouble by looking out for two.

These happy days are past. The young man of to-day works comfortably until he meets a maid. Then he discovers that before he can have her he must lose his earnings. And if he succeeds in getting the necessary capital, he then has a series of Marriage Customs to follow out, in the end wishing he lived in the good days when it was a dim trail at night with the man panting in his arms and the old man threshing in the gully below.

Marriage would be more popular if there were less responsibility about it. The pomp and circumstance appeal to the woman, to be sure. She likes to surrender with the drums beating and the flags flying. But the ordinary man, it is safe to say, hates to go in a procession when he feels by all his inherited instincts that the only thing to do is to snatch the girl and run. A very significant thing is the fact that the laws are not persuading so many men to marry. The cold fact is as indicative of the cause of a lessening marriage-rate as is the lessening birth-rate. We have clipped both wings of love: we have made the path to matrimony so crooked and so full of ceremonial that passion cools before it is satisfied. Then we have shut the young couple up in a flat, taken away all privacy, and made them live under the eye of the janitor. All of which does not keep the youth of both sexes from gilding reality and having a happy life in spite of the figures of the registrar-general.

Maxim Gorky must seem to every American to lack the fine sense of statesmanship necessary for a full understanding of our country. He is now at Riga, an exile, and as his offense was a heinous one, his words will have more weight than they should really carry. In an interview last week Gorky said, among other things: "I am much interested in Anglo-Saxon and specially in American life. I dislike, however, to observe the new phenomenon of American life, expansionism. The growth of the American character has shown itself in restraint. The ideal is to be strong and not to yourself to be strong. Therefore I condemn the American policy in the Philippines, the British policy in South Africa and Thibet, and the Russian policy in Manchuria."

It is to weep. The idea of any Russian novelist blindly stumbling over facts as actually to intimate our benevolent assimilation of the Philippines relies in the slightest Great Britain's high-handed and unjustified encroachments upon the territory of a peaceful and friendly power such as Thibet! No American will see for a moment the fitness of comparing our gentle and humane taking over of the Philippines with the outrageous insolence of Russia's seizure of Manchuria. It is inconceivable that a man of Gorky's alleged intelligence should rashly make misstatements so stupendous as these. We prefer to take the Russian exile has said this deliberately. We know that in his wild rage against those who have deprived him of his own citizenship, he has gone mad and besmirching with his calumnies the fairest flag ever flew over a free born American *datto*, befouling with his studied insults the name of the one people God's earth that never deprived a man of his inalienable right to jury trial. We defy Mr. Gorky. Let him retract his infamies. We warn him to go no further in his vile insinuations or he is likely to be caught in a plain statement of fact which we can not deny. The Boers? Thibet? Did Mr. Gorky whisper of the Philippines, too? What an hallucination!

The efforts of the board of health to establish a pure-food department have met with a check. The supervisors have caused to be held up the salary warrants of the employees connected with the pure-food laboratory, thus putting a stop to the work. There appears to be no ground for objection, since the equipment of this branch of service has been in progress for a number of months.

The movement toward establishing a municipal pure-food laboratory must commend itself to intelligent men. In all the principal countries of Europe, laws of operation regulating the importation and exportation of food products, and in our own Congress a pure-food bill has been enacted, guarding against injurious adulterations. Germany has more once discriminated against American food exports. Last season's output of California prunes and

dried fruits met with severe criticism in that country, owing to the presence of the salicylic acid used in their preparation. It is for us to guard against the justice of such accusations. Pure-food laws are of no avail unless they are enforced by the municipal authorities throughout the country. A systematic inspection of the food stuffs put upon the market is the curb which will hold in check the cupidity of manufacturers. Such inspection the San Francisco health administration is prepared to undertake, and valuable work has already been accomplished in this direction. To attempt to check it without sufficient grounds shows a disregard for the best interests of the city and the State. It is up to the supervisors to rise to explain.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Defense of Assassination.

LOS ANGELES, March 4, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will the *Argonaut* allow me comment upon and question concerning its editorial on "The Ethics of Assassination" in its issue of February 27th?

I can not suppose that the editorial was given forth without conviction, and merely by way of letting the public read that which it were safest for it to believe. During the many years that I have read the paper I have never discovered in the editorial utterances any suggestion of lack of sincerity; though I confess to having frequently fancied that I detected a conservatism hording upon the utilitarian at the expense of freedom of mental and moral development.

And this, as I read it, is the characteristic underlying the article upon the ethics of assassination. Permit me, in the first place, to probe the statement—not, as I am of course aware, original with the *Argonaut*—that "the government of any country is the result of its peoples' character and intelligence." This, I think, is misleading. Speaking broadly, in terms of historic periods it is true. But governments lag well behind the development of the people. Even in "America," still revolutionary, still trying out the world's "ideals," this is the case—in the United States, where government is directly popular and republican. How much more so under an hereditary monarchy, unaffected by even a constitution. In the nature of things, it could not be otherwise. "Nations do not change their characters over night," says the *Argonaut*. No, but they change them over generations, over centuries. And having done so, they come over night to the realization that they are being held by the fetters their ancestors forged, that they are conforming to laws which were good for their forebears, but are a lie for themselves. Then there is revolution, more or less violent, of the musket and axe, or of the ballot-box.

"A revolution is the result of general national discontent"—but not of a self-conscious, articulate, resisting general discontent.

All revolutions, I believe it is usually conceded, stand in relation to the French Revolution, much as all plants might stand in relation to the Typical Plant of Goethe's imaginings. It may be taken as the type. If such is the case, it is hardly necessary to go further than Belloc—the first whose words occur to me—in search of authority for it. The French Revolution was in nowise moved or fomented by the mass of the people, who were too dull and brute to formulate, to actually realize their dissatisfaction with the misery which pressed upon them. It has been analyzed, if I mistake not, as "the rule of a minority." And it is owing to minority rule that there is such a thing as history—upon the principle that "every reform was once a private opinion; and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age." Were it not more exact to state that "revolution is the result of general national discontent, brought into self-consciousness by the rebelling of a minority?"

And again, is it not almost archaic to affirm that "both king and president are equally the incarnation of the people"? And is it not perilously close to "I am the State"? A sentence such as that takes it upon itself to set all modern history at naught, to ignore at least the last three centuries. But can it stand against the life teaching of a Carlyle and his pitiless showing of the conditions under which a king is no longer a king—the Divine Right no longer either a right or divine?

The first Capet may have been the incarnation of his hardly coherent people. Even Louis the Thirteenth (with Richelieu for his brain and will) may have been the incarnation of his people. But does the *Argonaut* mean to hold that a Louis the Sixteenth, crouching in hiding on a tenth of August, munching his chicken bone, was the incarnation of a people who had it in them to take the Bastille, and later—with a genuine incarnation of themselves at their head—to march over Europe a Host of Victory? It would seem difficult to make good that definition and formula of royalty.

As I am not attempting to go into the present condition of Russia, I will not ask why the *Argonaut* finds Rappoport more worthy quotation as to the condition of the Russian people than Tolstoy, Gorky, Dostoievsky, or Gompon. But there were in France those who spoke as Rappoport. And to them a Liancourt replied: "It is not a revolt. It is a revolution." To come, however, to the ethics of assassination. Let us begin by inquiring if "the slayer of Sergius" (by deduction any assassin) is a murderer—"no more." Worcester defines murder as "the killing of a human being with premeditated malice." To brand the assassin as a murderer, therefore, it would seem needful to bring fairly convincing argument in favor of malicious motive—in the common acceptance of that term. Without that motive he is no more a murderer than the soldier who kills in battle. And it is certainly open to doubt that all political assassins—or even the majority of them—are actuated by malice. It is a truism of the metaphysician that there is no act which can not conceivably be either moral or immoral. Lecky, Bentham, or Locke will lead by varying paths to this same inevitable deduction from all history and philosophy. Assassination can not stand alone outside this rule. It is the motive prompting it which determines the quality of the act—and its results. It is not even good logic to state didactically that the slayer of a Sergius (with all he implies) is entitled to no different rating from the slayer of a president of a republic and democracy.

Am I mistaken in believing that I have known the *Argonaut* to justify lynch-law under certain conditions, saying, in effect, that those who resort to it in a new and wild country may properly take upon themselves the functions of a legitimate government, which is powerless, or non-existent? Is not the principle at the root of this identical with that which may actuate a body of men (who are the concrete, or even extreme, expression of a misgoverned but legally powerless people) to commission one of their number to do away with a tyrant?

It would seem to me that the nature and quality of these acts, as of all others, is a subject to be determined metaphysically and philosophically—not by the categorical standards of any conventional law from that of Mount Sinai down to the last judicial utterance. But all questions of reason aside—preach the conservative moralist never so didactically, he can not bring modern mankind to feel that he "is a murderer—no more"—that man who gives over his body to probable torture, and his life to the

certain executioner that he may help save his fellows who are suffering wrongs and cruelties. Very sincerely,
GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

[We are very glad to print this well-reasoned and thoughtful defense of assassination, and are only concerned to note one or two misconceptions of our attitude. It was not intended to convey the idea that governments are absolutely that which people deserve; it is only broadly true, and subject to exceptions. Nations do come to realization of their fetters over night. All that we contend is that, contrary to the assertions of the many, Russia as a nation—the 140,000,000 of her—has arrived at no such realization to-day. Nor is it contended that minorities do not effect revolutions; they do; but they must be minorities, not mere handful amid a multitude—as in Russia. Miss Overton's quoted definition of murder is incomplete—if Sergius had been traveling in the United States, and had been slain as he was slain by an assassin actuated by the motives that actuated his real slayer, the man would have been tried for murder by our courts, convicted, and probably hanged. It would have been "murder—no more." Miss Overton is indeed very much mistaken in believing that the *Argonaut* "justifies lynch-law under certain conditions." It does not!—never has, never will. And since we have given a categorical answer to our correspondent's query, may we ask, in turn, if we are mistaken in supposing that Miss Gwendolen Overton is a Socialist?—Eos. ARGONAUT.]

Did John Brashland Die a Natural Death?

CAMP WALLACE, UNIO, P. I., January 20, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I learned through a San Francisco paper of the supposed natural death of John Brashland, who was a soldier in Troop G, Second Cavalry, for almost fifteen years. He was made a first-sergeant, and retired as such on thirty years service in San Francisco on November 22, 1904.

I do not know any one in San Francisco to whom I can appeal, but am familiar with your paper and know that it stands for truth and justice.

I would like to call your attention to a few facts, and from them you can judge whether a disinterested person could sanely say that the poor old man died naturally.

Brashland was a faithful old soldier, kind and gentle, with a heart as big as that of an ox. Every man was his friend, and he did not have an enemy, unless it was himself. In November, 1903, before leaving Port Myer, Va., for the Philippines, every soldier was required to pass a medical examination in order to see if he could stand the hard service over here. I was particularly anxious about Brashland; he had such a short time to serve that I did not want him to serve in a tropical country unless he was physically able to stand it. Two army doctors examined him, and he was pronounced able to stand tropical service. His heart was all right, and there was no liver trouble. It would have been murder for a doctor to pass a man with either heart or liver trouble and subject him to Philippine service. Due to fevers that attack the liver and weaken the heart, the medical officers were very careful to look into a man's medical history and examine him carefully. The slightest liver or heart trouble would have condemned him.

I know positively that while in the Philippines, Brashland's conduct was above reproach. He did not touch liquor, and was on special duty all the time. He was not exposed to the sun and his work was light, and he could not have possibly contracted in seven months either heart disease or cirrhosis of the liver without the doctors at this post knowing it or without my knowing it. I saw him several times each day; he never looked better, felt better, or was better in his life. I know that when Brashland left here he was in good health, without an ache or a pain; he told me that and told his comrades in the troop the same. Men that have known him for fifteen years, and have slept under the same blanket with him, sneer when they read that "he might have died from heart disease or cirrhosis of the liver."

Brashland was never in the hospital or on sick report for anything like heart or liver trouble. It is true he did drink periodically, but surely if he had any such trouble as mentioned in the paper, it would have shown, and the army doctors would have known about it. In April, 1903, Brashland passed the examination required upon enlistment; no doctor would have passed him if there was the slightest sign of liver or heart trouble. From the newspaper account that I saw, Brashland gave a man by the name of O. Weinhold, at the Presidio gates, a receipt stating that he (Brashland) had received two checks, one for \$1,000 and one for \$600, which the said Brashland had deposited with him (Weinhold) for safe keeping. Now Brashland could neither read nor write, his only accomplishment in that line being the ability to write his own name. If that receipt could be seen and compared, the truth of the newspaper account could be readily determined. If the receipt is supposed to be written in Brashland's hand, it is unquestionably a forgery. I send you inclosed a specimen of Brashland's signature.

He was not even able to read his own name when anybody else wrote it, unless it was written exactly as he wrote it.

To the men in the troop who have been in San Francisco and know the neighborhood in which Brashland was found dead, and who are acquainted with the pitfalls ever ready for the unwary and unsuspecting soldier, it seems morally certain that knock-out drops caused Brashland's death.

To be retired as a first-sergeant means thirty years of good, honest, faithful service. The money that Brashland received from the paymaster in San Francisco represents the savings of a lifetime. For such long and faithful service as Brashland rendered, the government would have paid him \$35.00 a month during his lifetime, as retired pay.

Surely the murder or death under suspicious circumstances of a civilian, and the simultaneous disappearance of his lifetime hoard of savings, should have been more rigorously investigated. Brashland has no near relatives in the United States to investigate the very suspicious circumstances attending his death. More than all this, the number of cases somewhat similar has aroused throughout the army a feeling of indignation.

The men who are sent to the Philippines are sent home, as their time expires, not as regiments, but as individuals; consequently a man is not with his friends or with his officers who know him. Throughout the regiment Brashland's death is deeply felt. He was known and liked among the officers and their families as well as among the men. If it is possible for a rigorous investigation to be had, would it not tend to prevent the recurrence of such a tragedy?

Will you bring this to the attention of the proper authorities and try to arouse the public, so that in future it can't be said that San Francisco has more murders in a year to its discredit than London and Paris? Very respectfully,

S. M. KOCHERSPERGER,
Captain Second Cavalry, U. S. A.,
(Brashland's Troop Commander.)

A SURE THING.

How Koptolos Played to Win, and What He Lost.

Nicolas Koptolos, bootblack and speculator, believed in neither God nor the devil. But he had implicit faith in the sure things and straight tips of Mr. Peter Jackson, colored.

Therefore, when late one evening Mr. Peter Jackson turned from Pacific Street into Kearny and crossed diagonally over to Koptolos's stand, Nicolas got down quickly and hurried out to meet him. But not till Mr. Peter Jackson was safe in the privacy of the stand, seated comfortably in one of the imitation red-leather chairs, with Nicolas bending forward eagerly in the other, did he begin. Even then he leaned close to Koptolos and almost whispered.

It was a sure thing; absolutely, indisputably sure. The man who didn't see it was a fool. The man who saw it and didn't follow it up was—Mr. Jackson's vocabulary was at all times forceful; now it was volcanic. Nicolas Koptolos listened, fascinated. An eager glitter came gradually into his eyes, and he bent still farther forward, listening with every muscle of his face. For fifteen minutes Jackson talked rapidly, dangling the tip before Koptolos as one does a piece of meat before a hungry dog.

"But how much up, how much," cried Koptolos, excitedly, as Jackson paused at last for a moment. Jackson's smile would have been almost a disdainful one, if his thick black lips could have curled with the traditional and accepted curl. "Twenty dollars," he answered, shortly.

"Twenty—dollars," gasped Koptolos, "where, where—"

"Now see here," interrupted Jackson, "I didn't come over to pass time. I come 'cause I thought you knew a good thing when you seen it. Why it's a chance in a lifetime man, a chance in a lifetime," he went on, dropping his voice to an excited whisper. "There's only three of us in on it. Firefly can't miss it. What yer lookin' for, anyway?" he demanded, angrily. "This aint any little one-dollar racket. Twenty or nothin'. Take it or leave it," he added, as if the decision made no difference either way.

"But I can't, I can't," began Koptolos, weakly.

Jackson got down from the chair. Standing before the little framed looking-glass, he adjusted the sagging pink and green striped sweater round his short, fat neck. Then he came back, and, looking up at Koptolos, said slowly, while he emphasized each word with a thump on the red-leather chair: "If you aint lookin' for money, fergit what I just tol' yer. But if y'are, rustle up twenty before twelve o'clock tomorrow. See? So long."

And Peter Jackson went off down Kearny Street whistling merrily. Apparently the last view he had of Koptolos, huddled down in the depths of the red-leather chair, arms folded, head sunk forward, gave him no measiness. He had seen something very like it before. The sight had taught him this: if Nicolas Koptolos had one friend from whom he could borrow, or one thing pawnable or salable, that twenty dollars would be ready the next day. Then half would go on Firefly; half into Jackson's pocket. If Firefly won, Koptolos would make something, anyway. If she didn't, Jackson would stay away for a few days. Koptolos was such "an easy thing."

Left alone, Koptolos sat and thought and thought. All around him the night life of the place was getting into full swing. The tides of human passion that run strong along the shores of Barbary Coast were fast washing the wrecks to the surface. Night after night they came up; old men, young men, white men, fat, greasy black men; slouching figures in clothes worn yellow-green by age; erect figures whose blue coats and brass buttons marked them as defenders of our national honor, if not of their own; dark-bearded sailors from foreign ships in port, impossible names printed on the bands of their impossible little caps.

Cars whizzed by, their jangling bells for a moment interrupting the tinkling pianos and wheezing graphophones of the dance-halls and saloons. The sound of laughter, clinking glass, and the shuffle of heavy feet came up from the leasements and echoed from behind swinging doors. The air was thick with the odor of the quarter, dirt, Chinatown, and humanity.

But Nicolas Koptolos neither saw nor heard. Before him six horses strained and flashed in the sunlight. It was so quiet he could hear the beat of their flying hooves, as round the long oval they went, the day's favorite always a little, just a little, in advance. Now they were half way round. Suddenly the third horse gained a little, then a little more. Now it was even with the first. Now it was ahead. Not one of the thousand watching dared to breathe. Thus in a perfect silence Firefly covered the last lengths, and won it by a nose. The big grandstand rocked and swayed as the dense crowd stamped and shouted. Men who had lost their month's money forgot it for a moment. Then through the crowd before the bookmaker's stand, Peter Jackson pushed his way. Well dressed men and women crowded close and spoke to him, as he raked the pile of gold pieces off the counter into the little canvas sack.

And half an hour was his, his, Nicolas Koptolos's. Nicolas sighed a big sigh of utter contentment. The physical effort brought him back to the present. The

crowd and the horses and the gold vanished, and Koptolos awoke to the realization that in this whole wide world he possessed not five dollars' worth of salable property.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," he muttered to himself, shrugging his shoulders, hopelessly; "not one thing in this whole damn world but a wife and four kids." And still he sat, thinking, trying to find a way. Over and over his short list of friends he went. Two or three could have done it, but Nicolas knew better than to ask them. They had lent on other sure things. Not things like Firefly, of course. Firefly simply couldn't lose, while something had gone wrong with all the others at the very last moment.

Not till the big brass hands of the clock in the Hall of Justice pointed to a quarter after ten did Koptolos get wearily down from his chair and close the stand for the night. Turning his back on the noise and lights, he walked slowly off up Kearny Street. With every step the chances of raising any money before the morning grew less and less, while the pile that would be his if he only could do it grew larger and larger.

Sullen and disgusted with the whole scheme of things, Nicolas Koptolos at last stood before his own front door and gazed out angrily over the moonlit bay. Below, the hill yawned black where great masses of stone had been quarried out. Now and then a small rock loosened and went thumping down, dragging others with it to the street beneath. Here and there a light showed among the tangle of masts lying close in along the dark, deserted piers. With his elbows on the railing that keeps the inhabitants from falling over the bluff into the quarries below, Nicolas Koptolos leaned, cursing the world and everything in it. Why were things not fairly divided? Why did some have all the good luck? Merit?—not. For once to get a chance thrown at you, to see the gold, to actually see it, and then to lose it! Koptolos shook his head angrily, and stood up straight. With an impatient shrug he turned away, just as a group of little fishing-boats, their square brown sails full set, rounded a curve higher up the shore, and came slowly down the bay. Nicolas stood as he was, head half turned, and stared. The next moment he was running, stumbling down the steep hill toward the nearest car. "Of all the fools," he kept muttering, "why didn't I, oh, why didn't I, think of it before?"

Perhaps it was too late. Perhaps even now George Decimos's boat was out there with the rest. Then Nicolas would wait, sitting alone on the cold, damp beach, till the boats came back in the early morning. George Decimos must have money. If he would lend twenty dollars, just four miserable little gold pieces, he should have it all back in a few hours. It was an absolutely sure thing. Besides, Decimos and Koptolos came from the same town in southern Greece, and that ought to make some difference. But Koptolos knew Decimos's reputation among the other Greeks in the city—harder than a Turk and stingier than a Jew. Alone in his little cabin he worked, week in, week out, and no one knew just how much money he had. Still—

Koptolos's heart thumped against his ribs when at last he stood knocking at Decimos's door. Luck was his for once. With the second knock a chair grated in the room beyond, footsteps sounded, the door opened, and Decimos stood on the threshold, a sputtering tallow candle in one hand.

Ten minutes later the door opened again. Koptolos came out, and Decimos followed with a lantern. For a few yards neither spoke. Then as Decimos knelt to untie the rope that fastened his boat to the wharf, Koptolos broke out, talking rapidly. Decimos went on untying the boat as if he were alone.

"But I tell you," screamed Koptolos at last, "it's as sure as the sun. She can't lose. Can't you believe me? Would I lie? Do you think I want to lose your money? Just twenty dollars," he went on, a pleading whine creeping into his voice. "It's only till to-morrow night. I'll give it all back and more—"

Decimos stood up, the loose end of the rope in his hands. With a voice as cold and impersonal as the light in his hard black eyes, he said, slowly: "I have told you many times, but I tell you again, to talk thus is to waste the time. I believe not in your sure things. To lend you twenty dollars is to give it to you. I have no money to give away—"

"But man of God," cried Koptolos, his voice crackling with disappointment and rage, "I swear to you I will give it—"

"Enough," replied Decimos. "Do you think I am a child? I tell you again, if you have something that is worth twenty dollars, give it to me, and I will lend you the money. If not, then never shall you have one cent," and for the first time his voice rose angrily, echoing loudly on the silent pier.

Koptolos's spirit was broken. "Give you something," he echoed, sadly; "in this whole damn world I have only a wife and four kids."

Decimos stood stock still, and looked narrowly at Koptolos. A cunning look flashed for a moment into his eyes, but Nicolas, gazing out over the black water of the bay, did not see it. Decimos thought rapidly. It was a chance in a hundred. For months he had been looking for just such a boy as twelve-year-old Stefano Koptolos; one who was strong, who could work, who could speak the English he himself had never been able to learn. To hire a man cost too much; a boy was uncertain. But to buy one—twenty dollars was cheap.

"Yes," repeated Koptolos, bitterly, as his gaze back to Decimos, "nothing—in the whole world—a wife—and four kids, and they won't bring it."

"One will," replied Decimos, quietly.

Koptolos stared. Then it dawned on him that Decimos was daring to make fun of his poverty. "Oh," he screamed, shaking his fist in Decimos's face. "I give the lot for twenty—"

"Twenty for Stefano."

Koptolos's mouth opened, and he gazed as if another was going mad before his eyes. Then Decimos hurried on. "I need a boy. No longer can I do the work by myself. I have the money. I want a boy. I have the boy. You want the money. Bring Stefano in the morning—your twenty will be ready. It is simple, that. Do—"

"Done," cried Koptolos. The vision of Stefano flashed before him.

Koptolos slept little that night. About two o'clock the baby woke, and Mrs. Koptolos, treading softly to disturb him, began to walk the floor with it. Usually the soft, even tread beat itself into his consciousness to the words "Firefly—sold him, Firefly—sold him." "Sold him, sold him," ticked the alarm with its loud, officious tick, like a pompous judge denouncing him. "Sure thing, sure thing," buzzed a blue-bottle fly somewhere in the darkness above. Now Jackson came, the little sack all knobby with pieces. Now a white face under a tangled mat of hair peered out at him from behind a barred window and grinned. It was the face he had seen behind the door of the branch jail only the day before. Not till cracks in the green window-blinds began to turn did Koptolos fall asleep. Then Firefly turned in his big blue-bottle fly, and crawled slowly round the room, course, while the man behind the bars stood in the judges' stand and timed her with a big, nicker a clock.

But in the morning, with the bluest of blue above him, and the sparkling, sun-kissed bay below with Stefano in his brown overalls and cap on the back of his black curls, and all the noises of a morning around him, Koptolos's fears of the night fore flickered lower, lower, and then went out. It was a fool he had been. No one would ever know of his arrangement with Decimos. By five, or by six at latest, half the fat canvas sack would be his. Then anything was found out, he would give the sack back to Decimos, who would be only too glad to get it. Koptolos swung along cheerfully. A fresh, salty breeze blew from the bay, and the incoming tide splashed softly against the wharf. Already barefooted boys were busy fishing from the end of the pier, and Stefano's brown eyes wide with admiration, walked toward watching them. Koptolos left him watching and went into the cabin to see Decimos alone. Who came out, the four gold pieces were jingling in his pocket, and Stefano was still watching the barefoot group.

It was fully nine before Nicolas Koptolos took the front boards of the stand. Then he dusted two chairs, polished the cracked brass binding of a single step to the street, stirred up the blacking began walking up and down before the stand, waiting for Jackson. A little after eleven the thick-set man turned into Kearny Street, and once more Koptolos hurried out to meet him. Once more Peter Jackson went off down Kearny Street whistling merrily.

Slowly the afternoon dragged itself out. One o'clock and the odor of frying meat and boiling coffee from the chop-houses and lunch-counters began to waft away. By two every seat in the sunny plaza was filled; every inch on the warm stone coping taken. Doting Chinese grandfathers walked slowly up and down in the sun, marvelous little bundles of color toddling beside them. By three Nicolas Koptolos was watching the races were well under way. Soon it would be Firefly's turn. Three-thirty—perhaps she was being now. Four—it was over. Jackson had sweated gold pieces into the little canvas sack. There they were safe in his pocket. Four-thirty—the races were over. The crowds were coming back. In a few minutes boys would begin their sharp staccato call: "Post, letin, latest edition evening papers." No, he would buy one. He would wait till Jackson came. It would only be a few minutes now. And so he waited.

Six. The cars crawled by, crowded to the limit with laborers bound for their homes in Chinatown. Beach. Seven. Half-past. Eight. Half-past eight and still Koptolos sat waiting for Jackson, the lamps above the red-leather chairs unlighted. From time to time old Isaac Sternheim, the little tailor across the street, put down the cover of his patching, and peered over his spectacles at a dark stand. Once he came to the door and stared across, but changed his mind and went back.

Nine. At last Koptolos understood. A sure thing. Muttering angrily and shaking his head, he got down from the chair and went down the Barbary Coast to look for Jackson.

All night the stand stood open. But early in the morning a man came and closed it. Just under the padlock he pinned a notice. As soon as he had read it, old Isaac Sternheim came hobbling across the street and read:

"Closed on account of death."

Nicolas Koptolos, bootblack and speculator, had had one sure thing.

ADRIANA SPADACI
SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1905.

ENTER APHRODITE.

York's Artistic Sensation—A Marble Venus Said to be by Praxiteles—Its Mysterious History—Extraordinarily Beautiful—The Face of Beguiling, Sensuous Charm.

uring the past month New York has had a genuine artistic sensation. Everybody in the city who has artistic tendencies and affiliations has been stirred; the critic and amateur have furiously raged together, and the columns of the papers have opened their columns to a discussion of the matter. The subject of interest and discussion is the statue of Aphrodite, now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Club on Thirty-Fourth Street.

The statue is owned by an Englishman called Linton, who appears to be a rich amateur of art—or, probably, it would be better to call him a collector and connoisseur. He says he has never collected for sale, but has spent a large fortune in gathering together masterpieces of art in various parts of the world. The Venus was in his possession for some twelve or fifteen years, during which time it has passed through a series of sales in warehouses and packing-cases, broken by occasional periods of exhibition when it has been shown by a few sculptors and experts.

Mr. Linton's claims for it are large. He says it is the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, made by his own hand, probably represents his mistress Phryne, who was said to have been his model, and round whose name hangs the glamour of supreme beauty. Just how large a claim is one may guess when one realizes that no other Aphrodite has been executed by Praxiteles now exists, though he is said to have been one of the most prolific of sculptors, and must have made many presentments of the goddess. The Cnidian Venus, which I believe is in the Louvre, is supposed to be an antique copy of a statue by Praxiteles, now lost or destroyed. This, as far as we know, is the only Aphrodite which claims to have been its original inspiration from the work of the artist or of the Hermes. An Aphrodite, in flawless preservation, perfect from head to heel, the work of a sculptor who lived four hundred years before Christ, would be one of the priceless treasures of the world. To accept Mr. Linton's statue as such is something few people dare to do.

Everything about the statue's history is mysterious. Fragments of its career as have leaked out sound bits of an Arabian Nights story by Stevenson, or purposely or unconsciously, Mr. Linton has done his best to create this atmosphere of mystery, maintaining a dark secretiveness about where he had the statue, who sold it to him, and what its pre-history was. It sounds to me as if he were doing his best to screw public curiosity to the highest point, and to do so that is his intention, his strange reticence is achieving that result. Admirers of his beautiful statue (for it is one of the loveliest things to be seen) are clamoring to hear its history, to be enlightened as to the past of this exquisite creature who is at them with sweet, sleepy eyes in the little, dimly lit hall of the Arts Club.

Mr. Linton will say is that he bought the Venus in the seaport on the Mediterranean from two sailors. These he swore solemn, iron-bound oaths that he would never divulge either where he got the statue or where they were. And so far he hasn't divulged. Afloat about that the seaport was in Sicily, but I do not know whether there is any authority for that. Continuing in the same strain of fantastic fancy, the tale goes that the sailors said the Venus had been sealed up in a wall for centuries, which accounted for her extraordinary state of preservation. It is all that has been given forth as to her antecedents, and it should not surprise any one to know that the New York public, ravished with admiration, longed to take the adorable creature to their hearts, and, being nearly suspicious of her as a lady of whose past would like to know more.

When she came to this country, strange adventures awaited her. She seems to have lain in a warehouse for years. Then Mr. Linton decided to enter her at the St. Louis fair, and shipped her there in a packing-off which the label fell, and Venus was lost in the sea. As far as I can find out, she was lost for a long time; apparently weeks passed during which her whereabouts appears to have patiently borne an affliction, but, if he believes her to be the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, should have been one of the direst tragedies of her age. Finally, a lady found her in the Japanese section, behind some things, and, I believe, still in her original case. She was then brought back to New York, and exhibited for the first time in our day at the Metropolitan Club.

It is certainly a very queer story. If the statue did attract attention by its extreme beauty, no one would have been more than an incredulous smile. The clamor has been going up from experts, critics, and amateurs to beg of Mr. Linton to authenticate his claim by facts, he has met with polite and gentle refusal. The story is either entirely true—and it is so odd that it sounds as if it might be—or a very audacious fabrication. Meanwhile, he has called the statue "Aphrodite of the Girdle," and allowed a written card to lie on the table stating that it is a work of Praxiteles.

For the statue itself—whoever made it, wherever it came from, it is extraordinarily beautiful, a thing to catch the eye and dull the critical sense by its triumphant loveliness. Those who have gone to see it, and who only to find an interesting, discolored marble

that might be an antique and might be a modern forgery, have forgotten their criticisms, have lost their attitude of skepticism, in a rush of startled admiration.

At the first glance it appears to be line for line like the Venus of Medici; an almost exact replica. The pose is precisely similar, the same dolphin stands by the feet, the head is turned at the same angle. After looking at it for a time, one begins to realize that there are variations from the form and attitude of the goddess of the Uffizi Tribuna. There is no amoretto in the dolphin, the hair is not exactly the same, it looks as if it were cut in rippled lines that are deeper and simpler. It seemed to me, too, that the figure was in every way smaller, more delicate and girlish. The statue is in height, I think, a fraction over five feet, and has the effect of being a trifle smaller than life size.

Where there was most marked divergence from the Medician Venus was in the face. There is not a flaw, not a chip or abrasion of time in this countenance, which is the perfection of beguiling, sensuous beauty. The forehead is the low, arched one of Greek sculpture, and the features appear to be close together in what looks a singularly small face. The nose—the straight line that is a continuation of the brow in the classic type—looks a little longer at the tip than the noses of other Greek statues. The upper lip is so short and so full that it makes the lower one look small by comparison, so that in profile it has the appearance of being slightly sucked in. The chin is not the round, full one of the Medician Venus, but is flattened in the center by a dimple. The eyes, wide apart, show the under lid very prominent, and inclined to be straight, while, where both lids join at the outer corners, there is a pinched appearance, the slightest possible suggestion of a slanting effect.

The Venus of Medici has the air of gazing, startled, but not entirely displeased, at a spectator who has dared to look upon her unveiled beauty. She is not the haughty goddess who will punish with death for such a sacrilege. In fact, there is something coquettish about her general air and pose, as though she were willing to forgive a mortal who was properly awed by the sight of so much that was lovely. "Aphrodite with the Girdle" has no suggestion of startled modesty at all. Her expression is one of soft allurements. Her head is tilted slightly to one side, her narrowed eyes wrap the intruder in a gaze of dreamy tenderness, her mouth awaits his kiss. From foot to head she is the goddess of love, and Mr. Linton knows that it sounds quite reasonable to say she was modeled from Phryne.

The figure is completely and delicately beautiful. It is of a youthful type, might be that of a girl of sixteen, though the face looks like a much older woman. Looking at it from different points, every curve and flowing line seems the perfect expression of female grace. The delicate legs, the back, smoothly curved from the half-bending posture, the small, high bust, the slender, strong feet, all are beautiful viewed as adjuncts, and all are beautiful as parts of a beautiful whole. Of the hands only a few fingers are gone. The upper hand looks to me as if it crossed the body further than the Venus of Medici's does. Two fingers touch the breast, and in this hand is the ornament which has led people to call the statue "Aphrodite of the Girdle." It is either a girdle or an armband of squares of metal, in the center of each a stone being set. If it is a girdle, part of it must have been broken off. It looks more like an armband, and the arm near it has a ridged space round it, as though to indicate that an armband had been worn. She may have been taking off this armband, which lies in two loose ends over the back of her hand.

Over the question of her color there has been much heated argument and discussion. The head and shoulders are almost of the darkness of bronze, the shade paling till it reaches the feet, which are of the yellowish tint of old marble. It is known that in the time of Praxiteles sculptors colored their statues by means of gums and ointments, and some say this statue was so colored, and it is one of the surest signs of its age. Others have suggested that at some time in her mysterious career she was subjected to a fire which clouded her whiteness for all time. Whatever the cause, the effect is very curious. Accustomed as we are to the pure white or mellowed meerschaum tint of marble, we at first receive a shock on being greeted by what looks like a negro goddess. It must shake the Southerners to their foundations. Social equality is bad enough—but a negro Venus! Perish the thought!

When it comes to the question of the statue's age, many and various are the opinions. People who seem to know a great deal, and people who seem to know nothing, have rushed into print and given their ideas to a bewildered public. There are good judges who agree with Mr. Linton that the work would appear to be an antique of the great Greek period, and being of this period, and of a unique beauty, they see no reason why it should not be attributed to Praxiteles. They base their assertion on the marble—which they say is Parian—and on various details of workmanship, which I am not learned enough to remember. One of the points they make is that the stone when lightly struck emits a sound like metal; a peculiarity which is only found in marble of the greatest antiquity.

Another and larger class affirm that the statue dates either from the Greco-Roman era or even the Renaissance. These maintain that it is the work of some unknown sculptor. They reject the idea of its antiquity on the ground of its almost perfect condition and of its type, in which they find nothing of the Greek ideal

of divinity, but rather a softly seductive, almost modern, prettiness. After these come what would appear to be the small number of Doubting Thomases, who think the statue a fraud, what is called "a forgery"—that is, a modern piece of work, discolored and chipped to look ancient.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" And as far as one can guess, doctors may go on disagreeing over this little brown Aphrodite for decades. While they disagree, we can admire without bothering about her age, or her antecedents, or her creator. Just as she is, she is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and that is enough for most people. If Praxiteles hewed her out with his own chisel in the likeness of his fair, frail Phryne, or if she was made last year in a garret in Paris, she is beautiful, and that's enough. Only if she is a forgery, if some modern did make her in bold copy of the Medician Venus, why does he not come forth and acknowledge himself? He would be greeted as the greatest sculptor of the age who can thus set before us

"The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, February 28, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It has been officially arranged that the Prince and Princess of Wales shall visit India in November and stay until March.

The *Lokal Anzeiger* says that the Czarowitz has been ill, and that a specialist in children's diseases was summoned to attend him at Tsarskoe-Selo.

Among the Americans who recently left Paris for Monte Carlo is James Gordon Bennett, now fully recovered from a recent severe attack of pneumonia.

G. R. Sims, who, in regard to the notorious error of British justice inflicted on the Norwegian, Adolf Beck, played very much the same rôle that Emile Zola did in the Dreyfus case, has been notified that King Oscar has been pleased to confer upon him the knighthood of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf.

Mrs. Fairbanks holds three collegiate degrees. She graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., in 1872, in the same class with her husband. She at once began the study of law, also with her husband as classmate. She received the degree of bachelor of laws, and afterward took a full course of international and parliamentary law.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Mail* says that Grand Duchess Elizabeth, accompanied by an aid, visited the assassin of Grand Duke Sergius in his cell at Moscow and asked him why he had killed her husband. The prisoner answered: "I had no personal grievance against the grand duke. I am only a tool of the organization." The grand duchess tried to awaken the prisoner's conscience to the hideousness of his crime. After twenty minutes she left the prison weeping. The guards, on reëntering the prisoner's cell, found him also in tears.

One of the many private pension bills which passed the House recently provided for increasing the pension of Edmund G. Ross from \$12 to \$30 a month. No one recognized the name, and the bill went through with the mass of others, but the man was once a senator of the United States and one of the nineteen who voted against the conviction of Andrew Johnson in the impeachment proceedings. He served in the war as an officer in a Kansas cavalry regiment. Of late years Mr. Ross has lived in poverty, working as best he could at the printer's trade in New Mexico.

Leroy Hayden wants to be postmaster at Lowell, Ind., a small town in the north-western part of the State, near Chicago. He recently sent to Congressman Crumpacker one of the oddest petitions that has ever been seen in Washington. It carries seventy-one names, all of them Haydens. It seems that there are ninety-one adult male members of the tribe in and near Lowell, and the applicant has rounded up all but twenty of them in his support. The Haydens settled in the country around Lowell in 1837, and there has been no race suicide. Even the given names are similar. On the petition, twelve John Haydens appear, and they are known as John Hayden first, John Hayden second, and so on. The petition has been turned over to the President, and it is a safe prediction that Leroy Hayden will continue Lowell's postmaster.

Within a few days Max Fidler, of 83 Cook Street, Brooklyn, who for many years has been making his living as a quilt-maker and not getting very rich at it, will start for Paris to make final claim to a large share of a fortune of \$400,000. Fidler's fortune comes to him unexpectedly from an uncle who died last August at the age of ninety, and who was thought to be penniless. For years the uncle had been a beggar in the streets of Nice, France, having deserted from the Russian army. When he died his squalid quarters were examined, and a will bequeathing 2,000,000 francs to Baron Rothschild was found and thought a joke. Securities were found to that amount, however, and Rothschild was informed. He refused to accept the money. The only male heir living, it was discovered, was Max Fidler, the Brooklyn quilt-maker. Maitre Labori, once counsel for Dreyfus and Zola, is acting for Fidler in Paris.

THE KING AND THE MILKMAIDS.

Curious Story of Two Old Ladies Who Refused to Be Evicted from a London Park— Family Sold Milk 300 Years.

After all, Londoners love the picturesque and the romantic. I think there is evidence of it in the story of the curious incident in which the king the Office of Works, and the Milkmaids at the Mall have participated.

Here then, is the story. Some three hundred years ago, in the reign of James the First, when St. James's Park and the West End were quite rural in their aspects, there used to be a "milk fair" in this quarter of the town.

You can fancy what a storm of protest went up. Aged gentlemen wrote letters to the Times to tell how, sixty years ago, it was one of the delights of their youth, in passing through St. James's Park, "to stop for a cup of milk and see it drawn from the cow."

Ah, do not say that Londoners are not sentimental. It is even recalled by writers to the newspapers that the late Duke of Teck remained a patron of the milkmaids until recent years.

The picturesqueness of the two milkmaids themselves was a point in their favor. They are sisters, one seventy-three and the other seventy years of age, and descendants in direct line from the dairymen upon whom King James the Second bestowed his royal favor three hundred years ago.

A humbly honorable record! No wonder protests poured in in behalf of the milk-stalls of which more than a hundred years ago, George Morland painted a picture, showing the cows tied to the posts, and which preserves the traditions of the times when the king's courtiers, playing the game of Pall Mall quenched their thirst with mugs of warm fresh milk.

Emma and Caroline, the padlock was forced off with a pick-axe, the milk-cans and boxes of lollypops were piled into vans, ropes were attached to the supports of the stall, and the structure forcibly demolished and carted away.

But there is a bright side to the picture, for the quaint letter to the king that the old ladies sent bore fruit. With his customary kindness, the king intervened in their behalf, and new stalls are to be built for the milkmaids of the Mall in St. James's Park opposite the Horse Guards.

So the incident ends, having proved that there is a potent love of the romantic and the picturesque in the hearts of most of us, as well as that King Edward has ever a kindly interest in the appeals of the humble among his subjects.

LONDON, February 10, 1905.

Caruso's Remarkable Operatic Career.

After "Parsifal," the most interesting feature of the Conreid Opera Company's engagement will be the first appearance here of Enrico Caruso, acknowledged to be the most popular tenor in the world.

Maurice Grau, contemplating a departure from Covent Garden to Drury Lane, had the opportunity to engage the tenor at the salary of seven hundred dollars a month. He could have extended the contract for two years at a slight annual increase in the monthly payment.

When Mr. Conried took over the Metropolitan Opera House, he was amazed at the terms of the Grau contract, as an Italian tenor is a very uncertain proposition in New York under all circumstances.

Signor Caruso comes of humble peasant stock. His mother was a vender of herbs in the streets of Milan. He appeared first in the smaller Italian cities, immediately made a name for himself, and was engaged for Russia, the land always eager for the services of the best Italian singers.

Signor Caruso next visited Monte Carlo, where he sang in "La Bohème" with great success. From there he went to Covent Garden, where his performance of the duke in "Rigoletto" gave Verdi's old-fashioned opera such a vogue that it was sung nine times during the season.

Mothers Take Warning.

Don't expose children's eyes to the glaring sun or strong wind, and don't have the morning sun shine in their faces to arouse them. Such carelessness often causes permanent injury to the eyes.

A PLAIN STATEMENT ABOUT PRAGERS

Green Trading Stamps and Some Other Things

About one year ago the daily newspapers of San Francisco refused to accept advertisements containing mention of Green Trading Stamps. The reason given for that action was that the Green Trading Stamps would ultimately have the effect of cutting down the advertising bills of the firms using them.

Although the edict was against Green Trading Stamps in general it was aimed at Pragers in particular, and emanated not from the newspapers but from a combination of San Francisco storekeepers formed for the sole purpose of dealing a blow to a rival who was evidently making too much headway to suit their personal notions.

The newspapers however, permitted the advertising of trading stamps by inference and it was on this account that "Something Doing at Pragers" became household words in San Francisco. Seeing that their purpose in injuring Pragers had missed its mark and that this popular department store had actually grown to six times its original size within the short space of its two-years' existence, these merchants again banded themselves together for another grand effort to down a competitor whose only offense was the achievement of quick success.

They called in a body on the various newspaper managers as well as others engaged in the business of advertising, and presented a signed "request" that hereafter they decline advertisements mentioning Green Trading Stamps "in whatever form couched, directly or indirectly."

Below will be found a facsimile production of the signatures attached to the "request"; also the last few lines of the document.

You will discourage and decline such advertisements in whatever form couched directly or indirectly.
The following signatures are present:
W. D. Davis, Secy
Lorington Press
Wm. T. Lubin Co.
S. J. Hood & Co.
Stalup Furniture Co.
Naphalstere
abe Amahaw

The legality of the trading stamp was thoroughly gone into recently in the County Court of Denver where Judge Lindsey ruled: "There is a decided difference between a chance and a condition. The mere fact that such a condition as shown by the evidence is attached to the giving of stamps, does not make it a gift, or bring it within that element of chance necessary to exist before such business can be either called a lottery or a gift enterprise contemplated by the constitution as one which could be legitimately prohibited. We can not see that the trading stamp business has any resemblance to a lottery."

This presentation of facts is deemed to be due to the public so that it may know why there is no mention of Green Trading Stamps in Pragers daily newspaper advertisements and for the further reason that it can always be relied upon for Fair Play.

Pragers will continue to give Green Trading Stamps notwithstanding reports to the contrary. These stamps are good as gold and Pragers guarantee that every stamp will be redeemed as usual. Double stamp days every Tuesday and Thursday.

MARCH 1, 1905. PRAGER COMPANY.

SWINBURNE.

A Critical Estimate of a Great Poet.

Swinburne, the lordliest poet of our time, approaches the seventieth year of his age. The poet's head, once crowned with honey-colored hair—one that, like Byron's, used to be the delight of painters—is now prosaically and unbecomingly bald. The poet's face, we may suppose, begins to be lined and wrinkled as becomes a man who is sixty-eight whether he be poet or no. Yes, it is indeed time for the garnering of those sheaves of song which so luxuriantly hurgoned and grew in the spring and summer of the poet's life. It is November, and

"... thine old singing season, brother," is almost past. It is fitting, in truth, that now should come a "collected edition" * of the poems with calm retrospective essay about them and about. It is but the putting of the house decently in order.

For convenience's sake, in however slight a critical consideration of the poetry of Swinburne, it may be allowable to deal separately with each of his several poetic phases. Swinburne the poet of revolution is not so closely allied to Swinburne the tumultuous poet of sensuous delight and bitter satiety but that the expression of his genius in either way may be independently touched upon. Again, Swinburne the atheistical hater of priestcraft, and Swinburne the incomparable poet of the sea, are all but alien to each other.

It is of course as a singer of sense-delights that Swinburne is known of the multitude. The echo of the old controversy of mid-Victorian days is still faintly in our ears. But it seems to us now not a little odd that, thirty-eight years ago, such a storm should have been raised over "Poems and Ballads"; or to-day it is not imaginable that a similar book would stir to protest either priest or rude. The world may be neither wiser nor better for the two score years that have passed since "Laus Veneris" appeared, but at least it is different. It no longer reads Swinburne in a corner, or hides its blushes as it eads. No longer is it possible to feel daringly eprohate in perusing these riotous, colorful Hymns to Proserpine." And perchance, and las! youth of to-day finds less piquancy and delight in its perusal than those who muddled the indexed volume into student alls at Oxford, Cambridge, or, it may be, farward, and chanted the poems to one another half the night through.

But though weapons have been put by in the old war between the poet and those grave persons who would "defend the sanctity of the home" and "preserve unscathed the innocent minds of the young," the world is still interested to know whether or no the poems of that first lyrical volume had parallel in the young poet's experience. On this point, the dedicatory epistle of the new edition of Swinburne's works throws a little light. Referring to the "censors who insisted on regarding all the studies of passion or sensation attempted or achieved in it as either professions of positive fact or excursions of absolute fancy," Swinburne writes:

There are photographs from life in the book; and there are sketches from imagination. Some which keen-sighted criticism has dismissed with a smile as ideal or imaginary are as real and actual as they well could be; others which have been taken for obvious transcripts from memory were utterly fantastic or dramatic.

This seems to be the taking of a middle ground, and further the poet says: "To parade or disclaim experience of passion or of sorrow, of pleasure or of pain, is the habit and the sign of a school which has never found a disciple among the better sort of English poets." Significant, also, is the remark at the "Hymn to Proserpine" and the "Hymn to Man" were respectively "the path song of spiritual decadance and the path song of spiritual renaissance." Some might smile here (which need not concern us overmuch) because that youth wrote loves,

Smooth-skinned and dark, with bare throat made to bite,
Too wan for blushing and too warm for white,
But perfect colored without white or red.
And her lips opened amorously, and said—
I wist not what, saving one word—Delight.
And all her face was honey to my mouth,
And all her body pasture to mine eyes;

The long lithe arms and hotter hands than fire,
The quivering flanks, hair smelling of the south,
The bright light feet, the splendid supple thighs,

And glittering eyelids of my soul's desire."
Equally by furious atheism as by the license the handling of sensuous themes which Swinburne allowed himself, did he forsake once all hope of popularity for the prize the praise of the few. Swinburne's atheism, like his republicanism, was the result of temperament, not training. The scion of a noble family, closely related by his mother, Lady Jane Swinburne, to the ducal house of Northumberland, to the Earl of Ashrumham, and to other families of the old stocracy, and, besides, reared strictly in the man Catholic faith, anything was to have

"The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne," six volumes. Harper & Brothers.

been expected rather than that the red republican Mazzini should have come to be by the youth "revered above all other men on earth," or that he should have penned so terrible an indictment of Christianity as that in "Before a Crucifix," where he says:

"Here, down between the dusty trees,
At this lank edge of haggard wood,
Women with labor-loosened knees,
With gaunt backs bowed by servitude,
Stop, shift their loads, and pray, and farc
Forth with souls easier for the prayer."

"The suns have branded black, the rains
Striped gray this piteous God of theirs;
The face is full of prayers and pains,
To which they bring their pains and prayers;
Lean limbs that show the laboring bones,
And ghastly mouth that gapes and groans."

"God of this grievous people, wrought
After the likeness of their race,
By faces like thine own besought,
Thine own blind helpless cyefless face,
I too, that have no tongue nor knee
For prayer, I have a word to thee."

"It was for this, that prayers like these
Should spend themselves about thy feet,
And with hard overlabor'd knees
Kneeling, these slaves of men should beat
Bosoms too lean to suckle sons
And fruitless as their orisons?"

And again, toward the end of the poem:
"O hidden face of man, whereover
The years have woven a viewless veil,
If thou wast verily man's lover,
What did thy love or blood avail?
Thy blood the priests make poison of,
And in gold shekels coin thy love."

"So when our souls look back to thee
They sicken, seeing against thy side,
Too foul to speak of or to see,
The leprous likeness of a bride,
Whose kissing lips through his lips grown
Leave their God rotten to the bone."

Nearly a quarter of a century ago these awful lines were penned, but it is clear from passages in the dedicatory epistles to the complete edition that Swinburne's views are little altered. "The spirit and the letter," he says, "of all other than savage and barbarous religions are irreconcilably at variance: . . . prayer or homage addressed to an image of our own or other men's making, be that image avowedly material or conventionally spiritual, is the affirmation of idolatry with all its attendant atrocities." We need not quarrel with the poet on account of his atheism. But we do quarrel with him because that his atheism is complacent. So long as men yearn and aspire toward the God that is or that they imagine, so long it will be one of the functions of high poetry to voice that longing, or pitifully to cry out at being beaten back, broken-winged, by the Implacable Mystery. It is the function of poetry to suggest what can not be uttered in reasoned phrase, and of all such transcendental things, surely those which relate to the aspiration of mankind toward the infinite are the loftiest. In brief, it is an "In Memoriam" that deals with the greatest poetic theme of all themes that may be sung of.

And so in the fact that, incuriously and complacently, Swinburne maintains in middle and old age the views of youth, is to be discovered a hint of the reason why Swinburne will take rank below Tennyson and Browning; ay, below Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats. Swinburne early shut fast his window on the infinite; his spiritual field has long lain fallow: in consequence, when the passion of youth had passed there came, not growth, but retrogression. For the most part, Swinburne's poetry for twenty years has been but an echo. It did not matter that, in "Poems and Ballads," sense should have been submerged in sound, but it matters much that the intellectual movements of a quarter of a century, the conflicts in a larger way of spirit and sense, of reason and faith, should have made not the least impression upon him, so that now he is moved to sneer at men who "waste their time on the twin sciences of astrology and theology, to expend their energies in the jungle of pseudosophy or the morass of metaphysics." Begbie is indeed quite right when he says that "Swinburne in all his glory is inadequate to the age; . . . he sang the hymn of Darwin as a curse on the Inquisition. There was no God; there was no eternity; man was alpha and omega, and beyond the edge of the land and the rim of the sea was no place for his feet. Wherefore—Hallelujah and Amen! . . ." The renaissance of wonder has moved him no more than it has moved the ordinary jester of comic papers, whose first business it is to feel incapable of wonderment and impatient of all spirituality.

The truth is, Swinburne is incapable of deep and connected thought. He lacks the least vestige of spirituality. Since to him, incuriously, Darwin has spoken the last word and existence has no mysteries, we should not expect to find in his poems (as indeed we do not) that infinite wistfulness, that unspeakable yearning, which is the soul of poetry that most greatly stirs us.

But nevertheless Swinburne is a great poet. Allowing for his violence and verbosity, his exaggeration that brings his poetry sometimes to the verge of mere rhetoric, the mechanical monotony of his marvelous methods—yet he is a great singer. Youth he allures with the restless, unquiet, ever disturbing music of his subtly smitten lyre. His "Atalanta in

Calydon" is a poem full of swift winds, the clangor of arms, the thunder of stormy mountain streams, the splendor of morning light on the blades of spears, the glory of chaste maidenhood, the beauty of honor, of long wise days and stainless age. . . . And beyond and over all the dim vast outlines of the gods, implacable and absolute.

Though Swinburne's lyrics of liberty have ever been too abstract and poetical to have the least influence with the oppressed who seek to attain the boon of freedom, yet other poets have been infused by him, not fruitlessly, with the passion for liberty. Strangely, the master singer himself has somewhat fallen away in his latter days. His voice was raised not in behalf of the Boers, but, on the contrary, he harshly called upon England
"To scourge these dogs, agape with jaws
afaim,
Down out of life. Strike, England, and strike home"

—surely strange words from the one-time champion of all peoples oppressed, the foe of the strong tyrant, and the defender of the weak beneath his heel.

The great lack, then, in the poetry of Swinburne is the absence of all sense of mystery, of all wistfulness and yearning toward the infinite. That "marble beauty" of Keats—a beauty like that of a lily standing in stillness—is not his. He never learned—paran though he was—the meaning of the maxim of the Greeks—"Nothing overmuch." He is never tranquil—there is no tranquil beauty in all his books. Of the human heart, he knew little: even his qualities of imagination are by no means of the highest sort; of "absolute vision," of which his friend Theodore Watts-Dunton writes so perfectly in his matchless essay on poetry, he had none at all. What Tennyson said of him is true—he is "a read through which all things are blown into music." Swift and splendid exuberance of poetic passion, incomparable mastery of rhyme and rhythm, an opulent vocabulary full of fiery color, a passion for the sea in all its moods that impelled him to write of it as few men have written—these are the things that make Swinburne the greatest poet still left to us, as he is almost the only great.
H. A. L.

Do You Believe in California?

Whose institutions are established upon the bedrock of substantial, loyal citizenship? Whose reputation for great achievement, square dealing, and broad vision is universal? Whose native sons have unquestioned cause for State pride?

Do You Know—

That one of the greatest of the California institutions, wholly worthy of your patronage and yielding a harvest of results truly typical of its Native State is the **PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY?** The San Francisco branch of this great company in the Crocker Building, is prepared to serve you conscientiously and honestly, offering the best insurance and most liberal contracts. The manager is Walter Hoff Seely and his telephone number is Main 581.

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BY ORDER OF S. & G. GUMP COMPANY

MR. C. H. LUENGENE, auctioneer of the American Art Association, WILL CONDUCT THIS SALE.

LITERARY NOTES.

Turgeneff and Thackeray.

At various times during the past two years, mention has been made in these columns of a fine new edition of the works of William Makepeace Thackeray in course of publication. Now, at length, all the volumes of the thirty-two that comprise the complete edition, called the Kensington Edition, have been issued from the press and lie before us. Inspecting them carefully with respect to mechanical excellencies, we have no hesitation in saying that, for the library shelf, this publication exceeds any edition of the great English novelist that is available to the average reader. Theodore de Vinne is universally recognized as the foremost printer in the United States. The fact that these books issue from his establishment would be sufficient evidence of their typographic merit, even without inspection. That, however, is a pleasure. The pleasing size and face of the type, the quality and appearance of the paper which has been especially manufactured for this work, and which bears as a watermark a monogram of Thackeray's own design, the dignified and handsome appearance of the outside of the volumes, with their simple binding in dark green saten with dekle edges and gilt top, and especially the illustrations, which include all of Thackeray's, reproduced from the first impression before there had been any wearing of the plates, and also drawings by Doyle, Du Maurier, and Frederick Walter—all these things commend themselves. Various portraits of Thackeray, some of which are unfamiliar, are included, and there are, besides, views of various structures historically connected with Thackeray or his books. For example, Terrés Tavern, celebrated in "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," is represented, old municipal maps of Paris having been called into requisition to identify the building beyond a doubt and to present the first view of it to lovers of the ballad. Also a list of the characters in Thackeray's novels and stories has been prepared, which, the publishers believe, will be an interesting and valuable addition to the work. No attempt has been made to burden the edition with profuse, and, it is true, often impertinent, editorial exegesis, but the few necessary notes are prefixed to each volume of the thirty-two, and they are provided with full and careful tables of contents. Altogether, the edition is one thoroughly satisfactory in all particulars.

The same publishers which issue this magnificent Thackeray have also published in very similar style the works of Ivan Turgeneff in sixteen volumes under the title of the International Edition. Isabel F. Haggood, one of the most capable and prolific of modern translators, whether from the French or from other Continental languages, has put the work of the great Russian into English that is very satisfactory indeed. She has also written for each volume a brief preface, in which something is told of the origin and character and the place in Turgeneff's work of the stories that appear in that particular volume, together with a digest of Russian criticism of them. Miss Haggood has overhauled many volumes of such Russian criticism and gone through many Russian critical journals, and is thus able to tell the English reader what he has never previously been told—namely, what views are held by Turgeneff's own countrymen, critics, and readers.

Especially at this time, when things Russian interest us so deeply, this edition of the works of him whom the incomparable James calls "the voice of those vaguely imagined multitudes whom we think of more and more to-day as waiting their turn, in the arena of civilization, in the gray expanses of the north," ought to find innumerable readers in English-speaking lands. We may be pardoned, also, for quoting from Ernest Renan, who said of the great Russian: "Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the depths of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race, generations of ancestors, lost in the deep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance."

Both editions are published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Thackeray thirty-two volumes, \$64.00. Turgeneff, sixteen volumes, \$42.00. Sold only by subscription.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jack London has written a new book, entitled "The War of the Wolves," the manuscript of which has just been received by the Macmillan Company. Publication will follow later in the season.

Theodore H. Hittell, the veteran historian of California, is engaged upon a history of the Sandwich Islands which, despite the magnitude of the task, he hopes to complete. The islands, hitherto, have had no capable historian. Mr. Hittell finds that many curious errors about primitive life and customs have been incorporated and handed down in popular books of travel. In especial, he will have a most interesting chapter explosive of long-held and picturesque but quite erroneous beliefs regarding the famous feather cloaks of

the native kings. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Hittell will witness not only the completion of the work, but its recognition as the first capable account of the most interesting group of islands of the Pacific.

Austin Lewis has just completed a translation of the first or philosophical section of Engels's controversial reply to Eugen Dühring. This particular phase of the socialist intellectual movement has received little attention at the hands of the English-speaking students of socialism. But it has had a profound effect on socialist thought in Europe. This is the first translation made.

A book is about to appear in England with the rather grim title "Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold." It deals with the more remarkable crimes which attracted attention about the end of the eighteenth century. It approaches them, however, as affording pictures of the social life of the time. Each one of these live dramas, it is said, contains enough sensation to keep a modern newspaper in head-lines for a year. The writer of the book is Horae Bleakley.

An English version of Giovanni Rosadi's new "History of the Trial of Jesus" has been prepared by Dr. Emil Reich. Signor Rosadi is an Italian lawyer and politician, and his book is an exhaustive independent history of the trial which avoids all dogmatic or purely theological points.

"The Probationer and Other Stories" is a volume which will be published by the Harpers at once. The author, Herman Whitaker, is a new man so far as bookmaking is concerned, but many of the tales have already seen the light in *Harper's Magazine*. They are tales for the most part of the rougher life—laid in Manitoba and the surrounding regions, where Mr. Whitaker lived for some years.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish early next month "After the Divorce," the first novel by the Sardinian writer, Signora Deledda. The tale opens with a murder trial. The author's popularity is now said to be firmly established in France as well as in Italy.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have added to their spring list a volume of dramatic sketches dealing with the personal and human side of the Russo-Japanese War. It is entitled "The Yellow War," and the author signs himself "O," because of his prominent position.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have on their list of late March issues a new book by Alfred Henry Lewis, author of "The Boss," "The President," etc. It is entitled "The Sunset Trail." Some of the action takes place in Dodge, the most famous town of the old cattle trail. The story is said to be full of humor and dramatic incidents. It has to do with the experiences of a gentleman who sought to construe the law of the frontier.

T. Jenkins Hains's "The Black Barque," to be published soon, is the story of a slaver related with scarcely more sympathy for the cargo than appears in Herman Melville's memorable story of a slave mutiny.

Dr. P. Chalmer Mitchell, who translated Elic Metchnikoff's "Nature of Man," published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has put into English Dr. Otto Weininger's "Sex and Character." The Putnams have arranged for the publication of the book in America, and it will appear as a companion to Metchnikoff's volume.

Vincent Brown, whose first novel, called "A Magdalen's Husband," was likened to the work of Thomas Hardy, has written another, "The Dark Ship," which is said to resemble in style the books of George Meredith. "A Magdalen's Husband" was talked about a great deal in England, but was never published on this side of the ocean.

Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid, editor, author, and publisher, who died in London last week, aged sixty-three, was general manager and director of Cassell & Co., the London publishing firm, and for many years he was well known as an editor and magazine writer. He was born in 1842 at Newcastle, and began life as editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, which position he held from 1870 to 1887. He was also editor of the *Speaker* from 1889, when he founded it, until October, 1899. He was one of the most conspicuous of Liberals, but he

found time aside from his political and editorial work to write several books, notably his biographies of W. E. Foster, Richard Monckton Milnes, and William Black. He also wrote a sketch of Charlotte Brontë, and several novels.

Edgar Allan Poe's original manuscript of his imaginative poem, "Ulalume," was sold in New York, the other day, for one thousand dollars. It was purchased for a private customer by a representative of the auction company. A letter which Poe wrote to Miss Susan Ingram about the poem was sold for one hundred and sixty dollars, going to the same purchaser who secured the poem.

OLD FAVORITES.

Spring in Carolina.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns,
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"—*Henry Timrod.*

Bird-Songs.

ALMA, CAL., February 27, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: No book which I read last year yielded me either pleasure or profit to compare with what I derived from "Wild Birds and Their Music," by F. Schuyler Mathews, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and I am glad to have this opportunity for recommending it to the earnest attention of those who may have happened to overlook it, classifying it, because of its title, with the numerous "nature" books now printed, which are very charming to read, but have no especial significance.

Mr. Mathews's book is a series of startling revelations. He not only proves, by the actual published record he has made of their music, that wild birds are not limited to a set of songs, but that each individual of each song-bird species may produce an infinite number of original variations from their accepted theme, and he shows, by actual comparison, that celebrated themes in the highest classical music produced by human composers, have been inspired by, and in some cases actually transcribed, from bird-songs. To musicians, and to nature students, the author's discoveries open a new world.

So highly do I value this little book, that although during the year I read much more which I found entertaining, and which gave me much enjoyment, it seems to me unjust to rank anything else beside it.

Sincerely, FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

HARPER'S BOOK NEWS

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"Who says that volumes of short stories are unpopular? That depends. It is a question of quality. And there is no doubt about the quality of Gertrude Atherton's short stories in her new volume *THE BELL IN THE FOG*. They are remarkable both for depth and breadth—and they are always most artistic in plot and development. —*Booklovers Magazine.*

Readers of Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror* and *Rules of Kings* will be surprised to find this author outdoing herself in this volume of short stories. The tales are all little masterpieces as exquisite in workmanship as those of Maupassant, to which they bear a decided resemblance.

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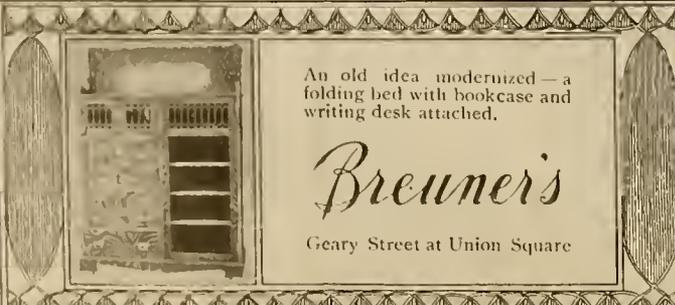
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LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Clinch Mildly Rejoins.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your "Literary Notes" on the twentieth of February in reviewing my book, "California and Its Missions," made some personal charges which seem to call for answer from me. The reviewer charges me with "depreciating and to a considerable extent misrepresenting" my predecessors, Messrs. Bancroft, Hittell, Tut-till, and Father Gleason. He writes:

"After commending H. H. Bancroft for his 'tireless industry' in collecting materials and embodying them in several volumes, he disposes of him by substantially saying that no ordinary reader will or can read his books. His next statement is that 'Hittell, Tut-till, and the late Father W. Gleason have written books of more moderate compass; but the two former pay very slight attention to the missions, and the latter is almost exclusively devoted to them.'"

Now, so far as Hittell is concerned, it seems very evident that Mr. Clinch either has not examined Hittell's work or intentionally misrepresents it.

What I did say of Mr. Bancroft, in the preface to my book, reads: "H. H. Bancroft has certainly collected materials with tireless industry, and embodied them in several volumes, but their very bulk puts them out of the way of ordinary readers." I ask: is your reviewer's version of this statement a fair one?

As to the other three writers, I have uttered no word of depreciation, nor do I wish to do so. I was speaking, in this reference to them, of the special attention given by me to the religious element in California history, and the lack of attention to it, comparatively, by the other two. Had your reviewer finished the next paragraph of the preface he might have seen this explanation in the statement of purpose that I set before myself as distinct from that of any of the foregoing writers, not as superior to their work.

The second charge against me is stronger still:

"On the same page, and it is the first in his book, Mr. Clinch, after expatiating on 'the singular ignorance of most modern American writers on California,' says: 'Hittell calmly attributes the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain to an imagined refusal to pay tithes.' How it was possible for Mr. Clinch to make such a statement it is utterly impossible to conceive. It is easy enough to see how a writer of narrow religious bias, who is predetermined under all circumstances to represent the people of his own church as the salt of the earth, should speak evil of another writer on the same subject, who does not share in his own prepossessions. But that he should deliberately make a statement so devoid of truth, and at the same time so easy to be shown untruthful, is truly marvelous. We have examined Mr. Hittell's account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, and find that there is not a word in it about any refusal to pay tithes or any reference to tithes whatever."

In reply I have only to say I took the quotation from the book of Fred Carter, "The Missions of Nueva California," published in this city by Whittaker & Ray, 1900. It will be found at page 8, and is credited in a footnote to T. H. Hittell; "History of California"; Vol. 1, p. 252.

Accepting your reviewer's statement as accurate, I can only assume that Mr. Carter mixed statements drawn from other sources with some of Hittell's, and made no distinction between them in his text. If I was thus misled into attributing a particular statement in a matter of wholly subordinate importance to Mr. Hittell, I submit that it does not warrant a charge of deliberate untruth against me. I will add that your reviewer's own quotation from that gentleman, "It was charged that the Jesuits had conspired against the king," etc., is equally inaccurate, historically, with the charge of non-payment of tithes.

I have no bias against Mr. Hittell, nor have I used his work anywhere in mine. The sole mention of his name, I believe, occurs in the preface, and quite incidentally I think I am entitled to vindicate myself against the charges of your reviewer, though I regret having to trespass so much on your space. However, as he has taken up a column and a half in his criticism of less than half my preface, I think a sense of fair play will suggest your giving space for this reply.

Sincerely yours, BRYAN J. CLINCH.

New Publications.

"Bridge Maxims," by R. F. Foster; cuts; Brentano's; \$1.00—by the famous London card-expert.

"London Mews," by Catharine A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers—a clever book of verses and colored pictures about cats, for very little children.

"The Sandman Rhymes," by Willard Bonte. H. M. Caldwell Company—excellent rhymes and good pictures; a satisfying book for young children.

"Veranilda," by George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50—an unfinished historical novel of Rome in the sixteenth century, produced near the end of his life by this English writer, whose other stories are uncompromisingly realistic and modern; "Veranilda"

is a delicately artistic and masterly romance, written with full knowledge and great sympathy.

"The Summit House Mystery," by L. Douglass. The Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50—an absorbing story of a murder mystery; intense, convincing, excellently written.

"In the Days of Shakespeare," by Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00 net—a successful attempt to reconstruct for the reader the conditions under which the Poet lived and wrote.

"A Modern Legionary," by John Patrick Le Poer. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50—what appears to be the autobiography of an Irishman enlisted in the French army and serving in Algeria; the book is valuable as a human document.

"The True Henry Clay," by Joseph M. Rogers. Twenty-four illustrations. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.00—a noteworthy biography of Clay, characterized by an intimate acquaintance with his private life and an enthusiasm for the subject.

"The Phoenix and the Carpet," by E. Nesbit. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a cleverly written story for children of a magic bird and a wishing carpet that came into the delighted possession of four London children; to be recommended.

"The White Terror and the Red," by A. Cohan. A. S. Barnes & Co.—a novel of revolutionary Russia by an exiled anarchist, who runs a radical journal (*Forward*) in New York; heavy style; good characterization; slight plot; attitude, as might be expected, that of a special pleader.

"A Life of William Shakespeare," by William J. Rolfe. Litt. D. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co.; \$3.00—a work of some five hundred pages that is probably the best all-round biography of Shakespeare extant; Dr. Rolfe comes near being the foremost American Shakespearean scholar.

"Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," by Sidney Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75—a volume based on a series of eight lectures delivered by this noted English biographer at Lowell Institute, Boston; scholarly, interesting, and thoroughly admirable on the historical side, though less so on the critical.

"The Slanderers," by Warwick Deeping. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—a rather high-flown poetical story of a poet, his wife, and "the other woman," who is his spiritual affinity merely, but about whom "the slanderers" chatter; the scene of the story is England of to-day, and the novel, as a whole, interesting.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." Edited by Isidore Singer, Ph. D. Volume IX. Morawczyk-Philippson. Profusely illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$6.00—with the ninth volume this monumental work approaches completion; it contains fine and striking illustrations; articles of keen interest to Gentiles as well as Jews, and a variety of maps; the work should certainly find a place in every library of pretension.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Mechanics', and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by Conan Doyle.
2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor.
4. "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.
5. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Millionaire Baby," by Anna Katharine Green.
3. "The Woodcarver of 'Lympus,'" by M. E. Waller.
4. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "The Lady of Loyalty House," by Justin Huntly McCarthy.
4. "Parsifal," by Richard Wagner
5. "Memoirs," by Moncure D. Conway.

Balzac with the Blues.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have just published, under the title of "Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings," a substantial volume by Miss Mary F. Sanders. A first glance at the volume discovers an abundance of anecdote and personalia. We may quote an episode:

To his intimate men friends, such as Théophile Gautier and Leon Gozlan, Balzac was always the delightful, whimsical companion, to be thought of and written of afterward with an amused, though affectionate, smile. Only to women, his principal confidantes, who

played an important place in his life as they do in his books, did he occasionally show the discouragement to which the artistic nature is prone. Sometimes the state of the weather, which always had a great effect on him, the difficulty of his work, the fatigue of sitting up all night, and his monetary embarrassments, brought him to an extreme state of depression, both physical and mental. He would arrive at the house of Mme. Surville, his sister, who tells the story, hardly able to drag himself along, in a gloomy, dejected state, with his skin sallow and jaundiced.

"Don't console me," he would say in a faint voice, dropping into a chair; "it is useless—I am a dead man."

The dead man would then begin, in a doleful voice, to tell of his new troubles; but he soon revived, and the words came forth in the most ringing tones of his voice. Then, opening his proofs, he would drop back into his dismal accents and say, by way of conclusion: "Yes, I am a wrecked man, sister!"

"Nonsense! No man is wrecked with such proofs as those to correct."

Then he would raise his head, his face would unpucker little by little, the sallow tones of his skin would disappear.

"My God, you are right," he would say. "Those books will make me live. Besides, blind Fortune is here, isn't she? Why shouldn't she protect a Balzac as well as a ninny? And there are always ways of wooing her. Suppose one of my millionaire friends (and I have some), or a banker, not knowing what to do with his money, should come to me and say: 'I know your immense talents and your anxieties; you want such and such a sum to free yourself; accept it fearlessly; you will pay me; your pen is worth millions!' That is all I want, my dear."

Then the "child man," as his sister calls him, would imagine himself a member of the Institute; then in the Chamber of Peers, pointing out and reforming abuses, and governing a highly prosperous country. Finally, he would end the interview with, "Adieu! I am going home to see if my banker is waiting for me"; and would depart, quite consoled, with his usual hearty laugh.

A Unique Story.

As concrete evidence how widely prevalent in all classes of American society is that venerable disease *cacathes scribendi*, we print below, *verbatim et litteratim*, a letter recently received in this office, together with the opening passage of the story which we received "in a separt letter." The poetic harmonies, we may also remark, were all preserved—the story and the letter were written with purple ink.

Dear sir I sende you in a separt letter a story for publication and is to be paid for at regular rates if used & if not to be return In close postage fore the return yores truly

— ALA 2 28 1905.

I HAVE FOUND HIT

It was under certain Disadvantages that Willey Jones went into the hen Business in the first place he lacked capital having Just invested most of his money in New Cart then he had no proper facilities, as his parents lived in an upper tenement on a somewhat Crowded City street and besides he knew Nothing whatever about hens. But he had plenty of confidence in himself and persistence that had seldom met defeat, what do you suppose Willey has taken into his head now asked his mother of her Husband as he entered the house one Night Well it is hens. He read in a Newspaper about some Boys great Success in keeping hens and he is Just Bound to go into the business himself. Hens exclaimed Mr. Jones derisively, where in the World would he keep them. Why he thinks he can keep them up on the roof where he hang out our clothes, that is nonsense you know. He might as well give up that Idea at once.

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The public is a factor that can never be calculated upon. It is, generally, although not invariably, apt to depend upon the Columbia Theatre clientele supporting a widely advertised musical comedy or a famous star. But after the recent seven weeks of opera season, with its erudite houses and its call upon patrons outside of the regular habitués of the Tivoli, it was almost safe to predict comparative disaster for the Savage Opera Company. The quality of their performances, however, is such that the interest of the public has been steadily growing. On the first and last nights of the opening week there were particularly large and well-pleased audiences and the second night's house, though not large, did not shrink to the small measure which often follows the fashionable crush of the opening night.

The Savage Opera Company is certainly an admirably conducted organization, of solid merit, and with an equipment of talent that allows for a wide range of selection. There are radical differences in the Italian and Wagnerian opera, yet both kinds have received thorough, able, and most enjoyable presentation. "Lohengrin," in spite of the relative simplicity of its musical treatment as compared with Wagner's subsequent works, is not an opera to be lightly undertaken. I have twice heard it sung calamitously out of tune in San Francisco—once by the Emma Luch company, and on a later occasion at the Tivoli, before that house had graduated into its present status as a purveyor of genuine grand opera. "Lohengrin" is an opera that makes a much simpler and more direct appeal than any other of the Wagnerian works. Although the composer himself deprecated in later years his inability to free himself at the time of its composition from the old melodic ideas, that same inability has been the source of the opera's greatest popularity with the general public, which is not able to wholly sympathize with or comprehend the weight and scope of the musical dramatic schemes of the Ring operas. And then there is such a wonderfully unerring employment of dramatic and picturesque materials throughout the whole composition. The visual and aural senses of beauty are continually stimulated by lovely sights and delicious sounds. Even in the matter of the colors and costumes employed, Wagner's instinct was unerring. Lohengrin's blue and silver, and Elsa's white robe of innocence, accord with the idea of a legend whose basic idea is purity and spirituality. The mystic legend is simple enough to please a child, human enough to appeal to men and women. And it is so intensely in spirit with the days of myths and miracles that even the practical-minded Americans who have been presenting it, unless you too closely observe the faces of the chorus, do not fail to sink back into their proper perspective.

Except for Van Dyck, there has scarcely been on the local stage a tenor who is better adapted in face, mien, and voice to the rôle of Lohengrin than Mr. William Wegener. As the silver knight floats into view, bathed in silver light and sings the swan song in a voice of molten silver, we find ourselves, like the children believing, for the moment, that the fairy tale is true. Mr. Wegener's voice is clear, true and of pure tenor quality; his method is admirable and his enunciation so clear and expressive that, while he is singing, the listener has positive beauty. Much of it was lost with the others, who might have been singing in Volapuk for all the public knew. Mr. Wegener is also a good actor, subdued but earnest in expression and with an ample investment of the dignity and authority requisite in the rôle of the mystic knight.

Miss Jean Lane Brooks, who with Miss Kenyon has been alternating as Elsa, has a pure fresh and very sweet soprano that at a first blush gives the impression of being light in quality but which, as the long opera proceeded, showed excellent staying properties. The rôle of Elsa is rather a taxing one, as there are so many scenes in which she has to play a prominent part in the extended musical dialogues which heralded Wagner's later departure from the established standards of operatic expression. But Miss Brooks's voice preserved its freshness and firmness up to the end.

Miss Rita Newman as Ortrud revealed the possibilities of a rich, sweet contralto, but of great range in volume and dramatic intensity in expression. The lady acts well with her aquiline type of feature, her eyes of dark hazel, her eyelids and haughty

look, and the play of gesture with which she expressed the dark transports of the sorceress, lacked only height to be a striking dramatic figure.

Miss Brooks acts more with gesture and attitude than with feature, being rather apt to fall into a facial immobility when she is away from the stage centre; but in other respects her Elsa pleased and satisfied.

Mr. Winfred Goff as Frederic Telramond confirmed the good impression he had already made. With his fine voice and appearance and his mien of sombre dignity, the baritone should fit extremely well into the part of Conte di Luna, that dear old romantic absurdity whose ill luck in wooing the tuncful Leonora always wins him some illogical sympathy.

There was some talk of there having been a hasty substitution in the rôle of the Herald on Wednesday night, but the one I heard on Saturday evening was satisfying although his voice, of pleasant and smooth tone, was a little lacking in ring and volume. The part of the king was not so well sung, but the chorus was extremely good. The female chorus excels that of the men in the individual beauty of the voices, but training and careful, zealous rehearsal show in every concerted number. Especially was this noticeable in the chorus of Brabantians in the first act, a difficult number in which is voiced the tumult of interest and growing excitement which pervades their number upon the miraculous approach of the mysterious knight in his swan-drawn shallop.

Says Henri Murger, in his preface to "La Vie de Bohème": "Bohemia is a stage of the artist's career; it is the preface to the academy, the hospital, or the morgue." And he adds: "Bohemia neither exists, nor can exist, anywhere but in Paris." How entirely that last is the Frenchman's point of view: for to him Paris is the world in concrete form. There are doubtless many small communities in various of the large cities whose members could prove their right to this proud title of the artist who passes his time of probation before the laurel of success has crowned his brows, in living in the irresponsible realms of bohemia; starving one week, and feasting the next, keeping his dress-clothes in pawn the while he gathers a few poor chips to keep alight on his soul's altar the sacred flame that he has dedicated to Art. Indeed, Murger himself claims Homer and Shakespeare as members of the irresponsible band. But it is doubtless true that the real bohemia, that bohemia of the empty wallet and the gay heart, the land where spirits at high pressure and wardrobes at low ebb are perfectly compatible, where love and laughter and a complaisant mistress are as important matters as the next meal—this bohemia does not and can not exist outside of Paris. Americans are too practical and Puritanic, Britons too respectable, Russians too sombre, Germans too heavy, Spaniards too indolent. But Italy—young Italy addicted to art—probably comes nearer to it than any of them. But it is the bohemia of Paris whose atmosphere has been so triumphantly caught and fixed within the confines of Puccini's opera. Who would ever have believed the feat was possible before it was accomplished? The modern librettists, however, are no longer "hacks" and penny-a-liners, as in the good old days; and so unerringly have Giacò and Illica lifted out or adapted from Murger's book those scenes and incidents which best convey to the literal public a sympathy and pleasure in the stage reflection of a life which many of them would shudder to live, that one feels as if the Italian librettists had dwelt within the confines of that land of terror and precarious delight, and shared in its mirth and tragedy.

Strangely enough, the company of American singers have been particularly happy in understanding and expressing the spirit of gay, transient camaraderie which is the heart of the opera. "La Bohème" is a unique composition among operas in one respect. It is comedy and tragedy, side by side. It is a perpetual pitch and toss of dialogue, which the use of the English tongue does little to make clear. There are few monologues and many abrupt changes, and the orchestra is as shifting and changeable as the sands of the sea. All this lightness, this rapid interchange and quickness of by-play, requires dramatic flexibility as well as musical intelligence; and the Savage company are well up to the work.

Miss Jean Lane Brooks's Mimi was very satisfyingly sung and sympathetically acted, although her voice sometimes gives evidence of not yet being under perfect control.

While Miss Rita Newman is not an ideal Musetta in appearance, she acted the part with spirit, and the music was within the fullest and sweetest notes of a voice which impresses one as being a rich mezzo-soprano rather than a contralto.

Reginald Roberts, who fills the important part of Rudolph, the poet, has a vigorous, resonant tenor, which the music of Cassio in "Othello" did not allow him to show off at its best. It is not always wholly pleasing in tone, and has some tendency to uncertainty and even to a falsetto tone in the upper range; but, oddly enough, even in his faulty notes, Mr. Roberts is able to infuse a pathos and a tenderness of feeling that add greatly to the correctness and charm of the characterization. Both he and Mr. Goff acted with a thorough understanding of the requirements, and the brotherhood rendered their scenes of frolic and the spontaneous fun which seizes the mercurial inhabitants of bohemia with a spirit and a gaiety which I have never seen excelled and scarcely approached by previous singers in these rôles.

Indeed, one of the fine points about this organization of American singers is the thoroughness with which they have equipped themselves histrionically for their task. There is much less of an effect of routine in their dramatic work than the Italian singers have accustomed us to, and as a result the singers are individually more interesting.

Such exceedingly creditable all-round work as this, whose fruits we have been enjoying, gives good promise for the future. The American singer with industry and ambition may henceforth begin to look forward to something more definite and nearer home than the uncertainties of a European success in the world of operatic competition. Only to think of what Winfred Goff alone has escaped! The hollowness of a career in musical comedy threatened at one time to be his fate. There is a something in Mr. Goff's voice, a full-toned strain of that sonorous sadness, so essential in the romantic expression of the griefs of grand opera, that has been born since he made his escape from the musical shallows of his former career; a quality that all the experience in the world in singing second-best music could never have developed.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Many visitors have inspected the pictures exhibited by the S. & G. Gump Company in the hall-room of Native Sons' Hall during the week. It is an event in the art world to have such a notable collection of paintings put up at auction, and that lovers of pictures are determined to take advantage of the opportunity is attested by the good attendance and the brisk bidding. Local as well as foreign painters are represented, and it is safe to say that such good pictures have never before been offered here. The auction sale continues every evening until and including March 15th. Sales have been rapid so far, and it is evident from the interest taken that the collection will be fully sold out.

A Beautiful Dwelling-Place.

Out on Sacramento Street, in San Francisco's residence district par excellence, another beautiful apartment-hotel has just been completed. It faces Lafayette Square, affording a refreshing glimpse of restful verdure for city dwellers. From the rear windows of the building, one can secure a magnificent outlook over the city and bay. Open on four sides, and with a light-well down the centre, the interior of the house is flooded with a wealth of sunlight. With green sward and green trees, sunlight, and high, dry location, it is a superbly pleasant and healthful home. The conveniences and the arrangement of the rooms in each apartment show the perfection of home building. The house is divided into eight apartments of nine rooms each, and four apartments of six rooms each, the halls being commodious and light.

The nine-room apartments are located on the four top floors. Each consists of library, dining-room, kitchen with large pantries, two bath-rooms, three bedrooms and a servants' room. The parlor, library, and dining-room are finished in Flemish oak. The first mentioned has a large fireplace in keeping with the architectural design of the rooms; the latter two have beam ceilings. A built-in book-case with leaded glass doors is a feature of the library. The dining-room has a handsome combined china closet and sideboard. All the rooms can be thrown together; Corinthian pillars are at the wide doorways. The kitchen is conveniently appointed and possesses a dumb-waiter. The walls of all the rooms are tastefully tinted.

The six-room apartments are all on the first floor. Each comprises a parlor, dining-room, three bedrooms, and kitchen. The bathroom is complete in every detail. The wood-work is in natural finish, and the walls are in solid colors. The dining-room has beam ceiling and high wainscoting.

For the use of each apartment, a separate store-room and servants' room in the basement are provided. The whole house is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. There is an electric elevator so that stair climbing is needless.

Any one who is looking for a modern home in an excellent neighborhood, should visit 2135 Sacramento Street, opposite Lafayette Square.

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First appearance of Grace Palotta and J. Albert Wallerstedt. Magnificent scenery and effects. Perfect cast, beautiful girl chorus.

Only matinee Saturday. Usual Tivoli comic-opera prices

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Beginning next Monday, March 13th. Third and last week of GRAND OPERA. Henry W. Savage's famous

ENGLISH GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Monday and Thursday evenings, Tosca; Tuesday evening, Lohengrin; Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee—double bill—Cavalleria Rusticana and I'Pagliacci; Friday evening, Tannhauser; Saturday evening, Carmen; Sunday evening—opera to be announced.

March 20th—The Virginian.

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager

Commencing Monday evening, March 30th.

MARGARET ANGLIN SEASON
Direction of Frank L. Perley.

PLAYS—"Zira," "Marriage of Kitty," "Eternal Feminine," "Mariana," "Cymbeline."
PLAYERS—Miss Anglin, Frank Worthing, Hall McAllister, Walter Allen, Mrs. Whiffen, Blanche Stoddard, and others

Special Wednesday matinee bills—"Frou Frou," "Mardi," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Denise," "Carmelle"
Seat sale Tuesday, March 14th.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar."
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Week commencing Monday, March 13th. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company in the first Western production of

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Monday, March 20th, James A. Herne's rural drama Sag Harbor. Monday, March 27th, magnificent revival of the real Old Heidelberg.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday. This week and next. Tremendous success of Kolb and Dill, and their own company, in Judson C. Brusse's musical absurdity.

I. O. U.

Next Monday night, first appearance of Edith Maso and Thomas H. Perse.

Popular prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. In preparation—The Beauty Shop, by J. C. Crawford.

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, March 13th. Record-Breaking Attractions.

Clayton White-Marie Stuart Company; Four Sensational Boises; Borani and Nevoro; Murphy and Francis; Peschkoft Company; Willy Zimmerman; Mallory Brothers; Brooks and Halliday; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Mabel McKinley, singing for the first time, on any stage, her new song of California, "Arcadia."

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9 EVENINGS AND 3 MATINEES

Beginning Thursday Evening, April 6th
Concluding Saturday Evening, April 15th

The Repertoire will include:

PARSIFAL, RIGOLETTO, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA, and "I'PAGLIACCI, LES HUGUENOTS, LA GIOCONDA, DIE FLEDERMAUS, and DIE MEISTERSINGER.

Applications for season sittings, with inclosure of check or money-order, will not be received by Charles W. Strine, care of Grand Opera House, San Francisco. These applications will be filed strictly in the order of their receipt, and allotment of seats be made as near the desired location as possible. Season subscriptions may now be grouped as follows:

GROUP 1. To include the twelve performances of the season, which comprises Three performances of "Parsifal," Two performances of the Double Bill ("Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagiacci"), Two performances of "La Gioconda," and One performance each of "Rigoletto," "Les Huguenots," "Lucia," "Die Fledermaus," and "Die Meistersinger."

GROUP 2. To include One performance each of "Parsifal," "Rigoletto," the Double Bill ("Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagiacci"), "Les Huguenots," "La Gioconda," "Die Fledermaus," and "Die Meistersinger."

The choice of location will be given to subscribers for the entire series of twelve performances. Subscribers are requested to indicate the dates of the performances they wish when applying for season tickets including eight performances.

Particular attention will be given to orders received from points outside of San Francisco.

The sale of Season Tickets for the series of twelve performances and for the series of eight performances will continue until Saturday evening, March 18th. Beginning Monday, March 20th, at 9 A. M., all Season Tickets remaining will be offered at public sale at the Box-Office of the Grand Opera House.

On Monday, March 27th, at 9 A. M., and thereafter until the conclusion of the season on April 15th, the sale of single tickets for all performances will be held at the Box-Office of the Grand Opera House.

Prices for the season of twelve performances: Proscenium Boxes, seating 6, \$750.00; Top Proscenium Boxes, seating 6, \$550.00; Orchestra Floor Boxes, seating 8, \$300.00; Palco Boxes, seating 6, \$750.00; Orchestra and Dress Circle, \$93.00, \$84.00, \$76.50, \$67.50; Family Circle, first three rows, \$31.00, other rows, \$22.00; Top Floor, first two rows, \$36.00, other rows, \$27.00.

Prices for the series of eight performances: Orchestra and Dress Circle, \$59.00, \$52.00, \$49.50, \$45.00, \$42.50; Family Circle, first three rows, \$33.00, other rows, \$26.00; Top Floor, first two rows, \$24.00, other rows, \$17.00.

Prices for Single Seats: For Parsifal—Orchestra and Dress Circle, \$10.00, \$7.50; Family Circle, \$5.00; Top Floor, \$3.00. For Caruso and other regular performances—Orchestra and Dress Circle, \$7.00, \$5.00, \$3.00; Family Circle, \$4.00, \$3.00; Top Floor, \$3.00, \$2.00.

All subscription orders and other communications should be addressed to Charles W. Strine, Grand Opera House, San Francisco. Telephone Main 5599. The San Francisco Grand Opera Company is under the local management of Charles W. Strine and W. L. Greenbaum.

STAGE GOSSIP.

An Eastern Success at the Alcazar.

"Alice of Old Vincennes," which is to be produced at the Alcazar Theatre next week, is entirely new here. However, it has been well received in the East. Virginia Harned starred in the play for two seasons. The scenes of the play (which was dramatized from the novel of the same name) are laid in Indiana in 1778, and some stirring events are depicted. Lillian Lawrence and John Craig have the leading roles. John Sainpolis, a new-comer at the Alcazar, plays the rascally British colonel, and John Davies will have the rôle of the old French missionary. Beginning March 20th, "Sag Harbor" will be presented for a week, and to follow that comes a revival of "Old Heidelberg."

Final Grand-Opera Performances.

The repertoire for the third and last week of the Savage Opera Company's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is announced as follows: Monday and Thursday evenings, Puccini's "Tosca"; Tuesday evening, Wagner's "Lohengrin"; Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagiacci," with double cast, bringing out the entire singing strength of the company; Friday evening, "Tannhäuser" for the last time; Saturday evening, "Carmen." The bill for the farewell performance Sunday evening, March 19th, has not been announced. Seats and boxes for the closing week are now on sale. The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be "The Virginian," with Dusan Farnum in the principal rôle, and surrounded by others of the original New York cast. Seats go on sale Thursday morning.

The Margaret Anglin Season.

Much interest is being taken in the engagement of Margaret Anglin at the California Theatre. Miss Anglin will produce each week a play new to San Francisco, in addition to presenting a complete change of bill at the special Wednesday matinee performances. "Zira," the play selected for the opening week, was given its initial stage presentation in Buffalo on Monday night. Miss Anglin scored a success in the title-rôle, as also did Frank Worthing, Hall McAllister, Mrs. Whiffen, and Blanche Stoddard. Zira is a Red Cross nurse, with a past, who is serving with the British army during the Boer War. After the first act the scenes are all laid in London. Frank Worthing takes the part of a minister, and Hall McAllister that of a British officer. The opening of the Anglin season here will take place on Monday evening, March 20th, and continue well into May. The sale of seats for the first week will begin at the California box-office next Tuesday.

Musical Comedy at the Tivoli.

Pixley & Luder's musical comedy, "The Burgomaster," will be put on at the Tivoli Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) evening. This comedy tells the story of Peter Stuyvesant, burgomaster of New Amsterdam, and his secretary, Doodle Von Kool, who go to sleep in 1660, and in 1904 awake to unaccustomed sights and sounds. Their adventures are many and diverting. The piece is unusually rich in catchy songs. The cast will include several new people, among them Grace Palotta, a comic-opera comedienne from the Gaiety Theatre, London, and J. Albert Wallerstedt, a New York haritone, whose reputation is good. Among the regular Tivoli people who will appear are Dora de Filippe, Bessie Tannehill, Aimee Leicester, Esther King, Willard Simms, Ferris Hartman, Teddy Webb, William Schuster, Joseph Fogarty, Karl Formes, and John Braidwood.

Orpheum Novelties.

Clayton White and Marie Stuart will reappear at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon with competent support. Their initial sketch will be "Paris," said to be a very funny

comedy. The four Boises, who present a casting act, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They come from the principal European vaudeville centres, Arthur Borani and Annie Nevoro will also be new to this city, presenting "Weary Wagles and the Dandy Dude Tramp." Murphy and Francis will present "Real Coon Habits," said to be an absolute novelty. Mabel McKinley, for her second and last week, will sing for the first time on any stage her latest composition, which she calls "Arcadia."

Goethe's Masterpiece at the Central.

"Faust" will be given a revival at the Central Theatre on Monday evening. The management promises a sumptuous presentation of this spectacular piece, and announce that the scenic adjuncts will excel anything ever before seen here. Herschel Mayall will play Mephisto, while Juliet Crosby will be seen as Marguerite. The other rôles will be in good hands.

Burlesque at the Grand.

One of the features of the Kolb and Dill production of "I. O. U." at the Grand Opera House is the New Zealand Maori dance, done by Miss Lillie Sutherland and a chorus of girls. "I. O. U." has had much added to it since its former presentation here. The company will have two additions next week—Thomas Perse and Edith Mason, who will appear on Monday night. They will introduce new songs and duets. The next burlesque to be put on will be J. C. Crawford's "The Beauty Shop."

The Associated Charities.

At the annual dinner of the Associated Charities, which took place at the Palace Hotel last week, much disappointment was felt that Miss Felton did not speak, and that Judge Murasky was prevented from attending by illness at home, for great interest had been centred on his talk concerning the juvenile court. However, Judge Lawlor proved a very able substitute. All the speeches were most happy. There was an after-dinner lightness of quality not expected by the layman in toasts on such technical subjects as "Public Service and Responsibility," "Legislative Work of the Associated Charities," "Charities Indorsement Committee," etc., yet each and every speaker felt keenly the earnestness of his or her subject and the crying need of impressing on all public-minded citizens the necessity of personal and financial support to the Associated Charities in its work, extending, as it does, from elimination of the pauper and charity "grafter" up to its usefulness as research bureau for other institutions. Particular stress was laid upon the necessity of supporting the organization in the work of child saving, as preventive work among dependent and delinquent children is the most important duty of every public-minded citizen, and therefore such worthy efforts should not perish for lack of moral and financial support.

Mrs. Von Meyerinck's Trip to the Orient.

Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck, the well-known teacher of voice culture and director of the Von Meyerinck School of Music, will leave to-day (Saturday) for a four months' trip to the Orient. While anticipating the pleasures of a well-earned rest during the trip, Mrs. von Meyerinck does not expect to be idle after reaching Shanghai, where she has been summoned to open a branch school. The arrangements have all been completed, and one of her advanced pupils is ready to follow her at a moment's notice to continue the work she expects to start while in Shanghai. A stop at Hong Kong and a visit to Japan are also contemplated. During Mrs. von Meyerinck's absence, Mrs. Cecilia Decker Cox, the well-known contralto, soloist of the First Unitarian Church, and Mrs. von Meyerinck's most advanced pupil, will take her place at the school here, which, under guidance of the regular staff of teachers, will continue its work without interruption. Mrs. von Meyerinck expects to return here about the middle of July, in time for the opening of the new term, on August 1, 1905.

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VANITY FAIR.

The St. Regis Hotel in New York has sued a guest for three weeks' bill, amounting to the neat sum of \$1,164.17. The story of the suit is as good as a play. It appears that Thomas C. Dutro, a lawyer of New York, went to the hotel on November 16th last, according to the story told in court by Manager Haan, and told the clerk that he had come to stay for a while. He did stay, Mr. Haan said, agreeing to pay \$40 a day for rooms. A suite of three rooms was put at his disposal. Mr. Haan said Lawyer Dutro had the best the house could give him at the way it food and drink, his restaurant bill varying from \$5 to \$30 a day. At the end of the week, when Mr. Haan thought it time that some money was forthcoming, the lawyer wanted a better suite, and got it. The bill was then \$48 a day instead of \$40. Mr. Haan produced the following itemized bill in support of his statement:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Items include Room rent at \$40 a day from November 16th to November 24th (\$80.00), Restaurant charges, including drinks, etc. (199.00), Laundry (5.02), Fine carriage cab (5.00), Telegraphing (1.05), Baggage (1.00), Stamps (.50). Total for three weeks: \$1,164.17.

Mr. Dutro said that he had never even seen the bill. While admitting that he had stayed at the St. Regis for three weeks, he swore that he had no information or knowledge to form a belief as to the accuracy of the amount because he had not received a full itemized bill. The hotel folks alleged that he got his board and lodging by "falsely and fraudulently representing himself to be the owner of a vast tract of land at Lakewood." This Mr. Dutro denied, in an affidavit submitted by himself as his own attorney. Manager Haan said that when Lawyer Dutro first appeared at the hotel he asked for the best in the house. He wanted choice rooms and the best of everything to eat and drink. The clerk, he said, was convinced by Mr. Dutro's manner of talking that the guest was a man who ought not to be questioned, so three rooms were assigned to him. "When a swell-looking gentleman comes up to the desk," Manager Haan went on, "and bosses things around, demanding the best in the house, the clerk never dares to inquire whether he has money, but assumes that he is a man of wealth. That was how Mr. Dutro was permitted to remain at the St. Regis without paying anything for three weeks. What can a poor hotel-clerk do under the circumstances? He can't sandbag the guest to find out if he has money." After listening to the testimony, the jury concluded that \$1,164.17 was quite reasonable for three weeks' board.

Posey S. Wilson doesn't think much of the inaugural ball, and even hoped that President Roosevelt's good sense might lead him to discountenance "that old humbug and petty peccation, the inaugural ball." He continues: "It is done thus: A few of those hereditary sycophants who constitute the backbone of the district 'things,' or cormorants, band together to give an inaugural ball. They get a government building tree. If possible they get the Marine band tree, on the ground that it is a government affair. Then everything else that they can beg, borrow, or steal is so procured. If they can get sailors from the navy yard to put up decorations or do anything else to save outlay, it is done. Then they sell tickets at ten dollars granting entry to the Pension Building, where there is neither chance for dancing nor any show of superlative drinking water. The profits from this impudent, unprincipled scheme are great. It demoralizes the whole force of pension clerks for a week, costing the public service a great sum and delays still more the ever delaying pension work. John Phoenix relates that during an eclipse of the sun at

San Diego, Cal., an enterprising citizen built a fence around a lot or two and admitted the public at fifty cents per head to view the eclipse, the victim furnishing his own smoked glass. The inaugural ball is quite as much of a fake. It is a disgrace to the nation, and the 'country larks'—as the district creatures call those on whom they themselves are presumptuous parasites—ought to stay away from it."

Gorgeous bouquets and banks of flowers, for years one of the prominent features of the opening of Congress and of the inauguration ceremonies, will no longer till the Senate chamber with their sweet odor. Senator Lodge, the other day, offered a resolution doing away with the custom of placing flowers on senators' desks, and it was agreed to.

A group of descendants of Charles Dickens represented some of the famous novelist's characters at a remarkable "Dickens Ball" held at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, not long ago, under the patronage of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Every one who attended the ball represented some character from the pages of the famous novels, but the chief interest centred in the party that included nearly a dozen bearers of the famous name. The novelist's grandchildren represented the chief characters in "The Old Curiosity Shop," and they included Little Nell, Mrs. Jarley, and the little Marchioness. The Dickens family group danced a Sir Roger de Coverley together. Hostesses made up parties in which the characters were chosen from one novel. One lady, for instance, brought a large party to represent the principal characters in "A Tale of Two Cities," another party, numbering about thirty, appeared as the chief characters in "Nicholas Nickleby," and a third party took its costumes from "Martin Chuzzlewit." The most popular character was the fat boy from "Pickwick." There were at least half a dozen Mrs. Gamps, several Sam Wellers and Dolly Vardens, a Mrs. Bardell, and a Micawber. One lady wore the costume of Little Dorrit, the original of whom, by the way, is still alive, and is an old lady of ninety. Old prints and drawings served as fashion-plates, and every effort was made to obtain accurate designs. The ball was for the benefit of a hospital.

A Cairo restaurant advertisement runs: "Mohammed Ben Ali Yusuf begs to announce to Nobility and Cairo Smart Set that he has opened high-class restaurant shop at No. 3, Sharia Manakh, Muski. Everything At and dam cheap. Prices quite wonderful. N. B.—Delectable music and dancing-ladies every evening."

The popularity of hunting in England has resisted all attacks from the days of Dr. Johnson, who scornfully remarked that it was the labor of savages but the amusement of English gentlemen. It seems, however, that it is now threatened by the automobile. A special dispatch from London in the Herald notes the remarkable frequency of accidents in the hunting field this season, and suggests that the men are not in as good riding form as they used to be. Why? Because much of the time formerly spent in the saddle is now devoted to their auto-cars. Score another for the automobile!

Mr. "Kid" Yanger, whose lack of beauty wins him in pugilistic circles the title of "The Dog," thus explains why pretty Lizzie Winters consented to become his bride: "It ain't looks that win a girl. It's what a guy can do, what he can make good at, that gets 'em." "This," says the World, "is true Darwinian philosophy. Fittest to survive is fittest to wife. The most wicked or most cunning fighter among cave men got the pick of the cave girls. The young Indian won in war or in chase the right to matrimony. Strength, courage, skill, not beauty, make in all ages an 'eligible parti.' So to-day the novel hero who is 'handsome as a Greek god' is out of

it. Picturesque ugliness is considered piquant, but there must be courage or strength or inner worth fit for a world of struggle. Burly football player, keen lawyer, brilliant writer, or what not—let 'Algy' or 'Monty' be capable of bringing plenty of meat to his cave and he may be as ugly as you please. And herein the novelist, like the philosopher of the Yanger school, mimics fact. 'It's what a guy can make good at that gets 'em.'"

Ball dresses in London are now being made particularly low at the back. Touches of silk tulle are put in the sleeves and the front is ornamented with silver or mother-of-pearl spangles. The Louis the Fifteenth style of bodice is much affected, but the bodice is put so closely under the shoulders that no supporting bands thereover are necessary. These are worn only for show.

She—"Women have far cleaner minds than men." He—"Naturally; they change them so often."—Toren Topics.

—ENERGETIC BUSINESS MAN DESIRES ENGAGEMENT as representative in the West or Mexico. Well acquainted with country and people. At present with large mining concern in California. Unqualified references. Address "Business," care Argonaut Publishing Company.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McArdie, District Forecaster.

Table with 5 columns: Date, Max. Temp., Min. Temp., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Data for March 2d through 7th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 8, 1905, were as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Bay Co. Power 5%, Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%, etc. and stocks like Contra Costa Water, S. V. Water, etc.

STARR & DULFER San Francisco and Tonopah STOCK COMMISSION BROKERS FISCAL AGENTS FOR Diamondfield Gold Mining Co., Goldfield Oakes Gold Mining Co., Goldfield Verde Mining Co., Dixie Mining Co., Goldfield, Hibernia Mining Co., Goldfield, Sylvania Mining Co., Goldfield District, Goldfield Skylark Mining Co., etc.

Mt. Tamalpais Cemetery San Rafael, Marin County A Rural and Permanent Burial Place for San Francisco.

PROVIDENCE WASHINGTON Insurance Company OF RHODE ISLAND Est. 1799. GEORGE E. BUTLER General Agent for Pacific Coast 204 Sansone Street ROGER B. FRIEND, Assistant General Agent.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

R. J. Wynne, the Postmaster-General, tells a story about a small boy who was invited to a party given by one of his little friends.

An Ohio man who was recently elected to Congress, went to Washington to look around and see what his duties were.

Shortly after the explosion of one of the big guns on the Massachusetts, a year ago, a sailor, who was injured by the accident, was asked to give an account of it.

While J. M. Barrie was composing his play, "Peter Pan," he went to a children's supper-party. Among the guests was a little boy whose healthy appetite provoked from his mother the pleading threat: "You will be ill to-night."

Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, when she is in Paris, spends a good deal of time in the shops of the jewelers and dealers in antiques and objects of art.

Speaker Cannon writes a very bad hand. Not long ago he sent a note to Representative Cushman, of Washington.

Professor Brieger, of the Berlin medical institute, was busily at work in his laboratory, surrounded by a formidable array of chemical and bacteriological utensils.

Dr. William Osler, whose old-age theory has created such a stir, said once in a lecture that all prescriptions and medical directions should be written very plainly, and in a way that admitted of no double interpretation.

Lady Bloomfield, in a magazine article, "Recollections of an Octogenarian," tells of an amusing incident in the career of her cousin, Augustus Hare.

the stranger grew. At last he joined the party, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not wish to obtrude myself upon you; but there are things which no gentleman can hear unconcerned, and without the wish of showing up an impostor.

When Rudyard Kipling was in this country he was once commissioned to write impressions about the chief political boss of the United States, Senator Quay.

Little Toto.

[A prize of two hundred and fifty dollars has been offered by the Animals' Guardian for the best antivivisection novel.

Elsie was running about the house wildly. "Where is Toto?" she cried. Presently the whole house was in an uproar.

A little dog lay bound upon a glass table. Around him were gathered some eight or ten men with cruel, hawklike faces.

"Toto!" she shrieked. "Toto!" A student, whose heart was not yet hardened to the scientific degree, cut the bonds of the poor animal, which sprang into Elsie's arms.

A body swung from a telegraph pole. It was all that remained of the great Dr. Slyker. In full view of the ghastly object, Elsie fed Toto his chicken livers and cream.

"Do you—er—ever tell fibs?" asked the lady who had advertised for a maid. "Not for myself, ma'am," answered the applicant; "only for the missus."

Milk Mixtures

for babies are many times dangerous in that the milk may become tainted. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely safe, being rendered sterile in the process of preparation.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Afternoon Tea

Near five o'clock By the little Dutch clock Gas log aglow Curtains drawn low Candles a-wink Cakes white and pink: Tea kettle's hum Lemon and rum Scents on the air Flowers everywhere Girl in gown green Reads magazine Waiting her cue Some one is due! Ah! There's the bell Book thrown pell-mell A step in the hall Visitor tall Some one gets Violets Then tea for two— So good of you! Cream? A lot. Sugar—? What? —Kate Masteron in New York Sun.

The Norsk Nightingale.

To ban, or not to ban—dis har ban question; Ef it ban nobler for a common geezer To stand for all dis crazy heartache tengs Or else to yump in river, or in lak. To stand, to yump, to drown—dis har ban tuff! To tenk dat ven yu push yure head in under Yu ant com up again to tak gude breath— Yu ant com op at all. Ay tal yu dis: Ef fallers knew yust vat dis game vould be, Ef ve could tal var ve ban apt to go After ve die, val, maybe ve ant 'fraid. But ven ve tenk about all dis sulphur laks, And all dese little yiggers dey call imps, Yumping around and yabbing yu vith forks, Val, den ve say it ant no use to die Until our time ban com. —William F. Kirk in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Colleges never get too old to retain their faculties.—Philadelphia Record.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.



THE best guesser often makes the poorest cocktail—because the proper mixing of the various liquors always has him guessing. CLUB COCKTAILS, the original bottled cocktail, are made after a scientific formula: the choicest of old liquors are blended in perfect proportions.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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For full particulars apply SHAINWALD, BUCKBEE & CO. 218 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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ATLANTIC-TRANSPOD LINE. NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT. Munchaha..... Mar. 18 | Manitou..... Apr. 1 Minnetonka..... Mar. 25 | Mesaba..... Apr. 8

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE. NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM—VIA BOULOGNE. Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M. Noordam..... Mar. 22 | Rydam..... Apr. 5 Statendam..... Mar. 29 | Rotterdam..... Apr. 12

RED STAR LINE. NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS. (Calling at Dover for London and Paris.) Finland..... Mar. 18 | Kroonland..... Apr. 1 Vaderland..... Mar. 25 | Zeeland..... Apr. 8

WHITE STAR LINE. NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL. Oceanic..... Mar. 15, noon | Baltic..... Mar. 29, 1 pm Cedric..... Mar. 22, 6.30 am | Teutonic..... Apr. 5, 10 am Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool. Cymric..... Apr. 5, May 11 | Arabica..... Apr. 27, May 25

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT. TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA THE AZORES. GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA, ALEXANDRIA. From New York. Cretic..... March, 18, April 29, June 15 Republic..... Apr. 13

From Boston. Canopic..... Apr. 1, May 13, June 24, Aug. 5 Romanic..... April 22, June 3, Aug. 19 First-class \$65 upward, depending on date. C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast, 21 Post Street, San Francisco.

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Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 15, at 11 A. M. S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, March 16, at 2 P. M. S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, March 25, at 11 A. M. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 320 Market St., San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marian Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Smith, of Oakland, to Mr. Roland Oliver.

The engagement is announced of Miss Winifred Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wright, to Mr. Giulio Minetti. The wedding will take place in the early summer.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Van Ness le Ruyter to Mr. William Denman. The wedding will take place on April 4th.

The wedding of Miss Alice Brigham, daughter of Mrs. C. B. Brigham, to Lieutenant Clarence Keapitt, U. S. N., will take place on Wednesday at Trinity Church. Miss Katherine Brigham will be maid of honor.

The wedding of Miss Grace Hecht, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, to Mr. John Rothschild, took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, 2100 Washington Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger. Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Mrs. William Gerstle were matrons of honor, and Mr. Julien Rothschild acted as best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Rothschild have gone south on their wedding journey, which will be followed by an extended European tour.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Quinan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Quinan, of Capetown, South Africa, to Mr. Walter Mott Shaw, took place in Paris on February 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw will live in Boston.

Mrs. Florence Porter Phingst and Mrs. John T. Porter gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday. Covers were laid for one hundred and twenty-five.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a card-party on Tuesday at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Katherine Hall gave a tea on Monday in honor of Mrs. Walter Hale and Mrs. James Kent.

Mrs. A. P. Hoteling gave a luncheon on Monday in honor of Mrs. Thomas Watson and Miss Watson.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a week-end house-party and a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Reginald Brooke and Mrs. Ynez Shorb White. Those at the dinner besides the hostesses and the guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. William Brewster Valentine, of New York, Mr. James D. Phelan, Dr. Bruce Fioulkes, Dr. Albert Smith, Mr. Wakefield, and Mr. Findlay.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale gave a dinner at the University Club on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox.

Miss Pearl Ruddick gave a card-party at her home, 1628 Fell Street, on Tuesday evening, when she entertained about forty friends.

Miss Adele Martel will give a luncheon on Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, 3954 Washington Street. Covers will be laid for sixteen.

Mrs. Edward Eyre gave a tea on Tuesday at her residence, 2291 Sacramento Street, in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Percy Selby, Mrs. Rathbone, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Richard B. Girvin, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. William B. Tulbs, Mrs. William B. Brown, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Miss Rosa Barreda, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Anna Selby, and Miss Carmelita Selby.

Miss Cecil Rogers gave a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Louise Whitney.

Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. William Fries, and Mrs. Irvin Judith Weil gave a musicale and tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday, entertaining about two hundred and fifty friends.

Miss Alice Sullivan gave a tea on Monday

at her residence, Washington Street and Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Elsie Sperry gave a tea on Sunday at her residence on Union Street in honor of Miss Carter.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave an informal tea on Sunday afternoon.

The Friday Night Club gave its last ball for the season at the Palace Hotel on the evening of March 3d.

Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Mrs. Jane Stanford, made on July 28, 1903, was filed for probate in San José on Saturday. The specified bequests amount to \$3,100,000. The residue of the estate, which is about \$2,000,000, is left to the Leland Stanford Junior University. The will bequeaths to Ariel Lathrop, of Albany, N. Y., the income from \$1,000,000, said \$1,000,000 to be divided at his death among his relatives. The income from another \$1,000,000 is to be divided among two nieces, Jennie L. Lawton and Amy L. Hansen, who are to receive each one-third of the income; and Daniel L. Gunning and Amy L. Gunning, who are to receive each one-sixth of the income. Charles G. Lathrop, a brother of the deceased, receives the sum of \$1,000,000. Miss Bertha Berner, secretary and companion to Mrs. Stanford, receives \$15,000. Five old servants of the Stanford family are left \$1,000 each.

A number of charitable and other organizations are remembered as follows: Old Ladies' Home, Albany, N. Y., \$10,000; Protestant Orphan Asylum, Albany, N. Y., \$10,000; Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of San Francisco, for the benefit of the poor and needy of that organization, \$10,000; Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses, 3700 California Street, San Francisco, \$10,000; California Woman's Hospital, \$10,000; Sisters of the Holy Family, 800 Hayes Street, San Francisco, \$10,000; Hebrew Home for the Aged and Disabled, 507 Lombard Street, San Francisco, \$10,000; Home of Benevolence, San José, \$5,000; Sheltering Arms Society, San José, \$5,000; College of Notre Dame, San José, \$5,000; San José Sanitarium and Home, \$5,000; San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$5,000; Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, San Francisco, \$5,000; Armitage Orphanage, San Francisco and San Mateo, \$5,000.

The following are to serve as executors of the will without bonds: Charles G. Lathrop, Russell J. Wilson, Timothy Hopkins, Joseph D. Grant, Whitelaw Reid, and T. G. Crothers.

The Mardi Gras Ball.

Unqualified success, socially, artistically, and financially, marked the Mardi Gras ball given on Tuesday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The pageant, arranged by Perham Nahl, with Joan of Arc leading, was the most beautiful and imposing yet seen there, and the decorations by H. C. Breuer were most ambitious in conception and successful in fulfillment. About six hundred people attended the ball. The box-holders were as follows: Mr. Horace Hill, Mr. A. W. Foster, Mrs. J. H. Chanslor, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. H. A. Williams, Mr. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. W. J. Dutton, Mrs. I. N. Walter, and Mr. Willis E. Davis.

A. M. Palmer, the veteran theatrical manager, died in New York on Monday. Mr. Palmer was sixty-seven years of age, and for years was one of the most prominent theatrical men in the United States. Lately he had been manager for Richard Mansfield.

Today's (Saturday's) chief race at the Oakland Track is the Bell Stakes, \$2,000 added, for two-year-olds, now yearlings. Five furlongs is the distance. There are several other good races.

The Western National's New Quarters.

The new quarters of the Western National Bank in the new James Flood Building, at Powell and Market Streets, are easily the handsomest occupied by any bank in the city. The interior decorations are rich but subdued in effect, with statuary bronze and African Numidian marble as the main features of the finishing. The entrance to the bank is from the two streets, one entrance being reserved solely for ladies, something new to San Francisco banks. By use of this accommodation ladies may transact their business without crush or hurry from the strenuous business man. Down in the well-lighted and well-ventilated safe-deposit vaults the fair sex are also favored, there being separate rooms for them, apart from those devoted to the valuables of the sterner sex. Here women may stop on their way down town, shopping or to the theatre, and deposit their jewels for safe-keeping. It is all very convenient. The Western National, of which William C. Murdoch is president, was established about four years ago, with a paid-up capital of half a million, its deposits are now two and a half millions. The new safe deposit vaults of the bank have no superior in this part of the world, or indeed anywhere. The officials of the bank permit visitors to inspect these vaults, which contain eight thousand safe-deposit boxes. They are absolutely fire proof and burglar proof.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Conried Season.

The coming of the Conried Metropolitan Grand Opera Company to the Grand Opera House on April 6th promises to be the chief social and musical event of years. It is safe to say that such a company of singers has never before been assembled. With Nordica, Fremstad, Louise Homer, De Macchi, and Sembrich in the female rôles, and Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Caruso, Goritz, Blass Muhlmann, Reiss, Dippel, Journet, and Scotti to interpret the male parts, there will be such a rendition of the best operas as has never been known here. The coming of Caruso is in itself a sensation. As to the repertoire, no better variety could be asked for than is offered in "Parsifal," "Rigoletto," "Les Huguenots," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I'Pagliacci," "Lucia de Lammermoor," "Gioconda," "Die Fledermaus," and "Die Meistersinger." The three performances of "Parsifal" will be especially notable, as it will be presented (as will be all the operas) exactly as at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Season tickets are selling rapidly. The schedule of prices may be found in another column. The sale of single seats will open on Monday, March 27th.

The D'Albert Concerts.

The three programmes for the concerts of Eugen D'Albert, the pianist, will interest our music-lovers in no small degree. At his first concert, which takes place next Tuesday evening, March 14th, at the Alhambra Theatre, he will play the "Sonata Appassionata," by Beethoven; Schumann's "Carnevale"; a Chopin nocturne and polonaise; Rubinstein's barcarolle, No. 5; the Liszt arrangement of the scherzo and wedding march from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and a scherzo of the artist's own composition. At the Thursday night concert will be given the rarely heard Beethoven sonata, op. 111; Schubert's impromptu, op. 142, No. 3; a group of Chopin works; the "Sonata Fantasie," by Schubert, a work that has never been performed in public here; Liszt's "Sonnet di Petrarca"; the arrangement of Schubert's "Soirée de Vienne"; and, in addition, a waltz of D'Albert's. For the Saturday matinee the programme will consist of Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C-minor; the sonata in E-flat, op. 31, of the same composer; variations on a theme of Handel's by Brahms; two important Chopin works; Liszt's sonata in B-minor; and two of the Schubert impromptus. The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where programmes may be obtained, and the prices are \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

Kreisler, the Violinist, Coming.

It has been a long time since one of the great masters of the most difficult of all instruments, the violin, has appeared before our public. Manager W. L. Greenbaum announces four concerts by Fritz Kreisler, who is admitted to be the successor of Joachim. Kreisler is equally great as a player of the old classics and the modern composers. The programmes may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens Monday, March 20th. The concerts will be given Wednesday, Thursday, Friday nights and Saturday matinee, March 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th. The prices of seats are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Seats can be ordered by mail, if accompanied by check or postal-order, addressed to W. L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Mme. Tetrassini gave a concert at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening. An audience of about twenty-five hundred assembled in the court and the palm garden. The concert was an entire success, and the programme was an interesting one, including "Cara Nome," from Verdi's "Othello," Tosti's "Serenata," and several other selections, all most pleasingly rendered.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Johnston (*née* Landers) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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Reserved seats (including the St. Francis concert), \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Ready Monday, March 20, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels departed on Thursday for New York, and expect to sail from there in a short time for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winship have taken a residence at Ross Valley, and expect to occupy it next week.

Miss Pearl Sahin and Miss Irene Sabin are expected back within a day or so from Fort Snelling, Minn.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and Miss Elizabeth Huntington have returned from Southern California.

Mrs. Andrew Summers Rowan is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'E. Gunn, of 1883 Clay Street, and before returning to Vancouver Barracks will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Billings, of 1912 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn expect to depart at the end of the month for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook (*née* Spreckels) were in Florida when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury and Miss Cadwalader are making a stay of several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, who have been spending a few days at Del Monte, returned on Tuesday.

Mr. Harry Gillig is making a short visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin left on Wednesday for Del Monte, where they will remain several months.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins and Dr. David Starr Jordan sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Denman will sail about April 15th for a year's trip through Europe and India.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills were recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley are again occupying their residence at Sausalito.

Miss Helen Wagner and Miss Etta Warren are sojourning for a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton were among the recent visitors at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Dr. Seward Wehh and a party of friends have arrived from New York, and are at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch and Mr. Enrique Grau have returned from Southern California.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl has returned from Del Monte.

Sir James Home, Lady Home, Mr. S. H. Peddar, and Miss Peddar, of London, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Horn have taken a residence at Sausalito, and will occupy it next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are sojourning in Southern California.

Mr. James D. Phelan was a visitor at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, last week.

Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross have returned to Los Angeles.

Judge and Mrs. Hiram G. Bond, of Santa Clara, expect to make an extended visit to Seattle, Wash.

Miss Georgie Strong, of Oakland, who has been spending the winter in New York and Washington, will return on Monday, accompanied by some Eastern friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carl, prior to sailing for their home in China, were the guests for a short time of the Misses Morrison, of San José.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamant, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mayes, Mrs. T. T. Williams, Miss Williams, Mr. A. B. Bowers, Mr. H. Eickhoff, Mr. C. Lee, Mr. H. J. Kast, Mr. L. W. Farwell, Mr. J. E. Hubbard, Mr. T. Wilhelm, Mr. P. A. Foley, and Mr. J. Alexander.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Peabody, of Portland, Mr. W. W. Belshaw, of Antioch, Dr. and Mrs. H. K. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Gantner, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Eates, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Masterson, and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Partridge.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, were Mr. and Mrs. David F. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thiel, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Linforth, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dalzel Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dunn, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Porter Spaulding, Mrs. William Roder, Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Mrs. W. D. Shawhan, Mrs. F. S. Johnson, Miss Margaret Walker, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss M. Dore, Miss K. B. Glass, Mr. William F. Wood, Mr. J. W. O'Brien, Judge John Garber, Mr. Garrett McEnerney, and Mr. F. H. Foote.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. George Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Peters and Mr. J. D. Peters, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Converse, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Thayer, and Mr. W. C. Chick, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Cornwell, Mrs. N. B. Lu Duc, and Mr. Lewis B. Lu Duc, of Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Farnham, of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. D. Winant, Miss

Winant, Miss Gratu, Miss Mildred Callaghan, Mr. Walter L. McGinn, Mr. J. Enright, Mr. James McGinn, and Mr. D. Winant, Jr., of Brooklyn.

Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., is relieved of the command of the Department of the Lakes, to take effect March 31st. He will then proceed to San Francisco, relieving Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., from the command of the Department of California, and from temporary command of the Pacific division.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, U. S. A., have been inspecting Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, during the week.

Rear-Admiral Joseph N. Miller, U. S. N., and Rear-Admiral William H. Whiting, U. S. N., sailed on Wednesday for Manila.

Rear-Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry have returned from the Orient. Miss Eleanor Terry accompanied them as far as Honolulu, where she remained for a short visit.

Commander James H. Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull have been visiting Santa Barbara.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Miss Lillie McCalla, have returned from the East, and are at Mare Island.

Captain Benjamin Poore, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Jefferson Barracks, and will sail for the Philippines on March 31st.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., Mrs. Winship, and Miss Patricia Cosgrave were recent guests at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Lieutenant Frank Marhle, U. S. N., and Mrs. Marhle sailed on Wednesday for Tokio, where Lieutenant Marhle will assume his duties as attaché of the American legation.

The new banquet-room of St. Dunstan's is already bespoken for several society functions. The room is a marvel of magnificence and taste. The high wainscoting is of selected mahogany, in natural finish, every panel a picture. The alcove windows are of stained glass with St. Dunstan's crest. The ceiling is in gold by Keeffe.

When tired of the din of city life, there is nothing like a trip to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, where, within view of San Francisco, one may look out over one of the most delightful panoramas in the world.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 745 MARKET STREET.

— NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats, Spring styles, now open. Eugene Horn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street. Telephone Main 3185.

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RACING! RACING! NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB OAKLAND TRACK The Bell Stakes, \$2,000 Added. Saturday, March 11th. Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine. Races start at 2.15 P. M., sharp.

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take S. P. ferry, foot of Market Street, at 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 7.00. Returning—Trains leave the track at 4.10 and 4.45 P. M., and immediately after the last race. PERCY W. TREAT, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.



Trains leave and arrive to arrive SAN FRANCISCO FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1905. FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

Table with columns: LEAVE, MAIN LINE, ARRIVE. Lists various train routes and times to and from San Francisco.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. 17 15 A.M. 9 00 A.M. 11 00 A.M. 3 00 P.M. 6 15 P.M.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Gracy—"Maude asked George to kiss her." Gladys—"Well, I like her cheek!" Gracy—"So did George."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss Pert—"Which half is it that doesn't know how the other half lives?" Miss Constance—"The better half."—Philadelphia Record.

Brother—"You can't think how nervous I was when I proposed." Sister—"You can't think how nervous she was until you did."—Toion and Country.

Jack—"Why do you girls spend so much time and money on dress?" Nell (candidly)—"To interest the men and worry other girls."—Philadelphia Press.

"You say you are not afraid of the trusts?" "Not a bit," answered Senator Sorghum; "some of 'em have been the best friends I ever had."—Washington Star.

"Her complexion is very clear," said the casual acquaintance. "Yes, indeed," her dearest friend agreed; "anybody can see through it."—Cleveland Leader.

Nell—"Mr. Kanmerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture." Belle—"Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What reason does he give for not paying his wife alimony?" "He says that marriage is a lottery, and hence alimony is a gambling debt."—Collier's Weekly.

"Waiter, these are mighty small oysters." "Yes, sir." "And they don't appear to be very fresh, either." "Then it's lucky they're small, ain't it, sir?"—Cleveland Leader.

She—"Freddie and Clara are engaged, but they have decided to keep their engagement a secret. Clara told me so." He—"Yes, I know. Freddie told me."—Pick-Me-Up.

The boss—"I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business." The applicant—"Don't I, though? I keep company with your typewriter."—Chicago Journal.

"Charles, have you ever considered going into any business?" "Naw. The governor wanted me to last year, but I told him, duntcherknow, it was enough to have one tradesman in the family."—Punch.

Physician (looking into his anteroom, where a number of his patients are waiting)—"Who has been waiting the longest?" Tailor (who has called to present his bill)—"I have, doctor; I delivered the clothes to you three years ago."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Mrs. Brickrow—"How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive bonnets?" Mrs. Topflatt—"I take him shopping with me, walk him around until he can't stand, and then wind up in a bonnet store. He'll buy anything to get home."—New York Weekly.

"Yes," said he, letting her out another notch beyond the speed limit, "the automobile has come to stay." Then the machine slowed down, gave a shudder or two and a dry, rasping cough, and stopped. "You were right," said his guest a few hours later as they trudged wearily into town.—Houston Post.

Lecturer on the French Revolution—"It is impossible to imagine the chaos that reigned—confusion and anarchy everywhere. In our more peaceful conditions we can not even imagine such a state of things." Man at the back of the hall—"Yes, we can, mister. Come up to our house; we're movin'."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Oldcastle. "I'm so shocked to hear that Mrs. Plunkett has applied for a divorce. Do you know what is the matter?" "Josiah," her hostess replied, "says it on statutory grounds. I guess it must have been over that nasty statute of Venus with nothing on that he brought from Europe and put in the hall."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Is Florrie's engagement really off, then?" "Oh, yes. Jack wanted her to give up gambling and smoking, and goodness knows what else." (Chorus) "How absurd!"—Punch.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINN'S" Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY. Table with columns: Lv. San Francisco, Ar. San Francisco, Wk. Days, Sundays. Includes logo and address: 1660 MARKET ST., (North Shore Railroad) OFFICES and SAUSALITO FERRY, Foot Market St.

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Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect Oct. 2, 1904, Arrive San Francisco. Lists train times and destinations like Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Hopland and Ukiah, Willits and Sherwood, Guerneville, Sonoma and Glou Ellen, Sebastopol.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Boonville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs, at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sandridge Heights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Sowers; at Sherwood for Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harns, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka. On Sunday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates. On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building. JAS. L. FRAZIER, R. X. RVAN, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt.

NORTH SHORE FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC. Via Sausalito Ferry. DEPART DAILY, 17:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 10:15, and 11:35 P. M. ARRIVE DAILY at 16:40, 7:35, 8:15, 8:50, 9:35, 10:50 A. M., 12:10, 1:30, 2:55, 4:25, 5:05, 5:42, 6:22, 6:57, 7:40, and 11:25 P. M. DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, daily at 7:45 A. M., also 3:15 P. M. Saturday and 5:15 P. M. daily, except Saturday and Sunday. THROUGH TRAINS. 7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 3:15 P. M., Saturdays only, for Cazadero, etc. 5:15 P. M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, for Tomales, etc. Ticket Offices, 650 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St. JAS. L. FRAZIER, R. X. RVAN, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agent. G. W. HEINTZ, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.



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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 22 Sutter Street established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

SPANISH AND FRENCH LIBRARY (DE FILIPPE'S), 1018 Post St. Established 1871; 7,000 volumes.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LVI. No. 1462.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 20, 1905.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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the unqualified prognosis of the Associated Press's Washington dispatch of March 14th is correct, the Senate will within a few days vote upon the Santo Domingo treaty, and it will be defeated. The *Chronicle* heads account: "Defeat of Dominican Treaty Sure." As represented in the dispatch to which we refer a decision has been reached by the Democratic majority to vote as a unit against the measure. As Democratic minority consists of thirty-two senators in a total of eighty-eight, and as one more than thirds is required for the ratification of any treaty, it will be seen that if such an agreement as is

reported has indeed been reached, the Santo Domingo treaty will be rejected. Thus a document which, as Walter Wellman reported, was received by the Senate "in a suspicious, irritable, hypocritical mood," has by it curtly, unamiably, and ruthlessly been dismissed.

It is unnecessary for us to point out that this act of the Senate's is a matter of considerable political importance. It is a matter of preserving the inviolate integrity of the Monroe Doctrine. As the President very clearly pointed out in his message transmitting the treaty which the Senate rejects, "when the condition of affairs becomes such as it has become in Santo Domingo, either we must submit to the likelihood of infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, or we must ourselves agree to some such arrangement as that herewith submitted to the Senate." If the President was right in his contention, then the rejection of the treaty renders "likely" the infringement of the Monroe Doctrine by foreign powers. If such infringement occurs, the President will justly hold the Democratic party, as represented by its thirty-two senators, responsible therefor, and, furthermore, responsible for any disputes diplomatic or conflicts military that may grow out of such infringement of a doctrine which Monroe promulgated and which we have maintained for eighty years.

The events which have led up to the present situation are not very many or particularly complicated. When, in the fall of 1892, the state of Venezuela, under the dictatorship of Cipriano Castro, refused reasonable satisfaction to European powers to which debts were owing, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy dispatched to American waters a formidable fleet. The antiquated vessels composing the navy of Venezuela were sunk or captured, and her principal port was bombarded and reduced. To say that such wantonly belligerent proceedings in American waters on the part of the warships of European powers were repugnant to the sensibilities of citizens of this country, is stating the matter mildly. To no one were they more repugnant than to President Roosevelt, who, considering the strength of our fleet in comparison with those of Germany and Great Britain, combined as they then were, was compelled to sit by helplessly. It is clear, however, that, at that time, President Roosevelt resolutely determined that no such disagreeable incident should again occur if it might by any means be avoided.

President Roosevelt's first move toward effecting such a desired consummation was in the form of a letter read at the so-called Cuban dinner by then Secretary of War Root, in which the President warned the nations of the Western Hemisphere that where conditions of disorder and anarchy were permitted to exist, so that lives and property of foreigners resident in the country were put in peril, national debts repudiated, and irresponsible substituted for responsible government, the United States would deem it its bounden duty to intervene in the interests of peace and order. Because of the ideas enunciated in this letter to Mr. Root, President Roosevelt was immediately and bitterly attacked by a considerable section of the American press. That the position it took, however, was one that did not commend itself to the majority of the people of this country is the conclusion unmistakably to be drawn from the course of the late campaign and the results of the election. At least, it is very evident that this is the view Mr. Roosevelt himself took of the matter, for immediately upon his election he seized an occasion to reiterate and expand the ideas contained in his letter to Mr. Root. "Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the tides of civilized

society," he said, "may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

Having enunciated a cardinal principle of his administrative policy, it followed naturally that, when occasion arose, Mr. Roosevelt should endeavor to carry it into effect. Accordingly, when, to quote from the late message, "conditions in the Dominican Republic" came not only to "constitute a menace to our relations with other foreign nations," but also to "concern the prosperity of the people of the island as well as the security of American interests," it was inevitable that Mr. Roosevelt should have proceeded, as he did proceed, to the negotiation of a treaty looking toward the administration by this country of the custom-houses of the republic, the preservation of order, the payment of just obligations to the subjects of foreign countries, and the safeguarding of American interests.

It is this treaty whose rejection by the Senate is now said to be certain. If so, and if the President is right in his statement of the alternative to our peaceable intervention in Dominica at the request of that government, we shall see a forcible seizure of custom-houses by foreign warships and a sequestration of revenues by foreign powers, all at our very doors. That such violation of the sovereignty of an American republic will be a distinct infringement of the Monroe Doctrine is not to be doubted. But we shall be measurably estopped from protest, since we shall have refused ourselves to intervene. The disagreeable blockade of Venezuelan seaports, with its concomitants of bombardment and capture of vessels, will be repeated, but again we shall be unable to stir hand or foot.

It is rather fortunate (always assuming that the report from Washington is correct) that the Democrats in the Senate have so unanimously assumed the responsibility for the practical repudiation of the Monroe Doctrine. For the first time in nearly a century, we believe, the doctrine enunciated by James Monroe becomes thereby a party issue.

Action and reaction are equal, if we may believe our school-books. If we break ten commandments on Saturday our remorse on Sunday is of Tartarean depths, dark. He who has kissed, not wisely, but too well, is your genuine misogynist in the making. After making the desert, the Creator made California.

After careful meditation on this axiomatic truth, it is puzzling to define with exactitude why it is that Minnesota is going to christen its battle-ship with water. What was the action that brought on this reaction? What glorious and debauch incarnadine has the Norse commonwealth been upon that its repentance is of this chill and aqueous complexion? Here is the tale as told in the dispatches:

ST. PAUL, March 11th.—Water from Minnehaha Falls will be used in christening the battle-ship *Minnesota*. Miss Rose Schaller, the university student who is to christen the battle-ship, and Governor Johnson have both received numerous letters from temperance advocates urging that water instead of wine be used for the christening. . . . The water probably will be carbonated so as to give the proper fizz when the bottle is broken.

It is surprising that a temperance advocate would have anything to do at all with an engine of war, if his belief is of this uncompromising variety. Temperance is good. There would be less beating of wives and more small accounts in the banks if the saloon were not so multitudinous. But this action of Minnesota

goes beyond the lines of ordinary benevolent activity. It shows some deep and burning feeling. Possibly it indicates a sentiment of the Middle West that mineral waters are preferable to wines, or a conviction that a danper should in some way be put on this passion for war, or possibly nothing at all but a reaction from some stupendous carousal.

But the *Argonaut* is ashamed of the wavering fashion of Minnesota. Carbonate the mild and dulcet waters of Minnehaha? 'Tis a base surrender to the Evil One. If we are to have water, let it be water, plain, unadulterate, without false pretenses. Christen our temperance battle-ship with no base subterfuge. Bathe it in the pure element. Wash its sides with tubs and splash its bows as it descends the ways with barrels. Let us not be half-hearted about it. Down with the Demon Drink, and up with the Water Wagon.

If Minnesota insists on fizzy water, why not use a siphon? Beautiful picture! Blessed depiction of fancy! Miss Schaller, siphon bottle in hand, spraying the lofty bows of the *Minnesota* as it rushes into the water while a million of Minnesota's citizens hurrah and throw their caps in the air, their beaming faces expressing their exquisite delight at the triumph of the White Ribbon, the W. C. T. U., and seltzer. But even the most ardent sympathizers with the white ribbon will not, let us hope, ever hear that on some far-off sea, amid the smoke of battle, there suddenly floated out from the truck of the *Minnesota* that thin white streamer which acknowledges utter defeat. Better that the battle-ship had been christened drunkenly with whisky, sent into the sea redolent of strong liquors, red-eyed, blatant, but defiant to the last, reeling back into the battle, never saying die, hammer and tongs, show your colors . . . not afraid of anybody. . . . Pass the bottle.

The strike of the employees of the Interborough Company, which operates the subway lines in the City of New York, has ended gloriously for the strikers. It was from the first doomed so to end. The men had entered into a three years' agreement with the company; they broke it. They entered upon the strike without the sanction of the national organization, and with little or no warning to the public. These two facts, in combination with the great inconvenience caused, lost them from the beginning the sympathy of nearly everybody. Besides, the men were receiving wages that compared very favorably with those of men in similar employment elsewhere. The ease with which the subway can be guarded from those who would interfere with the operation of the underground lines, made forcible coercion out of the question. Consequently the strike failed. Its failure has proved on the one hand how wrong-headed, stupid, and badly led a body of workmen may be, and, on the other hand, that the leaders of the national organization, on occasion, may be both conservative and reasonable. Had the issue been submitted to the national organization, there would have been no strike. As it is, the four million people of New York have had their hostility to labor unions not a little strengthened.

Congressman John Albert Tiffin Hull, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs of the Fifty-Fifth Congress, was born in 1841, served as captain in the Civil War, has held positions of honor in his native State, and has served fourteen years in the lower house of Congress. What he predicts, therefore, as to the future of Japan and the United States, carries a certain weight. "Japan," he is quoted as saying, "needs the Philippines. She would prefer to buy the islands, and if she collects a great indemnity from Russia she may do so. If we do not want to sell, we can safely expect that the Japanese will not lose time in finding occasion for trouble with us." Mr. Hull further affirms that his view of the matter agrees with that entertained in various Occidental capitals. He points out that in a war with Japan we should be in much the same situation as Russia is now—with the seat of war several thousand miles distant from the base of supplies.

These ideas given expression by Congressman Hull are not exactly new. In the *Argonaut* as long ago as last October, it was pointed out by a correspondent that there was peril to peace in American possession of islands which, geographically speaking, belong to the same group as the islands which constitute the Japanese Empire—lands which Japan wants and has made tentative overtures for. "Suppose," said our correspondent, writing six months ago, "that, flushed with victory over Russia, Japan should renew her overtures and make them arrogant ones. Suppose the United States should repel and resent them. Suppose Japan should move as quickly toward forcible measures as she did with Russia. The capital of the United States is eleven thousand miles away from its Philip-

pine possessions. Could that government conduct a Philippine-Japanese war from Washington more easily than Russia does from St. Petersburg? Would American citizens hasten to volunteer in defense of their Philippine fatherland against Japan?"

All these were and are questions extremely pertinent. Mr. Hull appears to believe that the United States would undertake a sanguinary war in defense of our far Pacific islands. Our Havre correspondent, on the other hand, assumed that we should be too sensible to embark on so mad and perhaps disastrous a contest. Without sharing Mr. Hull's apparent belief that the United States is going to be in trouble with Japan immediately Japan emerges victorious from the contest with Russia, it is yet none too soon for Americans to begin to ponder the question whether, as Mr. Hull advises, we shall proceed to fortify the Philippines and Hawaii in preparation for an American-Asiatic conflict, or, on the other hand, quietly make up our minds to sell to Japan, at a fair and reasonable figure, the Philippines, with their seven million brown inhabitants, pack our grips, and get out of Eastern Asiatic waters.

Substantially, the reasons set forth in these columns last week for believing that Mrs. Stanford's death was due to natural causes are those which induced Dr. David Starr Jordan and Mr. Timothy Hopkins, after a full and complete investigation at Honolulu, to issue a signed statement expressing their belief that no crime was committed. The statement sets forth that, in the opinion of its signers, death was due "to a combination of conditions and circumstances," among which were Mrs. Stanford's "advanced age, the unaccustomed exertion, the surfeit of unsuitable food, and the unusual exposure during the picnic to which she went on the day of her death." Dr. Jordan and Mr. Hopkins go on to say that "these conditions were perhaps somewhat aggravated by the presence of strychnine and other drugs in the medicinal capsules, and possibly also by the presence of the small amount of strychnine contained in the dose of bicarbonate of soda." The occurrence of the minute quantities of poison in the bicarbonate of soda is still an unsolved mystery. But, as was pointed out last week, the most reasonable explanation is an error of the pharmacist. It is unfortunate that the coroner's jury should, either through lack of intelligence or because of some exterior influence, have rendered a verdict of death by poison administered by person or persons unknown. But their findings, in the face of Dr. Jordan's statement and the total failure of the efforts of the detectives, will have little weight, except with those who, like the editors of the San Francisco daily newspapers, prefer to accept anything but normal and natural explanations. The conduct of the dailies in this matter has really been outrageous. By every means in their power they have endeavored to poison the minds of the public with the belief that Mrs. Stanford was murdered. In the page after page of baseless rumor and wildest speculation that they have printed, they have, at one time or other, practically charged with murder every person who had the misfortune to be with or about Mrs. Stanford at the time of her death. The persons so unwarrantably held up to public obloquy by the sensational press will never quite pass from under the black shadow of suspicion. The most exquisite mental torture has been and will be their lot—all that the venal journals of San Francisco might sell a few more saffron copies and put a few more greasy dollars in the pockets of their plutocratic publishers.

On September 14, 1901, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States through the death by assassination of Mr. William McKinley. On the fourth of March Mr. Roosevelt was again sworn in as chief executive, and, apart from the tremendous fact of his popularity, he has done so many things worth while that a review of them has almost to be made a catalogue. And he has done things so quickly, and waited so little time before passing to the next, that probably most of his admirers would fail, without help, to remember it all.

Three things stand out: the settlement of the coal strike, the wresting of a Cuban reciprocity measure from an unwilling Congress, and the acquisition of the Panama Canal zone and the beginning of work on that enterprise. The first showed the confidence of both employers and employees in Mr. Roosevelt's fairness and honor, the second his dogged persistence in the face of determined opposition, and the third the dashing character of his courage.

But there are other things he did little less worth recording. During his first administration the vexed Alaskan boundary question was laid at rest by a de-

cision largely in favor of the United States. He secured the reference of certain important issues between the Republic of Venezuela and the European powers to The Hague tribunal. He succeeded in transmitting the famous Kishineff petition to Czar himself, though at the same time courteously asking whether it could be received at all. During the Chinese troubles Mr. Roosevelt maintained the dignity of the United States, and carried out Mr. McKinley's purpose to preserve China's identity. He promoted peace with Germany, and scared the southern Mediterranean powers so that they no longer lie in wait for the wealthy citizen and shoot our consuls. He has developed the Philippines, affronted monopolies at every turn, and dogged the trusts in every manner of their search to evade the laws of the land.

Two investigations into the conduct of government offices have been made by Mr. Roosevelt, and the consequences bravely and immediately met. The offenders in the Post-Office Department are some of them now serving sentences. An ex-commissioner of the Land Office and congressman, together with a United States senator and a host of smaller officials are now awaiting trial, and Mr. Roosevelt has shown no signs of fear of what may develop.

The precedents of Mr. Roosevelt's policy in case of Cuba and of the Canal Zone he is now following out in the instance of the troublous conditions in Santo Domingo, and thus we find him, as he came up to our knowledge as a President, working earnestly for American interests. He now has on his hands the Dominican entanglement, the land fraud investigation, the reorganization of the canal commission, and the building up of the needed navy.

But the most remarkable achievement of all of President's during his first administration was his gaining the confidence of the whole people so absolutely. This is likely to be his reward during the coming four years. Facing the Senate and having Congress but incoherently on his side, it is beginning to be evident that Mr. Roosevelt takes his orders from an organized body, but relies, as a wise man sure of himself, upon that tremendous backing given a popular and trusted statesman.

The world's greatest battle is ended, but it is yet time for conclusions. Indeed, it is extremely amusing to behold with what an air of finality editors in snug offices half a world away from the scene of hostilities dole out praise and blame to generals and armies. "Kuropatkin was too slow," one tells us. "Kuropatkin lacked initiative," proclaims another. "He should have hurried himself upon the Japanese left flank," vouchsafes a third. All their reasoning and most of their conclusions sound very nice and logical. But when you stop and think that close upon a million men were engaged; that the fighting line was nearly a hundred miles in length; that the commander-in-chief had to work with generals of varying ability, perhaps strong in one way and weak in others; that he had to operate with troops, some raw and some veteran, some unaffected and some courageous, and, finally, that none of us really know whether Oyama had as many as reported 75,000 more men than Kuropatkin or several hundred thousand more—when all these things are considered, it will naturally occur to reasonable persons that off-hand judgments are far more likely to be wrong than right. Whatever may be the final conclusions, however, upon General Kuropatkin's greatness or mediocrity as a military commander, the facts that stand out are that he has fought three great battles, but has won no victory, and that his last battle is the most disastrous of them all. True, the tremendous task of withdrawing a beaten army to a position forty miles in the rear of the scene of conflict together with tens of thousands of wounded and quantities of supplies, was achieved when the world had begun to doubt if it could by even the most heroic effort be accomplished. Indeed, when the battle was at an end, the Russian troops retained sufficient strength to make a sudden advance and destroy a thousand Japanese attackers. The reports represent that Russian loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners is something like 200,000 men, while the Japanese loss is estimated at over 100,000. It should not be forgotten that a loss of so many soldiers by Japan is a greater relative drain upon her resources than the loss of 200,000 is upon the great empire of Russia. Even if, as reported, General Kuropatkin has been forced to retreat (without loss, however) from Tie Pass, it is by no means certain that peace is at hand. If Kuropatkin's shattered army by slow retreats toward Harbin holds at bay Oyama's victorious but sadly disheartened troops until more troops from Russia's almost exhausted supply can be dispatched, the end of the war may be as far away as ever. Nor ought it to be quite ignored that there is still a bare chance that

THE BIG
NEW YORK
STRIKE.

JAPAN
AND THE
PHILIPPINES.

THE
STANFORD
CASE.

THE ACTS OF
THEODORE
ROOSEVELT.

THE BATTLE
OF MUKDEN
AND AFTER.

Russian fleet may finally encounter and destroy that of Admiral Togo. His is, on paper, the smaller squadron, and while the world supposes that superior Japanese generalship and other considerations will give him the victory, the possibility that the Russians might regain their lost command of the seas ought always to be kept in mind.

Despite Governor Pardee's testimonial to the late departed thirty-sixth legislature of the State of California, the people of the State, we opine, regarded its obsequies last week with a distinct glow of pleasurable satisfaction. True, the senate did itself proud by summarily ejecting four of its members who are accused of receiving bribes. A measure has been passed, with the indorsement of the Sacramento Valley Development Association, looking toward the reclamation of the overflow lands. In the pressing matter of tax reform, a tax commission has been appointed, and measurably satisfactory inheritance tax and other tax laws have been passed. Among other important measures are those creating a board of forestry, the appropriation of substantial sums for agricultural experimentation, and for the purchase of a farm for the college of agriculture. Half a million dollars has been devoted to building purposes at San Quentin and Folsom, and the State capitol is to have a thorough renovation. The sum of \$150,000 has been properly appropriated for the erection of a building for the San Francisco Normal School, and two hundred code revision bills were enacted. After a hard fight, the Yosemite Valley was ceded to the national government, which will wisely administer it. On the other hand, it may be regretted that the resolution instructing our representatives and senators to support the railway-rate bill, which has the backing of Mr. Roosevelt, failed of passage, and a number of the bills "rushed through" during the last lays of the session were doubtless vicious. The people, however, have confidence in their governor, and depend upon him to exercise his power of veto with wisdom and rigor.

M. Vladimir Tchertkoff, a friend of Count Tolstoy, who is living in banishment in England, has been criticising "the much-vaunted freedom of England," which, he says, is not what foreigners have supposed it to be. What he has to say is likely to amaze some gentle readers. For instance:

I do not find in general that the state of England is very much better than the state of Russia. There is the same combination of oppressors and exploiters on the one hand, and the oppressed and exploited on the other. The laws in this country, as in Russia, protect the wealth of one man while allowing another to die of hunger. Indeed, I believe there is a disadvantage in a government like that of England in comparison with a state of rude autoeracy such as exists in Russia. Whereas in Russia the evils produced by the government are self-evident, and the government is opposed by people enlightened in the least degree, in England, on the contrary, while the government supports and encourages the same evils, they are not so obvious, and consequently not combated by the people. There is a kind of a show of justice. In Russia the evil is wrought with bare hands; in England, with kid gloves. Therefore, there is less hope of the evil being recognized and dealt with. Members of the House of Commons are not the representatives of the people, but of the moneyed classes. The voting of work-people is influenced by their employers. A man in not venture to become a parliamentary candidate unless he is prepared to spend several thousands of pounds on his election. The favorable impression at first made upon a Russian who comes to reside in England is not maintained when the foundations of things are examined. In fashionable circles in St. Petersburg the interests, especially of the women, take a more serious form than their prototypes in the West End of London. I would affirm, in fact, that women in Russian high society are more cultured and women of like position in England. For example, these intelligent fashionable ladies in St. Petersburg do not, as could not, read the "trashy," superficial literature decried in the drawing-rooms of London.

The real test of any theory is, Will it kill a man? We never know how close we are to the truth until we have a dead body as the result of our efforts to find the secret. The present army people are very much interested in the struggle between Russia and Japan that are bodies for all theorists to work on. General "Ozier," chief of ordnance, has, with the other members of the general staff, been trying to evolve the theory which will fit such awful slaughter. Among other things he has found that the much-despised bayonet is really a most valuable arm of offense. Are the plains and gullies of Manchuria grim beyond the grimness of leaden and wintry skies because the bayonet's work has been done? Therefore some new experiments are being made to see what sort of a bayonet will be the best for our new army rifle.

There are sword bayonets, knife bayonets, rod bayonets, fluted bayonets—all sorts of modifications of the ancient lance which our ancestors used in the dark of the moon. The rod bayonet, which was to have been used on the new arm, is likely to be discarded for the fluted bayonet, the same that was used on the old Springfield, with some alterations. The reason for this is that the efficiency of the modern rifle is such as to make night attacks a necessity, and, consequently, hand-to-hand fighting. A rifle in a personal contest of strength and agility is not all that is wanted. A good strong bayonet, equal to lifting the weight of a heavy man on its point, is what is wanted. But we shall not be sure that it is all we want until several thousand men have sweat and struggled through the night along the slope of some much-desired hill. We must look upon the dead before we can know.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Need We Confiscate the Railways?

SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 10, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The Argonaut is the most interesting and readable weekly published in the West. What a pity that the daily papers of the large cities can not see that their appearance would be vastly improved if they would drop their shrieking head-lines and their illustrated monstrosities—their vulgar, skyscraping pictures, etc. My object in writing is to offer a suggestion, apropos of your able article upon the battle now pending between the American people and the railways, and your further query whether, in the event of the railways and trusts coming off victors, the people will not rise in their might and end the matter by confiscating the railways.

I have frequently tried to get the following suggestion in print, and I consider it would be worth millions to the American people if the newspapers and the people's leaders would take it up.

The talk of confiscating the railways would raise a terrible commotion, because there are (or would claim to be) millions of innocent investors who would say they were being robbed—that they had bought these shares and bonds in good faith, and the people, if they want to buy the railways, must pay their fair market stock exchange value, regardless of whether the stock has been watered. They will argue that if the railways now pay six per cent., that this is six per cent. on their just market value, regardless of the fact that this six per cent. is extorted from the producers, manufacturers, and consumers of the country by means of what amounts to a "hold up"—the force of monopolies and combines.

The published accounts of the Southern Pacific Railway Company show that the line is capitalized at \$80,000 a mile, and never cost over \$20,000 per mile, and that it is therefore "watered" four hundred per cent., and whenever shippers demand reduced freights, the managers say, "We can't pay interest on our investment if we make any reduction." This they have testified again and again before the Interstate Commerce Commission. Of course, the Santa Fé and other roads are "in the same boat."

Now, when it comes to the point, and the railways see that they are going to lose, what will they do?

Obviously, they will say, "If we have got to sell out, let us at least fool the people into paying for the watered stock. Let us (through a subsidized press) raise a big howl against 'confiscation and robbery,' and appeal to Uncle Sam's generosity to make him pay the stock exchange value, and don't forget the 'widows and orphans,' and the poor 'professional man,' and the 'maiden ladies' who have invested their savings, etc."

Just imagine what a stupendous bribery fund they will be able to wield. It will be a question whether the American people shall pay five to seven billion of dollars more than the railways are worth, and be saddled for all time with interest on that sum. And they can afford to offer congressmen and senators and newspapers \$100,000 apiece, or even five times that sum. Where can men be found to resist such bribes?

Now to cut the matter short, and prevent the American people being saddled for all time with a staggering bonded indebtedness that would be sheer robbery, I propose that the people, through the government and their leaders, shall tell the railways: "We will either pay you the actual present cost of duplicating your lines and rolling stock (entirely regardless of stock exchange values), or we will construct a new line from New York and New Orleans to San Francisco, San Diego, and Portland."

We have as much right to do this as we have to construct the Panama Canal.

Needless to say, before the first stake was driven on this new project, the railways would come, "cap in hand," begging Congress to take over their roads at bare cost or as scrap iron! Long before this stage was reached, the stock exchange values would have shrunk to their legitimate value, based on what the government would build a new line for.

I respectfully suggest that this is the true solution of the railway problem. I have several times offered this idea to the Socialist papers and the Hearst papers, but it has been uniformly ignored—because (I suppose) the editors dare not or will not recognize anything that is not on their "platform," no matter how good and true it may be. I repeat, there are millions in it for the American people.

FRED A. BINNEY.

Montaigne and Professor Osler.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: While people are still talking of Professor Osler and his theory that men do all the good work of their lives before forty, and should be chloroformed at sixty, let me recall to the minds of your readers what Montaigne wrote over three hundred years ago.

In one of his essays, Montaigne says: For my part I believe our souls are adult at twenty, as much as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever. A soul that has not by that time given evident earnest of its force and virtue will never after come to proof. Natural parts and excellences produce what they have of vigorous and fine within that time or never. Of all the great human actions I ever heard or read of, of what sort soever I have observed, both in former ages and our own, more performed before thirty than after.

As to myself, I am certain that since that age both my understanding and my constitution have rather decayed than improved, retired rather than advanced.

Knowledge and experience may grow and increase with years, but our own vivacity, steadiness, quickness, and other qualities languish and decay. Though melinks men should hardly be sent to the fireside till five and fifty or sixty years of age.

And so we find that Professor Osler's theories have not even the merit of originality, except wherein he shocks our sensibilities by suggesting chloroform at sixty, while Montaigne, more in accordance with every feeling of humanity, fairness, affection, and reverence, would relegate men of five and fifty or sixty to the fireside.

A. V. F.

BIARRITZ ON BISCAY BAY.

By Jerome Hart.

Biarritz and San Sebastian are intermediate stations between the summer and winter resorts; along the Pyrenees there are many such. As the richer dwellers in the bleak northlands gradually take their flight southward, they often stop at various stations on the way. The Pyrenees watering-places are favorite resorts for the late summer, the autumn, and the early winter. As the weather grows colder, the votaries of fashion flit still further south—to Andalusia, to Algeria, to Morocco, to Egypt. It may be said, however, that the Spanish court uses San Sebastian as a summer resort, while the English habitués, of whom there are not a few, utilize it, like Biarritz, as a winter stopping place.

Bayonne, which is on the roads between the two, is not a pleasure resort but a commercial city. Still it is quite a haven for yachts, as there is only a poor harbor at San Sebastian, while at Biarritz there is no harbor at all. While on the way one day from Biarritz to San Sebastian, we halted at Bayonne. I was struck by the number of steam-yachts at anchor in the river, for Bayonne lies on a river, a broad and magnificent stream, lined with cut stone quays and with fine moles and light-houses at its mouth. This fine river, I regret to say, I never before had heard the name of, although I believed that in youth I had studied geography. It is called the Adour.

Among the pleasure craft lying at Bayonne, I noticed, as I had in many European harbors, one of the numerous yachts belonging to women. It is very common nowadays in Europe for women of wealth, often of title, to spend months cruising through Northern European waters in summer, through Southern European waters in winter. The Duchess of Bedford is a good sailor, and we saw her yacht at Stockholm. At Trouville lay the steam-yacht of Mme. Meunier, the wife of the multi-millionaire chocolate manufacturer, although I believe she is divorced and now bears her maiden name. At Bayonne the handsomest yacht was the *Nirvana*, also belonging to a lady, the Countess of Bearn. This boat has a speed of fourteen knots, carries a crew of forty, has two steam-launches, five other boats, and has electric fittings of the most modern description. She is a beautiful craft, painted white, and graceful as a swan on the water. One envies the countess her floating palace.

It is not uncommon for these yachting ladies to cruise in the Baltic in the summer, do Sweden and Norway, then send their boats around by the Straits of Gibraltar, joining them by rail at Villafranca, or some other Riviera yachting harbor. Then they cruise through the Mediterranean, often going to Alexandria, where they leave the yacht, while they charter a steam *dahabcah*, and take their entire party of guests on a trip up the Nile.

While we were gazing at the *Nirvana*, a big German excursion liner sounded her whistle and made preparations to cast off her hawsers and get under way. Crowds gathered on the quay to see her depart, and then we witnessed a curious manifestation. Here was a German ship, flying the German flag, with a German band, crowded with German passengers—everything, in short, German except the music, for the German band played the "Marseillaise" so vigorously that they almost cracked their cheeks. Although they played with more energy than harmony, the French crowd did not mind, but cheered lustily, and demanded it over again. The quays far down the river were lined with crowds shouting, waving handkerchiefs, and singing the "Marseillaise." The Germans on deck also waved their handkerchiefs and cheered, while their band played the French national air, *du capo, d. c., encore une fois, und noch ein Mal*. I never expected to live long enough to see a German steamer, under the German flag, sailing out of a French harbor, with a German band playing "La Marseillaise," and with a French crowd delightedly cheering them for their courtesy. To add to the oddity of it all, the Frenchmen used the familiar cheer, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" a shout which I had believed was used only by men who had learned to speak English in their childhood.

That Biarritz has only a roadstead and not a harbor is proved by the caution which shipmasters show in approaching it. That its bathing beach is a dangerous one is shown by the numerous casualties that take place there. Not long ago three or four members of a traveling theatrical troupe were drowned there while sea bathing. A week or two ago five persons took a boat for a pleasure-party, and set out from Biarritz. They did not return. They were in a sailing boat, and a sudden squall of wind capsized her. Two of the men went down at once; the wife of one clung for a short time to the boat, when she sunk. The two remaining men were sturdy boatmen, used to the sea. One of them held out until night, when he weakened, lost his grasp, and went down. The last man spent the night and the whole of the next day astride a mast, and finally was picked up at St. Jean de Luz, some

miles away. The preceding week two other pleasure-parties were drowned off the Bayonne Bar. Hardly a fortnight passes without loss of life on this iron-bound coast.

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The guests at Biarritz seem to be principally Continental Europeans; they largely outnumber the English, and there are very few Americans. In the "list of strangers" I noticed only about a dozen from our country. The gathering at Biarritz comes not only from all over Europe, but from all over the world. Three young ladies, for example, who were there this past season, had from Africa. They are the Princesses Semka, Kadria, and Bediha, daughters of Prince Hussein and granddaughters of the late Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. They are handsome, dark-eyed girls, but it would puzzle most people to tell their nationality from their faces. They have, generally, a Levantine appearance, but they might be Greeks, Syrians, Egyptians, or even Italians. They have been educated in Europe, speak French and English, and go about Biarritz unveiled, as European women do. But at their home in Egypt they never go forth without wearing the *yashmak*, a eunuch sits on their carriage beside the coachman, while a couple of *sais* run ahead.

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All sorts of sports and games are to be enjoyed at Biarritz. The place rejoices in a golf club, of which the famous golf writer and player, Horace Hutchinson, is captain. The golf season is from November to May. There is horse-racing at the Borre race-track, yachting regattas, pigeon-shooting, fox-hunting, lawn-tennis tournaments, fencing tournaments, target shooting, and gymnastic tournaments, as well as the usual driving and riding. There is a Velodrome at Biarritz, where bicycle races used to be popular, but the bicycle is losing form there as elsewhere. Automobile races are now more the fashion. The sports are almost entirely controlled by the English, and the three leading clubs—the British Club, the Golf Club, and the Country Club—are all largely made up of English people.

Probably the least Gallic sport to be found at Biarritz is fox-hunting. There is a large pack of fox-hounds, and when the weather serves and they find a fox, the sport is very nice. One day the hunt led along the river bank, and a sportsy nobleman, who had a party on his yacht, the *Eclair*, followed the hounds for a long distance up the river. Probably this is the only case on record of riding to hounds on a yacht. It beats the fox-hunting of Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard.

It may be considered surprising that so British a sport as fox-hunting should be supported in France. But the number of English in and around Biarritz are not all to be found in the "lists of strangers." Many have their own villas, and are permanent dwellers during the winter. In the season the M. F. H. has three meets a week, and the Biarritz agriculturalists are not hostile, although the club has a notice posted begging its members not to ride over the newly planted fields.

Daily one sees an almost continuous line of motor-cars between Biarritz and San Sebastian. It is easy therefore to understand that auto-garages are found in all the leading hotels of Biarritz and in other places as well. In fact, the auto seems partially to have displaced the horse in the affections of the frequenters of Biarritz. You may see in the outskirts parties of sportsmen sallying forth to the chase with their hunting dogs in kennels in their motor-cars. They are not engaged in hunting the fleet fox, but rather pursue the partridge, the hare, and the rabbit. In short, they use their motor-cars—which are equipped with gun-racks, hampers, and dog-kennels—somewhat as the men in our country use a "hunting-wagon."

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Biarritz is a very cosmopolitan place; one sees the sign boards of teachers of English, French, Spanish, and Italian on every hand, as well as professors of the piano, of singing, and of "soffège." Both vocal and painting teachers advertise "lessons in the open air"—which seems sound. There is one mademoiselle who even advertises Latin as well as living-language lessons. There are also fencing teachers and professors who teach gentlemen "the use of the pistol." So there must be a certain amount of dueling at Biarritz. Doubtless French mothers look upon swordsmanship as the most indispensable accomplishment of a gentleman, and the use of the dueling pistol as more necessary than the use of the gloves; if so, they would consider Biarritz, with its dueling professors, an excellent educational resort for their young sons.

The bellicose tone in Biarritz may have led to its choice as a rendezvous for the recent duel between Monsieur Jaurès and Monsieur Paul Déroulède. The latter gentleman, who has been in exile for some years, lives just across the frontier between San Sebastian and Biarritz. He is high in the councils of the French Nationalist party. Monsieur Jaurès took refuge at some remark by Monsieur Déroulède in a Paris print, and challenged the exile. Monsieur Déroulède accepted, and the two met not far from Biarritz, on the French side of the frontier. The French *ent d'armes* were instructed to wink at Monsieur Déroulède's infraction of his exile. How very odd to permit a man who is outside the French law to come inside the French frontier in order to break the French law. How very odd and yet how very French.

The two combatants were placed one hundred yards apart, and exchanged bullets without result. They parted without a reconciliation. One hundred yards seems rather too great a distance for gentlemen thirsting for each other's blood. True, it is perhaps risky to have another gentleman shooting at you from a distance of three hundred feet, but if you really want to kill him the distance might be less—unless, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger sneered, you could shoot better at him the farther off he stood.

The Nationalist party, of which Monsieur Déroulède is a leader, has recently lost a shining light in the person of Monsieur Gabriel Syveton. This gentleman, after slapping old Minister André in the face, fought a duel with a person who criticised this action. Then when all France was discussing him, he committed suicide—at least such is the general belief. His death has resulted in a vast mass of scandal, and the amount of dirty linen which the Syveton family have been washing ever since has revolted even Paris, which can stand much. The judge, whose unpleasant task it has been to superintend this family washing, is Monsieur Boucard. The story of the suicide, of its cause, of the dishonored stepson, of the seduced step-daughter, of the outraged wife, of the stolen trust-funds, of the love-letters, of the family conclaves, of the medical certificates—all of these have doubtless figured in the American newspapers. But the unpleasant story still fills the Paris papers. The unfortunate Judge Boucard is still inundated with Syveton filth. He recently received in his mail the following epigrammatic mis-sive:

"Monsieur Boucard de ma missive
Voudra bien excuser le ton:
Je demande: 'Est-ce qu'on lessive?'
Lessive-t-on?"

which punning request to know whether he intended to "lamder the Syvetons" (*lessive-t-on*) convulsed Paris.

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But it is not the things of to-day that impress the memory so much at Biarritz as the events of yesterday. The place is indissolubly connected with Eugénie, sometime empress of the French. Wherever you go, you hear her name. You pass by a picturesque cliff jutting over the sea—it was she who christened it. You drive through a young forest of pines—they were planted by Eugénie's order. It was she who practically created Biarritz. Out of an obscure fishing-village, she made it a fashionable watering-place. It was entirely her personal influence and the prestige of her name which made Biarritz what it is. It is difficult to realize to-day how great that influence, how overpowering that prestige was. In addition to her beauty, Eugénie must have had some traits of character to make her the power that she was—social, imperial, political. The daughter of a doubtful Spanish grande, the bait of an angling mother, her beauty hawked from court to court of Europe, "her boarding-school," as some cynic remarked, "a *table d'hôte*, her cradle a traveling trunk," her husband's heredity so doubtful that Louis Bonaparte, his pseudo-father, probably never knew who the pseudo-son's real father was; this husband a tinsel emperor as she was a parvenue empress—that with all these skeletons in the imperial closet Eugénie should have made herself the first lady in the world—first in personal beauty, first in imperial splendor, first in personal prestige, the warm friend of a queen noted for her domestic virtues and lineal descendant of a long line of English kings; the arbiter of fashions; the maker or unmaker of kings, as in the case of the Hohenzollern candidate for the throne of Spain and of Amadeus of Savoy; the inciter of war, for the bloody campaign of 1870 was brought about by her—that Eugénie, once simply Señora de Montijo, should have reached such a lofty pinnacle shows the ups and downs of human life.

And its vicissitudes are further shown by her condition to-day. While at Biarritz, two-score years ago, she reigned supreme, youthful, beautiful, an empress, a mother, a wife, to-day she is old, broken, alone. Her husband laid down his sceptre when he surrendered his sword at Sedan; with the fall of his dynasty he yielded to melancholy and insidious disease, and died on the operating-table under the surgeon's knife. Her only son perished in a quarrel not his own, in far-away Africa, hacked to death by the assegais of savages who knew not who he was nor why he warred against them. To-day, with a handful of devoted attendants instead of a brilliant court, white-haired, wasted, wan, bent double with years, hobbling with a crutch, one can scarcely believe that the decrepit old lady who calls herself "the Countess of Pierrefonds" was once the beautiful, fortune-favored Eugénie, empress of the French.

M. Camille Maclair, in the *Revue Bleue* of Paris, considers that impressionism is now merely a chapter in the history of art, and can no longer be looked upon as a living school. M. Maclair says that "to know exactly when a movement is hackneyed; to abandon the theme without vain regret; to remove it from active life and place it in the historical past; this is the greatest work of an art critic, his true rôle, and his sole merit. Impressionism does not escape this law any more than other movements. We have seen the end of Wagnerism and of symbolism, and impressionism in its turn passes away, having reached its natural term. Thus we see the three art motives which ruled in the past to-day enter the domain of historical art."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Paris Jockey Club has elected its sixth American member in the person of Frank Riggs, of New York, the other five being Henry Ridgeway, Charles Carroll, Augustus Jay, H. De Courcey Forbes, and Colonel McCall.

President William Harper, of the University of Chicago, has so far recovered from the effects of his recent surgical operation for cancer that he feels equal to taking a long journey. It is reported at the university that he will leave next week for Europe.

An amusing action at law has been brought by Colonel Galbraith George Edward Graves against A. Jacques Lebandy, who styles himself Jacques the First Emperor of the Sahara, to recover the sum of £16 13s. 4d., being one month's salary as commander-in-chief of the Emperor of the Sahara's forces.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is following fast in his father's footsteps so far as athletics are concerned. "Mike" Donovan has been giving him boxing lessons but has quit temporarily on account of an injury to the boy's nose, which has had to be operated upon. "Mike" says that Theodore, Jr., is a good fighter—"comes; you fast and hard, and don't mind hard licks—just like his father."

With the death of Mr. Boutwell passes the last of the seven governors of Massachusetts who were born in 1818. The others were William Claflin, born at Milford, March 6th; John Albion Andrew, born at Wingham, Me., May 31st; Henry Joseph Gardner, born at Dorchester, June 14th; Alexander Hamilton Rice, born at Newton, August 30th; Thomas Talbot, born at Cambridge, N. Y., September 7th; and Benjamin Franklin Butler, born at Deerfield, N. H., November 5th. Mr. Boutwell was born in January, it will be seen, only February, April, July, October, and December, 1818 failed to give birth to a Massachusetts governor.

Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, is just putting the finishing touches at his studio at Giverny, France to an equestrian statuette of President Roosevelt as Rough Rider, made at the request of a group of the President's intimate friends, which will be cast in bronze and presented to the President as soon as possible after the inauguration. The sculptor, to whom President lent his khaki uniform worn in Cuba as model, has depicted the President mounted on a splendid charger in fine action. The galloping horse is supported by a shield bearing the Stars and Stripes with the motto, "Vi Virtute Vir." Mr. MacMonnies regards this as one of the best works he has ever done.

Since Congressman Tindall, of the fourteen Missouri district, arrived in Washington he has spent most of his time walking about the capital. He is a man who did not decline the Republican nomination because he did not think it was worth a postage stamp. He was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue with some friends, when one of them suggested that he step into a store and purchase a silk hat. The man from Missouri replied: "What! Buy a silk hat when my wife is out home making soap? No, sir!" Mr. Tindall was a school-teacher at \$40.00 a month. Now his salary as a Representative will be \$5,000 a year, with \$400 or \$500 for mileage, \$125 for stationary account, and \$1,200 for a clerk, opening to him vistas of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Mr. Ford, the veteran correspondent of the *Tribune*, points out interestingly that since Mr. Gladstone's death and the late Lord Salisbury's retirement from public life, England has been governed by young men. The prime minister is fifty-six, and is surrounded by young men in his cabinet. Lord Selborne, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Brodrick, and Austen Chamberlain are in their forties, and several ministers are in their thirties. So far as England is concerned, it is an era of young men in public life; and so it is also on the Continent and across the seas, where the Czar and the King of Italy are in their thirties, the German emperor and President Roosevelt in their forties, and the Emperor of Japan has barely passed fifty. If confirmation were needed of the statement that young men are either rising or powerfully influencing the world, it would be found in the proceedings of the opening week of Parliament. The most brilliant speech has been made by a young man of thirty-six, Campbell-Bannerman.

It is said that Pope Pius the Tenth is getting accustomed to his position, is gaining confidence in himself, and becoming a stickler for the dignity of his high office. He now insists on all the deference due him and former democratic ideas no longer prevail at the Vatican court. On the occasion of the consecration as Bishop of Bergamo of Mgr. Radini Tedeschi, Pius the Tenth gave a luncheon, to which he invited cardinals and many prelates. Contrary to his custom of taking his meals at the same table with his guests, Pius the Tenth insisted for the first time since his election that a special table be set aside for his use, and sat at it in solitary grandeur. After luncheon Pius the Tenth held a reception for the prelates in attendance. Instead of sitting familiarly among them in his private library, as he had done many times before on similar occasions, he led his guests to the throne room, and, sitting on the throne, entertained them in conversation. "To describe the astonishment of seven or eight cardinals present," says an eye-witness, "is absolutely impossible."

CRELLIN'S APPRENTICESHIP.

A Marital Tale of the Gray Mojave.

In the whole vast sweep of the Mojave Desert there is no lonelier landmark than Mount Soledad, and nothing more curious than the way the great ledge of the "Yellow Crow" outcrops along its crest. High up near the top are huddled the mine and mill buildings, making a group which suggested to the quaint fancy of Tom Crellin, as he approached the place from the railway, another Noah's ark; and later, as he drew nearer, a monastery. In the misery of his first night at the mine, Tom recalled this weird impression with a grim sense of its absurdity. He lay awake for hours in his freezing little room in the cyanide plant listening to the tumult of a desert wind-storm. Sand from the tailing-heaps fell in a hissing shower against the windows. At intervals, cyanide tins from the piles of debris behind the office were hurled against the corrugated iron wall of his room with a deafening crash that took his breath away. As he tossed there through the howling night, his mouth and nostrils full of fine sand, he darkly wondered why the generous relative who had supplied the funds for his mining course couldn't have sent him to a pleasanter place. He knew that his uncle was a director of other mining companies besides the Yellow Crow. If the obdurate old gentleman wished to impose upon him a mild form of penal servitude for having married in the second year of his college course, he was certainly carrying out his ideas with a vengeance. But Crellin felt that he had been sufficiently punished in having had his allowance withdrawn as soon as the wife appeared on the scene, and in being left to scramble for himself before he had secured his M. E.

At the end of two weeks of physical drudgery in the dry-crushing mill, where Tom was suffocated with dust, he hardly recognized himself as the hopeful youth who had once looked forward to the career of a gentleman. His mind dwelt with peculiar ferocity on Mrs. Sinee's boarding-house, where miners ate in their undershirts and performed miracles with knives.

But the life had its compensations. In his darkest hours he found a wonderful, abiding comfort in the friendship of Joe Harkness.

Harkness, the assayer and chemist, a big, good-natured fellow, with an innate love of wild, desert places, presided over a composite workshop, bedroom, and kitchen in a crude little building known as the "lab." It was here that the lonely members of the company's staff foregathered on winter evenings to warm themselves over the most unique of stoves—an absurd thing Harkness had made out of a carbide can. On a table stood a gasoline heater, where he cooked his breakfast, and where hot drinks were concocted when the world looked preternaturally dark.

"I've been thinking," said Crellin one night when the others had gone, "I'd have my wife down here."

"Where'll you put her?" asked Harkness brusquely, with a conviction that young engineers had no business to marry, and that the desert was a poor place for women in any event.

"There's that room next to the assay office," suggested Crellin, dubiously.

Harkness pictured the impossible little place, and smiled.

There was a long silence. Harkness went out and got a block of wood and threw it into the stove.

"I'll tell you what I've decided to do," exclaimed Crellin finally, with a resolute ring in his voice. "I'm going to send for her."

When Edith Crellin stepped out of the train at Mojave, she was greeted by a fierce gust of wind that seemed to throw all the sand of the desert into her face. It drove her to shelter around the corner of the railway eating-house, where she stood looking about helplessly for her husband. She had a feeling of being turned adrift in the lonely, wind-swept place, and her first thought was that his letters had wholly failed to express the horror of it. The reality overwhelmed her; it was so immeasurably worse than anything she had imagined. But she rallied somewhat from the first shock on seeing Tom, who came into town a few minutes later on a belated stage.

The morning after Edith's arrival, the superintendent, with an air of conferring a special favor, told Crellin he might have a door cut between his room and an adjoining apartment which had been used as a store-room. This gave the Crellins two rooms, and added substantially to their comfort.

But the novelty of the Yellow Crow had a short-lived charm for the young wife. In their rude little kitchen, occupied largely by the cook-stove, everything seemed to go wrong. The stovepipe refused to draw. Dust and sand sifted in through the cracks and covered the food. The butcher was always forgetting to send the meat. One day she rang him up and screamed her vituperations into the telephone until she was red-faced and on the verge of tears.

That night, when Crellin came home, he found her collapsed on the bed, crying.

"I can't stand this place another day," she sobbed; "it's too awful."

Tom stood staring at her in utter despair. His patience had been sorely tried in the mill all day by exasperating breakdowns in the machinery. He felt jaded and heart-sick over the whole sordid, dismal struggle.

"It won't always be like this, Ede," he said, putting

his arm around her and drawing her toward him. "Only to-day the fellows were talking about a mess. We're going to get a cook and take that cottage the engineer is moving out of. Let's stay with it, Ede, and brave it out. We can do it."

"Oh, I suppose so," she moaned, drying her eyes. "But really, Tom, I never thought it would be like this, even from your letters. I thought you'd have an office and have charge of something, and just see that the men worked that were under you. But you're doing a laborer's work up in that dreadful mill alongside those coarse men. . . . Two of them passed here to-day, not knowing I was at the window—and such language!"

Tom frowned. "What's the good of all your education if you have to do that? I guess you're as competent as any of those men down at the office. Joe Harkness hasn't one-tenth of your ability; and when it comes to social advantages—"

"Now never mind about that, Ede," interrupted Crellin, sharply. "Don't you see that such distinctions cut no ice in a place like this? It's every man for himself here—and there's no use talking about Harkness. Joe's one man in ten thousand."

"Just the same," retorted Edith, "I wish I'd stayed at home until you got settled."

Night after night this was the spirit and substance of their talk—Edith submitting new grievances and reproaches; Tom meeting her petulant interrogations with variations of his old stock argument: that if he failed in this one supreme test of his manhood, he could never hope to recover from it. Yet weeks had slipped by without any move being made to organize the long-promised mess, or to put things on a more comfortable footing. Tom, urged on by Harkness, who had divined the trend of affairs in the Crellin household, applied himself to his work with a desperate, furious energy that left him at night tired out and uncommunicative. Edith seemed finally to realize the hopelessness of the struggle, and to accept her fate with the apathy that comes with defeat.

Edith had gradually overcome her dislike for Harkness. This was mainly because he had gone out of his way to conciliate her by many little kindnesses. And then, too, there was something infectious in the man's optimism, in his exuberant good humor. Moreover, with whom else could she talk? There were only two women in the camp besides herself—impossible miners' wives, who had been waitresses in one of the railway eating-houses.

An odd circumstance had brought her to a better acquaintance with Harkness. The water supply of the Crellin household came from a faucet in the assay office, so that Edith was obliged to pass in and out between the two rooms several times a day. At first she hated this feature of her servitude; but Harkness succeeded in putting her at her ease. Oftentimes she would stroll in and watch him at his work, or quiz him about the process, which happened to be a never-failing excuse for conversation.

Finally, after a few weeks of this water carrying, Tom decided to have a faucet put in the kitchen. Edith affected to be greatly pleased with the change, but she kept her real feelings to herself. She darkly suspected that Tom had not been quite frank with her—yet she saw nothing in his bearing to show that he had been prompted by more than a simple wish to make things more convenient. Still, she had an uncomfortable sense of being caught in an indiscretion—of being baffled and watched. The thought began to loom large among her other miseries; it finally dominated them all.

It was the afternoon of an unusually hot day. Edith Crellin was sitting on the doorstep, trying to interest herself in a magazine story, of which she had read the opening paragraph at least a half-dozen times, when an impulse seized her to go to Harkness.

Edith went in unobserved, and stood at the door of the balance-room, watching him with the piqued, puzzled admiration of a woman who is uncertain of the impression she has produced.

Harkness came in, flushed and perspiring, mopping his face, and confronted her with a sudden stop. "Oh, it's you!" he stammered. "I—"

"I know I shouldn't have come," she broke in, forestalling an expected protest, "but I want you to help me."

"To help you?" he repeated, with genuine concern. "Why, of course, Mrs. Crellin. What can I do?"

"You know what my life has been here," she resumed, with a quaver in her voice, "how I hate this place. I have come to you because you're his friend, and he thinks more of your opinion than anybody's. You have so much influence with him—and I thought maybe you could persuade him to go away—to try some other work."

Her voice seemed to die away in her throat. She bit her lip in an effort to control herself.

Harkness stood leaning against the table, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his head lowered in an attitude of profound perplexity. He was suddenly aware that Edith Crellin had come a step or two nearer. He felt her hand on his arm, and when he looked up, he saw that her eyes had filled with tears. He took her hand and held it for the briefest moment; then let it drop to her side. She stepped back slowly, as if hypnotized by his cold, unflinching gaze, and sank into a chair. Harkness stood looking down upon her, cursing himself for having wavered the merest instant.

"I hate to say what I must," he began, awkwardly, "because I'm very sorry for you, Mrs. Crellin, and

I'd like to help you along, as well as Tom. But, you see, I've always encouraged him to stay here, and we've had long talks about his career and that sort of thing, and I feel now that he's getting past all the difficult places out into smooth sailing. It'd be an eternal pity if he'd quit now, instead of going right ahead and winning out." Harkness paused; then went on in a lower and more confidential tone: "But I know how little I can do. His career is absolutely in your hands from now on. Everybody knows Tom's got the right stuff in him; he feels he's on a sort of probation here, and that his family and friends are watching him. I'm sure, Mrs. Crellin, I'm absolutely sure, that if you stand by him and keep him braced up, he'll pull out like a hero. I don't believe you know all the good that's in the boy," Harkness went on, huskily, "all the pluck and will-power. Why, it's wonderful what he's done here, when you consider—"

Edith raised her head and looked at him with a hopeless, half-derisive smile.

"Oh, there's no use saying anything more," she interrupted, rising from her chair. "I see; you're a good friend, but you're on his side. You men all stand together."

She paused a moment as if expecting him to say something in spite of her protest.

"Then you won't help me?" she pleaded.

"Yes," replied Harkness, quietly, "by helping him."

Late that afternoon, Edith wrote a note to Tom and left it on the kitchen table with his mail. In it she told him she had driven to town with Mrs. Garth (the wife of one of the miners) on the pretext of doing some shopping, but with the intention of catching the Owl Limited that night for San Francisco. In a little postscript she added that he might follow her or not, as he pleased.

The two women reached the town a half-hour before the train was scheduled to leave. Mrs. Garth went on a visit to a sick friend, agreeing to meet Edith an hour later in the post-office.

When the cart was out of sight, Edith slipped over to the depot, and took a seat in the darkest corner of the waiting-room. The place was hot and evil-smelling; in her limited experience of discomforts she had never known anything so offensive. But she reflected that she had only a brief twenty minutes to wait.

Presently an official came in, erased the words, "On Time," opposite the Owl schedule on the time-board, and wrote in their stead, "Two Hours Late."

Edith fixed her dazed eyes on the white scrawl with a look of horrified incredulity. It was inconceivable to her that life could have in it anything so wantonly perverse and cruel after all she had suffered. She got up and made an aimless turn about the room, examining the time-board at closer range; then went out on the platform.

She knew intuitively that Tom would follow her; that he would probably compel her to go back to the mine. How could she endure the shame of it—the humiliation of standing again before the frank, searching eyes of Harkness? She recalled their interview with painful vividness. How stupidly she had misjudged him, and how effectively he had arraigned her in a few simple words of loyalty and devotion to her husband! No—she was resolved to go on.

But just as she was summoning fresh courage the image of Tom again obtruded itself. She saw him standing aghast over her letter; looking wild-eyed around the mean, deserted little rooms. Poor old Tom! For an instant her lip quivered; she felt that she must do something to distract her miserable conscience. She decided to try the waiting-room again.

Several passengers had taken seats on the benches. Edith's heart sank within her when she looked at the clock and found that she still had an hour to wait. Men lounged in and talked with the ticket-clerk through the wicker. Then she heard some one ask in hurried, insistent tones: "Has the Owl gone through?"

She looked up with a start, and saw Tom peering into the ticket window.

The clerk's answer seemed to hang fire.

"No, Tom," quavered a voice at his side.

Crellin looked at his wife a moment impassively; then drew her away from the window, out into the open air.

There was a moment of tense silence.

"If you're going to-night, Ede," he began, with simple firmness, "I must go, too. You know what that means. And it's for you to decide."

Edith turned and met his patient, considerate gaze with a pang that stirred her to a fresh, overwhelming sense of the wrong she had done him. She was too overcome by his loyalty to speak; but as she came closer to him, Tom took his answer from her eyes.

"Just one thing," she whispered, hurriedly, as Mrs. Garth drove up at the end of the platform. "Does any one know? Does Joe Harkness know?"

"Not a soul," said Tom, gravely. "Nobody even suspects. I'm supposed to be here on urgent business for the company. But you must go back with her. I'll keep within shouting distance."

"Wherever have you been, Mrs. Crellin!" cried an impatient voice. "I've been looking everywhere."

"Everywhere but here, Mrs. Garth," said Crellin, smiling grimly, as he helped Edith into her place beside the somewhat ruffled driver.

FRANCIS L. BOSCHU.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1905.

IN A JAPANESE RESTAURANT.

Luncheon in a Quaint Place in Osaka—Guessing at the Menu with Good Results—Worm-Like Fish—Japanese Beer, Made by German Brewmasters.

After rickshawing all morning through the labyrinth of streets, and across ever so many bridges, I told the *kurumaya* to pull up at the Naniwa-Tei, one of the best, if not the best, of the restaurants in Osaka.

A neatly lacquered sign-board over the entrance conveys the following legend to the wayfarer:

NANIWA-TEI, OSAKA
(Foreign Restaurant)
EXCELLENT CUISINE AND GOOD WINES
No. 196 NANIWA-KITA, SUICHOE
12 Minutes Ride Kikisha from the Station

Few foreigners, and, of course, hardly any tourists, know of this place. It is frequented by the better class of Japanese merchants, and to one of these I owed my acquaintance with it. It is a charming place, in semi-Japanese style, and interesting. At the entrance to the dining-room one usually finds a number of the wooden *gaitas*, which the Japanese slip off in exchange for strawbraid sandals. Imagine a Market or Ellis Street lunch-house with the shoes of its customers standing in the hall! The strange thing here about it is the fact that no mix-ups occur, although to an outsider these clogs look about all alike.

The dining-room is now closed in with the regulation sliding doors, which can be taken away in summer, and opens on the regulation Japanese garden, with the regulation dwarfed trees, temple incense-burner, etc. As in most Japanese houses, the ceiling is low, and while the writer never bumped his head against any of the crossbeams, six-footers might well beware.

The tables are covered with immaculately clean linen, the chairs upholstered and with slats across the legs, so as not to rip open the matting. Evidently the Japanese who have been abroad, and those who work in offices appreciate the comforts of a chair; and many expressed their dislike to me of the enforced duress of the "Buddha position" (I don't know any other way to describe it shortly) at functions of ceremony. Well, if their limbs ache only half as much as mine do after a prolonged sitting, I can thoroughly sympathize with them.

Knives, forks, and spoons also seem to appeal to them. I don't know whether they fully appreciate the mission of the spoon—they seem to think that the highest possible noise should be made when eating soup; one seems to try to outdo the other.

On the tables are the regulation houquets. No tea-house, no private home, seems to be without a twig of some kind, or some flowers. It is only to be regretted that in some places, like in this one here, you find cheap French or Belgian vases, *à la deux sous bazar*, which look coarse and inartistic in their surroundings.

The waiter, who moved silently on straw sandals, brought me a bill of fare. Not an ordinary bill of fare. It is a piece of black, lacquered wood, the menu written on it with white chalk, in Japanese characters only. If a dish can not be served further, the finger is passed over that number, and it disappears from the menu! This has its good points: who has not felt aggrieved to see the steward's pencil run through one's favorite dish on the bill of fare at restaurants at home? But here I was "up against it"—almost like the Irishman in Paris, who could not read French, who pointed at a number and at another one, and got a dish of soup and a toothpick! Well, I took my chances, and began at the right hand side, remembering that the Japanese do always the opposite from what we should do—and lo! I got a cup of bouillon. It was not properly salted, but with a pinch or so tasted finely. I then pointed at the next vertical column (they also read upside down here), and the waiter brought me soup. It was waved away. Number three looked like a dish of worms: minute fish—I believe they call them "bait" on the hotel menu—with their eyes like tiny black dots. They are baked in a bunch, and with a little Worcester-shire sauce are quite palatable. I suppose some cranks consider them a delicacy. Next an exquisitely cooked chicken outlet, and number five was such a steak as one could not improve upon anywhere. I'd fain have passed on further down the line, or rather to the left, but lest I should be tempted to eat too much, I asked for coffee. It is safe to do that, they know no other name for it here. My bill was *ich yen nidue sen* (one yen twenty sen) or about sixty cents American money! This included a pint of Kirin beer, brewed in Japan. The same tiffin—that is what they call our luncheon all over the Orient—at the foreign hotels cost from two to three yen! No wonder they pay fat dividends.

Talking about Kirin beer, the German brewmasters employed by all the big breweries in Japan seem to be about the only indispensable foreigners. In other industrial enterprises the foreign instructor or mechanic is fired about as fast as his Japanese assistant thinks he can run the show himself. At the universities and schools the imported talent is gradually disappearing, too. But the breweries evidently find that it is a German to make beer. But I am rambling away from my subject—let's come back to the Naniwa-Tei.

The Japanese habits of the place usually are dressed in European style, although at times one finds quite a few who wear kimonos. If I lived in Japan I should prefer the kimono, particularly in summer, but there is no accounting for tastes; and for office-work the long, hanging sleeves would seem to be rather uncomfortable. In the princely quarters of the large Japanese importing houses, and in the larger banks, the managers almost invariably wear European clothes, and some of them rather strike me as dandyish.

It was my good fortune to meet some very nice Japanese gentlemen, and upon closer acquaintance he only say that they compare favorably with a great many of the business men on the other side of the Pacific. What holds good about the officialdom can be applied to the merchants. The higher up in office the former are, the more refined and polite, and the lower down the scale you go, the more arrogance one encounters. A brass-buttoned railway clerk or telegraph-operator thinks he is the "whole show," and the smaller the merchant, the harder he is to deal with. Every one according to his own horizon—and for that matter, the world all over is pretty much the same!

I wrote in my last letter about the Russian prisoners arriving. Ever since we have the painful spectacle of seeing about three to four of these "personally conducted excursion trains" a day brought up. Yesterday I noticed that as soon as the arrivals are lined up and counted, they are marched across the track to another platform, with rows of tables and benches considerably screened off from the intensely curious crowds, and here they are given their grub of captivity, for which no filthy lucre is exacted. R. E. H.

KOBE, JAPAN, January 25, 1905.

Poisons that Produce Idiocy.

"The more dreadful poisons," says a chemist who has been interviewed by the *Chicago Chronicle*, "are only known to a few men. Mercury methide, for instance, the inhalation of whose fumes produces incurable idiocy, can be manufactured by two Italians and by no one else in the world. Dhatoora is a poison used in India. It, too, produces incurable idiocy. A British army officer told me of a sad case—a case of two rival tailors, one of whom gave the other a small dose of dhatoora. The victim of the drug remained an idiot all the rest of his life. He sat and moved his empty hands as though he were sewing. He was a formidable rival no longer. Mercaptan produces a melancholy so great as to terminate nearly always in suicide. No government would permit the manufacture and sale of this poison. Dhatoora, mercury methide, mercaptan, and some twenty other poisons are neither made nor sold in any public way. They are only experimented with. Such poisons would be formidable weapons in unscrupulous hands. Driving their victims to suicide or to insanity, they leave behind them nothing suspicious or untoward. The giver of these poisons is secure from any fear of punishment."

The old debate about firing a candle through a pine board was recently revived by an Eastern newspaper. One man tried it and failed. Another writes: "We selected as target a weather-beaten fence of pine boards, and loading our fourteen-gauge shotgun with about three drams of black powder, dropped in a candle which fitted the bore closely, and blazed away. The distance from the fence was about ten feet, and the candle was the kind known as 'stearine.' The candle had made a fairly clean hole through the board, which was from seven-eighths to one inch thick, and buried itself in a sand bank behind, from which we afterward dug it out, somewhat demoralized, but 'still in the ring.' There were some splinters torn from the back of the board and traces of candle about the hole."

Here is a pretty picture drawn by the *New York World*: "New York's streets, especially in the tenement districts, are in the filthiest condition they have been for years. Nearly all the side streets are coated with ice and snow, which is black and foul with ashes, garbage, refuse, and litter accumulated during weeks of cold weather. Public health is menaced. Major Woodbury has already had \$1,400,000 to pay for snow removal. More deaths were reported in New York last year than in London. What will this year be like if epidemic-tempting filth be left to fester in the streets?"

The number of workmen employed in the automobile industry of France in 1904, according to the president of the automobile syndicate, is at least 55,000 skilled mechanics and 25,000 employees, clerks, etc., to which should be added about 20,000 chauffeurs, making a total of 100,000 persons who are directly identified with the industry.

Henry Cyril Paget, fifth Marquis of Anglesey, died at Monte Carlo on Tuesday. He attained fame as a spendthrift, not only squandering his income of \$500,000 a year, but going over \$2,500,000 in debt. He bought jewels and extravagant costumes to the value of millions.

A famous physician upon being asked recently what is the chief cause of ill health replied: "Thinking and talking about it all the time."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Preadamite.

Ho, for a rhyme of the good old time,
Ere Adam or Eve was born,
When the saurian slept in the sluggish slime
With the unique unicorn.
When the mermaid smiled on the mammoth mild,
And the dodo sang her lay,
And the behemoth breasted the billows wild
With the plesiosaurus gay.

Oh, a happy wight was the Preadamite!
He basked in the griffin's smile,
Or followed the dragon's sportive flight,
Or wept with the crocodile.
An omelet made of the roc's egg stayed
His appetite so rare.
While whale on toast and walrus roast
Were his steady bill of fare.

No hotel bills or doctor's pills
Impaired his appetite;
He laughed at gout with his stomach stout,
And kept his molars bright.
Ho, a tear and a sigh for the days gone by,
And a dirge for the doughty dead!
Let the sea-serpent shuffle his coil and die,
For the good old days are sped.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

Similar Cases.

There was once a little animal, no bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered over Tertiary rocks.
And they called him Eohippus, and they called him very small.

And they thought him of no value—when they thought of him at all;
For the lumpy old Dinoceras and Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy in days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus, "I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails to run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail! I'm going to have a mane!

I'm going to stand fourteen hands high on the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified, the Dinoceras was shocked
And they chased young Eohippus, but he skipped away and mocked;

Then they laughed enormous laughter, and they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus go view his father's bones.

Said they, "You always were as small and mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence that you're always going to be;

What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast, with hoofs to gallop on?
Why, you'd have to change your nature?" said the Loxolophodon:

They considered him disposed of, and retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued in "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropodial Ape, far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do he always did the best:

So they naturally disliked him, and they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him they said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day, "I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight, and conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees, to make my houses higher!
I'm going to kill the Mastodon! I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropodial Apes, with laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one, but he always got away;

So they yelled at him in chorus, which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts, which didn't seem to hit;

And then they gave him reasons, which they thought of much avail,
To prove his preposterous attempt was sure to fail.

Said the sages, "In the first place, the thing can not be done!
And, second, if it could be, it would not be any fun!
And, third, and most conclusive and admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature! we should like to see you try!"

They chuckled then triumphantly, these lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments with the Anthropodial Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man, an enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements unusually bright;
Unusually clever he, unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths on the borders of his cave.

To his Neolithic neighbors, who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time, we shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities! We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day without the natural cause!

We are going to turn life upside down about a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take as much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases! And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience cometh quickly to an end:
Said one, "This is chimerical! Utopian! Absurd!!"
Said another, "What a stupid life! Too dull, upon my word!"

Cried all, "Before such things can come, you idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!" And they all sat back and smiled;

Thought they, "An answer to that last it will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument to the Neolithic Mind!

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

A FRENCH GIRL'S STORY.

anecdotes of the French Revolution as Seen by a Young Girl of Noble Blood—Side-Lights on the Terror.

France's great poet Lamartine was so delighted with the book we have under review, "Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echerolles," that he declared that he had never yet with one so interesting. The book has one through many editions in France, and has been translated into German and Russian, as well as into English. It is the story, simply told, of a girl of a noble French family, thirteen years old when the French revolution began, and the eye-witness of many of the terrible scenes which were enacted in the city of Lyons in the bloody years 1790-1794.

Certainly these memoirs have a charm of their own. The story is told with a straightforward simplicity and an absence of hysterical emotion which enlist our sympathies with the writer at once. They present the pathetic figure of a child brought face to face with the hideous, the cruel, and the grotesque features of the Terror. But apart from the personal interest of the story, the narrative as a distinct historical value. Mlle. des Echerolles was one of the few persons capable of describing what they saw, who witnessed the whole of the revolutionary torrent which swept over Lyons. To her, says Lamartine, we owe "some of the most touching and dramatic episodes of the siege." She herself writes: "I can only tell what I myself saw or heard without attempting to read the mazes of politics, which were beyond my age and understanding."

In the opening pages of these thrilling memoirs of the French Revolution, we find the girl who was to write them living quietly in Moulins, in the south of France, the daughter of a French army officer of high rank, with a long military career, having been rewarded by the king with the cross of St. Louis. He was of aristocratic tendencies, and though far advanced in years, he did not escape the enmity of the mob. "Accusations," as the writer says, "so ridiculous that they would have seemed impossible of belief were it not well known that a mob is more ignorant and credulous than a child," were made against him. And he cites instances:

It was said that by my father's order lines had been laid under the cathedral to blow it up during midnight mass; yet we were ourselves all present to give the lie to such a statement! A second mine was to explode in the Cours de Bercy during a popular fête to celebrate I know not what great event; cannon hidden in the thick shrubberies of a garden belonging to M. de Gaulmvin were at the same time to be fired into the panic-stricken crowd and complete the massacre. Lastly, my father's house was full of bombs, and iron hooks whereby to hang patriots from the trees on the promenade! It is impossible to imagine anything more senseless. But that terrible spoilt child that I called "the populace" listened to these extraordinary tales, frightened itself with them, and determined to take vengeance at any cost: little by little, in passing from mouth to mouth, these absurdities grew in force and credibility, and the last remnant of confidence felt in my father was totally destroyed. The mob, which never pauses to reflect, and is as violent in its favors as in its fury, accepted these abominable stories without asking if they were possible, and my father not only became the object of its hatred, but also the cause of its alarm.

Still another instance that Mlle. des Echerolles cites to show how strange errors were seized upon by the populace is the following—her father having then been cast to prison:

One day, one of the other prisoners brought into my father's room a little electric machine with which he showed me different experiments. These innocent amusements, however, excited suspicion, or rather gave occasion for a singular means of persecution which was quickly seized upon. The day at this time was very great; for eight consecutive days there were frequent storms, thunderbolts fell several times in the town, and a certain G——, one of my father's nouncers and a zealous "patriot," was struck by lightning while galloping his horse over the highway. The funeral honors rendered to him were all the greater because he was my father's enemy. But whence came all these accidents? What brought so any misfortunes on the town and its citizens? Evidently it was my father himself, whose experiments in physics had no less aim than to draw the lightning down upon ourselves and to spread mourning and fear among its inhabitants! This story was quite to the popular taste, being marvelous and comprehensible.

Soon after this, however, an order of release was obtained for the old soldier, and he fled to Lyons for greater safety. But the revolution followed. We read:

When our elders were talking over the news of the day, I ran about the large garden with a neighbor's little daughter, who was out my own age. On the ninth of September, the weather being very fine, we went to the garden a little earlier than usual, and were skipping under the trees when our game was suddenly interrupted by savage yells and the noise of a great mob, which terrified us exceedingly. M. Guichard and

my father climbed the rocks which closed in the far end of the garden to see what could be happening so near us. They came down again presently, trembling with horror; the prisoners confined at Pierre-Cise were being butchered.

When the mob was doing bloody work so near that the games of children were rudely interrupted, there was scarcely safety for a known aristocrat:

Indeed, it was barely day when our hostess entered our room and informed my aunt forcibly and curtly that she was to quit the house on the instant.

"But, madame," my aunt replied in surprise, "you can not turn me out like this. I took these rooms for a certain time, which is not yet at an end. I have therefore a right to remain here."

"You may say what you like," was the answer. "It makes no difference to me. You are strangers here, and it is said that you are aristocrats; that is quite sufficient to bring the mob to my house, which would be pillaged and ruined. You will not only clear out on the spot, but I insist that you will leave behind you no trace of your stay here."

"But, madame," my poor aunt protested again, "where can we go since we know no one here?"

"Where you like; it is all the same to me."

But even in the midst of their distress, there were amusing incidents. That day, having found temporary shelter, they walked thither, each carrying a bundle. "As soon as we arrived," we read, "my aunt wished to change her clothes, and opened her package. 'There, look!' she said to me, laughing, 'see how wise I have been!' She had put in nothing but lace caps!"

And of the following night, the writer tells this anecdote:

So many alarms had utterly exhausted us, we fell asleep in the midst of our anxiety, only to be awakened by piercing cries. Believing that our last hour had come, we looked round for our murderers, and breathed one prayer to God; but it was only one of the little Noaillys who had fallen out of the big bed where she was sleeping beside her mother.

A short while later, as history recites, Lyons was the seat of terrible slaughter. In the first place, a revolutionist named Joseph Chalier, an ex-priest, made himself master of Lyons, then a city of one hundred and twenty thousand souls. His excesses, however, so much alarmed the conservatives and their sympathizers that they rose, succeeded in ousting Chalier from power, and executed him. Thus Lyons conquered the Jacobins at the very time when the Girondist party was destroyed by the Jacobins of Paris. Naturally, by the execution of the patriot Chalier, Lyons incurred the bitterest wrath of those who constituted the new government of France, and the city was invested by an army of thirty thousand soldiers, and Mlle. des Echerolles gives a graphic picture of the siege in which, of course, she and her father were on the side of those who repelled it. Of it she says:

We were a singular little company, every now and then creeping cautiously to the window to peer out, only to retreat in alarm when a bomb near by burst with a clap of thunder. If only they had not brought death with them how beautiful they would have been! I have passed hours at the window watching their flickering stars describe a great curve in the sky, whistling as they came nearer, and then bursting magnificently; it was very fine and very terrible. I remember also that there was a M. Berthelier who came to take refuge in our room, and who was as curious as I, but more nervous; he would creep very gently to the window, walking on tiptoe as if afraid of waking the bomb, would lift the corner of the muslin curtain to peer out, and when the bomb fell would drop the curtain and hide behind the thin veil of muslin as if it had been a buckler. His timidity greatly amused me, and in laughing at him I forgot to be frightened.

A few days later the bombardment set fire to the arsenal, and one of the friends of the Echerolles, perceiving that the fire was in the vicinity of her sister's house, determined to go to her assistance:

"She started off without delay, but as soon as she reached the stone bridge she was stopped; no woman was permitted to go across. It was all very well to explain her reasons, the sentinel's orders did not permit of any such consideration, and his orders were final. She immediately went home, dressed herself as a man, put her pistols into her belt, and once more started, this time by way of the St. Vincent Bridge."

"Where are you going?" she was asked. "To my post," she replied boldly. "What post?" "The Croix Rousse."

"Pass to the Croix Rousse." In spite of her pistols, her almost child-like appearance would at any other time have called suspicion on to her, but then, even boys were already bearing arms.

So long did the siege continue, and so fiercely was it maintained, that the people of Lyons became quite used to its terrors. This is indicated by the following paragraph from the young aristocrat's thrilling story:

In returning to our lodgings I was nearly killed by a bursting bomb. I heard it whistle, and bent to get out of its way; it struck the walls at a spot where the moment before I had been leaning. This kind of peril repeated itself every minute, and finished by

leaving us so unconcerned that it is only to be explained by man's faculty for growing accustomed to anything. We went out in spite of this continual danger, and I remember that one day at Mme. Posuel de Verno's, in the Place de Bellecour, a servant came to tell her that a bomb had set fire to a neighboring house, which was also her property.

"Is there any one to put it out?" she inquired.

"Yes, madame."

"Very well." And turning to us she continued the conversation.

Lyons was, of course, doomed to fall before the revolutionist besiegers. The troops, when they had taken the city, were quartered on the inhabitants, and behaved in the main fairly and justly. But the convention decreed that this city, which had rebelled against the new government, should be properly punished. A memorable decree abolished the name Lyons and substituted the name "Commune Affranchie," and ordered the erection of a column bearing the inscription: "Lyons made war on Liberty; Lyons is no more." The entire city, except the hospitals, schools, and dwellings of the poor, was ordered destroyed. So far, the father of Mlle. des Echerolles had succeeded in keeping hidden, but he desired, if possible, to escape from Lyons. But this was difficult, though some achieved it by curious devices. On this point, the chronicler says:

A story was told of a person who, like my father, desired to leave the town, and who also, like him, had no passport; he was clever enough to reach the Vaise Gate unnoticed, and standing still in the middle of it he waited till the sentry came toward him on his beat. "Is it true, citizen," he inquired, "that no one is allowed to come out of the town to-day?"

"Yes, citizen, those are the orders."

"Then I will not go in!" and he turned away and went off in the most natural manner. The sentry seeing him without a hat thought he lived in one of the neighboring houses, and let him go.

Mlle. des Echerolles has many other interesting stories to tell of narrow escapes of her father and herself from imprisonment; of the real imprisonment of her aunt; of the executions and the delight of some women in witnessing them; of her intervention in behalf of her aunt with the famous Marino, and, finally, of the end of the Terror and her departure from France to spend the remainder of her life quietly in a foreign court.

Published by John Lane, New York.

Critics do not Care for Ibsen's Latest.

Ibsen's latest play, "When We Dead Awake," was coldly received in New York last week. The critics seemed inclined to think it symbolical, but could not quite unearth the symbol. They agree that it is all right as a reading play, but does not adapt itself to the stage. Two men and two

women; one of the women married but in love with another man; the other woman several times married and loving the first woman's husband; the husband, in turn, loving her; and the "other man" loving the woman who is but once married and who loves him—these are the characters of the play. The "other man" and his innamorata perish—what becomes of the other pair seems indefinite.

The School Festival.

With the rapid approach of the time for the big May festival which the Teachers' Annuity is arranging, the magnitude of the affair becomes more and more apparent. Mr. Innes, whose great band is to furnish the instrumental music, has sent his general manager here to look after that end of the affair. The advance ticket sales have been arranged, and these tickets will be available from now on, giving the holders an advantage of three days in their seat selection. This novel idea has taken well, and the sale will undoubtedly be very heavy. A clever plan for disposing of the boxes has also been evolved. These will be sold by subscription for the season, but the first choice will be sold by auction, as will the second, and so on, the highest bidder having first opportunity as to selection.

Mr. Innes has sent word that he has secured as his leading singer Mme. Emma Partridge, whose fame as a soprano is international. Mme. Partridge has never been heard here, her engagements so far having been confined to the East and to Europe, but her magnificent voice and charming presence have deeply won every one who has listened to her, and the most glowing accounts are heard of her great ability. Several other equally famous soloists are promised, and the great choruses now rehearsing insure a delightful treat of a character to which this city is almost a stranger.

Blanche Bates is again playing "The Darling of the Gods" in New York.

Mothers Take Warning.

Don't expose children's eyes to the glaring sun or strong wind, and don't have the morning sun shine in their faces to arouse them. Such carelessness often causes permanent injury to the eyes. George Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 107 1/2 Market Street (near Seventh). George Mayerle's Eyewater, 50 cents; by mail, 65 cents. Money order. The George Mayerle Antiseptic Eyeglass Wipers clean the lenses and make clear the vision; by mail, two for 25 cents. Eyes examined free.

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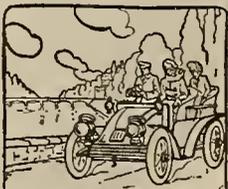
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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Books by Californians.

Her... Whittaker has done creditable work in his first volume of short stories, entitled "The Prophetess." They are stories of the great wheat region of Canada and of the North West country whose only inhabitants still are white trappers and roving bands of Indians. Especially the stories that deal with Manitoba are relate to a country destined to become great, rich, and powerful—the home of a race of hardy God-fearing, and resourceful, somewhat imaginative and sturdy men and a country which has yet been but little explored by the literary adventurer. Mr. Whittaker writes with evident full knowledge. It is convincingly that he describes a threshing scene on Manitoban plains where, in the midst of a black smut pill a rotary separator whirled red arms like a squib in a cloud of ink, and where in the stack the straw men labored in seas of dust while black clouds of it rose from the pelching carriers and swept over the hurrying, hissing, sweltering hive, out to the sun lured prairies, to drape the rain washed lion bones." It is convincingly also that he tells in "The Mercy of the Frost" of a Christmas wedding at a log house on the prairie, about which "sulky rakes, gangplows, and self-liners thrust red and green protesting arms from hoary drifts."

"A Saga of '54" is in a different vein, but still fairly characteristic—a story of the potato-hole country of Makwas, where, over the inky depths of a thousand lakes from whose waters petrified trees thrust skeleton limbs, "the loon races his shadow, the hawk shrieks a malediction from the sky, and at night the owl bells anathema in the sleeping woods."

In these stories there is, perhaps, slightly too much evidence of the polishing file. The always vivid descriptions have an air of being carefully built up rather than of having leaped spontaneously to the pen. The plots of the stories are marked by no great originality, nor is Mr. Whittaker's insight into the characters of his men and women so acute as to rivet attention. The interest which the book indubitably has lies chiefly in its revelation to the reader of a land and people with which it is unlikely he had hitherto been acquainted.

Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

In the two hundred odd pages of Robert Whittaker's "My Country and Other Verse," there is, perhaps, rather an interesting variety of verse than real poetic excellence. They are patently "occasional verses," mostly with a strongly evidenced exhortative atmosphere, simple and unpretentious. In one or two instances, however, the Reverend Whittaker has achieved something rather charming, as in the three opening verses of "Ecce Homo"

"Day fades as fades the year, and for an hour Earth's autumn loveliness flecks all the sky. The flush of fevered leaves before they die, The wistful winsomeness of the last flower.

"The purpling pallor of wan stalks and shoots, The yellow browns of stubble and of corn, The flash of frost upon the crispy moorn, And all the rainbow tints of nuts and fruits,

"As if God dipped his brush in yonder sun, And used the heavenly arches to portray In splendid picture at the close of day A century's Octobers all in one!"

Also some of the lighter verses, such as that "To Dorothy" are mildly pleasing. The verses contained in this volume have, many of them, been printed in *Sunset Magazine*, *Oakland Monthly*, *Youth's Companion* and the *Star* the last a weekly journal of this city. Doubtless in their collected form they will interest many readers of these periodicals and personal friends—a sufficient excuse for their publication. We can not refrain from remarking, in conclusion, however, that one of the truest poetic dicta in the volume is contained in the line (page 203):

"The road that always come to time"

For another, neither published by the James H. Barry Company, San Francisco; \$1.50.

There is some territory in Edward Irving's "How to Know the Starry Heavens" to be elevated to the point of absurdity. As for art, when in order to illustrate the relative size of distances from the earth to the stars, he depicts the earth as representing the size of a ball and the sun by a miniature globe, and the remainder of the sky.

Let us place this miniature globe on a level plane that has just at the grain limit of it had set up wire circles, on points to indicate the various planetary orbits.

The size of the planets and the distances of their orbits from the central globe will be illustrated by Mr. Irving's diagram. Venus, the next ball, will be the Earth, and the Sun will be the Sun. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto will be the planets, and the Sun will be the Sun.

All of which is very graphic and instructive. But what is quite essential that Mr. Irving's diagram level plane had to be constantly expressed that have just had the globe burnt out, and what the reason for that the imaginary spheres should require the

support of material posts, the learned author unkindly leaves among the unsolved and perhaps insoluble mysteries.

To speak quite seriously, however, this book by Mr. Irving (of Berkeley, by the way) is likely to be very serviceable in interesting the general reader in astronomy. As the author himself says, "this volume is not so much a text-book on astronomy as an invitation to read text-books on that subject. In other words, it is a careful selection of the most typical, interesting, and instructive facts and theories concerning the Universe around us. The author has endeavored to describe and illustrate these in such a way as to attract, interest, and inform the general reader. But, though intended primarily for beginners, every effort has been made to avoid offending those who are further advanced, by sensationalism or a want of proportion and accuracy." The volume is well and profusely illustrated, and seems calculated to occupy the place in astronomical literature that the author hopes it will take. The position that George Sterling's poem, "The Testimony of the Suns," has come to have with speculative thinkers in the astronomical field is indicated by the fact that a part of a chapter is devoted by Mr. Irving to discussion of it, while many chapters are prefaced by quotations from the same source.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"Government and the Citizen," by Roseoe Lewis Ashley, who teaches American history in one of the Pasadena schools, is a text-book in civil government that should find place in the schools of this State, if it has not already. Professor Ashley has a clear, clean-cut, terse, agreeable style, and the ground over which he goes is more than familiar since his elaborate work, "The American Federal State," is vastly more comprehensive than the present one, which is intended for beginners. The edition that lies before us is a California edition. It not only contains a map of the State, good illustrations of our university buildings, of our prisons and penitentiaries, normal schools, and other State institutions, but a special chapter devoted to the government of this State, and a copy of the constitution of California.

Published by the Macmillan Company; 75 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It must come with rather a jar to some of the writers of our "best-selling" books to learn that the novels of Albert Ross, having sold over two million copies in their present edition, are being brought out in cheaper form by the publishers, the G. W. Dillingham Company, in order to give them a still wider circulation.

An announcement that will be greeted with interested anticipation on both sides of the Atlantic, and in both literary and art circles, has just been made by Mr. Heinemann. It is that he has signed a contract with Joseph Pennell and Mrs. Pennell for a biography of Whistler, which they are now engaged in writing. The work will be published in two volumes. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have Whistler's own notes of his reminiscences, containing numerous anecdotes of the early and least known portion of his life.

Charles Scribner's Sons are importing an edition of Sir Alfred Lyall's much-talked-of biography, "The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava." One feature of the book is its glimpses of inner diplomatic and political life not hitherto revealed.

"Nero" is the title of the new play by Stephen Phillips, which the Macmillan Company hopes to issue in the spring.

McClure, Phillips & Co. are bringing out some of the more important books by Charles Wagner that have not yet been translated. This spring they will add "Wayside Talks" ("Le Langue du Chemin"), "The Spirit of Nature" ("L'Ami des Choses"), and "Justice" ("Justice").

"The Sea-Wolf" is the second best-selling book in New York.

One Robert Waters avers in the *Times* that Shakespeare is even better known in Germany than in England.

Mysel has just published in Paris a book of typically French character, by Frederic Lohé. It is entitled "La Séduction," and is dignified by a preface by Henri Lavedan, of the French Academy. The illustrations include reproductions of the work of Fragonard, Boucher, and Lawrence. The author treats his subject seriously, analyzing with an alert, if occasionally indiscreet pen, the philosophy of modern flirtation.

A unique book is to appear immediately through the Macmillan Company, which contains advice and counsels to persons who have lost their sight or who are in danger of losing it. It is an English translation by Carroll E. Edson, A. M., M. D., from the French of Dr. Emile Javal, a member of the French Academy of Medicine, entitled "On Becoming Blind: Advice for the Use of Persons Losing Their Sight." The

book was suggested by the fact that there are very few books on the subject of advice to those who have suddenly become blind. Dr. Javal lost his sight when he was sixty-two years of age.

Maurice Hewlett's new volume of stories is to appear early in the coming season.

Fox, Duffield & Co. announce that they have postponed, until the end of March or the beginning of April, the publication of the "Letters of Henrik Ibsen," owing to difficulties of the translation and the large amount of correspondence.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Brethren," by Rider Haggard.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "Parsifal," by Richard Wagner.
5. "Memoirs," by Moncure D. Conway.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel M. Gardenhire.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "Japan; An Attempt at Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
3. "Baecarat," by Frank Danby.
4. "Memoirs," by Moncure D. Conway.
5. "With Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.

Anthropophagy.

Henry Wellington Wack, of the New York bar, has written a book called "The Story of the Congo Free State," in which there are some curious anecdotes about cannibalism. He reports, for instance, a bit of conversation between the Rev. P. Kohl and a young chief named Kalonda. After speaking of the tribal wars, the missionary continued:

"Then you have killed many people?"

"To be sure."

"You have carried away and eaten quite a number of women and children? Of course," said I, immediately, in order to prevent an explosion of wrath on his part, "you do not do so any more?"

"No," said he, very deliberately. "I do not do so at all now; but formerly we ate a number of men. We used to kill as many as we wanted at the time and take away the rest to fatten. The flesh of the women and children is the best."

"How does it taste?" I asked of the young boy who was standing near the chief (his father).

He answered quite naturally: "It tastes like boiled rice."

Elsewhere the author comments on this gentle habit of anthropophagy:

And here arises a curious subject for speculation. The cannibalistic Azandé are much farther advanced in the arts of peace and war than many other tribes that are not cannibal—the forest pigmies, for instance. Notwithstanding some peculiar customs concerning them, they hold their women in high regard, and never barter them for goats and cows, the almost universal practice among other Central African tribes. Their skill, too, in agriculture, pottery, and in the making and playing of their musical instruments seems quite incompatible with their abhorred anthropophagy.

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THE CONRIED OPERA SEASON.

Interesting Gossip About "Parsifal" and "Die Fledermaus"—Caruso's Voice and Personality—Other Notable Stars.

Heinrich Conried's career as an impresario has so far proved his claims to distinction and unusual ability. He is the pioneer who first ventured over the Bayreuth ramparts, and, undaunted by the traditions established by the Wagner family, bore "Parsifal" away in safety, and set it up in its original form before the American public. And already other results of pricking the bubble of carefully cultivated sanctity that surrounded the Bayreuth production of "Parsifal" have followed, for a performance of "Parsifal," despite many protests, is to take place at Amsterdam under the auspices of the Wagner society.

In spite of the high reputation of Maurice Grau as a purveyor of first-class opera, Mr. Conried, in two short seasons, has, in many respects, equaled him, and in some exceeded him as a successful director. He is a good disciplinarian with the singers; he proved himself a man of resources in his dealings with a refractory orchestra during the first season; and he is an energetic reformer in all matters of stage-equipment and stage-management. Mr. Grau's enterprising successor has also revived the ballet, and was wise enough to provide for the success in advance of this graceful feature of his productions by importing dancers of special standing from Europe.

That he has high artistic ideals has been proved by his efforts during his first season to furnish performances with good, rounded ensemble, and fewer stars. Recognizing, however, that this policy did not meet the favor of a star-loving public, he abandoned it, and allowed his enthusiasm to overflow into an opera school, in which instruction to the pupils is furnished gratis.

Some of the more promising students have occasional opportunities to appear at the Metropolitan, and last summer Mr. Conried sent a number of them abroad, at his own expense, to visit various musical centres, and learn something further of their own art. With an impresario of his energy and ability in command of the coming organization, San Francisco bids fair to have the opportunity of witnessing performances the like of which we may not perhaps see again before another decade has passed.

The most interesting feature of the San Francisco engagement of the Metropolitan Opera House Company will, of course, be the first presentation here of Wagner's "Parsifal." On account of its extreme length, two of the three performances will begin at five o'clock in the afternoon, close for a two hours' intermission for dinner or other refreshments at six forty-five, and continue till the hour at which operatic performances usually terminate. The third and only matinee performance will begin at eleven-thirty in the forenoon, and, judging from the length of the opera, will probably close somewhere between three and four o'clock.

Mr. Conried's company will include the greater portion of those singers who have made the most notable successes during the New York season. Milka Ternina, Olive Fremstadt, and Lillian Nordica alternated there as Kundry, the trio of prima donnas showing marked temperamental variations in their conceptions of Wagner's dual-natured enchantress that made each of the three great impersonations worthy of special admiration.

Ternina will not be seen during the coming season, but Fremstadt and Nordica will appear by turn in the rôle. The Kundry of Nordica is approached from its intellectual side. The sinless youth, whose senses she seeks to allure in Klingsor's magically constructed garden, must first be won by vanquishing the defenses of the soul. Miss Fremstadt's portrayal, while founded upon an intellectual perception of the value of the means employed, is warmly sensuous in tone. Ravishing in its seductive charm, this young and lovely singer's voice has also a warm and caressing quality of tone, fitted to express in fullest measure the physical allurements which the arch-trempress exerts in the garden scene upon the charmed senses of the unawakened youth. Aloys Burgstaller, the German tenor, is a Parsifal with assets. His fame began in Bayreuth, and he is so much needed there that Mme. Cosima Wagner, in spite of her wrath at his defection to the ranks of the enemy, has already made overtures to secure his services for her forthcoming Bayreuth festival. Burgstaller's impersonation is considered particularly apt in expressing the boyish innocence and purity of Parsifal. Van Rooy, an artist to his finger-tips, the possessor of a grand voice, and regarded by many as the finest Wotan New York has ever seen, will appear as Amfortas, and Goritz, a singer of sterling ability, will be Klingsor. These, with Caruso, will be the most prominent of the new-comers during the coming season, although there is a long list of singers of lesser note, but unexceptionable artistic standing, whose presence will permit of the

magnificent ensemble performances upon which Mr. Conried especially prides himself. It is said by old opera habitués that no tenor since Campanini's time has been able to produce the volume and glorious tone which have made Caruso one of the foremost Italian tenors of the day. He is primarily a lyric, and not a dramatic tenor, although he includes some of the heroic rôles in his repertoire. He sings, for instance, Radames in "Aida," although his fame is chiefly associated with such lyric operas as "Traviata," "La Bohème," "I'Pagliacci," "La Gioconda," and "Lucia." Caruso has not made his reputation through his personal beauty. He is very short and already fat, although he is not far from thirty, and only through the possession of a remarkably fine pair of eyes can he make any æsthetic appeal to the matinee girl.

Mr. Conried, who is a born innovator, and was the first to take practical steps to brush aside the idea that "Parsifal" should be regarded as a sacred work dedicated to the special profit of the shrewd Cosima Wagner, made another radical departure during the recent New York season. It is the custom of the Metropolitan Opera House Company to tender the manager a benefit once each season, in which the singers' services are proffered gratuitously. Indeed, an agreement to this effect figures in all the contracts. When this takes place, it has been the custom to have a sort of operatic ragout offered for the bill, to which all of the artists contribute their share. Mr. Conried seized the occasion of his last benefit for his innovation, which consisted of allowing the public to view his company in the musical deshabille of comic opera. For this performance ten dollars a seat was charged, and the public tumbled over itself to rush to the box-office and secure seats at this price. It was considered by the steady patrons of grand opera to be something of a lark to see the operatic song-birds of world-wide reputation, whom they were accustomed to view only in the heroic perspectives of grand opera, disporting themselves as merrily and spontaneously upon the stage as artists of lighter calihre. Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," which for nearly a generation has been considered to contain one of the most sparkling light-opera scores ever penned, was chosen for the occasion. This work has a merry plot wedded to bewitching melodies, and its orchestration is so alive with delicate grace and charm that Brahms once compared it to the entrancing art of Mozart. Mr. Conried, it seems, has ample precedents for presenting a work of this standing during a season of grand opera, it being the custom in the leading opera-houses of Germany and Vienna to produce pieces of the genre of "Die Fledermaus," in order to lend variety to their repertoire. Operas by Strauss, Millocker, Suppé, and Offenbach receive frequent representation there.

The experiment was such a success in New York that it was repeated there with the expected *clat*, and as a result the same opera, with an almost identical cast, figures in the repertoire for the San Francisco season. Sembrich, who is adored for her charming art as a sprightly comedienne, will fill the leading rôle, and several of the German artists, including Dippel, Alten, Goritz, and Greder, whose early dramatic apprenticeship at provincial and court theatres in Germany had previously equipped them for the unexpected task, and who acquitted themselves with special lightness and ease during the scenes of frolic and merrymaking, will also appear again in the San Francisco performance of "Die Fledermaus."

"Die Meistersinger," which was given a rather slipshod performance during the last Grau season here, was put on in exceptionally fine shape in New York. It was modeled after a celebrated production at Munich, in which special attention was paid to stage pictures, to animated tableaux, and to effective grouping. Almost the same fine cast of German singers will sing it here in the original German, with Alten, Homer, Van Rooy, Dippel, and Goritz in the most prominent rôles.

There are probably twenty others, exclusive of the chorus, among the principals of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, some of whom—Signor Scotti among the number—were high in favor here during the Grau seasons, and others—including Mmes. de Marchi, Alten, and Jacoby, and Niubo and Bégué—who have yet to win their Western spurs.

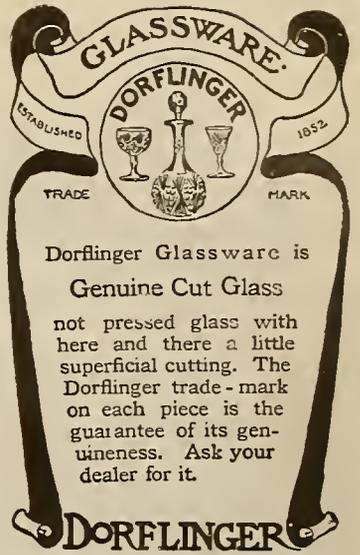
An Old-Time Love Letter.

Readers who remember "Sally Wister's Journal" (says the New York *Evening Post*) will be glad to see what may be called a companion volume, "Hannah Logan's Courtship," edited by Albert Cook Myers, and published by Ferris & Leach. It is the diary of her lover, the Hon. John Smith, assemblyman of Pennsylvania, and King's counselor of New Jersey, 1736-1752. The record was written in eleven thin little paper-backed volumes, and, with the exception of some changes in the punctuation for the sake of clearness, is printed just as it stands. It is a pretty picture of a Quaker wooing in the

old days. On the fifth day of the twelfth month, 1747, the serious-minded lover writes to his lady, thus:

I am now going to Tell thee some of the Inducements I had to fix my Affections unmoveably—as I believe they are, whether they should ever be Crown'd with Success or not—and herein I shall discover some weakness, but I have had too many Instances of thy Candour to suspect Severity, nor is there a thought in my Soul but what I could freely disclose to thee. It is now some years since first I conceived a very great Esteem for thy person from several opportunities I had of seeing thee. I knew my Circumstances in the world, nor any Accomplishments I had, did not promise Success in the Entertainment of that passion, and therefore used my utmost Efforts to Conquer it, and I thought the likeliest way to do it was to seek another object. I found one which appeared agreeable, but a very small Acquaintance overset my Scheme, I had been early, thro' unmerited kindness, Tinctured with Religious Sentiments. I knew a fair outside did not Constitute happiness, and in short I saw but little else in that person; wherefore, without ever having given any occasion to Expect that I designed an offer of my person, I as willingly dropt my acquaintance as I had begun it. Soon after that I had some opportunities of Converse where thou was in Company, which much Enhanced my Esteem. I plainly saw that though the Cabinet was Exquisitely framed, the mind lodged in it far Excelled; and thus as it renewed and strengthened my former Regard, so it increased the difficulty I saw it was obtaining what I so much wished for. Many were the Racking thoughts occasioned by the different Sensations of desire and doubt.

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There are enough changes on the Orpheum all this week to offer a more than usually acceptable variety. Although no one feature rises to the point of unusual interest or spectacular attractiveness. The best turn is Zimmermann's life-portraits of celebrated composers. I believe this particular kind of mimicry has been previously presented to the attention of Orpheum audiences by more than one specialist. We are of course, too much handicapped out here by our remoteness from musical centres, and our lack of acquaintance with the methods of the noted subjects under portrayal, for a thorough appreciation of the finer points in Mr. Zimmermann's personations, but they are certainly very cleverly done, and there is some individuality in each sketch. Verdi is the biggest man and Sousa the only familiar figure on a list that is rather limited; but there is a reason for that, as the performer does not content himself with merely representing the physical aspect of the subject, but lengthens the sketch to a scene, putting in a few mannerisms and even a touch or two of comedy, which once or twice seem to border faintly and respectfully on the edge of burlesque.

Mabel McKinley seems to enjoy much popularity with her audiences, in spite of the damning fact that deliberately and in cold blood she composes many of her own songs. They are very mediocre productions, but her experience in vaudeville has enabled Miss McKinley to gauge the taste of her audiences pretty accurately, and her sentimental little ditties are received with much favor. Her steady work in public has made her voice go off since her last visit here; she sings the violet song very acceptably, but Arditi's waltz is altogether too brilliant for her attainments, but a great deal of muscular energy, of marked distinctness of enunciation, and many head-noddings and chest-swells unite to convince the audience that the original article is still all there. Miss McKinley dresses handsomely, but a singer who emphasizes with so many vicious motions of her head should forswear plumed hats while in concert costume.

A good turn in acrobatics is always popular on the Orpheum programme, and the Boises, with their daring evolutions in mid-air, send shivers of apprehension down the spine, while the Russian dances of the Peschokoff company, which end up with a sort of sublimated "bean porridge hot" tambourine play by the four women dancers constitutes a very pretty and dexterously performed act. The leader, and evidently the instructor of the four women, is a remarkably good dancer with legs of such miraculous elasticity that he dances to the pleasant tune of a buzz of admiring exclamations.

It is always a curious spectacle to witness the thorough popularity that negro performers enjoy. Perhaps it is because of the whole-hearted heartiness with which the men make monkeys of themselves. The women—who, if we may judge from their unfuzzy locks, almost invariably have a liberal strain of white blood in their veins—are generally only *seco* acting merely as showily dressed female accompaniments to set off the more diverting specialties of the males. The way the women follow their songs is something incredible. They have effectually uprooted any belief I once entertained that the negro race is specially gifted by nature with a soft and melodious singing voice. A strong sense of rhythm is apparent, both in their dancing and singing, but the mellowness, the wild sweetness of the voices that chanted the old plantation songs—where is it now? Or was it all a myth? Judging from the voices of the colored warblers of the vaudeville stage their progenitors won their reputation as sweet singers through the softening effect of distance on their tones when they sang their rude but pathetic ballads in the remote negro quarters.

In the one act piece "Dickey," in the programme this week the effect desired seems to be that of unstinted vulgarity. Marie Stuart and Clayton White are both rather clever people. They thoroughly understand how to impersonate the type they represent, and they have even sought to intensify the coarseness of this type by force of contrast. For the innocent and bewildered young wits in the piece they have selected an actress of refined appearance and manner, which trait is further heightened by the simplicity and good taste of her white dress and its bunch of violet. "Dickey" is a bit too tenderly, with no particular effort or aim, save to display how unerringly Stuart and White touch of a very unpleasant

and unsubtle type. Professor O'Mugg is so exceedingly tough that he is almost enough in himself to put a decorously inclined family party to flight, and I really think that Miss Stuart's Dickey is almost as hard a pill to swallow. The players of these two rôles should remember that "vice is a monster of such hideous mien" that it requires a veil or two when seen. Besides, the humor should always be in excess of the vulgarity to make plays of the "Dickey" stamp acceptable.

Per contra, if you want to see something thoroughly innocuous, respectable, and adapted to the needs of giggling adolescence, throw your patronage this week to the Alcazar, where they have put on "Alice of Old Vincennes." I was once taken in by the clamorous popularity of "Janice Meredith," and attempted to read it. But when kind friends advised me to read "Alice of Old Vincennes" I knew better, and by that time "smiling put the question by."

The latter book, in its dramatized form, is on the Janice Meredith order. Whosoever enjoyed one is safe to appreciate the other. Both contain frequent and sensational appeals to patriotism. In the newer play, the British officer is, for the purposes of the drama, or of this especial kind of drama, such a dunder-headed donkey that it is no merit to heat him in an encounter of wits, or a contest in strategy. As for Alice, the patriotic heroine, I am persuaded that none but a weakling would have the temerity or the nerve to marry her. The husband of such a martial, masterful maneuverer would infallibly be hepecked. No man likes to take a hack seat and let his wife or his sweetheart run things with a high hand, especially in time of war—a condition of things when it is man's peculiar prerogative to shine, dazzling and overawing his timid and protected womenkind by his coolness, his intrepidity, and his presence of mind in the face of peril.

Now this is just what Alice of Old Vincennes did, while her young man, snow-blind and a little out of his head, was bundled into a dark closet, and failed to turn up in the centre of the limelight, flag in hand, at the taking of the fort. No wonder the poor youth grew timid and self-distrustful in the last act, and had to be gently but firmly maneuvered into making a matrimonial proposal by the redoubtable Alice.

Alice, like Janice Meredith, has her young companions, and the trivial babble which these three girls in their teens perpetrate in the course of the play is pointless and silly enough to excite the disdain of those of their contemporaries who have a grain of humor—something rarely lacking in young America's mental equipment.

There is a priest in the cast, one Father Beret, doubtless an important character in the book, but not necessary in any way to the unfolding of the drama. He seems to be merely a bit of flotsam and jetsam from Maurice Thompson's story, which the dramatist has projected into the play from a vague feeling that his presence will be expected. Father Beret stalks solemnly around in his priestly petticoats, acting at intervals as a sort of property oak around which Alice, in her moments of womanly weakness, may twine: her young man, you may remember, being choked off at such times in a dark closet.

Craig was the young man in question, and as the recomiter in the enemy's lines, hadn't the ghost of a show. Miss Lawrence, looking quite girlish and pretty in her red and russet, with a drift of chestnut hair all about her face, has the centre of the stage practically all the time.

Maher was buried in the part of a stupid sergeant; Miss Woodson and Mary Young steadily talked twaddle, and Conness was missing. The rôle that he would naturally have undertaken was filled by a rather good-looking young actor named Sainpolis, who played the part of a dashing-looking, but chuckle-headed British officer who remained blandly oblivious when the enemy plotted, planned, nudged each other, and openly exulted under the very bridge of his nose.

The grief of Alice when she believed her young squire dead it was impossible to take seriously. She had met him but twice, and each meeting had lasted about three minutes. However, one should not take these reversions into boarding-school drama too seriously. Every stock theatre must have its silly season, and they certainly give us a sufficient number of clever and noted plays at the Alcazar to render any very litter re-mains quite unnecessary. But the reviewer of things theatrical will have his little grumble when his tastes are not consulted; and it is aggravating to see clever people hurried up to the neck under a mush of sen-

timintality, inane comedy, and careless and slouchy dialogue. Here is a specimen of the latter:

SOMEbody [I forget who]—Why?
SECOND SOMEbody—Why, why? [Meaning "Why do you say 'Why?'"]

FIRST SOMEbody—Why, because so and so. Added to such sins as this there isn't a really bright line in the play.

It is a goodly and commendable spirit that our novelists and playwrights show when they delve into the past records of our country's history in order to draw thence the thews and sinews of our dramatic literature. But such pulpy and perishable stuff as "Janice Meredith" and "Alice of Old Vincennes" is not genuine literature, as seen in theatrical guise, and does not conduce to genuine patriotism. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Fritz Kreisler, the Violinist.

Next Wednesday night the public here will have the pleasure of listening to Kreisler, the violinist, who, although under thirty, is recognized as the successor of Josef Joachim. Kreisler plays the old classics as well as the most modern of compositions before the public. It is seldom that an artist can master to perfection such a variety of music as is played by Kreisler. His programme for Wednesday night includes the Bach sonata, with piano accompaniment added by Robert Schumann; Vieuxtemp's second concerto; Wienawski's Russian airs; and important classic works by old composers. Friday night he will play the great "Trill of the Devil," by Tartini; the Bach chaconne; and works by Gluck, Le Clair, Popper, and others. At the concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society, which will be open to the public at regular public concert rates, he will play the great Mendelssohn concerto and numbers by Bach, Tartini, Dvorak, Goldmark, Tschaiowsky, and Sarasate. This affair will take place Thursday night. The programme for Saturday matinee is not yet announced. Reserved seats are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00, and will be on sale Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s., where complete programmes may be obtained. Mr. Gyula Ormay will be at the piano.

The D'Albert Matinee.

Eugen D'Albert will give his only matinee at the Alhambra Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon at half-past two. The programme includes the set of thirty-two variations in C-minor by Beethoven, followed by the sonata, op. 31, by the same composer. Brahms is represented by his most important piano-forte composition, "Variations on a Theme by Handel." The fourth group is the berceuse, op. 57, and ballade, op. 47, by Chopin. Liszt's sonata in B-minor in one movement will be played for the first time in this city. The closing group contains the "Soirée de Vienne," No. 2. Schubert-Liszt, and two Schubert impromptus, op. 90 and op. 142. Seats are on sale at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s until one o'clock, after which they may be secured at the box-office of the theatre. Prices range from \$2.50 down to \$1.00, and general admission is \$1.00.

The Kneisel Quartet will give a series of concerts early in May. It is five years since this organization has visited us, and the return will be welcomed by the lovers of what many consider the highest form of musical art—the string quartet. The tour of California is under the sole management of W. L. Greenbaum.

A concert directed by Ferdinand Stark was given in the Jinks Room of the Bohemian Club on Saturday. Another will be given on March 25th, in the Green Room, from 3 to 5 p. m. The third, on April 8th, will be held in the Jinks Room, from 12:15 to 2:15 p. m., and a table-d'hôte luncheon will be served during the concert.

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Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

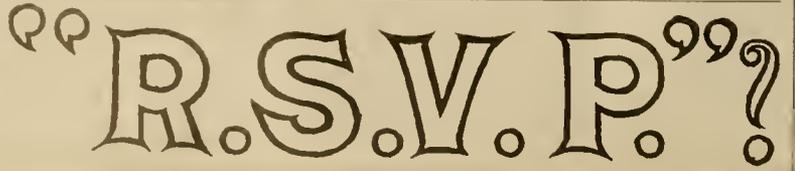
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Beginning of Miss Anglin's Season.

The Margaret Anglin season will open at the California Theatre on Monday night. The play for the first week will be "The Marriage of Kitty," Miss Anglin having postponed her new emotional drama, "Zira," until the second week. "The Marriage of Kitty" is an adaptation made by Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French of Gresac and De Croisset, exploiting a defeated subterfuge and doing this in a comic and clever manner. Sir Reginald Bellsizes wishes to marry a widow from Peru, but, in so doing, he will forfeit a rich inheritance which has been left to him by an uncle on condition that he does not make this marriage. His subterfuge, devised by a lawyer, is to marry another woman, Miss Catherine Silverton, on the preliminary understanding that, as soon as he has obtained the inheritance, he can have a divorce and so be left free to marry the widow. In the execution of this project he falls in love with Miss Silverton, and ultimately his Peruvian choice is discarded. The plot is farcical and extravagant, but the piece affords scope for good acting and will show Miss Anglin in a different sort of a rôle from anything she has ever played. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. "Zira," the bill for the second week, is said to afford Miss Anglin the greatest opportunity for her talents she has ever had. The advance sale for the second week begins at the California next Monday morning.

From Grand Opera to Drama.

On Sunday evening the last performance by the Savage Grand Opera Company will be given at the Columbia Theatre, "La Bohème" being the bill. The next offering will be "The Virginian," the play made from Owen Wister's novel of that name. The general public is familiar with the story, which tells of the appearance of a Virginian in the Northern cattle country, of his many adventures, and of his strenuous wooing of a Vermont school-teacher. The barbecue, Judge Henry's ranch, Horse-Thief Pass, where the rustlers are captured, and a street in Bird's Nest—these are the scenes of the four acts; and into them enter the familiar characters of the story, good and bad, the Virginian and Molly, Judge and Mrs. Jerry, the bishop, Honey Wiggin, Nebraska, baldy, and the other cowboys, Uncle Hewey and his wife, Trampas, Steve and Shorty, and even Emilv, the hen. Dustin Farnum plays the title-rôle, and others in the company are Frank Campeau, Guv Bates Post, Helen Holmes, Avis Waterman, Joseph Callahan, Frank Vail, and Marquita Dwight.

Rural Drama at the Alcazar.

"Sag Harbor," by the late James A. Herne, is the Alcazar's offering next week. "Sag Harbor" was the play in which Herne was cting when suddenly stricken down. The play depicts life in a sleepy little Atlantic seaport on the Long Island shore, and its principal characters are old Cap'n Dan farble, sailing master of the sloop *Kacy*; sig, blunt, bluff Turner, the steamboat agent; freeman Marsh, the house painter, who led he choir; the two American lads, one a oat builder and the other a seaman in the ay; the droll barkeeper of the Nassua ouse; and the women folks of the village, including the widow, the orphan, the old aid, the pretty music-teacher, the hired irl, and also the famous Turner baby. To ollow, on March 27th, is the revival of "Old Heidelberg." The cast, scenic effects, nd musical features will be the same as hen the Alcazar gave its original stock roduction.

Sale of Grand Opera Tickets.

The sale of season tickets for the performances of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company will be resumed on Monday morning at the box-office of the Grand Opera House, and will continue until Saturday evening. As indicated in the advertisements, the season tickets will be sold in two groups. The first group includes the entire twelve performances. The second group will include one performance of each opera given (eight in all). Beginning Monday, March 27th, and continuing until the end of the season on April 15th, single seats for all performances will be sold. The demand for season tickets through the mail-order department alone has resulted in the sale of seats to an amount that places the financial success of the season upon a firm and solid foundation, and yet the big auditorium of the Grand Opera House contains many choice locations which are available to purchasers.

Kolb and Dill in Another Burlesque.

J. C. Crawford's musical burlesque, "The Beauty Shop," will be put on at the Grand Opera House at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee. This piece tells of the trials and tribulations of the proprietors of a beauty shop, and deals with the marriage troubles of an honest German who loses his heart to a degging woman and marries her before he has divorce from his wife. Kolb and Dill have the leading rôles, which were written es-

pecially for them, and are supported by Ben Dillon, Thomas Persse, Will H. Cross, Lillie Sutherland, Pearl Hickman, Edith Mason, Florence Bain, and others.

Air-Ship on the Stage.

"Hearts Adrift," an exciting melodrama, will be the bill at the Central Theatre next week. Unusually fine scenic effects are promised, including an air-ship on the stage, an old workshop where the flying-machine is devised, a prison scene, a hag's hut on the river bank, and many other realistic views. All the favorites of the Central Theatre stock company will be in the cast.

New-Comers at the Tivoli.

Pixley and Luders's musical comedy, "The Burgomaster," is the bill at the Tivoli Opera House this week. Some new people are introduced in this merry piece. Grace Palotta, who comes from the Gaiety Theatre, London, has the part of the New York dandy, and sings "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "Cupid Does Not Marry," and "The Tale of the Kangaroo." There is also a new baritone, J. Albert Wallerstedt, and the regular Tivoli favorites—Willard Simms, Teddy Webb, Ferris Hartman, Bessie Tannehill, and Dora de Filippé—also appear. "The Burgomaster" is especially rich in songs. The piece runs every night, with matinees on Saturdays.

Orpheum Attractions.

McMahon's "Minstrel Maids and Watermelon Girls" will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. The act consists of a musical sketch, with a chorus of nine young and pretty girls. The stage settings represent life and pastimes on a Southern plantation. J. Royer West and Ida Van Sieten will present a musical comedy entitled "The College Gymnasium." Mr. West and Miss Van Sieten produce all sorts of music from the gymnasium apparatus. Mae Sailor, who will be remembered as "My Pink Pajama Polly" of season before last, and Burrell Barabaretto, the tenor, will return with a new skit, "The Man and the Maid with the Changeable Eyes." For their second week, Clayton White and Marie Stuart, assisted by Adelaide Nowlton, will present their one-act comedy, "Paris," a continuation of "Dickey." Other hold-overs will be the four Roises, Borani and Nevaro, Murphy and Francis, Willy Zimmerman, and the Orpheum motion pictures.

The New York *Sun* says that Forbes Robertson's Hamlet is the greatest—in fact the only—of modern times. It says, in part: "There were those in the theatre last night who, under the spell of Robertson's gift, his gracious reality, his exquisite plasticity, and his matchless elocution, were oppressed by no disenchantment of the past. Even Booth's name was spoken of lightly in comparison."

Mr. Marshall Darrach, the Shakespearean scholar, will give a Shakespearean recital—"Merchant of Venice"—at the Bohemian Club on this (Saturday) evening at half-past eight o'clock.

"Juanita of San Juan," a new play by Richard Walton Tully, was put on at the Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Monday night.

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VANITY FAIR.

How opinions differ about the already famous statue of Aphrodite, which is being exhibited in New York, and which Geraldine Bonner described in our columns last week, is indicated by the criticism of Hermann Lundt, who writes at length in the *New York Evening Post*. The so-called Aphrodite, by Praxiteles, exhibited at the Arts Club," he says, "is nothing more nor less than a truck statue; it was never made for any other purpose than to represent a bogus piece of antiquity. The evidence of this we find in the work itself and its treatment. The first impression I received was that it lacked absolutely that ideal spirit of ancient Greece. The second impression and conviction was that the statue had been treated with chemicals. On examining the figure closer I find that it was carved from a defective block of marble, not from Paros, but perhaps from an inferior piece of ancient marble. There are innumerable flaws in the marble all over the body. So that if the statue were not stained to antiquity, it would look brimled all over. That no sculpture of repute would select such a block of marble to carve a statue, goes without saying. Neither Praxiteles nor any of the Renaissance sculptors, nor indeed a modern sculptor of reputation, would have used it. Such a piece of marble is hardly fit for building-stone.

"To myself," Mr. Linde continues, "it is very immaterial where this work was found, whether in Sicily, in Italy, or in Greece, or for that matter in Kalamazoo. If it was found in any of these places or anywhere else, it was put there for purpose of finding it again. For this statue, which was carved no more than forty years ago, and probably not even that long ago, has all the earmarks of a modern piece of Italian statuary, full of details and little tricks, 'to out-Herod Herod,' but it lacks absolutely that divine spirit of Athenian beauty, breadth, and simplicity, which means to us the highest standard of art in the entire history of our human race. The treatment of this modern statue by chemicals so as to give it age has by no means been done skillfully and thoroughly, as, for instance, an up-to-date 'American manufacturer' would have his product 'treated.' The Italian artist, or artists, who perpetrated this fraud went a little too unbusiness-like and too negligent about 'the work of staining.' For instance, in front, from the trunk of the body down, the inner contour of each leg shows brightly the white and newly worked marble for eight inches in length by half an inch in width. The same artistic negligence 'in treating' the marble with chemicals may be observed down from the spine in the seam, and also down on both the inner contours of the limbs. A few timid impressions of regular, energetic blows by a small hammer seem as if a little boy had amused himself for half a minute upon the right leg of the statue. That is all that the tooth of time had the courage to inflict upon this ten days' wonder."

The *Sun* thinks that the discussion which has been going on among its correspondents as to the propriety and expediency of a young man's adding to his necessary wardrobe the luxury of a "dress suit" for evening wear though his income be only fifteen dollars a week, is of curious interest as an indication of the development of social formalities in this country. "A generation ago," it asserts, "no one would have thought of bringing up such a question for debate. Two generations ago that sort of raiment was al-

most wholly confined to a few prosperous citizens, bank presidents, dignified merchants, public men of grave dignity, and clergymen. These, however, wore the costume, not only in the evening, but also at all hours. Daniel Webster in his blue coat and brass buttons, with a buff waistcoat, was an example. At that time fastidiousness as to their clothes was looked on as a mark of effeminacy in men; and the notion prevailed for a long time afterward. The present conventional evening dress has only come into general use within comparatively recent years. Before then men of fashion punctilious in following customs derived from England had adopted it, but they were relatively few. We recall the boast of a man that somewhere about fifty years ago he was the first in New York to array himself regularly in evening dress at the dinner hour. Now every ready-made clothing-house has to keep on hand a large supply of that sort of raiment to satisfy the demand for it, and it is the regulation costume of men at East Side balls scarcely less than at Fifth Avenue functions. The discussion in our columns as to the need of such a suit of clothes by a 'fifteen-dollar man' indicates the extent to which the exactions of the fashion have gone."

A Florence dispatch to the European editor of the *Herald* says that "the German crown prince is spending his days very quietly in Florence, going for excursions on foot, driving with his fiancée, or playing on the violin to her accompaniment on the pianoforte. He often takes *déjeuner* with the young duchess in her small suite in the Grand Hotel, where she is stopping, and which is just across the small square from the Hotel de la Ville. The prince occupies the same splendid suite of rooms on the first floor overlooking the Arno as on the occasion of his last visit to Florence. At one time it seemed as if the prince and his fiancée would occupy adjoining suites. The Duchess Cecilie, having suddenly decided to give the crown prince a delightful surprise, and knowing that he was due in Florence on Tuesday evening, left Cannes on Sunday evening, with a lady in waiting, and not with her mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg, as all the papers are saying. She quietly put up at the Hotel de la Ville, and took apartments on the floor above the suite retained for the prince, the suite adjoining not being available. The prince's chamberlain arrived the next day, and was horrified to find the duchess comfortably installed in the hotel. All the rules of etiquette were flagrantly violated, and, in despair, he wired for instructions to Berlin. The answer came back that the emperor could in no case suffer the prince to stop in the same hotel as his fiancée, whereupon the latter smilingly remarked, 'Superior orders,' and by the time the crown prince arrived she had moved to the Grand Hotel."

"Cupid is one of the best recruiting officers that Uncle Sam has," confided one of the sergeants attached to the recruiting headquarters to a metropolitan reporter the other day. "Back of nearly every enlistment there is a woman in the case. Lovers' quarrels chase a lot of fine lads into the service. Your romantic youth gravitates to the recruiting office after a serious break with his sweetheart as naturally as a duck takes to water. It seems to him the most fitting way in which to sacrifice himself when love's young dream is apparently dispelled. Way down in his heart he nursed the idea of making his erstwhile innamorata sad, and it's the army or navy, with the possibility of death in battle, for him. Again, other first-class material is recruited by the desire of young fellows to sport a uniform before their girls. In such cases Cupid does his recruiting through vanity. But in both ways he manages to fill up big gaps in the ranks of Uncle Sam's fighters."

"A Kentucky Girl" pays her respects to the New York man in the correspondence column of a recent issue of the *Times*. "I have read with a great deal of interest," she says, "the different comments on the taxing of bachelors in this State, and would like to say through your papers, 'please don't tax them.' It might promote marriage among them in order to elude the tax, and no self-respecting woman (unless she were mercenary or an old maid) would want a New York man over twenty-seven, at any event. I have met more than a hundred of them, and have found them to be the most ill-mannered, conceited, illiterate, disagreeable, close-fisted, and dissipated men in these United States. Don't induce them to marry; let them die out with this generation."

This is a veracious but sad story related with all gravity by the Rome correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "A young countryman of Bitonto, Francesco Capaldo, was much in love with a pretty girl, Elisa Fano, and, although the girl herself was not averse to his suit, her mamma did not see Francesco with a 'good eye,' as they say here, and so the course of true love did not run smooth. Rer-led desperate, the young man decided on heroic measures, and concocted a plot

with some friends. The mother and daughter were in the habit of going frequently to some relatives in the evening; so one dark night the conspirators hid in a narrow street, and as the women passed sprang out upon them. In the confusion which ensued, heightened by the intentional manoeuvres of the young men, the gallant Francesco threw a shawl over the head of one of the frightened women, and, in spite of her struggles, bore her off to his house. 'I am Francesco,' he repeated at intervals, thinking to calm the terror of his lady love, only, however, to be answered by muffled tones from the shawl, struggles, and kicks of such strength as to rouse his wonder and something of resentment that Elisa should treat him so. Meanwhile the other woman had fled shrieking to cover, followed by the men, to conceal the doings of Francesco. The bold lover carefully removed the shawl, dropped on his knees, and raised his eyes to those of—Elisa's mother."

A saying of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's has lately been revived in connection with a "woman versus man" controversy—"God may have been in a just mood, but He was not in a merciful one when, knowing that they were to be in the same world with men, He created women."

—FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH, DINNER, THE Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall	State of Weather
March 9th	60	52	.00	Clear
" 10th	62	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 11th	64	54	.02	Cloudy
" 12th	66	58	14	Pt. Cloudy
" 13th	60	54	.49	Pt. Cloudy
" 14th	62	52	.00	Cloudy
" 15th	58	52	.17	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 15, 1905, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed		
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked	
Ray Co. Power 5%	35,000	@ 106-106½	106	106	
Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%	24,000	@ 90-91½	89½	90½	
Contra Costa Water					
5%	13,000	@ 100	99½		
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	79,000	@ 106¼	106½		
Oakland Transit					
6%	2,000	@ 120½-120¾	120¾		
Oakland Gas 5%	2,000	@ 109½		109½	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	20,000	@ 67½-70	70		
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	70,000	@ 109½-109¾	109½	110	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 104-104¾	104	105	
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5%	25,000	@ 121-121½	121½		
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1909	2,000	@ 108½	108½		
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1910	1,000	@ 109¾	109½		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1906	5,000	@ 105½	105½		
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%					
Stpd	3,000	@ 109½-109¾	108½	109½	
S. V. Water 6%	7,000	@ 102½	102½	103½	
S. V. Water, 4%	1,000	@ 100¾	100¾	102½	
S. V. Water, 4%					
3ds	4,000	@ 99¾	99¾		
S. V. Water Gen.					
4%	20,000	@ 98½-98¾	98½	98¾	
United R. R. of S.					
F. 4%	237,000	@ 89½-90½	90½		
		STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa Water	605	@ 45-52½	46	49	
S. V. Water	136	@ 37¾-39	38¾		
		Banks.			
Anglo-California	25	@ 80	88	90	
Bank of California	37	@ 445-446½	445	450	
		Street R. R.			
Presidio	25	@ 40		41	
		Powders.			
Giant Con.	65	@ 66¼-66½	66¼	66½	
Vigorit	15	@ 4	4		
		Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. S.	155	@ 87½-88¾		88	
Honokaa S. Co.	705	@ 21¾-22¾	21¾	22¾	
Hutchinson	585	@ 18-18½	18¾	18¾	
Kilauea Sugar Co.	500	@ 4½	4	4¾	
Onomea Sugar Co.	110	@ 36½	36	37	
Paaunau Sugar Co.	670	@ 25-26½	25	25½	
		Gas and Electric.			
Central L. & P.	100	@ 3½	3½	3½	
Mutual Electric	150	@ 12-12½	12	13	
Pacific Lighting	5	@ 61¾	61¾	62¾	
S. F. Gas & Electric	555	@ 53¾-57	57	57½	
		Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers	265	@ 85¾-88	85½	87½	
Cal. Wine Assn.	740	@ 77¾-79¾	79¾	80	
Oceanic S. Co.	75	@ 4½-5	5½	5½	
Pacific States Tel.	200	@ 110-111	110½	111	

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In an English court, recently, a man was fined £2 for contempt of court. He offered a £5 note in payment, but was told by the clerk that he had no change. "Oh, keep the change," was the reply; "I'll take it out in contempt."

An American lady living in Paris once had occasion to reprimand a parlor-maid for shameful neglect of duty. "Marie," said she, "there's a month's dust on this table!" At this observation, the maid gave a toss of the head, saying: "Surely, madam can not censure me for that, seeing that I have been in madam's employ but two weeks!"

A Frenchwoman was complaining to her husband that he was too much of a book-worm, that he retired too often to his study, leaving her to spend many evenings alone. "I wish," she ended, plaintively, "that I were a hook. Then I might always have your company." "In that case, my dear," the Frenchman answered, "I'd wish you were an almanac. Then I could change you once a year."

Charles Battell Loomis, the author, has an extremely serious cast of countenance. One day he made a call on Henry Meyer at the latter's studio. While they were chatting, entered Ernest Haskell, the illustrator, whose general resemblance to Loomis is most striking. Meyer gazed at the two for a moment, and then exclaimed: "How much you fellows look alike. Oh, I beg your pardon—both your pardons, I mean."

The German emperor, during one of his forest excursions on the occasion of the visit of the Czar of Russia, was about to light his cigar, but found he had forgotten the knife that he used to cut off the end. The Czar was no better provided, so one of the forest-keepers stepped forward and proffered his own. The emperor used it, and then returned it, saying, impressively: "Take back your knife. It is now an historic relic."

That new associations do not change the old trend of ideas was illustrated in New York recently, when P. Henry Roche, who used to be a political leader and a law-maker, but who now runs a hotel, climbed to the top of the tall tower of the Times Building. With wondering eyes he gazed down upon the great city spread for miles in all directions. After taking in the immense panoramic view, he gasped: "Gee! What a lot of assembly districts you can see from here."

A country clergyman called on Henry Ward Beecher and asked his advice about what to do with persons who go to sleep in church, something which had become quite prevalent in his congregation. Mr. Beecher listened very attentively, admitted that it was serious, and then said: "When I first came to Plymouth Church I thought about this problem, and I will tell you the course I decided upon. I gave the sexton strict orders that if he saw any person asleep in my congregation he should go straight to the pulpit and wake up the minister."

Rev. Silas Swallow tells that when he was a student at the Wyoming Seminary, a farmer came to Kingston to visit his nephew, a student there. The uncle had some decidedly urban customs, including the habit of pouring his tea into his saucer. This greatly annoyed the nephew, who at last said: "Uncle, why do you pour your tea into the saucer?" The old farmer looked up in surprise. Then he said, in a loud, hearty voice: "To cool it, to be sure. The more air surface you give it the quicker it cools. These here modern seminaries don't teach much science, do they?"

Isidor Raynor, the new senator from Maryland, has been a leading lawyer in that State for thirty years. He was in Congress while the McKinley tariff bill was under discussion. One day, while arguing an amendment, he casually remarked that "everything is either a luxury or a necessity." Here he was interrupted with a question from a member who generally kept himself in most unkempt condition. "I understand you to say that everything is either a luxury or a necessity," said the disheveled member; "now, I have just taken a bath. Which would you call that?" Angered at such a trivial interruption, Mr. Raynor replied, icily: "In your case it is both a necessity and a luxury; a necessity because you need it so badly, and a luxury because you take it so rarely."

A distinguished Southern statesman tarried long with convivial friends a few afternoons ago. When it came time for him to go to dinner he was somewhat unsteady, but very dignified. He saw as soon as he sat down at his table in the hotel dining-room that it would be necessary for him to do something

to divert his wife's suspicion, and he seized on the appearance of another and equally distinguished Southern statesman, who had been with him all the afternoon, as a topic of conversation. "Isn't it a shame," he said, as the other statesman made his way to his seat at the next table—"isn't it a shame that the judge drinks? I am very sorry to see it. It pains me much." His wife remarked: "Is it possible that the judge has been drinking?" "My dear," said the statesman, summoning all his will-power and drawing himself up in his chair, "is it possible that you can not tell when a man has been drinking?"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Cause and Effect.

We often see
In this, our life,
A pensive man,
Expensive wife!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

College Humor.

Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite;
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.
—Princeton Tiger.

Loeb's Parentless Sea Urchin.

Oh, poor little parentless urchin,
Without any trace of mamma,
You're never to find in your searchin'
Any proof that you had a papa.

A chemico-physico Adam,
The first to be made "while you wait,"
With forefathers none—if you had 'em
You couldn't make claim to be great.

You're famous forever and ever,
Oh, urchin without a papa;
You're from—and it's awfully clever—
A parthenogenetic larva.

No cousins, nor uncles, nor aunts
Shall gather to call you "a dear,"
Are you really retreat or advance,
You parentless Loeb pioneer?
—Edward S. Van Zile in New York Sun.

Too Much.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree.
"For," said he, "tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle D. D."—Puck.

Those Turkish Trousers.

A Turk with nine wives in his harem
Turned a mouse loose one day, just to scare 'em;
But the ladies "stood pat."
They were moved not by that
To lift up their skirts. They don't wear 'em.
—The Eunuch in Town Topics.

The Grand Dukes of America.

In Moneyhof, proud citadel,
Our Grand Dukes sit conspiring,
They know the people's weakness well,
They plot and scourge, they buy and sell
With energy untiring.

The Grand Duke Steel and the Grand Duke Coal,
The Grand Duke Beef with the hard, hard soul,
And swelled with the might of his tribute rich,
The Grand Duke Standardoilovitch.

At Moneyhof the courtiers kneel
In servile adulation:
Beneath the heavy Ducal heel
The weaker starve, the baser steal,
The bolder loot the nation.

When the north winds hoot from the boreal Pole
You pay the tax of the Grand Duke Coal,
And few are spared from the greedy itch
Of the Grand Duke Standardoilovitch.

In Moneyhof the tyrants heed
No morals or condition.
The people groan, the people bleed—
What matter, if they only feed
The Money Proposition?

The Grand Duke Beef, when whims dictate
Serenely robs the workman's plate,
Then pools the hoozie to enrich
The Grand Duke Standardoilovitch.

Not in St. Petersburg alone
Do leeches have their inning
While Cossacks raid and peasants groan—
We have some Grand Dukes of our own
That need a little thinning:

The Grand Duke Steel and the Grand Duke Coal,
The Grand Duke Beef with the food-control,
And swelled with the might of his tribute rich,
The Grand Duke Standardoilovitch.
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

Johnson—"He said I was an addle-plated jackass. What do you advise me to do about it?"
Jackson—"See a good veterinary."
—Ex.

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Essays of Little Bobbie.

CHICAGO.

Chicago is a big place full of people & smook and dirt and trubble. It is bounded on one side by Milwaukee and on all the other sides by parts of Chicago which are as bad as the middle part.

Chicago is a nise place for yu to go when you haven't got Ruber heels, because if yu think yu are going to fall down somebody will be sure to hold you up. I thought of this joak myself.

I heard about a little boy who was going to move to Chicago and he was saying his prayers and he said Goodby Lord we are going to Chicago and I guess he was rite, that's all I know about Chicago it aint much.

DIVORCES.

Divorces is whare a man and his wife either one sees some one else they may like better, then they go to a lawyer & he tells them what to say in the cort house, then the Judge talks them apart and they live happily ever after. Ma and Pa never had a divorce I guess if they did it wouldnt hear so much scrapping. When I get to be a man if I want 2 wives, one at a time, I am going to have a divorce. alimony is what yu pay for a divorce frum yure wife hut sumtimes its cheap.

CARNEGIE.

Mister Carnegie is a fine old man that sines checks and furnishes reeding for lots of fokes. He isent related to Cassie Chadwick, but she got him in trubble over some noats or sumthing and then she said well we can arrange this alrite, I sined the notes and your part will hee to pay them.

Mister Carnegie is Skoch by desent and looks like mister Burns but no wimmen ever maid Burns pay over any fortuns he was too foxie beekas he was a poet and when I grow up I am going to be a poet.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The little grandson of the multi-billionaire wept bitterly. "What's the trouble?" asked the indulgent grandsire. "He wants the moon, sir," explained the nurse. "Well, I can't give it to him just now," replied the old man with a sigh; "he'll have to be satisfied with the earth until next week."
—Chicago News.

"Do you really believe that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?" "Sure. The place isn't there after it's struck the first time."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Haverford.....Apr. 8 | Westernland.....Apr. 22

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Manitou.....Apr. 1 | Minneapolis.....Apr. 15

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Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.
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Ryndam.....Apr. 5 | Potsdam.....Apr. 19

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NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.
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Kroonland.....Apr. 1 | Finland.....Apr. 15

WHITE STAR LINE.

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Baltic.....Mar. 29, 1 pm | Celtic.....Apr. 7, 7 am
Teutonic.....Apr. 5, 10 am | Oceanic.....Apr. 12, 11 am
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric.....Apr. 5, May 11, June 8
Arabic.....Apr. 27, May 25, June 22
Republic.....June 1, July 6, Aug. 10

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Cretic.....Apr. 29, June 15, July 6
Romanic.....July 6

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Canopic.....Apr. 1, May 13, June 24, Aug. 5
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SOCIETY.

The Mohr-Bailey Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Bailey, to Mr. William F. Mohr, of New York, took place at a Wednesday evening at the First Presbyterian church. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Rev. George A. Stone. Miss Grace Spreckels was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Edith Sisson, Miss Lucie King, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Jessie Wilson, and Miss Freida Mohr. Mr. Wilson Marshall acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. John Baird, Mr. Herbert Bailey, Mr. Milton Bailey, Mr. Louis Sloss, and Mr. Morton Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Mohr will reside in New York.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss California Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, to Mr. John Breuner.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Borel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, to Mr. Aylett Cotton, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Eugenie Hawes, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, to Rev. David M. Crabtree of Redwood City, will take place at Grace Church on Tuesday, April 25th. The ceremony will be performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols. Miss Elena Robinson will be maid of honor.

The wedding of Miss Alice Brigham, daughter of Mrs. C. B. Brigham, to Lieutenant Clarence S. Kempf, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at half after three by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. Miss Katherine Brigham was maid of honor. Midshipman Martin H. Metcalf, U. S. N., acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant Robinson, U. S. N., and Midshipman Abram Claude, U. S. N. A reception at the residence of the bride's mother, 2202 Broadway, followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Amy Garroute, daughter of Judge and Mrs. C. H. Garroute, of Berkeley, to Mr. Chester E. Haskell, took place on Wednesday at the West Side Christian Church. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. Walter M. White. Mrs. Richard Hovey was maid of honor, and Mr. Rudolph Bertheau acted as best man. Mr. Whitman Prentice and Mr. Stuart Fairweather were the ushers. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at Palo Alto.

The wedding of Miss Emilie Plagemann, daughter of Mr. J. F. Plagemann, to Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, 1000 Page Street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Kirk Guthrie. Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Millie Eckhoff, Miss Inez Pischel, and Miss Sepha Pischel. Mr. Henry Plagemann acted as best man. A supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Dohrmann sailed for Honolulu on Thursday on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at 1000 Page Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills. Mrs. Gaston Ashe gave a tea on Sunday at her residence in Sausalito.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a luncheon at the Tavern of Tamalpais recently. Covers were laid for nine.

Mrs. George A. Moore gave a tea on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Robert Turl, of New York. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. Edward B. Rogers, Miss Maude Payne, Miss Maisie Langhorne, and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers will give a dinner at the University Club on Friday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller.

Mrs. J. Lowenberg and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown gave a musicale at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday afternoon. They were assisted by Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs. Charles Brown.

Mr. John P. Young will give a card-party at the Hotel St. Francis to-day (Saturday).

Mrs. H. F. Huntington gave a luncheon at the University Club on Monday in honor of Mr. Andrew Summers Rowan. Others at

table were Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. J. Lowenberg, Mrs. Adele Brooks, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mrs. Philip K. Brown, Mrs. Charles M. Woods, Mrs. Fernando Pungst, Mrs. Gertrude L. Lansing, Mrs. Ramon Wilson, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. Joseph Trille, Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Mrs. J. K. Wilson, Mrs. Edgar de Pue, Mrs. Edmund B. Holladay, Mrs. William P. Redington, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Miss Marie Withrow, and Miss Anna Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening in honor of Miss California Cluff and Mr. John Breuner. Others at table were Mrs. George W. Downey, Miss Elizabeth Rawn, of Cincinnati, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Sidney Davis, Judge Frank Kerrigan, Mr. William Downing, Mr. Edward Bowes, and Mr. George W. Downey.

Miss Florinne Brown gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence in Oakland in honor of Miss Marion Smith.

Art Notes.

Arthur F. Mathews exhibits but seldom—a fact one regrets upon seeing the pictures he is showing at 276 Post Street. There are only sixteen paintings, but there is not a weak one among them, and many have a distinction, a tone, an excellence of technique, composition, and drawing seldom seen here. Especially is this true of his figures. There are half a dozen or more of these canvases, and to every one of them Mr. Mathews has given the master touch. True anatomy, naturalness of pose, and soft, harmonious coloring combine to make them notable. His landscapes, too, are individual in treatment, and more than pleasing. They have the quality that invites many visits to them.

L. P. Latimer has an exhibit at the Schussler Galleries, 119 Geary Street, that adds to his reputation as a water-colorist. Redwoods are his specialty, and he succeeds admirably in presenting their ruggedness and majesty. The soft, cool shadows under them, the pools that are almost hidden from the light, and the vagrant sunlight struggling through the branches, are all admirably portrayed. Versatility is shown by several charming little meadow and marine scenes. There are two or three oil-paintings of great merit.

An exhibition of sculpture by Robert I. Aitken, comprising models, sketches, and portraits, will be held in the Jinks Room of the Bohemian Club, opening Wednesday, March 22d, and continuing until April 1st. A private view for club members will be held on Tuesday, April 21st. The exhibition will be open to the public (through cards of invitation from members) on the afternoons of Wednesday, March 22d; Saturday, March 25th; and Saturday, April 1st, from two to five o'clock.

The Japanese etchings and wood cuts by Miss Helen Hyde, of this city, are on exhibition in the studio of Albert Roullier, in the Fine Arts Building, New York, and are attracting great attention.

The beauty of California at the opening of spring is most beautifully revealed from the top of Mt. Tamalpais. There, within an hour from San Francisco, one may look upon one of the most varied and beautiful landscapes in the world. The Tavern of Tamalpais is highly praised by all travelers.

A Cecilian recital will be given in the ballroom of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening under the direction of Byron Manzy. Those who will appear are Miss Millie Flynn, soprano; Theodore I. Fenster, violinist; and Hubert O. Fox, of New York, at the Cecilian.

Belasco & Mayer have bought the Columbia Theatre in Portland, Or. This makes four theatres they own, the others being the Alcazar and Central of this city, and the Belasco of Los Angeles. The Columbia, like the others, will be conducted as a high-class stock house.

Meyer Strauss, formerly one of the best-known painters of this city, died on Sunday, at the age of seventy-four years. He did some notable work in his time, but during the later years of his life was afflicted with palsy, which seriously hindered his efforts.

Governor George C. Pardee has appointed Henry S. Crocker a member of the board of harbor commissioners, to succeed John C. Kirkpatrick, whose term expires March 20th.

Mrs. Fiske starts her Western tour in April, ending it in California in June.

Champagne.

Speaking of the wonderful strides in four years from 381,776 bottles in 1900 to over 1,524,000 bottles in 1904 of the celebrated brand of Moet & Chandon White Seal Champagne the New York World remarks:

"It is a superb wine—*bon vivant, gourmets*, poets, have sung its praises, careful chemists have scrupulously examined it and found it not only free from deleterious elements, but full of all the qualities that go to make a perfect champagne. In body, bouquet, in every quality wherein a wine can excel, it does excel."

Wills and Successions.

Charles H. Crocker and Clara E. Crocker, heirs of the late Henry S. Crocker, have petitioned the superior court for distribution to them of the estate of the deceased. In their petition the heirs set forth that the annuity provided for in the will of the deceased in favor of Mrs. Sarah E. McKee has lapsed through the death of the beneficiary in Los Angeles at recent date. The death of Mrs. McKee, the petitioners further set forth, leaves the estate in a position where distribution can be ordered without affecting the interests of any one. Out of his share of the estate Charles H. Crocker must pay some \$15,000 in bequests. The most valuable assets of the estate the petitioners ask distributed to them are 2,930 shares in the H. S. Crocker Company and \$16,000 in cash.

The will of the late Colonel James A. Hardin, who left property in Mendocino and Sonoma Counties to the value of about \$450,000, besides cattle-ranges and live-stock in Nevada, has been filed for probate in Santa Rosa. The estate is divided among the widow and five children.

The will of the late Miss Alice M. Oxnard has been filed for probate. The principal beneficiary is a sister, Miss Marie D. Oxnard, who receives a direct bequest of \$5,000, all the furniture, jewelry, paintings, and other effects of the deceased, and during her life the net income of the estate. At her death, one-fifth of the estate is to go to each of her four brothers—Robert, Benjamin, Harry T., and James G. Oxnard—and one-fifth is to be divided between Louise, Fanny, and Alice M. Sprague, nieces. The estate is held in trust by Robert Oxnard and Benjamin Oxnard.

Golf Dates.

The San Francisco Golf and Country Club will hold a tournament on Saturday afternoon, March 25th, under the following conditions: Medal play, first eighteen holes to count. The player making the best percentage of his previous best score made in a tournament held since January 1, 1903, under the club's auspices, and recorded by the club, shall receive the prize for the first place. The player making the next best score, to be determined by the said percentage, shall receive the prize for the second place. A member who has no club record since the first of January, 1903, can play in this match, but only to establish a record.

On this (Saturday) afternoon a scratch medal play tournament will be held to establish the official playing order of the club, play to be over eighteen holes, and to begin any time after noon.

The qualifying rounds for the Council's Cup will be held on the afternoon of the first of April.

Some Points About St. Dunstan.

As to the good man himself, he was an English saint, and not of the Latin race, living in London in the tenth century, working with the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, whose patron he became. When the devil appeared unhidden, the saint seized him by the nose with red-hot tongs, and shook at him a horseshoe, ever since potent to drive away evil. From the London goldsmiths the saint received his crest, and passed it on to the charming house of entertainment at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, where it has become the emblem of all that is true, beautiful, and good.

The Thornton Stakes, \$2,500 added, four miles, for two-year-olds and upward, will be the feature at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday).

Major-General John H. Dickinson, N. G. C., has resigned, and will be succeeded by General Warfield, N. G. C.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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Public sale of season tickets begins box-office Grand Opera House, Monday, March 20th, 9 a. m.

For details see daily papers.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Azalea Keyes, and Mrs. J. R. MacKenzie sailed last week from New York for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Merrill, Miss Ruth Merrill, Mrs. J. J. Speiker, and Miss Georgie Speiker were in Cairo when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have gone to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah R. Howell have taken apartments on Van Ness Avenue near Bush Street.

Miss Elsa Draper has gone to Oregon for a short visit.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard is sojourning at San Diego.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Anita Harvey, and Miss Constance Crimmins are at Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. R. H. Pease and his son have gone to New York.

Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith expect to spend the summer in Hawaii.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Miss Mary Eyre were in Naples when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. C. A. McNulty have been sojourning at San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase were in Italy when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fickert (née Wallace) have returned from their wedding journey.

Dr. and Mrs. William Lyman Shields are at Del Monte.

Miss Daisy Van Ness has been at Palm Beach, Florida, recently, where she has been entertained by Mrs. W. H. Howard, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kohl have taken their yacht *Idlewild* to Del Monte, where they are entertaining their friends with frequent trips in Monterey Bay.

Mr. Leon Kaufman and family are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Peter McG. McBean was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., have gone to their country place at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale has returned to Bakersfield.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has gone East, and will spend the summer in Princeton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hale (née Currier) have taken a residence at 2580 Washington Street.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin has been spending some time at San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Dr. and Mrs. Beverly McMonagle have returned from Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann were recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith O'Brien departed on Tuesday for New York, and on March 28th will sail from there for Naples.

Mrs. S. Fenchtwanger has taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Porter, Miss Amy Porter, and Miss Marguerite Hanford have gone to Santa Barbara for a sojourn of several months.

Mrs. Helen B. Huse and Mr. Charles G. Huse sail to-day (Saturday) for Honolulu.

Miss Etelka Williar sailed from Manila for home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane expect to sail from Honolulu on Tuesday, and on their arrival will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden are back from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles B. Stone and Miss Emily Stone were recent visitors to the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers are sojourning at Monterey.

Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton is expected to arrive from Los Angeles to-day (Saturday).

Miss Katherine Barney, of New York, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Milbrae.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs was a recent guest at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Miss Emma Mullins, of Washington, D. C., is the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley have taken a residence at San Mateo for the summer.

Among the recent guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. F. Belasco, Mr. and Mrs. Judson Brusie, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hedges, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Lippman, Mrs. Violette Flower, Mr. William Powning, and Miss Ruth Weston.

Among the recent guests at Byron Hot Springs were Miss Nellie F. Sullivan, Miss S. Macomber, Miss Annie M. Hagarty, Mrs. Louis A. Phillips, Mrs. E. Maldonado, Mr. John R. Sayers, Mr. William Bogen, Mr. Charles Coleman, Mr. William Reinstein, Mr. J. E. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. S. Stern, Mr. William Giselman, Mr. William J. Meagher, and Mr. John Singer.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, were Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Jellinek, Mr. Robert A. Ross, Mrs. Walter

M. Field, Mr. L. F. Young, Mr. W. A. Bell, Mr. Frank S. Washburn, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. Charles A. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mead, Mr. J. K. Wilson, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spinks, Mr. W. T. Hobson, Mr. W. W. Jillett, Mrs. McGilroy, Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, and Mrs. W. H. Griffin.

Among the recent visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Barrett and Miss D. Barrett, of Malden, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. J. Shearer and Miss Shearer, of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sparks, of Philadelphia, Mr. E. K. Hulbert, Miss M. Marriner, Dr. W. M. O'Connor, Miss N. Evans, Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mr. H. R. Baker, and Mr. and Mrs. Heazleton.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Miss K. G. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Curtis, Miss Janson, of Philadelphia, Mr. John S. Huyler, of New York, Mr. Horace B. Clifton, Mr. G. W. Heintz, Mr. Frederick Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shotwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fried, Mr. W. W. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brandenstein, Mr. J. L. Eastland, Mr. T. B. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. John Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Keyston, Mrs. E. A. Lawbaugh, and Miss McEwen.

Army and Navy News.

General George A. Armes, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Armes arrived from Washington, D. C., on Tuesday for a short visit.

Major-General Samuel S. Sumner, U. S. A., is to be transferred from the command of the South-West military division to the command of the Pacific division, in place of General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., now in Japan.

Rear-Admiral William H. Whiting, U. S. N., who sailed from here for Manila last week, was injured in a street car accident in Honolulu on Tuesday, and will return to San Francisco.

Commander E. B. Underwood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Underwood have been here during the past few days, on their way from Samoa to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. W. A. Logue, of New York, is a guest at Mare Island of Paymaster David Potter, U. S. N., and Mrs. Potter.

Paymaster Leeds C. Kerr, U. S. N., gave a luncheon at Mare Island on Sunday.

The following United States army officers have been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general: Colonel Alfred C. Girard, assistant surgeon-general; Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Beck, Third Cavalry; Lieutenant-Colonel Frank U. Robinson, Thirteenth Cavalry; Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Taylor, Ninth Infantry; Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel W. Fountain, Fourth Cavalry; Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Davis, Artillery Corps; Military Secretary Lieutenant-Colonel James K. Hobbs, Artillery Corps; Major John L. Bullis, paymaster; Colonel James A. Buchanan, Twenty-fourth Infantry.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

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MAIN LINE. -- ARRIVE

Table of train arrivals and departures for the Main Line, listing destinations like Richmond, Port Costa, Vallejo, etc., and times.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)

Table of train arrivals and departures for the Coast Line (Narrow Gauge), listing destinations like Newark, Centerville, San Jose, etc.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)

Table of train arrivals and departures for the Coast Line (Broad Gauge), listing destinations like Newark, San Jose, etc.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY (Foot of Market Street)

Table of ferry arrivals and departures for Oakland Harbor Ferry, listing times and destinations.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Money makes the mare go." "It can't always make the automobile run, though." Town and Country.

Jenkins—"You don't seem to bother much about the future." Lightley—"No, that never worries me until it becomes the present."—Ex.

Mrs. Wise—"How do you like the new nurse girl?" Mr. Wise—"Great." Mrs. Wise—"I thought so. That's why I fired her this morning."—Boston Globe.

"Ah," said the little girl who was being filled with culture, "see the carpenter brawny building the house beautiful with his hands skillful."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman; "the leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot." "Which spot, sir?" gasped the green employee.—Ex.

Deacon Jones—"In the better land everything will be made known." Mrs. Frye—"Won't that be fine! I've always wondered how old Sarah Wilson was."—Boston Transcript.

"For goodness' sake! What's that noise?" "The girl next door is having her voice cultivated." "Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother—"Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charley cry so?" Ethel—"I've only been sharing my cod-liver oil with him, dear mamma. You said it was so nice."—Harper's Bazar.

Judge—"You say you were alone when you committed the robbery?" Nitro Bill—"Yes, yer honor. I allus does me little jobs alone. When ye've got a pal it's ten ter one he turns out dishonest."—Judge.

Little Willie—"I say, pa, what is an empty title?" Pa—"An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present."—Glasgow Evening Times.

"True happiness," remarked the moralizer, "is found in the pursuit of something, not in catching it." "Huh!" growled the demoralizer; "tell that to some man who never chased an owl car."—Chicago Daily News.

"Are you going to entertain this winter?" "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls will have a lot of people at the house, as usual. But I never can tell whether they are being entertained or bored."—Ex.

Jasper—"I think I have reason to believe that that last poem of mine is a classic." Jumpuppe—"Why so?" Jasper—"I find that all my friends have either seen it or heard of it, but none of them has read it."—Ex.

The preacher—"I was surprised to see your husband get up and walk out of church while I was preaching." The wife—"Oh, don't think anything of that! You know he's troubled with somnambulism!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"I see, Josiah, that somebody has found out that college life decreases the desire of girls to marry." "I'll bet the trouble is, Nancy, that it decreases the desire of the young fellows to marry 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Modern mother—"Why, child alive, what are you taking off that dolly's clothes for?" Modern child—"I'm going to 'zamine her to see if she's been vaccinated. I can't have 'er spreadin' 'tagion among my other dollies."—Baltimore American.

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"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes." "No; I never have both out at the same time."—Cornell Widow.

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San Rafael to San Francisco. WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p. m. Sundays—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:05, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

Table of train arrivals and departures for California Northwestern Railway Co., listing destinations like San Rafael, San Francisco, etc., and times.

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ing, which took its rise so early, has persisted even unto this day. We never see a fair-faced American youth polishing the shoes of a Japanese but what we experience a faint sense of discomfort. And when we read, the other day, about a Chinese mandarin traveling on some North China river in a junk with four or five white men as servants—waiter, steward, cook, etc.—it gave us an odd, unpleasant sensation. It didn't seem quite right—it didn't tally somehow with the childhood conception of the relations of the Races of Mankind.

Among the editorial fraternity and among public men of this country and England, however, there appear to be many who fail to share with us this feeling. We are exceedingly pained to observe that there are some, even, who are almost ready to admit that the Caucasian race is not the best race of mankind. They talk discouragingly of the race's future, and speak about having "to learn" from the Mongolian race. They doubt our ability to do certain things, and weakly wonder if, after all, we are the people with whom wisdom will die. As we say, all this is extremely regrettable. Of course, the Caucasian race is the race, and destined for great things.

To be specific about these croakers and carpers—here is an Iowa congressman who says that it would never be possible to organize a medical service for our army comparable in efficiency with that of the Japanese. Really, what an absurd idea. It is regrettably true, of course, that in recent wars we Caucasians haven't made a very good record. In our war with Spain, 268 Americans died of bullets and 3,682 of disease; in the Boer War, 7,702 men were killed in battle and 13,250 died of disease; in our Civil War, 4 men died of disease to every one killed in battle. In General Oku's Japanese army, on the other hand, there have died of disease during nine months of difficult campaigning, in which 5,127 men were killed and 21,080 wounded, only 40 men. It's absurd, however, to say that England and the United States couldn't make as good a record if they only tried hard enough. We have only really to put our minds to it. As a contemporary remarks, "An admission that we can never hope to do what Japan has done comes perilously near a confession that the new yellow civilization is more effective than the old white civilization—and the American people are not ready to admit anything of that kind." A very just comment—of course we are not!

Other writers, who find a strange pleasure in abusing the race to which they belong, take other lines of argument. Here we find in the usually very able London correspondence of the New York Tribune a statement that "the island kingdom gives the world a fine display of dignity and moral qualities in the self-restraint with which the tidings of an unprecedented victory have been received," and the writer adds: "Western nations have much to learn from Japan in the sober virtues of patriotism." Western nations learn "dignity," "moral qualities," "self-restraint," and "patriotism" from the Japanese?—certainly this is an impudent suggestion. Are we not patriotic? Are not patriotic songs sung in every school in this broad land with waving of our honored flag? And do we not display high moral qualities in time of war, our merchants furnishing supplies of unimpeachable quality to the government at fair prices and without extortion, and our ship-owners, as in the late war, turning vessels for transport of troops over to the nation at a figure most moderate? We deny that it is necessary for the Caucasian race to learn from Japan any elementary virtues such as patriotism and self-restraint.

The Springfield Republican falls into the same error as the Tribune, saying, unashamedly, that "hereafter

the East will influence more and more the moral codes of the Western peoples." Just as if the "moral codes" of Christian civilization could be bettered by contact with those of the pagan Orient!

Still another one of the great metropolitan newspapers has so imperfect a realization of our achievements in science as to say that "the Japanese have given to the world an exhibition of scientific warfare such as has never been seen before. The simple fact is that Europe and America have never yet got away from a certain empiricism in warfare. The Japanese have won by virtue of superior science." If this statement means anything, it means that, in the writer's opinion, the Japanese have outstripped their teachers in the domain of science as applied to warfare. If in that, why not in other departments of science? That is the logical conclusion to which the statement quoted leads, and such a conclusion is, of course, absurd. If there is one thing upon which men of white race pride themselves it is their achievements in science, and it is quite unreasonable to suppose that we shall ever be outstripped by the Japanese there. Yet certain prominent newspapers, traitors to their race, seem to suppose so.

To show how far those who lack race pride will go, we may cite the fact that the art of Japan is said by some to be superior to our own. One writer speaks of the fact that "for a half century at least Japan has been sending to the West examples of art of an admittedly high character and in great variety, exquisite painting and carving, lovely pottery, stuffs of the rarest weave and design, bronzes and lacquers that were the despair of European competitors, to say nothing of a flood of trifling articles for daily use and amusement, all fashioned in a truly artistic manner, and bearing the seal of a deep and original artistic feeling existing even among the workmen." In the same vein, another declares that the biggest of our truly modern English-speaking artists—the painter Whistler—got half his inspiration from Japan, and asserts that Japan is profoundly influencing for good the art of the Western world. Such wild statements naturally may be left to controvert themselves.

Surely we are the people destined to inherit the earth. If, occasionally, such facts as the decreasing birth-rate in all the more civilized Caucasian lands, and, particularly in our own, the increase of violent crime, such as murder, and the seeming penetration of the spirit of graft into all classes of society, gives us momentary disquiet, these feelings soon pass away. In its codes of morals, in its dominant religion, in its philosophy of life, in its art, in its science, the Caucasian race is the superior race, and will surely continue to be to the end of time. The Caucasian race is not a decaying race, we may be certain, and, after springing up during the last thousand years from barbarism to its present estate, it surely has not reached its maximum of development and begun to retrogress. Herbert Spencer was clearly wrong when he talked of the "rebarbarization" of the English and American people, as are also those who contend that the men of art and letters and government in the mid-Victorian age were greater than the men of to-day. The Caucasian race is not to be likened in any sense to the peoples which, after reaching a certain degree of civilization, passed, like the Peruvians or the Aztecs, out of existence as nations. Surely it is not.

The movements of the Russian fleet have so far set the prophets at naught, and Rojstvensky's plans, if not erratic, and time alone can show whether they are that, are at least incomprehensible. It would be strange if the proverbial Muscovite guile were to find its way to the HELM.

When we used to go to school and study geography there was in the book a row of brown pictures representing the Races of Mankind. We used to observe these pictures with a good deal of interest. They were rather fascinating. And one thing we were always glad of when we studied the physiognomies represented in these pictures, was that we belonged, not to the race with curly hair and thick lips and black skin, nor to the low race of oblique eyes and straight hair, nor again to the race called Malay, nor to the race called Polynesian, but rather to the race that in the picture was represented by a man of white skin, flowing beard, and wide, high brow—a strong, noble, dominating personality. It gave us a little thrill of pride to think that we belonged to the great Caucasian race, which is the finest human represented, and somehow that feel-

ample, during this war at least, in the naval strategy of the man whom a European writer has facetiously dubbed the "Horse Marine." According to all the predictions of the journalistic board of naval strategy, the Russian fleets should have combined at Chagos or Minicoy in the Indian Ocean, and lo! they are still prowling somewhere, indefinitely, and, indeed, delightfully described, as "Off the East Coast of Madagascar," an announcement which causes virulent French radicals to storm in the Chamber.

It seems certain, however, that the East of Madagascar holds the Russian fleet at the present time, that Rojestvensky has combined with Volkerstroom, and that Biriloff will probably join the two of them. Meanwhile the chances of the impending conflict, when Togo and Rojestvensky set deliberately to work to make scrap iron of one another's commands, is being discussed with the air of profundity which the paper strategist always adopts in spite of the rebuffs of actuality. The Russians are, with a unanimity which is in itself a little suspicious, placed in a position of inferiority against which their officers will strive in vain. Thus Douhassoff and Captain Klado both maintain that the Russian fleet is inferior, and the latter of these has gone so far as to describe the chances as desperate.

It is pointed out that the Russian fleet is not homogeneous; that it is made up of all sorts of units which are impossible of handling; that it is handicapped by the conveying of a large fleet of colliers rendered necessary by the absence of ports of call, and yet in view of the difficulties of coaling at sea almost an obstacle; that the fleet is badly manned and worse officered. Togo is expected to destroy it either by a torpedo attack delivered somewhere between the Straits of Sunda and the Island of Formosa, or by the assembly of his full naval force for a pitched battle with the united Russian squadrons. Rojestvensky should have been in Japanese waters by March, but the month has almost gone and the strategists declare that he dare not advance.

Most of the newspapers reecho these disparaging opinions, and the general tone of the press would lead one to suppose that the Russian admirals were making a sacrificial procession for the good of no one in particular. But the facts do not altogether support so extreme a view of Russia's inferiority. As a matter of fact, there is a slight preponderance of force on the Russian side; thus she has seven battle-ships to the Japanese four, and recent events have shown that the battle-ship is the dominating factor in the modern naval encounter. These ships have been described as the leavings of the Russian navy, foul bottomed, improperly equipped, and by no means what their paper strength would lead one to believe. But are the Japanese ships any better relatively? They are also the leavings. It is frequently overlooked that the Japanese have also had losses, that they must reckon off their strength the first-class battle-ships *Hatsuse* and *Yashima*, besides a coast-defense ship, two protected cruisers, two unprotected cruisers, and two torpedo-boats. In addition to these, the battle-ship *Asahi*, the protected cruiser *Chiayoda*, and a destroyer have been so injured as to require a considerable time for repairs.

In spite of all the croakings of the paper strategists, the Russian fleet is by no means without a chance if the Russian officers were endowed with the spirit of daring. Naval victories have been won again and again under more discouraging circumstances. There is, in fact, no such actual discrepancy between the forces as to place victory in the hands of Togo beyond question.

For several months the "Reverend May S. Pepper," medium and pastor of the First Spiritualistic Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has engaged a great deal of attention by her claims to supernatural powers. The adherence of several prominent men has added to the advertising value of Mrs. Pepper's name and the credulity of the public. Among these are Dr. Isaac K. Funk, head of the publishing-house of Funk & Wagnalls; Dr. R. Heber Newton; Professor James H. Hyslop, formerly of Columbia University; and Rev. Minot J. Savage. These gentlemen have strenuously upheld the genuineness of the materializations of Mrs. Pepper, and have triumphantly announced their belief in the spirit world, the return of the ghost, and letter reading.

As is natural, under the patronage of such worthy and scientific folk, New Yorkers have fallen by the ears. Thousands bow at the feet of the blonde Mrs. Pepper, and point with pride to her social standing as the guide to the spirit world. Others, either skeptical by nature or imbued with envy, as persistently scorn her claims, and note with satisfaction that she weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and was once a dairymaid in Rhode Island.

For Mrs. Pepper is asserted to have done

this much: Call the dead into communication with the living, get specimens of the ghostly chirography, discern the past without asking, the present without seeing, and the future without hearing. She has informed unknown widows of their bereavement, comforted orphans in advance, assured lovers of their fate—all decently, in a pulpit, with the Rev. Dr. Isaac K. Funk in close attendance.

These claims of Mrs. Pepper and her allies have been vehemently disputed by W. S. Davis, a printer on Spruce Street, New York City, and he has apparently driven the heavy-weight medium back into the corner. At least she has refused to submit to the public test he offered, in which he was to do exactly what she did and explain it satisfactorily to the public.

It is a well-recognized fact that the man who disputes his wife if she says the baby needs a change of air will go out and put his trust at first sight in a large blonde medium. Old gentlemen with whiskers, who can not allow a friend in the club to make the most trivial statement uncorrected, usually fold their hands and ask for more when a fluffy woman in a room lighted but dimly asserts that she is in confidential communication with the ghosts of a whole cemetery. It will not convince everybody that Mrs. Pepper is a genuine seeress that Dr. Funk has fallen into the attitude of a disciple. But New York, until it gets tired of the play, will likely pin its rag of faith to this pillar for a while yet.

Of course, Mrs. Pepper has one strong claim upon faith: she has a past. Her name is Pepper by courtesy, the husband of her youth having previously given his name to a woman from whom he neglected to get a divorce before wedding Mary Ann Scannell. This past, in view of Mrs. P.'s two hundred and fifty pounds and blonde hair, becomes specially pathetic, and is the imprimatur of genuineness in the eyes of all gallant scientists.

It is to be presumed that Mrs. Pepper will not light up San Francisco for some time to come. There are not the opportunities in this city for the reviving of the dead such as New York affords, and large blonde seeresses have met with cold receptions in the past, owing to the competition of fairer women who do not profess to know so much. Anyway, we have very little time for the departed. We care very little to talk with one who has abandoned California. New York may delight to converse with warmer realms during the winter, and probably old gentlemen might as well thaw out their whiskers over Mrs. Pepper's radiators as anywhere else. Fortunately, age has not yet reached the Pacific. We do not pass through the church to the grave. What pleasure in dying with only the clammy hands of the deceased to welcome us? What need of vertiginous blondes to wave us o'er the brink? We stop in the midst of our youth, turn a little to catch the order, toss back a wink—and step Westward one more pace into eternity. There are no spooks. If there were, California would have all the frigid East in her atmosphere, basking in her sun, and all the blonde Peppers in the world could not entice them back for a single reading.

Certainly there has never, in any age, been seen a stranger combat than that now being waged with pen and ink by Thomas W. Lawson, the author of "Frenzied Finance," and Dennis Donohoe, financial editor of the *New York Commercial*. Lawson has been savagely attacking every present-day financial institution, and with every art known to a versatile, vocabularic, and prodigiously energetic man, has sought to prove to the public the truth of his sayings. He has said there was too much water in prominent stocks, and smashed them a dozen points. But now comes Dennis Donohoe, known only as an able commercial editor, formerly a San Francisco newspaper man. The fight is on. Donohoe has proved himself equally as good as Lawson so far as diction goes. Facts win.

But what are the facts? Is Lawson correct when he charges the millionaires with juggling life-insurance funds in manner most criminal? Or is Donohoe right when he accuses Lawson of being for some time associated with bucket-shop keepers, of notorious intimacy with crooks and scalawags? Who is telling the truth? Who has the truth at heart?

It was very easy for Mr. Lawson, so soon as Mr. Donohoe took up his challenge, to state that the young man did so because he was bought by the moneyed interests. The thing was so easy to say, so pat to the occasion, that one even expected something more original. But there certainly is no proof of this charge. Mr. Donohoe himself explained at the outset that he was paid, as for any other magazine work, by the editors of *Public Opinion* to "set forth the other side."

The conviction must by this time have dawned on many people—after these many moons of chasing

shadows—that so far Mr. Lawson has given the public little besides what might be termed in police parlance a "clue." It is quite possible that a careful working out of the leads shown by him might develop almost what his language would suggest. But it is as yet not proved that Mr. Donohoe has any more stones in his pouch than Mr. Lawson. So far he has contented himself with attacking Mr. Lawson's private character, his motives, and his honesty as a financier. This has been done with some elegance and force of language, and several rather good metaphors are interspersed for the delation of those who love to pick flowers when traveling on business. But it is hard to see where Mr. Donohoe has done any of these things; shown the falsity of Mr. Lawson's claim to personal interest and active sharing in the transactions which he describes; disproved the existence of the "system"; shown conclusively, not that Lawson is a flamboyant and unscrupulous man, but that he will deliberately lie about matters of which he knows more than any other living.

It is a sad fact that no number of holes cut in the bottom of a balloon will bring it to earth. One must slash in the top. Mr. Lawson's balloon, while not at a spectacular height, seems still to be in the air, spite of Mr. Donohoe's efforts to bring him down.

The bestowal of the most important diplomatic office in the gift of the President—that of the honorable ambassador to the British capital—upon Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*, honors not only the veteran journalist who accepts the post, but the whole journalistic profession—a profession which, thanks to the jealousies and quarrels frequent among newspapers, less seldom leads to political preferment in this country than ought to be the case. The selection of Whitelaw Reid certainly has the approval of the country. As minister to France, his tact and talent, his patriotism which was not parochial and his conservatism that was not mere inertia, made him a distinguished figure among the long line of our ambassadors to France who have been distinguished. The *Tribune* of very recent date contained the brief and modest announcement that "Mr. Whitelaw Reid, having taken office abroad under the government, retires herewith from the editorship and direction of the *Tribune*." It is notable that the comments upon this announcement of the press were remarkably laudatory. Even political adversaries like the *World* and the *Brooklyn Eagle* speak of the loss to the *Tribune* of "an editor who has advanced the honor and influence of his profession," and wish "for him in Great Britain a career of happiness, usefulness, and distinction which will satisfy his worthiest ambition, and the best wishes of his countrymen and his friends."

The fact that the report of Commissioner of Corporations Garfield, with respect to the Beef Trust, has not furnished the sensational disclosures which many expected, has been seized upon as an excuse for attacking the report, and even in some quarters for impeaching the good faith of the commissioner. This is no satisfactory or even decent manner of treatment to accord to a document, which is official in its character and which has been produced under the instruction of the Federal government. Some eight or nine months of steady investigation have been devoted to this matter by an official against whose absolute good faith no word has hitherto been said. The report is voluminous, and, so far as circumstances permit, complete. However, there does seem to be adequate reason for the severe remarks which have been applied to the report. When a leading journal goes out of its way to call an official governmental report "special pleading in defense of the business of the six large packing companies involved in the investigation," the criticism must have some basis. Still the report has been issued by the government, it has *prima facie*, at least, been the product of earnest and faithful investigation by a Federal officer.

Among the reasonable criticisms of the report there are some which appear to require an answer from those charged with its production. Mr. Garfield, for example, claims that the trust controls only forty-five per cent. of the meat business of the United States. If such be the case, the views of those who handle the remaining fifty-five per cent., or, at least, of some of the most important of them, should have found an expression in the document. There is also a very distinct disagreement among people who ought to know with the conclusions of Mr. Garfield respecting the profit made on a carcass by the trust. This is placed in the official report at ninety-nine cents, a sum which is regarded as much too small by the critics. One man who claims to be an independent dealer says that the average profit runs from five to eight dollars per car-

ass, without reckoning the offal which should pay, he considers, the cost of transportation. These figures are supported by Cuthbert Powell, who declares in the *Kansas City Journal* that the average profit on a carcass is \$7.41. This would make a profit of forty-three per cent, on the operations of the meat combine, without reckoning any water in the stock of the concern. It is very obvious that there is a serious and indeed almost incomprehensible difference in these estimates, which is no doubt capable of explanation.

The fact is that the report has necessarily been complicated by the activity of the Department of Justice toward the same parties. This has put obstacles in the way of the publication of all the details which might have contributed to throw some light on these matters, and has prevented the publication of both sides of the controversy as the critics have demanded. Apart, however, from the report itself, and the manifold controversies and disputations which it is certain to bring in its train, it is not at all unlikely that the functions of the Department of Commerce and Labor will come in for much closer consideration than heretofore, and that the exact scope of its labors will be far better understood than is at present the case.

The governor of Colorado is Jesse P. McDonald, and the extraordinary story of how he became such would make a book. First, Alva Adams, Democrat, was apparently elected by a plurality of 9,874 votes. But the Republicans said that more than that many were fraudulent. The supreme court and then the legislature (which is Republican) investigated the frauds, and a very rotten condition of affairs was uncovered. It was shown that in Denver and elsewhere ballots were cast for pet dogs and poll parrots, and, as the *Call* wittily remarks, "it is believed that if the investigation had gone far enough it would have been found that jackrabbits were voted against Peabody." But many fraudulent votes were also cast against Adams. In this situation of affairs, though the Republicans in the legislature numbered 66 and the Democrats 35, 2 Republicans were unconvinced that their man Peabody had been elected, and refused to vote to re-appoint him. But, on the other hand, they didn't care to see Adams, with all his fraudulent votes, hold office. So a compromise was arranged whereby Adams was ousted, Peabody inaugurated, his resignation annulled in after a few hours, and a Republican lieutenant-governor inaugurated to serve the remainder of the term. Thus Colorado had three legal governors in one twenty-four hours, and to-day has a governor for whom nobody voted for governor. Adams, the ousted Democrat, is very bitter. Comments of the press are diverse. The *New York Tribune*, Republican, thinks the "settlement fair to both claimants," and "in harmony with the best interest of the state." The *New York Times*, Democrat, rather doubts that "the seating of Peabody can be held to be in accordance with the principles of a Republican form of government." The *Evening Post*, independent, thinks the "moral victory is with Adams." The *World*, Democratic, speaks of the "infamous Colorado compromise." The *Portland Oregonian*, Republican, calls it "a discreditable arrangement." The *Meramento Union*, Republican, thinks it is a case "in which there is no right side—a case in which both sides have been passionately, criminally, stupidly wrong from the beginning."

There is a rumor—we hope ill-founded—that Mrs. Oelrichs is again talking of turning the magnificent big white building on the hill into an apartment-house. This would be almost a public calamity. The character of the structure such as this—one that dominates the whole city—which is the first fine and impressive building a stranger sees as he approaches the city from almost any direction, and the last to fade from view as he departs—can not be a matter of indifference to the people of San Francisco. Occupying, as it does, an absolutely unique position, the Fairmont takes on the character of a public building. As a hotel, we shall be proud of it. Turned into an apartment-house, the whole city will suffer a distinct loss. Practical as well as artistic considerations alike should urge Mrs. Oelrichs to adhere to her original plan. The apartment-house proposition has been much overdone in San Francisco. The hotels in San Francisco are inadequate to our needs, and not as numerous in proportion to those of other cities the size of this. The fact that St. Francis, as it stands an enormous hotel, is to be enlarged, proves this decisively. A building in so conspicuous a location and so beautiful and unique in itself as the Fairmont is, should be open to the public as a hotel, and not be set aside for the limited num-

ber of local families only who could enjoy it if it were an apartment-house. Such a palace should be open to travelers from all over the world. With its magnificent site, the Fairmont Hotel would then come to be known as one of the features of the United States. The view is the finest in a city of fine views, and it has few rivals in any city of the world. Making the Fairmont a hotel will not deter people of means from occupying it permanently. Indeed, it probably will have as many permanent residents if it is conducted as an hotel as it could possibly have as an apartment-house, and in the former case will also draw upon the large numbers (increasing every year) of visiting tourists and people who come to California to spend the winter regardless of cost, and who wouldn't or couldn't live in an apartment-house. The Palace Hotel has demonstrated this, for it is a hotel that has been run for many years, with many permanent residents, who make their restaurant arrangements very much as they would in a luxurious New York apartment-house. If Mrs. Oelrichs fails to adhere to her original plans, she cuts herself off definitely and absolutely from all this desirable transient patronage. And, besides, there are only a limited number of families in San Francisco who could afford an apartment in the Fairmont, but the transients are practically unlimited. All big hotels, it is true, go a little slowly at first; but in the long run Mrs. Oelrichs will find that it will pay—and pay handsomely. But aside from this purely material consideration, there is something higher which Mrs. Oelrichs has probably had in mind—and that is the erection of a splendid monument that will beautify this great and growing city; that will commemorate her father's selection of one of the finest building sites in any metropolis of the world; and that will perpetuate in a noble and dignified way the family name in San Francisco. Mrs. Oelrichs has carried almost to completion a palatial structure, in form and character worthy of its unique position overlooking a great city, and it should be completed in the spirit it has been planned, when it will certainly become one of the most famous hostels in any country whatsoever.

A lovely example of the sort of pedant too much Greek and Latin occasionally breeds is furnished by the following letter-writer. His epistle in its erudite naïveté is a delicious and matchless thing:

THE GAYLEY PROPOSITION FOR FACSIMILES OF MSS.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST.—*Sir: Audiatur et altera pars.* The sore point in modern, particularly in American, classicism lies not at all in a *minus* of eruditional apparatus, but in the *non user*, as the lawyers say, of that which we have. The enormous body of texts from Homer to Justinian is at our service, not, indeed, for mere reference in occasional research (a word enveloped in much humbug, particularly among youthful aspirants for quick reputation), but for actual and familiar reading, *perfectis, selectis.* The abundant aid for Greek reading afforded, e. g., by Hesychius, Pollux, and many *Scholias*—who avails himself of this to the full? Polybius, Appian, Dio Cassius, Plutarch—they are of the very apparatus of Latinists: who holds them as familiar friends? E. G. SHULER, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, New York University; Sometime (1867-97) Fellow in Greek, Johns Hopkins.

"Nor does socialism advocate or attempt to justify any form of violence"—this sweet and innocent declaration we find in the *Los Angeles Graphic*. Strange, then, that at a Socialist meeting in San Francisco, one hundred and sixty odd dollars were raised for the Russian Revolutionary Committee; strange that Jack London, Socialist candidate for mayor of Oakland, should have said, the other day, in a public address: "I think and speak of the assassins in Russia as my comrades, as do all comrades in America"; strange, also, that the *Oakland Socialist Voice*, in its issue of February 25th, should contain such comments as: "The Grand Duke Sergius has joined Von Plehve in h—ll. Who'll be the next?" Oh, no, Socialists do not "advocate or attempt to justify any form of violence." As this same *Oakland Socialist Voice* says, "the working class claims the earth," and if its possessors will give it to them meekly and peaceably, there will be no violence. But if not, when the Socialists get strong, what then, dear *Graphic*, what then?

"Kuropatkin is disgraced," say all the snug editors. Well, certainly he is out, dismissed summarily. But whether or no he is disgrace-worthy, history will decide all in its own good time. With the facts all before him, the historian of the future will determine whether, with the crude tools that he had and the stubborn material with which he worked, Kuropatkin should have wrought more effectively. It is our own im-

pression that, considering the magnitude of his task, he did fairly well. Certainly we do not observe that General Linevitch is "holdin' 'em" any better. The task of retreat is not a difficult one, since the Russians have the railway and rolling stock, while the Japanese must follow on foot or horse on one side or the other, get ahead, and cut across. It is not supposable that the Japanese will succeed in effecting any serious damage to the Russian army until it makes a stand and again offers battle.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Eugen D'Albert.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Last week was marked by an event which in its importance for musical San Francisco is likely to remain unparalleled for a long time. However, the announcement of this event failed to make the impression which one well informed on things musical would have expected. For the concerts of Eugen D'Albert, excepting the *matinée*, were very poorly attended. As some of the local critics also were incapable of doing justice to this greatest of pianists—while other musicians of much less distinction are often praised to the skies—I may be permitted to say a few words in appreciation of D'Albert.

We still live, I regret to say, in the age of technique. Since the death of the giants of the piano there has sprung up a race of dwarfs—technical dazzlers, impressionistic finger-mnasts, virtuosi of rapidity. The style of great expression is dead—the will and the power to go beyond one's self, the ardent love and sacred devotion in which there is no intent to deceive, but which only gives and gives because it must, and thinks of nothing but to raise the musical thought into an atmosphere of the purest idealism, to gather it into a great, deep, purely human expression. Technique as an end seems to-day to be supreme, the art of piano-playing subordinate. One man only rises above the flood of these conditions, like a *rocher de bronze*: Eugen D'Albert. The primitive force of a demoniacally fiery temperament places him head and shoulders above the small-souled technicians of the day. The most important thing about him is that tremendous musical instinct in grasping the tempi and rhythmic units, that plastic sense, which sees only large lines and planes, and nevertheless does not give the whole in outline only, but fills it with sounding life. Temperament and the highest musical intelligence—in what artist of our time are they so harmoniously united as in D'Albert? We find in him that trait of individual fire and clearness which can belong only to a genius like his. Even if he sometimes neglects the instrumental part, or allows the bass to predominate unduly—no matter: the power of his rendering shakes us to our depths and impresses us decidedly and lastingly. In comparison to those finger-specialists and color-artists with showily brilliant touch, and declamatory tone which is supposed to convey a great deal but is really empty, D'Albert may be taken as one of the last apostles who preaches the Evangel of music in pure, unadulterated form. For that is his might—that he evolves everything from the material, that there is nothing in his conception that is artificial, but that he gives us positive values—values which are not scattered by the winds, but which we can leave as sacred possessions to those who come after us, blessing the time when it was given us to hear the voice of the master himself.

What D'Albert has done for the interpretation of Beethoven will some day belong to history. What makes his style in this excellent is the clearness of perception; nothing is surprising, nothing fatuous; a certain kinship to the composer makes him always find the right interpretation. In him is verified the truth: one must be born to the interpretation of Beethoven's music and must have lived a life. The compelling logic and lapidary style which he has created for himself are overpowering. Who but he could create the dramatic tension in the beginning of the *Appassionata*, that uncanny storm-mood, that seething and smoldering over an abyss of passion and pain? Who but he can render the *Sonata*, Opus 111, with this clearness and tragic grandeur? That is where D'Albert excels. The graphic element is prominent with him, it is never an impressionistic *plein-air*, but always an artist's proof. His masterliness lies in that he plays not as he wishes to, but as the composer meant it to be played. It is the curse of almost all pianists of our day that they render only their own conceptions, and do not know how tedious and painful it is for one truly cultured to listen to flashy chatter and insipid technique. In the interpretation of Beethoven there are no possibilities for differences of opinion. The problem is Beethoven; this is to be solved. The world has very little use for the grotesque creations of petty minds full of dry, soulless finger-gymnastics.

Beside this formative power, the spontaneity of his effects, his instantaneously reacting suggestive power, makes him captivate his audiences. For his highest triumphs are gained by the *demon* D'Albert. This power, as it appears in the *B-minor Sonata* of Liszt, in which he takes us to the infernal abyss, making our souls shudder within us—only one perfectly conversant with the magic formulae of the Black Art and its fascinating effects can produce such results. Besides, the *Berceuse* (Chopin), Schubert's "*Soirées de Vienne*," only a genius such as he has such grace and charming softness of touch. Again in the finale of the *Strauss-Tausig waltz*, "Man lebt nur einmal," only a D'Albert could conjure up before us such mad bacchantic revels, such wild and jubilant dances of satyrs and maenads.

To some, his playing may seem to lack "Gemüth," the dreamy depths of an ingenuous mind. But he who can catch the vibrations of a soul differing so much from others, will also recognize the perfect harmony of this nature, and will not miss the great warm heart beneath the ardent temperament. Admire him all must, for he is Chaos and Tempest. Whatever he may touch—in every tone, in every pause, throbs a mighty pulse. Truly, with one more artist of this stamp, the character of our time would be entirely changed.

As the palm is still due, not to specialistic titillations, but to the mental power which grasps the material with ardor and represents it in perfect plasticity, D'Albert must be acclaimed as the greatest artist of the piano.

DR. A. WILHELM J.

013,028.

The Story of a Winning Loss.

"Here are my eighty centimes, gentlemen, but I make oath on my honor that I will never touch another domino as long as I live!"

Then M. Moulinier walked out of the Commercial Café with a show of much dignity. This café was—and probably still is—in Rouen, on the Rue Saint-Sever.

M. Théophile Moulinier, proprietor of an exceedingly *élite* confectionery shop, called "The Sign of the Bon Bonbon," had, for a score of years, been in the habit of playing a good game of dominos every evening with three of his friends—M. Florent, the hosier; M. Rigandon, the hatter; and M. Briangois, the draper.

And during all these years, M. Moulinier had had a most marvelous run of good luck; he had won, each evening, seldom less than sixty centimes. This was extremely fortunate, for Mme. Eudoxie Moulinier, his wife, would permit him to indulge this, his favorite pastime, only on condition that it cost him nothing.

"Never forget," she said to him severely, "that the only excuse for gaming is to always win something."

But nothing is eternal on this earth. One fine day—or rather one day which was not fine—a turn of luck came. He began to lose, and then it was that he had the devil of a time trying to hide from his peevish wife the deficit in his pocket-book.

When he had walked a short distance from the Commercial Café, M. Moulinier, with a tightness in his throat, gave vent to his thoughts.

"Eighty centimes! That makes thirteen francs lost since the first time. And I had only eighteen to start with. I suppose I shall have to end by confessing."

Alas! what an inconvenience the inexorable Eudoxie seemed at that moment!

From the day of her marriage with M. Moulinier, this fair Eudoxie had lost no time in establishing herself as master of the household; and she, figuratively speaking, had worn the trousers ever since. If her too *débonnaire* husband had wished to recapture the authority this might have been an auspicious occasion on which to do it—but the needed energy for the supreme effort was lacking in him. Mme. Moulinier was likely to remain in absolute control of everything.

After this bit of an explanation, the reader will be able to comprehend in some measure the extreme anxiety to which the proprietor of the "Bon Bonbon" was prey. With lagging steps he began to draw near home, pondering deeply the while. Almost mechanically he stopped for a moment in the square of the *Marché Vieux*, right in front of the show-case of a tobacco shop. Not being a smoker, he had never had occasion to visit this place, but now a sign in the window attracted his attention. It was a small placard, bearing the following inscription:

THE MÉZIDON LOTTERY

200,000 FRANCS IN PRIZES

One First Prize of 100,000 francs

Two Prizes of 10,000 francs

The Other Prizes vary from 5,000 to 100 francs

PRICE OF TICKET: 1 FRANC

DRAWING TAKES PLACE JUNE 15

(Without Postponement)

N. B.—All Prizes will be paid in coin

Beneath this alluring placard, on a small glass shelf surrounded by pipes, tobacco-pouches, and amber-mouthpieces, was an array of pink and white lottery tickets.

Ten o'clock was struck at this moment by all the clocks in the quarter—a safe enough hour, certainly, for a bit of subterfuge. The confectioner's lips moved as in meditation: "One hundred thousand francs! That is not probable—but it is possible, after all. . . . And then—if not a hundred thousand, why not ten thousand?"

M. Moulinier was fully aware of his wife's opinion regarding lotteries in general. This chance door to fortune would certainly not meet with her approval—he knew that. Her invariable reply when one consulted her on the subject was: "Yes, yes, I know it is possible to win occasionally in a lottery; but I have found a method whereby one is always sure to win."

"How and when, madame?"

"I never buy a ticket! And thereby, sir, I win the twenty soons I would have to pay for one."

So up to now, M. Moulinier had never had a thought of risking a franc in an enterprise of this kind. But this evening, finding himself in such a terrible predicament through his losses at dominos, this advertisement of the Mézidon Lottery held for him an undeniable fascination. Therefore he continued his monologue in this fashion: "With one franc I may win a hundred fold—perhaps ten thousand fold—in just one month from now. By then my losses will be quadrupled—and unless I have something to cool down Eudoxie's anger I—"

The suggestion was sufficient. A moment later he continued: "The name of this lottery is extremely seductive: 'Mézidon!' Truly, I believe that fate cries out for me to take a chance in it."

In brief, after this tempest in his brain, which seemed to reach its height, M. Moulinier timidly entered the tobacco shop.

Clorinde, the confidential clerk of Mme. Valmondois,

the proprietress, who was frequently absent in the evening, was seated on a small bench in front of the counter.

On seeing the confectioner, the young girl, who was a piquant brunette, made a gesture of surprise.

"M. Moulinier!" she cried. "Pray, what gives me the pleasure of seeing you?"

Secretly flattered by the knowledge thus conveyed that he was so well known throughout the "*chef-lieu*" of the Lower Seine, he responded, graciously: "Good-evening, mademoiselle. I wish—"

He hesitated.

"Cigars, cigarettes, a pipe, perhaps?"

"No, no, I want a lottery ticket," he stammered.

"Certainly, monsieur."

Opening the glass case, Clorinde selected a ticket, and handed it to him.

"And what else with it?" she urged.

"With it," he returned jocularly, "I shall be charmed to take a hundred thousand francs."

Then placing one franc on the counter, he read aloud the number of his ticket, 013,028, and stowed it away carefully in a corner of his pocket-book.

"Good-evening, mademoiselle," he vouchsafed.

"Good luck, M. Moulinier."

As he passed out, he glanced at a clock in the window.

"Almost half-past ten," he cried. "Eudoxie will be furious."

The "Bon Bonbon" closed at nine every evening. A second later Mme. Moulinier retired, but invariably stayed awake until her husband's return.

The moment he entered the room, she sat up in bed.

"You are pretty late, M. Moulinier," she said harshly. "What happened to keep you?"

"Nothing at all, my dear—my watch was slow."

"How much did you win at dominos?"

"I lost twenty-five centimes at first—but I won them back, and ten more besides."

"Well and good."

A little later two sonorous snores seemed to indicate that they both were enjoying the delights of slumber. The word "seemed" is used designedly. In truth, Eudoxie was the only one who slept; Théophile was merely imitating his wife's nasal music in order to deceive her in case of unexpected awakening. He, poor man, could not sleep, as he was haunted by a magic number that kept dancing before his eyes. This was the number on his lottery ticket: 013,028.

The next evening, faithful to his word, M. Moulinier did not go to the Commercial Café. He was otherwise occupied.

Thanks to a slight indisposition, Eudoxie kept her room, and Théophile was for once master of his own store. Sales were rapid, and were duly noted in the cash book; but he wisely kept back the price of three pounds of almond candies and a few sticks of sugared fruit, and with only slight distress to his conscience.

This debt was therefore no longer the incentive which made him anxiously await the fifteenth of June, when the drawing of the famous lottery would take place. Another desire was running in his head. What if fate should favor him? He would then be at liberty to take back his word, and to indulge his passion for dominos to his heart's content! So, on the sixteenth of June, M. Moulinier arose at five o'clock, and opened the store himself, in order to waylay a newsboy and learn the result of the drawing. He had not long to wait for a crier of the morning daily.

"Demandez la *Petit Rouennais*, les nouvelles de Paris—la séance de la Chambre—l'assassinat de la cour des Fontaines—la loterie de Mézidon!" cried a hoarse voice.

At last he possessed it, the list so anxiously awaited! With his heart beating as if it would burst, Théophile read on the third page of the paper:

[By Telegraphic Dispatch]

DRAWING OF THE MÉZIDON LOTTERY

The First Prize of 100,000 francs has fallen to No. 221,527

Prizes of 10,000 francs 1 291,375
1 013,028

He uttered a stifled cry: "013,028—10,000 francs!"

Then fearing he was about to faint, he took hold of the counter to steady himself, and thereby overturned a glass dish of assorted caramels.

"*Mon Dieu*, M. Moulinier," cried Eudoxie, from her chamber, "what horrible damage have you done?"

"It is a slight accident, my dear," he responded. "A dish fell from the counter. I don't know what caused it. Hurry and come down. I am going to buy a new one."

"Why such hurry? You can wait a moment."

"I prefer to go immediately. I will not be long—and I'll take the knob of the door lock."

And without even taking time to replace his velvet cap by his high silk hat, he ran down the street to the office of *La Petit Rouennais*. He asked if they would show him the dispatch containing the lucky numbers. They complied willingly. Yes, his number was there. Thanking the clerk, M. Moulinier, having regained control of himself, started back to his store, thinking profoundly the while. Assuredly he had enough to think about! Ten thousand francs! But this was not all; a new agony tortured the soul of the fortunate confectioner. He must now confess all to Eudoxie—he must tell her that without saying a single word he had dared to buy a lottery ticket! The 10,000 francs' gain might possibly soon cool his wife's anger

—but what matter? He would certainly have first to undergo a terrible scene.

Then, naturally, M. Moulinier thought: "Ah, why if I should say nothing about it to my wife—why not conceal from her even the good fortune?"

And his horizon became illuminated with innumerable dominos.

"Yes," he concluded, "it is indispensable that I know nothing—but how shall I devise it?"

A short while before, when he had crossed the Place du Vieux *Marché*, the blinds of the little tobacco shop were closed. He now observed that they were wide open, and the lively Clorinde stood on the door step. Her uncombed hair had a bushy appearance and she was diligently perusing a morning paper.

Raising her eyes, Clorinde uttered a cry, and ran toward M. Moulinier.

"Have you read the news? What luck, my dear M. Moulinier! Ten thousand francs!"

"It is true," Théophile responded, greatly displeased at the girl, "but how do you know which was the number?"

"*Parbleu*—013,028! That is the one I sold you. I remember it perfectly, for I wrote it in my book with your name under it. I had a notion that if you were to win—"

"Well?"

"You would not fail to give me a little present in order to repay me for having selected that ticket for you. Ah, M. Moulinier, only yesterday I was passing a jeweler's shop, in front of the *Théâtre des Arts*, and I saw a little bracelet with a tiger's eyes in the centre. The bracelet costs a mere trifle—on twenty-five louis."

"Twenty-five louis! Twenty-five louis! But that is five hundred francs!" growled M. Moulinier. "Behold—listen—"

An idea had come to him.

"So be it—you shall have your bracelet, on one condition. It is that you shall not tell a soul that you are the winner of the 10,000 francs. Here is my ticket. You yourself shall receive the prize money. You may keep 500 francs for your jewel, and give me the 9,500 francs remaining. Do you agree?"

"Most certainly—only I am going to buy my bracelet at once. I will take the money from the cash drawer. I can pay it back in two or three days."

"Why not wait till you get my money?"

"No, no. I am too anxious for that tiger's eye!"

"Suit yourself, then."

And M. Moulinier, congratulating himself on the trick he had invented, went home murmuring: "Everything is arranged. I am decidedly not the foolish some people think me."

The next morning our confectioner opened the *Bon Bonbon*, and was cheerfully waiting for his wife come downstairs. Suddenly he looked outside, and perceived Clorinde, her face bathed in tears.

A cold sweat dampened his brow.

"Why are you here?" he asked a moment later.

"M. Moulinier, have you read the paper?"

"No—not yet. But how imprudent you are to come here. Suppose Mme. Moulinier were to come in!"

"Read," said Clorinde, handing him the paper.

M. Moulinier read: "An error slipped into the dispatch that we printed yesterday concerning the Mézidon Lottery. It is the number 103,028 and not 013,028 that won one of the two prizes of 10,000 francs."

Stunned, speechless, his eyes staring, M. Moulinier dropped the paper.

"And I have bought my bracelet!" Clorinde continued. "I must put the 500 francs back in the cash drawer immediately. Give them to me quickly."

"Give you 500 francs! Never in the world!" cried the confectioner. "It was all right when I thought had won 10,000 francs—but now since I know that 013,028 is not the number—"

"But you must give me the francs anyway! Other wise my employer will accuse me of being a thief."

"In heaven's name get out of here, mademoiselle! I will come to see you soon. If Mme. Moulinier were to come down—if she were to hear—"

At this moment a volley of words were fired straight at the confectioner from the rear. He turned. Eudoxie, with a dressing-sack slung across her shoulder stood at the foot of the back stairs.

"She has come down—Mme. Moulinier! She I heard—Mme. Moulinier!" his wife cried in a fury. "Ah, so you play the lottery, M. Moulinier, and you present 500 franc bracelets to jades like this!"

"Madame!" cried Clorinde, indignantly.

"I am not speaking to you," Eudoxie continued. Then, her face red as a peony, her eyes bloodshot she marched straight up to her husband, who retreated in fear and trembling.

But—suddenly, without warning, without even a cry—Eudoxie fell in a heap on the floor.

Théophile was a widower!

Three days later, the confectioner took Clorinde 500 francs for her bracelet.

"It is hard, all the same," he could not prevent himself from saying—"it is hard to give 500 francs when I have gained nothing."

Then he thought back three days.

"Ah, but is it true I have gained nothing? Eudoxie—*ch bien!*" — *Translated for the Argonaut from the French of William Busnoth by Mabel Hawthorn Brown.*

THE HOSPITALITY OF NEW YORK.

Only Strangers Complain of Coldness of the Metropolis—A Southern Woman and Her Biscuits—A Question of a Few Friends.

We have been hearing a good deal lately of the bad manners and general decadence in the gracious ways of courtesy of the degenerate New Yorker. One clergyman preached a sermon about the barbarous savagery to which the manners of Gotham had retrograded. He seemed to think we were in a perilous state here, and advocated as the only means of saving the pieces a general move to the country. Country air has been known to work wonders in various ways, and I suppose it might have an elevating effect upon the deportment of a community, just as it has an invigorating one upon the health.

Strange ladies, recently arrived from other—and according to their own statements—more warm-hearted and friendly sections, have lifted up their voices and told how they have trodden the bleak path of the stranger, and no one has tried to cheer their solitary way. Several of them have made their moan in the correspondence columns of the daily press, and it is sad to read of these blighted beings eating their hearts out in the loneliness of hall bedrooms and yearning for the dear, dead days of church socials and strawberry festivals in Podunk and Bird Centre. You can't but pity them; their case is hard. And they lay it all down to New York—the Relentless City which is going over them like a new and particularly effectual kind of uggernaut.

There was a Southern lady, the other day, who had been repulsed, and took the city into her confidence. She saw what she thought was a kindred, lonely soul in the same house as herself. She did not know the Kindred Lonely Soul—they were in different flats—but that did not suppress her noble rage to be friendly, and she baked some toothsome biscuits and sent them to the Kindred Lonely Soul. This person had evidently other passions beside loneliness in her complicated feminine make-up, for she promptly returned the biscuits—with thanks, I suppose—but she returned them.

The Southern lady was hurt. Her soul cried out for vengeance, but for sympathy. One may guess from the biscuits that she was a kindly creature, and to have the bread she had cast upon the waters come back, not after many days, but right on the spot, was hard to bear. She wrote about it to a paper, and told the story of her wrongs, and took a fall or two out of New York in the telling. Things were not done this way in the Southland. Biscuits were received with proper appreciation, and the strangers within our gates were encouraged to come beyond the gates to the front porch and the parlor. But in New York—cold, cruel New York—the biscuits you sent were returned, and the stranger never got further than the all bedroom or the cheap tenement.

Then there was another lady—also, I believe, a warm, impulsive Southern—who drew a harrowing picture of the exuberant, large-hearted Californians coming to New York with bounding pulses and beaming eyes, and being slowly frozen, withered, and wilted by the frosty chill of the metropolis's greeting. One couldn't tell just what she thought the metropolis ought to have done when it heard a Californian was here, so that she shouldn't be wilted and chilled; whether the mayor ought to meet him, or Mrs. Astor should be sent down to the depot as a committee of representing society, or deputations from the most prominent clubs and unions, bearing emblems and banners, should line up opposite the Grand Central Station. Her passion of sympathy with the wilting Californian made her vague. The fact that had impressed her was the gradual change that came over this rich, buoyant creature when the iceberg chill of New York struck on his sun-kissed surface. The chill ways conquered. The sun-kissed surface grew ashy-cold and white, and the wild, juicy, ripe Californian became a pinched, pale thing, ravaged by the pangs of nostalgia, the only large, generous impulse left in him a longing to get out of cold storage and go back and be sun-kissed once more.

One of the charges these grieving scribes bring against the city is that it is not only cold, but exceedingly inhospitable. The lady with the biscuits probably thought she ought to climb straight into a "good set" of a pile of her own confessions; that was the way you did it where she came from. The champion of the Californians evidently thinks all New Yorkers are cold, indifferent brutes because they don't run out to meet every incoming Californian, put a robe on him and a ring on his finger, and bring him home to eat a fattened calf. Neither of these complainants appears to realize that she is in a great city, not a village; that the New Yorker is not indifferent to her existence from a natural frostiness of disposition, but from ignorance of the fact that she exists; that an unknown, unintroductory stranger is lost in the massed millions of Gotham like as completely as the needle is in the haystack. One can readily understand how New York can be so cold, overwhelming, and crushing. It distinctly has that effect, especially to one coming back to it after an absence. And I should imagine to the stranger who had lived in the small, cheerful intimacy of the country town, it would be a terrifying nightmare of social aloofness. The hurrying millions that do not

know you and do not care if you live or die; the indifference of this huge machine which goes grinding fiercely on, crushing lives and brains and hearts in unappeased energy; this sweeping torrent of life in which you have no place or part—that must be a fearful combination of impressions before which the alien covers and almost sinks.

But with those who say New York is inhospitable I must pause and break a lance. Of course, if you enter the city, not knowing a soul, with no letters of introduction, you are apt to put in a lonely time until you have found your little niche and made your little circle. This is not due to an abnormal selfish iciness of disposition on the part of the inhabitants, but to the enormous size of the city. The stranger is lost in it, drops out of sight in its swarming depths, is one of that shifting mass of alien particles which floats into it with every new day.

If these strangers come to New York unbefriended and without acquaintance, their lot is hard, especially if they come from small communities, where friendships are easily made and the new-comer is an object of curiosity. The lady with the biscuits was undoubtedly of this kind, and could not understand how the city could treat her and her fellow-sufferers with such heartless indifference. It would not have been thus in her native town. Quite the contrary, and with reason. For the appearance of a stranger there was an event. Everybody wanted to meet her, and see her, and ask her to supper. She broke the monotony of life, and if she came from larger centres she could tell all about the newest developments in sleeves and hair-dressing.

But when the new-comer has a few friends in town, or perhaps brings a letter or two, then her experience is of quite another color. She will not talk to you of the haughty hardness of the Empire City. She will expatiate with effusion on the good times she has had, the number of invitations, the numerous kindnesses of which she has been the recipient. She will think New York the finest place in the world, its inhabitants the most cordial of people. And she will have reason for her enthusiasms. She will have been met with charming friendliness, she will have been entertained with generous hospitality.

From what I have seen of it, I should call New York one of the most hospitable cities in the country—indeed, one of the most hospitable cities anywhere. It may arise from many causes—a state of boredom on the part of the people who hope to find entertainment in the "new" person; the great wealth of the city, which makes the expense of entertaining a matter of indifference; the superiority of the servants to those in other large American centres—whatever the causes may be, the effect is delightfully genial and joyous. The new-comer is quickly caught up in a little whirl of social dissipations, not necessarily grand and gorgeous ones, and finds herself being quickly passed from one coterie to another. The months that with the poor biscuit-giver were so barren of amusement, so chilled by the sense of nostalgic loneliness, would be for the stranger of whom "some one knew something" a period of mild revelry, during which she was doing what little girls call "getting acquainted."

I have heard comparisons drawn between the hospitable intentions of East and West that have resulted in the East getting the blackest kind of an eye. The comparisons were made by Westerners who had known nobody in New York and made very short stops there. Of the two sections of the country, I should say—after living in both—that the East was much the more hospitable, and much the more friendly to the stranger—the female stranger let us say. One comes upon individuals in the Western towns who are extraordinarily hospitable, people who ask you to stay with them, and offer you every sort of kindness and go out of their way to be civil and agreeable. There are no more delightful people in the world; no hospitality was ever more charmingly offered and graciously dispensed. But these are individual cases. The mass of the people, the general average, are almost devoid of the instincts which make the entertaining of the stranger an agreeable and obligatory part of the day's work.

It rises, I think, from uncontrolled circumstances which have grown up in Far Western cities, rather than from a natural tendency in the people themselves. The question of domestic service plays a large part in it. The Californian housewife, with one Chinaman, who doesn't speak good English and is constantly about to leave, undergoes such agonies when she gives a dinner that one or two social efforts of that kind exhaust her for the season. It is a Herculean task; not the easy matter it is here, where three servants go to an average household, and if the cook gets drunk, one can telephone out to some good caterer's and have the dinner sent in.

There is another influencing cause in the Westerner's reluctance to be friendly to the stranger. He does not always know what he thinks of the stranger. He has had but little chance of forming a comparative standard, and he does not know whether this unknown person is the kind he's been accustomed to or not. The New Yorker, through whose city all the nations of the world and all the classes of society ebb and flow, knows at the first glance whether the new-comer is going to be some one worth cultivating, and whether they are "his kind." The Westerner displays in this matter a curious sort of timidity, a characteristic that one would not think belonged to him. He does not trust his judgment about people from other parts of

the country, and displays in his attitude toward them a strange, wary formality as though he were not going to let them into his house or his family circle till he was sure of them. It perhaps rises from the fact that he has been so often fooled by personable foreigners, who, after a long and pleasant sojourn, have retired taking the spoons.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, March 8, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The son of D'Annunzio has announced his intention of becoming an actor. He will devote himself exclusively to the interpretation of his father's works.

The Michigan legislature recently named a baby by concurrent resolution. The father of the child is Representative William J. Stannard. The infant will be called Theodore Warner Stannard, in honor of the President of the United States and Governor Warner, of Michigan.

Professor Simon Newcomb, the famous American astronomer, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. He has received more degrees and similar honors abroad than any other American man of science, and is the first American member of the French Institute since Benjamin Franklin.

Though King Leopold of Belgium is perhaps one of the most disreputable rakes that ever wore a crown, he is nevertheless a hard worker. Those well acquainted with his majesty's habits sometimes refer to him as "the Yankee of European monarchs." He works rapidly and reaches decisions rapidly, and, being a man of almost encyclopedic knowledge, he is able to get through a vast deal of business in a very short time. In spite of his many escapades he enjoys a certain kind of popularity, and it has been said that should Belgium proclaim a republic Leopold would easily be elected president.

Father Gopon, of Red Sunday fame, reached Paris a few days ago from Naples, and is probably now in London. His appearance is said to be greatly changed, his long, luxuriant chestnut hair and flowing beard having been shorn. He is now clean shaven, except a small bristly mustache. His hair is cropped close, like a prize-fighter's; his complexion is pale and sallow, his health delicate, and his eyes bright and feverish. He is reported to be studying French and watching events, but declines to express any opinion upon the Czar's rescript or upon the reported agrarian movement of Russian peasants.

As evidence of the growing fame of Rodin, it is pointed out that the first time he visited London he was warmly received by a small band of admirers, and his very name was probably unknown to the mass of the English people; last year, the second time, thousands came to see the great sculptor and to grasp his hand; M. Rodin has been in London now again to preside at the Whistler banquet—the same unassuming, retiring little man with the lionine head and piercing, though kindly, eye—and his coming was heralded by countless newspaper paragraphs. He received an ovation which must have moved the very depths of his heart, and he was publicly referred to by one not given to the exaggeration of flattery as "the greatest living Frenchman."

Commandant Jan Louw, the Boer officer who refused to lay down his arms when his fellow-countrymen surrendered to the British, and who fled to the Longberg Mountains on the borders of German West Africa with his band of burgher fighters, has been successfully resisting the combined English and German forces in South Africa for more than two years. In June, 1902, when the Boer army capitulated, Louw fled with only about 300 men. Within the first year, however, this number was increased to 2,000, and to-day he is said to have a combined force of 8,000 sturdy warriors under his command. Many Boers still believe that their country can be reclaimed, and many of them look to Louw as the man who will start the next rebellion. There exists an understanding among Boers and their sympathizers that the next uprising will be in 1906, and it is also stated that 15,000 men have agreed to respond to the commandant's call.

Describing the personal appearance of Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Japan, a recent writer says: "On this occasion his majesty walked, or seemed to walk, with a slight stoop. On other occasions when in his carriage or on horseback the stoop was not noticeable. Yet it in no wise impaired the dignity of his carriage. His hair is coarse and black as the mane of an Orloff horse, excepting a tinge of gray at the temples, and is brushed well up from a *café au lait* forehead. His nose large, the nostrils full, the lips thick without being sensuous, and the under jaw heavy, convey an impression of iron determination and tenacity of purpose. He wears a heavy mustache and thin chin whiskers. Last but not least were the eyes, lustrous, dark, intelligent, and of piercing keenness. They peered forth through almond slits from under a high, threatening brow, and were in their swiftly changing expression at once an index and a revelation of the personality shining through them. Had the idea not been preposterous, one might have imagined them the eyes of a man bordering on fanaticism."

THE GOLD ON COCOS.

The Legendary \$30,000,000 Buried on a Pacific Isle—Earl Fitzwilliam's Expedition Costs Him \$300,000—Captain Gray Still Hunting—Tale of the Treasure.

The expedition of Earl Fitzwilliam in search of the Cocos Island treasure, and the fact that Mr. Harold W. S. Gray is at the present moment making search for the legendary gold, which has been sought for by more than thirty expeditions during the last century, has rather revived public interest in this little rocky tropic island, and several articles of more or less accuracy have appeared in the newspapers. Perhaps, therefore, it is worth while to set down as briefly and as correctly as may be what appear to be the best substantiated of the facts about the island and its treasure.

The island itself is situated in latitude 5 degrees 33 minutes north, longitude 87 degrees west, 350 miles from Punta Arenas, Costa Rica, and 450 miles from the mouth of the Panama Canal, in the Pacific. Vessels passing through the canal for Australia will find it directly in their path. Early in the last century, Cocos Island—or, as the Spanish has it, Isla del Coco—was a penal colony of Costa Rica, and also headquarters of the great Pacific Sperm Oil Fleet. It is twenty square miles in area, and, in 1888, Captain August Gissler (or Giesler), a Swiss, who formerly resided at Stockton, in this State, discovered that it was absolutely uninhabited, and settled there. Costa Rica, to which the island belongs, appointed him governor, with a salary said to be one hundred dollars a month.

Cocos Island is of volcanic origin, one mountain being twenty-five hundred feet high. There are seven streams of size, one having a waterfall of six hundred feet, and another of five hundred feet. The soil is mixed sand, clay, and loam, very rich, and vegetation is abundant. There are forests of white and yellow cedar. The temperature ranges between sixty-two and ninety degrees, and rain falls the year round. There are fish in the rivers, wild pigs in the woods, and the parrot and cockatoo are conspicuous among the birds. Captain Gissler and his wife live quite alone, and employ themselves growing tobacco, of which they are said to raise a thousand pounds to the acre, with a return crop in six weeks, which gives eight hundred pounds more. Captain Gissler asserts that he has found gold, silver, and copper on the island, and that there is a vein of hard coal. There are two harbors, one on the north-east corner of the island, the other on the north-west. The former is called Chatham Bay, the latter Wafer Bay; the water is from fourteen to eighty fathoms deep. The governor is rather ambitious to get some *peons* onto the island, when he hopes to make a fortune raising tobacco, rubber, coconuts, and bananas.

Before speaking of the treasure, it is interesting to note the character of the men who have lately been sufficiently well convinced of its existence to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in searching for it. The Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam is a peer of great wealth, owning about one hundred and fifteen thousand acres of land. He has served with Landsdowne in India, with the army headquarters staff in South Africa, and has traveled much. He is especially interested in engineering—mining engineering. He is the owner of Carnew Castle, in Ireland, as well as other town and country houses, and his income is enormous. For the purposes of his recent ill-starred expedition, Earl Fitzwilliam purchased the *Veronique*, formerly the *Herlick Castle*, a mail steamer used in the South African trade. In order to throw the British press off the scent, he gave out that the expedition was solely one for scientific research. He himself came to the United States, arriving in New York on December 4th last, and took steamer for Colon, joining the *Veronique* at Panama. When he reached Cocos Island, late in December or early in January, however, he found that he had been preceded by another expedition—or, at least, the other explorers reached the island at about the same time. At any rate, there was friction between the two parties. Earl Fitzwilliam, however, finally secured from Captain Gissler permission to use explosives in making the hunt for the gold which is supposed to be buried there. The investigation had not gone far when a premature explosion of a blast put an end to the treasure-hunting. Colonel Gordon Carter was reported, after the return of the expedition to London, as saying: "One of these blasts of gelignite exploded prematurely, and before the men who were carrying out the blasting operation could escape, a huge landslide occurred, injuring nearly all of them. Lord Fitzwilliam, myself, and several others of the party rushed to their rescue, when another charge exploded, and great masses of rock fell around us, the earl himself receiving a scalp wound, and myself getting my leg so badly crushed that I have been under the doctor's care for a month. A large number of the crew were injured, four being still in the hospital at Panama." Colonel Carter's account of the matter is confirmed by a report to our State Department, made by Minister Barrett at Panama, who gives the added bit of information that the cost of the expedition is estimated at \$300,000. Only in one of the London accounts of the affair do we find the statement that eight laborers were killed. When Earl Fitzwilliam reached London, he refused

absolutely to be interviewed, but it is rumored that he will make another attempt to find the treasure. Among those who accompanied Earl Fitzwilliam on the hunt were Captain Bulkeley, Captain North, Captain Morrison, Messrs. G. Yerborough, and D. Smith, and, last but not least, Admiral Palliser, late of the British navy. But more of him anon.

The other expedition, which is supposed to be still engaged in hunting for the treasure, was directed by Harold W. S. Gray, a member of the Conservative Club of London, and of the Royal St. George Yacht Club of Kingston, Ireland, of which the Prince of Wales is the commodore. According to Lloyds's "List of Movements of British Yachts at Foreign and Colonial Ports," the *Ros Marine*, Harold W. S. Gray, commander, arrived at Punta Arenas November 19th from Panama, and left for the Isla del Coco. The officers of the *City of Panama* met him there, and were told by him or by some of his men that they had already made an effort to find the treasure, and after having excavated under a flat stone that was supposed to mark the hiding-place of the buried gold, were unable to proceed on account of the extremely foul gases. At that time, Gray expected to procure new appliances, and after securing concessions from Costa Rica to prosecute the search with renewed vigor. Captain Gissler is an ally of Gray's, for he was in New York City along in November, and it was then stated that he was leaving hurriedly "to meet a party of Englishmen at Panama, with whom he would sail on the steam-yacht *Rosa Marie* for his possessions in the Pacific." "*Rosa Marie*" is evidently the *Ros Marine*—as near as the New York newspapers could come to nautical accuracy. Since along in January nothing has been heard of the Harold W. S. Gray expedition.

Now as to Admiral Palliser. He is a British naval officer, well known on this Coast, and the man, undoubtedly, who induced Earl Fitzwilliam to invest \$300,000 in fitting up a treasure hunt. Palliser, now retired, was commander-in-chief on the Pacific station, 1896-99. To explain his interest in legendary treasure we have to go back to the beginning.

There have been many varying stories of the origin of the Cocos Island treasure, although all agree that it was hidden there (if it was hidden at all) some time between 1820 and 1825. One story has it that in the days when the victorious Bolivar was wresting from Spain's dominion one after another of the South American cities, the Spanish viceroy of Peru took the government coin and bullion and the jewels and private riches of the wealthy and put them aboard a ship, which was ordered to stand well out to sea. This ship, so the story goes, was captured by a pirate, who slew all on board, and buried its thirty million dollars of treasure in a big hole in a mountain side on Cocos. Another account says the treasure came from Costa Rica in the early part of 1820, but presents the same general characteristics. The most definite story, however, was that told in 1893 by Mrs. Richard Young, of Boston.

She made the startling statement that, as the daughter of one of two only survivors of the Peruvian expedition, she had maps and papers showing the exact location of some \$50,000,000 worth of treasure on Cocos. Her narrative was read with great interest in all parts of the world. Her father was John Keating, a native of St. Johns, Newfoundland. Keating was a member of the crew of the *Mary Deer*, a Newfoundland boat trading in the waters of Western South America.

The *Mary Deer* was at Callao when a revolution broke out in Peru. The citizens of Callao chartered the *Mory Deer* and took aboard the bark all of their valuables, the currency of the existing government, and gold and silver ornaments of fabulous value. The captain of the *Mary Deer* did not know his destination until the vessel had escaped to sea from a Peruvian man-of-war. Cocos Island was reached without mishap, and eleven boat loads of the treasure were taken ashore and buried. On the return of the vessel to the coast of Peru, it was sighted and sunk by the man-of-war.

Keating's tale deals with an awful butchery. The Peruvian vessel poured broadside after broadside into the unarmed vessel. Every member of the ship's company and all of the fugitives were killed, with the exception of Keating and William Thompson. They were both from St. John's. Keating and Thompson during the height of the carnage leaped overboard, and were allowed to remain clinging to some wreckage, while the man-of-war drew away for the Peruvian coast. The *Mary Deer* was sunk.

Mrs. Young was vehement in her declaration that her father went to England upon his return to St. John's, obtained a vessel under command of Captain Hoag, and returned to the Island of Cocos. She declared that they got some of the treasure, went to Panama to obtain more tools, and there the English vessel was wrecked, Captain Hoag being killed by sharks while attempting to swim to the mainland. Keating reached Newfoundland with \$7,500 in gold. He told merchants his story, and the *Dawntless* was built to make the trip. At Panama, Keating and his crew were arrested, and he narrowly escaped execution, having been saved by an English consul.

Discouraged at his failure to reach Cocos, Keating returned to Newfoundland to die, giving the maps and papers which he had preserved to Mrs. Young. It is possible that this story had considerable weight with Admiral Palliser, but it is still more probable

that he was influenced to a greater degree by the stories of Trevan and Harford. Trevan, according to the current story, was a Breton sea-captain, engaged with his own ship in the coast-wise trade of the Pacific Coast. He heard the tale of treasure, visited Cocos, and declared that he found it. As his ship was not in seaworthy condition, however, he took only a small part of the vast hoard. On his return from the island, he encountered a great storm, was wrecked on a cannibal isle, and all his crew slain and eaten. He himself alone escaping in a small boat on the day before that set for his sacrifice. He was picked up by an English vessel (so runs the story), and encountered a second shipwreck, and when at last he reached his Cape Breton home, he was a mental and physical wreck. No one but his wife believed his story of gold and jewels. After his death, she gathered together his maps and notes, and crossed the continent to Victoria. She found men credulous enough to undertake an expedition, and, after a four month search, returned with a man named Harford, who the expedition had found on the island. He claimed that he had gone there in 1896, and had seen the gold, but feared to take it—such is the vague story. In Victoria, this man Harford found Admiral Palliser, the commanding the *Imperieuse*, who lent an interested ear to his tales, took him upon the *Imperieuse*, and cruised down the coast to Cocos Island. When he returned to civilization, his officers admitted that they had dug for the treasure and had found, as Harford had told them they would, a huge stone slab, from the face of which he had chiseled the directions he had found on it. As they dug deeper to find the entrance to the tunnel leading to a cave where he had discovered the precious hoard—he declared it could not be less than \$40,000,000—water filled up the excavation and rocks tumbled into it. Moreover, the flagship could not stay longer away from her station; so they put a blast into the hillside that covered up all traces of their search, and went away. A few months later the *Amphion*, of the British navy, took Harford aboard, and made a trip to Cocos Island. But all the officers would say about their expedition when they returned was that they had not found the treasure.

It will be noted that the stories of the Keating and Trevan expeditions, which we have pieced together from various sources, bear a suspicious similarity, and are also contradictory. How, for example, could Harford have found the island uninhabited in 1896 and discovered the treasure, if Captain Gissler had been living there since 1888? But these little contradictions do not seem to trouble treasure-hunter. Doubtless they will continue to visit Cocos Island for centuries yet to come. Of course, the expedition from San Francisco in 1902-3, of which an account was given in these columns, while it was in search of the Cocos Island treasure, was going on the theory that the wealth had been taken to another island, while needless to say, the expeditioners did not find.

Fortunes from Real Estate.

The first John Jacob Astor invested \$2,000,000 New York real estate; according to competent judges its value to-day, plus the value of the land purchased by its earnings, ranges anywhere from \$300,000,000 to \$500,000,000. In 1804, John Jacob Astor purchased the Samler farm—several blocks south of the present Tompkins Square—for \$25,000; it is now worth \$8,000,000. In 1825, William B. Astor bought a half interest in the Thompson farm—extending along the present line of Fifth Avenue from Thirty-First to Thirty-Sixth Streets—for \$24,000; it is now worth at least \$35,000,000. Both these properties, when acquired, were neglected wastes—partly swamp land and their purchasers were regarded as fit subjects for the insane asylum. When the present city plan was adopted in 1811, the commissioners felt constrained to apologize for mapping New York up to One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street. It would be many centuries, they explained, before the Harlem plains would be built upon.

A baby with £200 pinned to its clothes and a letter promising a similar amount yearly was found by some workmen on the Soissey Road near Corbeil, France, recently. The men were working in a field near the high road when they saw a motor-car, in which were a well-dressed man and woman, stop near them. The man lifted down a hamper and placed it on the roadside. In a few seconds they were driving at full speed toward Corbeil. The workmen, unable to understand the drama, approached the hamper, and on opening it found its contents to be a baby three or four weeks old, and clothed in rich robes. The bank-note was pinned to the clothes.

The soldiers of the United States are better paid than in any other army in the world. Our soldiers receive \$13 a month, while the pay of the other nations is as follows: Austria-Hungary, \$0.73 a month; France, \$1.74; Germany, \$2.50; Great Britain, \$7.1; Japan, \$0.60; Russia, \$0.12.

The *Bulletin* characterizes as "reliable" the report that the *Examiner*, in one year, 1904, made for its proprietor the sum of \$350,000 net profits; a sum, says, "in excess of the aggregate net earnings of the other newspapers in San Francisco, including the *Bulletin*."

SHE RAN OFF WITH A MODERN BYRON.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe" a Strong, Absorbing Story—A Great Little Heroine.

The *Argonaut* was the first to point out the source whence Mrs. Humphry Ward derived her plot of the novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter." The story had been running but a couple of months as a serial in *Harper's* when attention was called in these pages to the fact that it was following incident for incident the story of Mme. du Defland and Mlle. de Lespinasse, and afterward the legitimacy of the novelist's methods was widely and hotly discussed in the press of England and the United States.

In her new story, "The Marriage of William Ashe," which, despite the fact that it has several months yet to run as a serial, is now out in book-form, Mrs. Ward has followed the same methods as in "Lady Rose's Daughter." All criticism has been forestalled, however, by the frank manner in which the lady acknowledges that her characters are semi-portraits by comparing them, in the course of the story, to the originals. Thus of William Ashe, who represents Lord Melbourne, we read: "Lord Grosville, who had been a friend of Melbourne's, recalled the early history of that great man." Geoffrey Cliffe, traveler and poet, who represents Byron, is referred to as "that great ruffling Byronic fellow, Cliffe." Kitty Ashe, William Ashe's wife and the great figure of the story, is Lady Caroline Lamb, altered that little necessary because of the change in time from the first to the second half of the last century. Mary Lyster is doubtless the Miss Millbank whom Byron made so unhappy. Mrs. Ward has simply seized a set of striking figures from early Victorian days, changed them about as she pleased, added a little here, subtracted a little there, and presented us with an entrancing result.

In no previous book is Mrs. Ward's delicate genius more apparent. By inheritance and association an aristocrat, in contact with a coterie intellectual and artistic, familiar all her life with the ways of a society which all but a few writers find difficult of access, she writes now with that easy assurance which comes from absolute knowledge. With increase of years, Mrs. Ward has lost also her early fervor for preaching, has grown broader and perhaps more tolerant. To say that "The Marriage of William Ashe" is absorbingly interesting is less than just praise. Apart from the intense fascination of the story of the struggle between the wills—or, rather, the temperaments—of William Ashe and his lovely, fervent young wife, it is a just and interesting view that we get of English official society and of English government. There are some remarkable pictures of persons and places. Take this of Lady Grosville's library and portrait:

It was a fine, hook-walled room, with giallo antico columns and Adam decoration; and in its richly colored lamp-lit space, the seated figure—stiffly erect—of Lady Grosville, her profile, said by some to be like a horse, and others to resemble Savonarola, the cap of old Venice point that crowned her grizzled hair, her black velvet dress, and the long-ingered, ugly, yet distinguished, bands which lay upon her lap, told significantly; especially when contrasted with the negligent ease and fresh-colored youth of her companion.

Or take this graphic and witty description of the venerable old dame in a moment of anger:

Lady Grosville did not answer. Ashe's look returned to her, and he was startled by the expression of her face. He had always mourned and unwillingly admired her for a fine Old Testament Christian, one from whom the language of the imprecatory Psalms with regard to her enemies, personal and political, might have flowed more naturally than from any other person he knew, of the same lass and breeding. But this loathing—this assion of contempt—this heat of memory!—these were new, indeed, and the fire of them transfigured the old, gray face.

But Lady Grosville is, in the story, only a minor figure—wonderfully well drawn, but nothing when compared with the three—Ashe, Kitty, and Cliffe. Kitty, when we first meet her, is a girl of eighteen, "of tinted ancestry, with, as she put it once, a twist, a black drop" in her; not like other people." Her mother, though her house was wronged with men of high station, was a woman about whom terrible stories were told, and everybody thought that, when Kitty came out of the convent in France, where she had been reared, she would be unable to find a man of real worth and rank to marry her because of the gloomy past of the family. But William Ashe, placid, able, strong, just pointed under secretary of foreign affairs, and destined to become prime minister of England, takes the infinite risk, vowing that he will never coerce her, never try to break her will. Of the character of Kitty fresh from France we get a glimpse in this passage:

All at once, in the midst of some information that Miss Lyster was lucidly giving, Kitty made an impetuous turn. She had caught some words on the farther side of the door; and she looked hard, eagerly, at the speaker.

"Who is that?" she inquired.

Mary Lyster, with a sharp sense of interruption, replied that she believed the lady in question was the Grosville's French governess. But in the very midst of her sentence, Kitty deserted her, left her standing in the centre of the drawing-room, while the deserter fled across it, and sinking down beside the astonished mademoiselle, took the Frenchwoman's hand by assault, and held it in both her own.

"Vous parlez Français?—vous êtes Française? Ah! ça me fait tant de bien! Voyons! voyons!—causons un peu!"

And heading forward, she broke into a cataract of French, all the elements of her strange, small beauty rushing, as it were, into flame and movement at the swift sound and cadence of the words, like a dancer kindled by music. The occasion was of the slightest; the Frenchwoman might well show a natural bewilderment. But into the slight occasion the girl threw an animation, a passion, that glorified it. It was like the leap of a wild rain-stream on the mountains, that pours into the first channel which presents itself.

She hated England and the English. "I suppose your English dining-rooms are all like this?" she said to Ashe once while they were staying at the Grosvilles. "One might be sitting in a hearse. And the pictures—no! *Quelles horreurs!*"

Of her ambition, once she said:

"You know the French word *panache*? Well, that's what I care for—that's what I adore! To be the first—the best—the most distinguished. To be envied—and pointed at—obeyed when I lift my finger—and then to come to some great, glorious, tragic end!"

As was of course to be expected this strange creature was unable to resist the allurements of romance. She never exactly loved Geoffrey Cliffe, but he fascinated her. Of him we read:

And he stood, looking down upon the girl in front of him, his hands on his sides, his queer countenance twitching with suppressed laughter. An odd figure, tall, spare, loosely jointed, surmounted by a pale parchment face, which showed a somewhat protruding chin, a long and delicate nose, and fine brows under a strange overhanging mass of fair hair. He had the dissipated, battered look of certain Vandyck cavaliers, and certainly no handsomeness of any accepted kind. But as Ashe well knew, the aspect and personality of Geoffrey Cliffe possessed for innumerable men and women, in English "society" and out of it, a fascination that was easier to laugh at than to explain.

Cliffe was a traveler, almost an adventurer, biatant, vain, ill-bred, but yet a poet that, it was rumored, a woman had died for. In another place we read of him:

He had thrown one arm round the back of a chair, and sat looking down upon her, his colorless fair hair falling thick upon his brow, and giving by contrast a strange inhuman force to the dark and singular eyes beneath. He had a way of commanding a woman's attention by flashes of brusquerie, melting when he chose into a homage that had in it the note of an older world, a world that had still leisure for passion and its refinements, a world still within sight of that other which had produced the *Carte du tendre*. Perhaps it was this, combined with the virilities, not to be questioned, of his

aspect, the signs of bard physical endurance in the face burned by desert suns, and the suggestions of a frame too lean and gaunt for drawing-rooms, that gave him his spell and preserved it.

Mrs. Ward has the courage of the unhappy ending in this case; Kitty runs away with Cliffe from her strong, great, loving husband because it is quite impossible, hearing what she is, with that "black drop" in her, for her to do otherwise.

The book is full of epigrams and keen sayings. Here are a few of them:

Women indeed as gossips are too apt to pursue either the damnation of some one else or the apotheosis of themselves. But here the men showed a certain broad detachment not very common in women—amused by the human comedy itself, making no profit out of it, either for themselves or morals, but asking only that the play should go on.

That a man should know himself to be a fool was, in his eyes, as it was in Lord Melbourne's, the first of necessities.

Her audience looked on at first with the embarrassed or hostile air which is the Englishman's natural protection against the great things of art.

"Oh, well, all men are selfish—and the women don't mind."
"It depends on how it's done," said Kitty.

She [Lady Kitty] was not by any means always considerate of them [her maids], but still, with that wonderful generosity that the poor show every day to the rich, they liked her; and to Ashe every servant in the house was devoted.

When one is as good as that, one never forgives.

In one place, speaking of a wild elopement, the author says:

Harry Wensleydale, after all, was a rattling good fellow, with whom all the young women were in love. The thing, though naughty, was natural; and the colonel would make an excellent husband.

Albert Sterner's pictures are excellent and distinctly add to the book's interest.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Indestructibility of Poetry.

Some modern essayist—I know not who, or when or where he wrote it—has a passage that runs something like this. A line of true poetry is never lost, though it be only cut on the bole of a tree in the midst of the wilderness, yet somehow the world will learn of it; though it be only inscribed upon a rock in the midst of the desert, yet not forever will it remain unknown; though it be only carved upon a bit of wood and cast into the sea, yet after years it will be upon the lips of men. It may be hidden but not lost, it may be obscured but not forgotten, it may remain long unknown but never will it be utterly destroyed.

A passage characterized by some poetic exaggeration this, yet, speaking quite soberly, nothing is more true than the idea it embodies. Nothing is more wonderful than the manner in which time sorts the product of pens, and from great tomes chooses only a little line, from whole libraries only a verse or a paragraph. For instance, there is a translation of the Odyssey by some one whose name is forgotten that contains only two good lines. Yet they are not lost; you can find everywhere men and women of poetic education—poets themselves—who will quote you:

"The oars of the Argives dip so silently into the sea That they wake not sad Calypso, and the hero wanders free."

Even a more remarkable instance—among many that are remarkable—of the modern renaissance of stray fragments of poetry that appeared long ago, obscurely, perhaps authorless, and without honor, is that furnished by the so-called "Canadian Boat Song."

Its recent history is interesting. In the early part of last year Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton, while on a visit to Canada, quoted in an address this verse:

"From the lone shieling, on the misty island, Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas; But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland, And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

As probably has happened many a time before in similar cases, some one of Sir Ian's auditors addressed to a Toronto paper an inquiry about the verse, and one of the various accounts of its history that exist was given in the Toronto Globe, with a copy of the whole poem. The Portland Oregonian, another daily newspaper, remembered that Stevenson had quoted the verse in that chapter of "The Silverado Squatters," which is entitled "The Scot Abroad"—or, rather, misquoted it, making the second line:

"Mountains divide us, and a world of seas."

Doubtless there was other comment or quotation in other journals. But it was not until some weeks ago that this lurking verse, with all its nameless quality of mystery which is the heart of poetry, was again encountered. The London Times, on the morning after St. Andrew's Day, reported the speech of Lord Rosebery at the dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation in London on the preceding night. The speaker's last words (said the Times) were these:

Let me quote a stanza which I think one of the most exquisite that has ever been written about the Scottish exile, and of which, strangely enough, we do not know the author. I am sure I shall not quote it accurately:

"From the lone shieling on the misty island Mountains divide us and a waste of seas, But still our blood is strong, our heart is Highland, And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Lord Rosebery's fear of not quoting accurately, it will be noted, was quite justified—or, at least, his version differs from that printed above. Shortly after this, in due course, there arrived from Cape Town, South Africa, copies of the Times of that place, containing an account of a speech delivered by a Dr. Muir at the St. Andrew's dinner there, in which, as I discovered with pleased astonishment, he had quoted the same lovely lines prefacing them, too, by a similar expression of hesitancy as to the accuracy of his recollection.

The striking thing about the quotation of this beautiful verse by men addressing audiences in places so widely scattered as Toronto, Canada, London, and Cape Town, South Africa, is their unanimous hesitancy about the accuracy of their quotation. It shows very plainly that the poem was not "got up" from some book for the occasion, but was really remembered, as we all of us do remember hazily and mistily—poems that are beloved. Indeed, it may even be doubted if the whole brief poem from which the verse is taken has ever been printed in a book. I look in vain for it through a not inextensive library of verse. It is not included in Miss Granger's admirable "Index of Poetry," which includes thirty thousand titles. It seems very likely that from the first publication of the poem, without an author, in an Edinburgh magazine in the year 1829, it—or, rather, the one supreme and unforgettable verse—has been handed down almost entirely by word of mouth. It won its way through the century, per-

haps sometimes known only by a few persons, then again by some chance brought to the knowledge of many, but always making progress, because of the race's inevitable instinct for what is really poetry, till now, at length, these four lines may be said to have come into their own. They are known of thousands to whom they are dear. They have solaced the Scottish exile in every land that the sun shines upon.

And so the poet of to-day may be quite sure that if he but writes a single verse—nay, a single line—that has that nameless quality which makes it poetry, it will live, even though now it be received with no acclaim, and seems to be only one of the thousands upon thousands that annually appear in print and are destined to die—are already dead.

The "Canadian Boat Song," in full, as it appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in 1829, runs as follows.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

[From the Gaelic.]

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father Sing long ago the song of other shores— Listen to me, and then in chorus gather All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

Fair these brood meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas— Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland.

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Fair these brood meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley, Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream, In arms around the patriarch banner rally, Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

Fair these brood meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished, Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep, No seer foretold the children would be banished, That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Fair these brood meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

Come foreign rage, let discord burst in slaughter! O! then, for clansmen true, and stern claymore—

The hearts that would have given their blood like water Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

Fair these brood meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

H. A. L.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jack London's new novel will be published in May by the Macmillan Company. Its title is "The Game."

"The Golden Flood," Edwin Le Fevre's new Wall Street story, will be published the twenty-fifth of March. It is said that Mr. Le Fevre, whose knowledge of the street is so intimate and extensive, has developed a strikingly original mystery of the money market in this tale, which puzzles the reader to the very conclusion. The publication of this new book recalls the fact that Le Fevre's very first story was published in the Argonaut some ten years ago. "It made me proud as blazes," he once wrote in regard to it, "and it gave great pleasure to my father, who, from that time on, ceased his opposition to my choice of a profession."

Herman Whitaker, whose new tales of the great North-West, "The Probationer and Other Stories," is just out, has an interesting and eventful biography. To escape being a doctor he ran away from home and joined the British army. After a few years of military service he went to Canada, where he worked at farming in one of the wildest regions of the Hudson Bay country. In some way he incurred the enmity of the savage half-Indian settlers, who burned his barns, killed his cattle, and finally forced him to leave the country. He came to California, where, to use his own words, he took everything that came along, working at carpentering, painting, ranching—all manner of occupations. His home at present is in Berkeley, but he himself is traveling in Mexico in search of new literary material. It is out of his Canadian experiences that Mr. Whitaker has written the new volume of stories.

The Bookman still places "The Masquerader" at the head of the list of six books most in demand during the month, with "The Clansman" following, "The Prospector," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Sea-Wolf," and "The Man on the Box" completing the list.

Stewart Edward White, just previous to his marriage about a year ago, drew up the plans for the house at Santa Barbara in which he was to live with his bride, and which he called "The Jumping Off Place." When the house was finished, he built a large part of the furniture which makes it so artistic. Now the author is engaged in the ship-building craft, and has put together a stanch little sloop, in which he intends to explore

the islands of the Pacific that lie near his property. Meantime while he enjoys himself at his various trades, his book, "The Silent Places," has gone into the seventh edition.

"French Songs of Old Canada," compiled by W. Graham Robertson, which E. P. Dutton & Co. are to publish in conjunction with William Heinemann, of London, is a thin folio volume presenting the French texts with music in appropriately designed manner. There is also a detached folio leaflet containing English translations of the songs. The illustrations are fine examples of stencil work in color, a revival of which in English illustrated books is well worth noting at this time.

"Heretics," the book of essays by Gilbert K. Chesterton, author of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," announced by John Lane, deals in particular and at large with the "heresies" of Rudyard Kipling, W. B. Yeats, H. G. Wells, Omar and the Omarites, George Bernard Shaw, and others.

Amelie Rives, the author of "The Quick or the Dead," has broken her long literary silence by writing a dramatic poem entitled "Seléné."

The widow of Emile Zola has offered the nation the famous villa at Medan as a home for retired female employees of the French Charity Bureau. Zola's study and his billiard-room will be kept intact in his memory.

Rabelais is one of the subjects in a volume of "Literary Portraits," by Charles Whibley, which E. P. Dutton & Co. are shortly to publish. Mr. Whibley, in the course of his chapter on Rabelais, speaks of his relations with Erasmus, and writes about the differences between the two men. He says of Rabelais: "Rabelais . . . preferred jousness before refinement. He, too, loved wine, but he held an over-nice taste in liquor for a sign of age. Again, laughter was as urgent a necessity for him as combat, and if his blows were less deft, they were always heavier than the blows of Erasmus. Yet for scholarship and grandeur of intelligence Erasmus and Rabelais are the twin forces of the intellectual Renaissance. . . ."

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Secret Woman," by Eden Phillpotts.
3. "Down to the Sea," by Morgan Robertson.
4. "The Man of Destiny," by George Bernard Shaw.
5. "The Opening of Thibet," by Perceval Landon.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by Conan Doyle.
4. "Parsifal," by Richard Wagner.
5. "Moral Education," by Edward Howard Griggs.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Bell in the Fog," by Gertrude Atherton.
3. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel M. Gardenhire.
4. "Memoirs," by Moncure D. Conway.
5. "The Opening of Thibet," by Perceval Landon.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Fiction that is Good.

In the dedication to a lieutenant of the New York fire department of his book of short stories, "The Smoke Eaters," Harvey J. O'Higgins speaks of the "blue-shirted jigger jumpers" who live face to face with the very score of death, eat smoke and spit black buttons and accept the call of an heroic duty as the merest bread-and-butter matter of their every day." This sounds interesting, and the stories certainly are so. They are strong, vivid, and real, and Mr. O'Higgins is a past-master of the technique of his craft. In places, indeed, the writer is almost too realistic—it gives one a physical shock to read passages like: "Pin, with one swift stride forward, struck up at the base of the man's skull between the rim of his broken derby and the greasy collar of his coat. His hat leaped into the air; his head snapped forward; he threw out his hands with a sickening grunt, his knees broke, and he came thudding down in a heap on himself like a buckled wall at a fire."

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

H. B. Marriott-Watson is an interesting person. He is an Australian by birth, lived in boyhood in New Zealand, entered upon a journalistic career in England, collaborated with James M. Barrie in a play or two, married a distinguished poetess, and now writes reviews of books daily for the *London Mail*, and books every now and then. "Hurricane Island," his last, is a swift-moving and sanguinary story of a mutiny on board a steam-yacht on which a German prince is cloping with an opera-singer. The prince's sister is along and also a doctor, who turns out also to be a hero. There are all kinds of fights, but neither the doctor nor the Princess Alix is permitted to be hurt, and the ending is neat and happy.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"John Van Buren, Politician," by an anonymous writer, is an exceedingly interesting story of Tammany Hall. It is quite clear that the reason its writer has not signed his name to it is because his position in New York politics is such that his prestige would suffer if the book were generally known to be his. Richard Croker, disguised very thinly indeed by the name "Boss Coulter," is introduced, and plays a prominent part. The hero is a young lawyer who goes into politics first in New York and then in Albany. In some ways, the book appears to be a defense of Tammany Hall and machine politics generally—at least, it is written with no bias in favor of reformers. As the book says, "Protection is never so high as under a reform administration, for more men have to be fixed, and there is no central regulating power. Then reformers never understand the people." The heroine of the book is interesting. She has hair that is "warm, purple, blood-red," and "violet eyes," she wears "crimson gowns and blood-red roses." When Van Buren comes to know her he has visions of loosening that glorious hair and kissing every golden thread of it, recalling with joy that he had heard "that everybody's head had hundreds of thousands of hairs, and that black heads had not so many hairs as red." There is also a graphic picture of a judge who, "the morning after the night before," has for breakfast a pitcher of champagne with chipped ice and a pickled pig's head—a unique person who is said to be drawn from life.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A remarkably clever book by a brand new writer is "The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart. It is the tale of Bill the Blacksmith, who is wrongly charged with murder, and has a price placed on his head, whereupon he flees with Stumpy, a lame tramp. The stories are told by Stumpy to a railway man by the name of Finerty, and Finerty also tries his hand at story telling. Consequently, the book is really a string of short stories, but they are excellent—real, human, full of humor, simple, and unaffected. No more clever and interesting work has been done in many a day by any writer than

by Mr. Stewart in "The Fugitive Blacksmith." It is quite a masterpiece. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

LENTEN LYRICS.

To a Lenten Penitent.

I see your low-bowed head,
Your pensive face;
You do not look like one
In need of grace.

I vaguely wonder if
Your prayers include
The hapless ones by whom
You have been wooed.

There is young Bradley, who
(Say those that know)
Is trying to forget
In Mexico.

And really it was sad
About poor Brown;
He went to Tokio
To live it down.

Because of you Reed flunked
A big career;
He wrote from Africa
Some time last year.

Carter adored you from
Your early teens;
He now is somewhere in
The Philippines.

And Gray, that college chap,
You toyed with him;
He went to Rome, his face
Set hard and grim.

And I—I could not go,
And we are friends—
I envy those that fled
To the earth's ends.

—J. R. Croft in *New York Sun*.

A Lenten Hazard.

In Lent she turns from gayeties
And greets me with a pensive air;
She frowns on worldly revelries
And hunts out sombre things to wear:
Not that her faith enjoins her thus
The righteous pathway to pursue,
But merely (this between just us)
It is "the proper thing to do."

In Lent there are no suppers I
Must pay for when the curtains fall;
The cabbies oft must wonder why
I summon them no more at all;
From worldly pleasures she withdraws
Not that her creed compels her to,
Or that she's pious, but because
It is "the proper thing to do."

In Lent a bunch of violets
Is all she costs me day by day;
In Lent I settle up the debts
That I have long been urged to pay.
She ceases for a while to "pour,"
She turns from teas and dances, too,
Because, as has been said before,
It is "the proper thing to do."

In Lent about three times a week
I sit alone with her at night
And wonder if I ought to speak
The words I long have hoped I might.
I rather like her perverseness,
Her coy, expectant manner, too;
To speak or not—oh, well, I guess
It is the proper thing to do.

—S. E. Kiser in the *Record-Herald*.

His Vacation.

The devil put his stock of sins
Securely on his shelves.
"Tis Lent," he said, with oily grins,
"And when that soher time begins
Folks think of things themselves."

—Life.

April Sunset Magazine.

The April number of *Sunset* covers a wide field, and brings out some interesting matter regarding the West and Western endeavor. Articles describe the work of solar eclipse expeditions, the coming Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Or., Texas Missions Today, Forests of the Tuolumne, the American Forest Congress, Japan's Mission in the World, Tree Telegraphy, Tonopah and other mining-camps of Nevada, Ostrich Farming in Arizona. Now on sale at all news-dealers.

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Much of the so-called cut glass offered today is nothing more than Pressed Glass with some superficial cutting. Dorflinger Glassware is Genuine Cut Glass i. e., glass wholly cut on wheels by hand. In selecting wedding gifts be sure to get Dorflinger's. Ask your dealer.

HARPER'S BOOK NEWS

The Masquerader

That it still happens to be the best selling book in the world today proves nothing—but it is interesting to note. When the sales of a book go up into great figures it means that a tremendously big novel has arrived—the kind that is born only once or twice in a decade. It continues to be the dinner-table topic everywhere. Take it in hand and you will know why. You will also know why the critics go on praising it as the best thing that has appeared in years. Hear them:

"This is a story of a strong man and a strong woman and their high-handed grasping for happiness in the face of the moral law. The woman, magnificent in her love, rises above considerations of conventions, above fear, above conscience. Circumstances give her the right to follow the dictates of an overwhelming passion. It will take rank with the few really good books."—*New York Evening Mail*.

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"Sit down and read it. Arrange the cushions in your Morris chair, for you will never leave it until the book is done. A wonderful story, told with a sweep and intensity that is irresistible, brimful of romance, love, mystery, action, plot, every quality that appeals—and satisfying from cover to cover."—*New York Editor*.

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Since we last saw Margaret Anglin a change has come over her outward aspect; perhaps, too, over the spirit of her dream. All that smooth, pearly plumpness of which the curve-loving eye of man no doubt warmly approves, has altered the character of her face, with the effect of causing it to lose some of its quick, sensitive variations of expression and consequent charm. It is not now so ready a mirror to the changing emotions of the dramatic art. Her brow is as smooth as a child's, her neck is boneless perfection, her arms of a baby-like smoothness and chubbiness, her silky hair as beautiful and abundant as ever. She is the picture of health, but if physiognomy is a guide, she has become a comfortable little materialist; she looks as if she enjoyed the pleasures of life less with the soul and more with the senses. Perhaps it is Margaret Anglin's histrionic skill that made her seem so well adapted to the rôle of the provocative Kitty, whose charm, as she invited the forbidden love of her husband with lips and eyes, was all of the flesh. It was not so formerly. She had then a better balance in that blending of the spirit and the senses which make for attractiveness in woman. Yet no one may with any fairness criticize Miss Anglin's conception of the proper way to play the rôle of Kitty. It is exactly in the spirit of the piece, which, originally from the French, has evidently had some whitewashing of motives and situations done to make it acceptable to Americans. The process, while tending to the perfect propriety of all the scenes from a conventional standpoint, has caused but little diminution of a pointedly sexual suggestiveness in the love-making, which is particularly developed in all the scenes that exhibit Sir Reginald's inflammable susceptibilities in full sway. And sad to say, it is precisely when this element becomes most pronounced that the interest of the piece perceptibly increases.

The first act states the case and starts the action. The dialogue between Kitty and her godfather is rather spun out to the point of attenuation in this act, until Kitty decides, for the purpose of evading the jealousy of her future rival, to make herself a fright. As this is done in the presence of the audience, the interest suddenly and strongly quickens.

Miss Anglin is very deft in the manipulation of her pretty person in bringing about the desired result, and it is really surprising what a disastrous transformation is wrought in the looks of a good-looking and nattily attired young woman merely by altering the set of a dress skirt, sacrificing a few ribbon bows, and tipping a denuded hat recklessly over one eye. It is needless to say you could have heard a pin drop while the transformation was under way.

Man and woman alike surveyed the process with an attentive eye, and when it was completed, the latter, if unmarried, had learned a thing or two about the fateful importance of dress and style.

Later, Kitty, who in her altered guise succeeded in looking like a country shop-girl, seizes the opportunity, which only a slighted woman can appreciate, of bedazzling the senses of the young man who had passed her over as being utterly outside the pale of his approval.

Miss Anglin, at this point in the play, enters in all the glory of a becoming dinner dress—ruffling in silk, gleaming in metallic embroidery, her hair arranged in a low extinguishing pompadour, and her hair that is encased by that unbecoming monstrously ornate ornaments—a jeweled dog-collar. Thus attired she, whom we have so often seen in stagland queening it in smart London drawing-rooms, looks like a handsome, sleek, sensuous, prosperous little bourgeoisie. And it is during the scenes that follow that one questions whether time, experience, routine, and perhaps success, have not stripped from Miss Anglin that which formerly bleached her art to something finer and more inspiring than it is at present.

Perhaps she will soon surprise us out of these doubts. I hope so, for I like her better the old way. She was a woman's woman then, but in "The Marriage of Kitty" it does not take long to discover that she is emphatically and only a man's woman. "Cymbeline" will be the touchstone. Poetry is ever the truest test to reveal the mettle of the artist who deals in emotions. Mr. Frank Worthing who is the leading man, fell into the scheme of things as aptly as Miss Anglin. I risk myself they are both almost too clever for "The Marriage of

Kitty," but, on the other hand, it is the cleverness of just such people that bridges over the thin places in such a lightly woven specimen of art dramatic. There are plenty of bright things said in the piece, but, on the other hand, there are several scenes in which the dialogue sounds verbose and tautological. The situations repeatedly become highly piquant, but they also border at times on the farcical. But it is the kind of farce that does not weary, although there always is, with these French adaptations, something in their quick, practiced action that smacks of the mechanical.

The full strength of Miss Anglin's support has not yet been taxed, but no economy has been practiced in getting up the company. Mr. Hall McAllister already plays like an actor of experience. He has ease, a good presence, speaks naturally and well, and plays the part of the lawyer who precipitated all the fat into the fire with considerable humor. While he is on the stage the greater part of the time, and has much to say, he is also obliged, in a number of scenes, to act the ungrateful part of a silent listener to that amiably garrulous egotist, Sir Reginald Belsize. The career of an actor never offers its full rewards until individual prominence is assured, and Mr. McAllister's friends, however, will doubtless look forward with considerable interest to seeing him in a rôle which offers greater opportunity for heavier work of a more serious stamp. Miss Edith Cartright, energetic, but not particularly finished as an enterprising husband-snatcher; Miss Gwendolyn Valentine, a pretty girl who pleases in a minute part; and Walter Allen, a bishop-like butler, completed a cast that is small, but gives a sum-total of highly entertaining results.

During his recent brief engagement of one week's length at the California Theatre, Mr. Creston Clarke, who came to this Coast little heralded and almost unknown, impressed upon many minds the conviction that he is destined, in the near future, to play a prominent part in theatrical annals. Those who were primarily interested in seeing his work because he is the nephew of Edwin Booth, were aroused by his acting to a greatly augmented interest in the young man himself, and not a few of them feel that he may be the coming personality of the American stage.

With this gifted youth, descendant of a family dowered on both sides with the flame of lively inspiration, acting is both an instinct and an art. And while enjoying this talent so gracefully, and irresistibly exercised in the rôle of Beaucaire, one experiences also a rare sentiment of surprised admiration and pleasure at the personal distinction, the fascination, and the romantic glamour with which Mr. Clarke invests the character. Few young actors on the stage at present have the grand manner. It has passed out of repute, being rarely required in the drama of the day. A few surviving actors of the old school are still able to appear as stately personages of another and more courtly epoch, and succeed in persuading us into the illusion that they are indeed the characters they represent. But show me, beside Mansfield, half a dozen American actors who could appropriately assume the innate princeliness of the young French duke who, in Booth Tarkington's story, disguised himself under the name of Beaucaire. Sothen could compass the romantic side of the character. But he would be sure to have his lapses into stagginess. Otis Skinner perhaps—who else?

Well then, this young man—Creston Clarke—succeeds in keeping a whole audience hanging upon his lightest word and look; lost in the story, forgetful while he is on the stage of aught else save that Beaucaire, a prince of the blood royal, is before them, and marveling that the heavy English clouds around him do not perceive the intrinsic princeliness of the nobleman they would fain brand as an adventurer.

Mr. Clarke looks, on the stage, but little past the age—twenty-three—of the prince he impersonates. He has delicate, aquiline features, and fine dark eyes, that, despite their youth and liveliness, recall the melancholy, unforgettable beauty of Edwin Booth's. He is slight, graceful in movement, and in attitude and gesture always apt and highly expressive, yet never over-elaborate. His musical voice has a carrying quality and is rarely raised. In every way he impresses one as being born for the stage. Thus heredity has helped him with a lavish hand, launching him into his histrionic career with a graphic face, mobile features, a graceful and expressive body, personal fascination in a marked degree, and a union of intelligence and the acting instinct, which, all combined, form an equipment that promises a victorious future.

It is well to remember, perhaps, that we have not been able to pass judgment upon Mr. Clarke's work in any of the great, heroic rôles, and he has had the further advantage of making his San Francisco appearance in a play that gives the hero every opportunity. Beaucaire is a young, handsome, dare-devil, brave, noble, chivalrous, and able to parry, cut, and thrust as skillfully with his tongue as with his rapier. All the wise and witty sayings in the play fall to his share. The heroine, Lady Mary Carlisle, has no opportunity to impress much sense of character upon the beholder, giving the impression merely of being a superfine lady of rank, beauty, and great state. The Englishmen are all outshone by the daring young Frenchman, and appear only to exalt his dazzling qualities by force of contrast.

As may easily be conjectured, no prudent actor would dare to undertake such a character without a goodly share of the equipment already specified, for he must dazzle while he shines, and yet win the ardent allegiance of his audience. Mr. Clarke's sway upon his auditors is something similar to that exercised by Ethel Barrymore. His charm is so great that we do well to question ourselves, Does it blind us to his faults? And yet, if you go a-hunting for faults, they fail to declare themselves. The young man seemed well-nigh perfect in the rôle. His technique was singularly finished, his dramatic instinct unerring. I do not know but that it is hypercriticism to say that his smile seemed almost too constant. He has just narrowly shared the danger of having a lisp, although that would be a physical and not a technical defect. His French accent was extraordinarily good. The rolling r was always in his throat, and the Gallic turn he gave vowel sounds was an accurate copy, and was never for a moment slighted.

Mr. Clarke was assisted by a sufficiently competent company, and the performance generally was meritorious and enjoyable. We are promised that he will return, in the comparatively near future, probably at the Columbia. If so, it will be extremely interesting to see him in other rôles, and learn whether he includes versatility among his accomplishments. Among all the other good gifts a talent for delicate yet penetrating comedy was declared in "Monsieur Beaucaire." What, then, may we not venture to expect from a youth of such promise?

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Thompson Seton's Illustrated Lectures.

Lovers of nature, and especially of wild animal life, will be pleased to know that Ernest Thompson Seton will deliver a number of lectures, illustrated by stereopticon views, at Lyric Hall next Friday and Saturday, March 31st and April 1st. To the vast number of readers of his books and magazine articles, and to school-children particularly, who "dearly love" bear stories, Mr. Thompson Seton needs no introduction. He is a born story-teller, and carries his audiences along with him in breathless interest. His stereopticon pictures, some of them from photographs, others from his own drawings, add effectiveness to his lectures, and a unique feature is his imitations of animal cries and calls to their little ones. Following are the hours and subjects of his talks: Friday afternoon, March 31st, at 3:30 o'clock, "Wild Animals I Have Known"; Friday evening at 8:15, "Wild Animals at Home"; Saturday morning, April 1st, at 11 o'clock, "The Indian as I Know Him"; Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, "The Personality of Wild Animals"; Saturday evening at 8:15, "New Adventures of Animal Friends." Prices will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar, while transferable seats for four lectures, excluding Saturday morning, will be \$1.50, \$2.25, and \$3.00.

George Edwardes has aroused considerable discussion in London by asserting that musical comedy is doomed. The majority of the composers and managers in London are inclined to agree with him.

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For the accommodation of visitors to the different cemeteries in San Mateo County, Southern Pacific agents sell daily round-trip excursion tickets for 25 cents. Only twenty-five minutes are consumed in making the trip, and superior accommodations are afforded. Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets depot at 11:30 A. M., 2:15 P. M., and 3:30 P. M.; returning, trains leave Holy Cross Cemetery at 12:46 P. M., 5:10 P. M., and 6:01 P. M., stopping for passengers at Cypress Lawn, Emanuel, Sholin, Mt. Olivet, and Eternal Home Cemeteries. Ask Southern Pacific agents.

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Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) night, third week—the merry musical comedy,
THE BURGOMASTER
Book and lyrics by Frank Pixley. Music by Gustave Luders. Splendid cast and production. Twenty four big song hits. Matinée to-day (Saturday).

Next attraction—Florodora. Usual Tivoli comic opera prices

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

This and next week—Nightly, including Sunday Matinée Saturday. Kirk La Sells's production of the great American romance,
THE VIRGINIAN
With Dustin Farnum.

April 3d—Lionel Barrymore in the immense comedy hit, **The Other Girl.**

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager

Next Monday evening, second week of the Anglin season, Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Frank L. Perley presents **Margaret Anglin**, supported by Frank Worthing, in the new modern emotional drama,
ZIRA
By J. Hartley Manners and Henry Miller.

To follow—**The Lady Paramount**, by Madeline Lucette Riley. First time on any stage.

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Week commencing Monday, March 27th. Regular matinees, Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company in the eagerly awaited revival of

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Same great cast. Beauties of scenery and the quality college songs. Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinée Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c.

Next—First time in San Francisco of Andrews Mack best success, **Tom Moore.**

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinée, positive last week of **Kolb and Dill**, supported by Edit Mason, Lillie Sutherland, Thomas H. Perss, Ben J. Dillon, and their own company in J. C. Crawford musical comedy.
THE BEAUTY SHOP
Saturday night, April 1st, rare appearance of Kolb and Dill. Popular prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Sunday matinée, April 16th, Virginia Calhoun in **Ramona**

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Next—**Why He Divorced Her.**

Orpheum
Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, March 26th. Everything New.
Dom Francisco de Souza Marquis de Borja; Haine and Vidocq; Wynne Winslow; Wm. J. Kuts and his little dog won'ters, "Guess" and "Bunch"; Clayton White-Marie Stuart Company, presenting "Poly"; West and Van Sicker; Sailor and Barbrette; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of McLaughlin's Watermelon Girls, presenting a brand-new act in this season.
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

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STAGE GDSSIP.

Success of "The Virginian."

"The Virginian" has scored a hit at the Columbia Theatre, and during its second week promises to draw large houses.

Margaret Anglin in an Emotional Role.

For the second week of her season at the California Theatre, Margaret Anglin will present "Zira," a modern emotional drama by Hartley Manners and Henry Miller.

The Orpheum's New Bill.

Francisco de Souza, Marquis de Borba, a wit and a phenomenal range, who has long with success at the courts of Madrid and Lishon, will be heard for the first time in this city at the Orpheum on Sunday afternoon.

Last Week of Kolb and Dill.

Kolb and Dill will begin the fourth and last week of their engagement at the Grand Opera House on Sunday afternoon, continuing in "The Beauty Shop."

Melodrama at the Central.

Lew Posen's thrilling melodrama, "The Ambler," will be presented at the Central theatre on Monday night for the first time in this city.

on the coast, a banker's elegant home, a popular hotel, and, most unique of all, a revolving lighthouse. The hero escapes from prison and makes his way to the lighthouse during a terrible storm.

"Old Heidelberg" at the Alcazar.

Richard Mansfield's great success, "Old Heidelberg," will be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next week with practically the same cast as last December.

"The Burgomaster" at the Tivoli.

Such has been the success of "The Burgomaster" at the Tivoli that the management has wisely decided to continue it another week.

Miss Marie Kenny, the well-known dramatic reader, who appeared recently at the Camera Club entertainment, delighted the audience with a number of clever selections.

Jacob Schram, the pioneer vinedyardist of Napa Valley, died on Saturday, April 18th. He was one of the best-known viticulturists in the State, having done much to make California what it is to-day as a wine producing State.

The body of the late Mrs. Jane Stantford arrived from Honolulu Tuesday on the steamship Alameda, and was immediately taken to Palo Alto.

John Drew in "The Duke of Kheficrankie," and Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in their Shakespearean repertoire, are soon to play engagements at the Columbia Theatre.

Grace Van Studdiford, who was last here with the Bostonians, is soon to appear as a star in Reginald de Koven's latest opera, "The Red Feather."

We wonder if all San Francisco art lovers have seen the wonderful marine painting by F. K. M. Rehn at the Morris Art Gallery, 248 Sutter Street?

The Coming Forest, Fish, and Game Exhibit.

Parents and nature study teachers will do well to bring to the notice of the little ones the children's pet exhibit of the Forest, Fish, and Game Association's great nature show which is to be held in Mechanics' Pavilion next month.

The Treat Stakes, \$1,200 added, five furlongs, for foals of 1903, will be the feature at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday).

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At the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, under the direction of MR. HEINRICH CONRIED and by his entire company of 250 artists from the METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, New York.

Sale of single seats for all performances begins Monday morning, March 27th, at 9 a. m., at the Grand Opera House box-office.

Scale of prices—For "Parsifal," Orchestra and Dress Circle, \$10, \$7.50. Family Circle, \$5.00, Top Floor, \$3.00. Boxes seating 8, \$100; seating 6, \$75.

"The best single help to the study of Parsifal with which I am acquainted" is what H. E. KREHBIEL calls Kufferath's Wagner's PARSIFAL in his introduction.

Ernest Thompson Seton LYRIC HALL

Friday afternoon, March 31st, at 3:30 o'clock, "Wild Animals I Have Known"; Friday evening, at 8:15, "Wild Animals at Home"; Saturday morning, April 1st, at 11 o'clock, "The Indian as I Know Him"; Saturday afternoon, at 2:30, "The Personality of Wild Animals"; Saturday evening, at 8:15, "New Adventures of Animal Friends."

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VANITY FAIR.

Rather a remarkable letter, signed "An Athletic Girl" was recently received by a writer in *The Argonaut* who had had something flattering to say of women who went in for sports. The only question is, Did a woman write the letter? Here it is: "I am an athletic girl. I hunt all the winter and golf all the summer. I am a 'jolly good sort,' and all that we are in a way pals with every man, especially if he is very young and afraid of any more feminine woman. But no one wants to marry us except some penniless subaltern or equally penniless curate. Last summer I was at a garden-party with many 'sports-women.' I heard a man—a real man—say, 'They all look as if they had their best clothes on!' I was staggered, but I looked—*as did—and as if they were some one else's best clothes into the bargain.* I looked at my image in the glass when I got home, and wondered what man on earth would want to kiss my broad, hard hand, or whose heart could beat one stroke more at the sight of my clumsy figure. At this same party was a smooth, white, cool woman, whose voice was not a rusty hinge like ours, and whose movements were music, too—without rolling of hips and shoulders. Her clothes grew to her as naturally as her satin skin. The very sportsmen—hunting men and golfers—were spellbound; they were traitors. As my sister said, we went home like two cubbish boys hulking along in petticoats. Even a hunting man—who my sister says would be satisfied as to beauty if one dressed a stableman in a habit and strapped in his waist, provided he rode well—even he takes us as rather interior men, though 'splendid across country.' Athletics and sports are all right for young girls, but at twenty-five some of us wish we had never seen them. . . . I have never envied golf-players since I saw two well-known artists amazed at such shapes. Well, if I ever marry at all I shall have to put up with a hunting man, and no one ever influences one of these but his groom. I tell you, I am sick of athletics, and coarseness, and the 'toleration' of sportsmen."

It might interest his hearers, said Professor Okakura, of Tokio, in a recent lecture delivered in an Eastern city, to know the Japanese ideal of feminine beauty. It varied a little between Tokio and Kyoto, but on the whole the Japanese considered that a woman should not exceed five feet in height; should have a comparatively fair skin and be well developed; should have long, thin, and jet-black hair, an oval face, with a narrow straight nose, rather large eyes, nearly black thick eyelashes, a small mouth hiding behind red full lips, even rows of small white teeth, ears not altogether small, thick eyebrows, and a medium forehead, from which the hair should grow in circular or Fujiyama shape—that was, a shape recalling the truncated cone of the famous volcano.

Miss Edyth Walker, a well-known singer of New York, has been giving some advice to young girls who propose studying singing abroad. She says that in all of Europe there are only five or six really good music-teachers and five or six hundred or a thousand poor ones, and that there is no use going to the poor ones. She herself went to Mme. Orgeni, of the Dresden Conservatoire. "She at first used to tell me," said Miss Walker, "that I had better go home and scrub floors. But I didn't go home and scrub floors, and I never intended to. For all that, she was very kind to me. After I first sang before her she told her sister that a young American girl had sung for her who seemed to have the promise of a voice, but that the music I sang was villainous. Do you know, I sang what I thought was pretty fine and classical music and so it had been considered in New York. I could not afford private lessons, which were meeting like ten dollars an hour but twice a week. Mme. Orgeni in-

structed a class of eight girls, and we each got fifteen minutes individual instruction at a lesson. The rest of the time the other teachers kept at us from ten o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon. I took the full course at a cost of \$100 for the whole season of ten months. I paid fifty marks a month in the pension for my board and lodging. That's \$12.50 a month, but I do not advise any girl to go quite as cheaply as that. For \$20 a month she can live very comfortably, with a nice room and plenty of good, well-cooked, plain food. For \$30 a month she can live very well—indeed almost luxuriously, but that is too good for a poor girl who can not afford to be extravagant. She would be quite as happy and healthy in a pension at \$20 a month." Miss Walker being asked what she would name as the lowest figure for a girl's musical education in Europe, replied: "Five hundred dollars a year—living expenses, \$240; conservatoire fee, \$100; other expenses, \$160." Miss Walker studied four years, and spent her annual vacations of two months in a little village on the Baltic Sea at a cost of \$50.

As to the rather subtle question of "gentleman," "lady," "man," and "woman," there is a difference, writes a correspondent of the *London Chronicle*, between the sexes. A duke must always be a man, unless he be, for the purpose of conversation, a "gentleman," with great emphasis of voice. Without emphasis, every man of gentleman's rank is a "man" always and in every social circumstance. But with women it is entirely a matter of the adjective. Without an adjective a woman is a "lady." Whoever asked, on hearing that a friend was to marry, "Who is the woman?" Nor do we say that we met a woman at a dinner who told us so and so. But introduce the adjective, and the "lady" is at once a pretty woman, a well-dressed woman, rather a dull woman. The "man" and "gentleman" difficulty was responsible recently for an unintentional aspersion upon a youthful male undergraduate friend by a young la—that is to say, a girl. He was at the end of his teens, not quite arrived at man's estate. That was what she intended to convey to a stranger who had heard his name mentioned, and inquired as to his approximate age. But as she was a polite young-girl, what she said was: "Oh, he's not quite a gentleman."

It will cost a girl after this college year \$400 more than the current rate to take the regular four-year course in Vassar College. For two-score years this institution has maintained its original rates. In 1861, the Vassar Female College was incorporated, and in 1867 the word "female" was dropped. At that time the charge of \$100 for tuition and \$300 for room and board was deemed high. Only those who had both wealth and an appreciation of the value of the higher education would think of spending such a sum on a mere girl. But as conditions have changed, \$400 has come to look much smaller in the eyes of those who have daughters to educate, and now the rate has increased \$100 per annum. Vassar is not the only college for women that has felt the necessity for increasing its charges. Wellesley has twice raised its rates, and, taking into consideration its standing and the advantages that it offers, Vassar's total of \$500 a year for room and board, which will be the new figure, is less than that offered by institutions of similar grade. Western colleges are comparatively inexpensive, but in the East education of the college brand comes high, although women still get it cheaper than men.

The *World of Dress* has secured Bernard Shaw, the well-known novelist and playwright, as a contributor to write on prevailing fashions. And he objects to starch. He will not wear a shirt smeared with disgusting white mud. Shiny white tubes on the wrist repel him, and the rain-pipe trouser leg arouses his wrath. Why should a man be

ashamed to give evidence of his knees in his trousers? Knees are made to be bent. Trousers are made for knees.

News Comes from Hawaii.

"that the volcano of Kilauea has become active again. The activity, like the outbreaks of the past, is in Halemaumau, the House of Fire, the inner crater of the volcano. Great fountains of molten lava are playing in the centre, and cones are forming." Reduced first-class ticket to Honolulu, sailing of April 15th. \$125, round trip. Full information, Oceanic Steamship Company, 653 Market Street.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall	State of Weather
March 16th	58	52	.04	Cloudy
" 17th	56	52	.Tr	Pt. Cloudy
" 18th	58	50	.02	Cloudy
" 19th	60	52	.62	Clear
" 20th	60	48	.01	Cloudy
" 21st	60	50	.16	Clear
" 22d	58	50	.17	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 22, 1905, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Bay Co Power 5%	2,000 @ 106	106	
Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%	33,000 @ 90-90 3/4	90	90 3/4
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	12,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 6%	4,000 @ 115 1/2	115	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	8,000 @ 121 1/2	121	121 3/4
North Shore Ry 5%	1,000 @ 100	100	
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	5,000 @ 123 1/2	122	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	78,000 @ 110	110	110 1/2
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	2,000 @ 105-105 1/2	105 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 121 1/2	121 1/2	122
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%	1,000 @ 113		
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	2,000 @ 108 3/4	108 3/4	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	9,000 @ 109 3/4	109 3/4	110
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd	29,000 @ 109 1/2-109 3/4	109 3/4	109 3/4
S. V. Water 6%	16,000 @ 103 1/2-103 3/4	103 3/4	
S. V. Water. 4%	7,000 @ 100 3/4	100 3/4	
S. V. Water 4% 3ds	5,000 @ 100	99 3/4	
S. V. Water Gen. 4%	23,000 @ 98 1/2-98 3/4	98 1/2	98 3/4
United R. R. of S. F. 4%	118,000 @ 90 1/2-90 3/4	90 1/2	

	STOCKS.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Waters.	Shares.		
Contra Costa Water	610 @ 44-47 1/2	44 1/2	47 1/2
S. V. Water	250 @ 38 1/2-38 3/4	39	39 1/2
Banks.			
American National	25 @ 130-131	130	135
Bank of California.	70 @ 446 1/2-445 1/4	449	
Insurance.			
Fireman's Fund...	10 @ 330	320	335
Street R. R.			
Presidio	175 @ 40	39 1/2	40
Powders.			
Giant Con.	35 @ 66 1/2-66 1/2	66	66 3/4
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. S.	295 @ 88-90	89 1/2	90
Honokaa S. Co.	95 @ 22-22 1/2	21 1/2	
Hutchinson.	270 @ 18-18 1/2	17 1/2	
Kilauea Sugar Co.	500 @ 5 1/2	5	5 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	230 @ 37 3/8	37 1/2	38
Onomea Sugar Co.	395 @ 36 1/2-37 1/2	37	37 1/2
Paaupau Sugar Co.	115 @ 25 1/2-25 1/2	25	
Gas and Electric.			
Mutual Electric	160 @ 12-12 1/2	12	13
Pacific Lighting	100 @ 62	62	62 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	330 @ 55 1/2-57	56	57
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers	80 @ 86 3/4-87	87	87
Cal. F. Cannery	50 @ 98	98	99
Cal. Wine Assn.	120 @ 79-79 1/2	78 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.	110 @ 5-6	5	5 1/2
Pacific States Tel.	130 @ 110-111	110	

The sugars have been fairly active, and have held their own in price, with the exception of Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which, on sales of 295 shares, advanced two points to 90. Spring Valley Water was strong, 250 shares changing hands at 38 1/2-39 1/2, closing at 39 bid, 39 1/2 asked. Contra Costa Water sold off seven points to 45 on sales of 610 shares, closing at 44 1/2 bid. Alaska Packers Association was steady at 86 3/4-87; California Wine Association at 79-79 1/2. There has been a very good demand for San Francisco Gas and Electric, with small offerings, the stock closing at 56 bid, 57 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A grasp of the main facts, rather than facility of expression, characterizes the following historical contribution from a school-boy: "Henry the Eighth was brave, corpulent, and cruel; he was frequently married to a widow; had an ulcer on his leg; and great decision of character."

This story is told of a nice old resident of Brookline, who last week addressed a class of young women at an educational institution, and who advised them to go in for the active life. "Go out and do something, be something," he exclaimed; "become fishers of men," and he wondered why the audience giggled.

The story is told of a teetotaler who was trying to persuade a bibulous friend to quit drinking. "You can't drink all the whisky in the world," he was saying, when suddenly they came to the town distillery. It boomed before them, every window brightly illuminated. "No," said the other, thickly, "but look there! I ken make 'em work vertime."

Bismarck had to confer the Iron Cross on a hero in the ranks one day, and, thinking to try his humor, which was of the elegant order, on the man, he said: "I am authorized to offer you, instead of the cross, a hundred thalers. What do you say?" "What is the cross worth?" quietly asked he man. "About three thalers." "Very well, then, your highness, I'll take the cross and ninety-seven thalers."

Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers, who led the humorist into his library. "There," he said, as he pointed to a bust of white marble, "what do you think of that?" It was a bust of a young woman oiling her hair, a very graceful example of modern Italian sculpture. Mr. Clemens looked at it a moment, and then he said: "It isn't true to nature." "Why not?" Mr. Rogers asked. "She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," said the humorist.

Professor Robert D. Petty, of the New York Law School, was telling his students, the other day, of the need that lawyers occasionally have for a little knowledge of agriculture. "I was reminded of this need the other day," he declared, "when a young attorney of this city told me about his plans of spending two or three days in the country next summer. 'I want to go to a farm,' he young attorney said, 'and for two or three days do a farm-hand's work. I want to shovel hay.'"

Some years ago Joseph Choate was associated in a big case with a young Hebrew lawyer. The latter was a little doubtful as to what to charge the client, and Mr. Choate said: "Oh, never mind sending in a bill. 'm going to send in one in a day or two, and I'll just double it, and then send you my own check for your half." In the course of the fortnight this check arrived, and the lawyer was amazed at its size. He acknowledged it promptly, adding as a postscript: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

A man who has recently traveled in Ireland says that in a poor little cottage of two rooms he saw a married couple and seven children. Hearing a baby cry he asked to see it, and explained that he took an interest in babies, having one at home. The infant was produced for inspection, and the mother smiled proudly: "Is yours as big as that, ir?" To which he replied, "I think it is little bigger." Instantly the instincts of the other were roused, and tossing her head, he said: "So well it might be; that's only all of ours; the other half is with God. Ve had twins."

George Meredith, the author, whose novels deal with English social life, lives simply. Some time ago he finished building a home for himself, which is described as being harrowing, but somewhat small. While the completion of his little home was going on, a young woman visited the author, and presented a letter of introduction. Meredith, with some pride, took the young woman through the building; but with an expression of disappointment she remarked: "In your books you describe huge castles and spacious aronial halls; but when you come to build, you put up a little bit of a house like this. Why is it?" "Well," replied Meredith; "it is because words are cheaper than stones."

Postmaster Breathitt, of Hopkinsville, Ky., recently received the following letter from former Kentuckian, who now lives in Oregon: "Mr. POST MASTER: Will you please send this note to some old tobacco raiser. I want 5 dollars worth of some-made tobacco from old Ky. for chewing. I want as old tobacco as there is and as good. I want to say what it is worth. Would like if it was

twisted. Whoever gets this note anser at once. I used to live in Ky., in Livingston co., and if there is some good old maid or a widowed lady a Bout 35 or 40, tell them to write to me if they want to change there name to a better one. I was married once in Ky. I got my licens at smithland, was married at love's chapel, close to caryville. I got a fine lady; I want a nother one from old Ky., they are the people and most respected." Then he added, as a postscript: "Say, lady, if you do write send me yore picture. I am this way, quick sales and good profits. My wife has Bin dead 7 years. I have no children. By By."

The Parturitive Traubles of the Spring Pnet.

At this very moment [February 20th] believe me or not as you think fit, the Spring Poet is working overtime all the week round in order to cope with the demand that he has managed to create for his April goods. Had he the gift of providence, of course, he would have done the work upon which he is now engaged last spring. As it is, you have only to pass his house at midnight during the month of February, and you shall see, silhouetted on the blind, eight nervous fingers that tear recklessly at eight locks of hair. The Spring Poet, though, does not knock off work when he has completed his tale of spring goods. On the contrary, April sees him tinting the autumn leaves with yellow, while autumn, in its turn, necessitates a rhyming of "Yule" with "who'll," "squire" with "choir," and "peace" with "geese."

In the meantime, the poet's wife busies herself with household duties. She is a good woman, but worried, and the poet's trick of wandering round the kitchen and toying abstractedly with the uncooked vegetables while he is striving after a rhyme does not tend to perfect domestic felicity. The conversation of the couple, on such occasions, would run, I fancy, in this way:

POET—Do you happen to know any word, dear, that rhymes with "carol"?

HIS WIFE—No, darling. Don't upset that flour. I want it for the pie.

POET—Carol? Carol? What a rotten word!

HIS WIFE—Can't you alter the line, so as to get "carol" in the middle and an easier word at the end?

POET—I could, of course, only the line I've got now is rather pretty. It goes, "The budding thrush sends up his April carol." Rather nice, don't you think?

HIS WIFE—Who's it for?

POET—The commission from the Ludgate Gazette, you know.

HIS WIFE—Oh, that wretched Smith-Horton! I should alter "budding thrush," if I were you.

POET—Why? I rather like that. It suggests—

HIS WIFE—Yes, I know, but Smith-Horton always insists on a meaning, doesn't he?

POET—Smith-Horton's a Philistine. It's a desecration of one's art to write for him at all. Besides, he only pays threepence a line.

HIS WIFE—Didn't we have this same difficulty about "carol" once before?

POET—Yes, when we were at Ramsgate in August. I had it in my Christmas verses for the Fleet Magazine, if you remember.

HIS WIFE—Of course. Don't get your coat in the lard, darling.

POET—Dash it all! I wish you wouldn't put those things so near the edge of the table.

HIS WIFE—Well, dear, you're not obliged to come into the kitchen when I'm cooking, are you?

POET—I suppose one can go where one likes in one's own house!

HIS WIFE—You wouldn't like it if I came into your study while you were writing.

POET—You often do, anyhow.

HIS WIFE—Only when it's absolutely necessary. If we had another cupboard in here I shouldn't have to keep the groceries in there.

POET—One can't buy cupboards without money.

HIS WIFE—No, and you can't earn money without working.

POET—I like that! Haven't I been worrying all the morning to find something to rhyme with "carol"?

HIS WIFE—You have certainly been worrying, dear.

POET—Look here, Emma! It's all very well—Jove! I've got it!

HIS WIFE—That's a good thing.

POET—"Quarrel"—that's the word. Thanks awfully, darling. [Rushes out]—Keble Howard in the Sketch.

"Yes, he used to be in the newspaper business, but he's studying for the ministry now. He says he decided that he couldn't be a reporter and save his soul." "Indeed? I believe his old city editor put it differently. He says he couldn't be a reporter to save his soul."—Ex.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Exemplary Duke.

I trust I shall escape rebuke If I discourse about a duke. He buys his hats at Blank & Co.'s. So I am told by one who knows. He likes to walk about his park. He loves the singing of the lark. He has (it is his ducal way) Three satisfying meals a day. He generally sleeps in bed, A pillow underneath his head. Such is his sense of what is meet, He wears his boots upon his feet; And sometimes, so I understand, He wears a glove on either hand. In many papers you may note Such anecdotes as these I quote: The many useful hints they give Will show us clearly how to live. It is so nice for you and me To know what is le dernier cri. I can not think how people thrived Before the Paragraph arrived. (I should have said—how people thrrove Before the Paragraph arrove.)

—London Punch.

A Matin Thirst.

There was a young man from Cohoes. Who daily, as soon as he rose, Drank a ginny grin rickey. Then shouted, "By crickey! Go bring me another of those!"—Life.

Under Certain Conditions.

When a young woman weeps on your shoulder (And you've no diamond stud), Objects not when you softly bold her (And you're not ber big "bud"!)

When she raises to eyes the light 'kerchief (And your purse is untouched!), Feeling she would be left in the lurch if Her complexion were smutebed.

When her bosom so lightly is shaken (And you haven't just met!) With the sobs that can not be mistaken (And the tears are real wet!)

When every preceding condition. As set down, is had, I'm possessed of a strong intuition That it isn't half bad! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Gray Explained.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear." No doubt, like those on our terrestrial scene. Lost by some advertising mermaid fair. —New York Sun.

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WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL Teutonic..... Apr. 5, 10 am | Majestic..... Apr. 19, 10 am Celtic..... Apr. 7, 7 am | Cedric..... Apr. 21, 7 am Oceanic..... Apr. 12, 11 am | Baltic..... Apr. 26, noon Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool. Cymric..... Apr. 10 | Republic..... Apr. 27, May 1, June 8, 12, 19, 26, 31, July 6, 13, 20, 27, 31, Aug. 10, 17, 24, 31, Sept. 7, 14, 21, 28, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28, Apr. 4, 11, 18, 25, May 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, Jun. 6, 13, 20, 27, 31, Jul. 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, Sep. 1, 8, 15, 22, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, Apr. 6, 13, 20, 27, May 4, 11, 18, 25, Jun. 1, 8, 15, 22, Jul. 6, 13, 20, 27, Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24, Sep. 7, 14, 21, 28, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28, Apr. 4, 11, 18, 25, May 2, 9, 16, 23, Jun. 6, 13, 20, 27, Jul. 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, Sep. 1, 8, 15, 22, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, Apr. 6, 13, 20, 27, May 4, 11, 18, 25, Jun. 1, 8, 15, 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28, Apr. 4, 11, 18, 25, May 2, 9, 16, 23, Jun. 6, 13, 20, 27, Jul. 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, Sep. 1, 8, 15, 22, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, Apr. 6, 13, 20, 27, May 4, 11, 18, 25, Jun. 1, 8, 15, 22, Jul. 6, 13, 20, 27, Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24, Sep. 7, 14, 21, 28, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28, Apr. 4, 11, 18, 25, May 2, 9, 16, 23, Jun. 6, 13, 20, 27, Jul. 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, Sep. 1, 8, 15, 22, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, Apr. 6, 13, 20, 27, May 4, 11, 18, 25, Jun. 1, 8, 15, 22, Jul. 6, 13, 20, 27, Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24, Sep. 7, 14, 21, 28, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28, Apr. 4, 11, 18, 25, May 2, 9, 16, 23, Jun. 6, 13, 20, 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23, Apr. 6, 13, 20, 27, May 4, 11, 18, 25, Jun. 1, 8, 15, 22,

SOCIETY.

Theatre Parties at a Notable First-Night.

The first performance of Margaret...

Mr. Kees Malinax gave a large theatre party...

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Kyle...

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn Dodge...

The engagement is announced of Miss Kings of Baltimore...

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Wright...

The date of the wedding of Miss Susan Gray Le Count...

Mrs. Hyde-Smith gave a dinner on Thursday at her residence...

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee gave a theatre-party at the California Theatre...

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a bridge-party on Wednesday...

Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. William Fries, and Mrs. Irvin J. Weil...

Mr. A. W. Scott recently gave the third of her series of dinners...

Mr. Edward B. Pond has sent out invitations for a bridge-party...

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It is full of funny songs, catchy music, and pretty dances...

Notable Casts of Conried Season.

On Monday morning at nine o'clock the sale of tickets for single performances of the Metropolitan Opera House Company will begin...

"Parsifal" will be revealed in the original German Friday afternoon and evening beginning at five o'clock...

The regulation double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" will be put on at the Saturday matinee...

In Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," on Saturday evening, April 8th, Dippel will be heard as Raoul...

"Parsifal" will be repeated on Tuesday afternoon and evening, April 11th, and on Thursday morning and afternoon, April 13th...

"Die Fledermans," the operetta by Johann Strauss, is the novel offering for Thursday evening, April 13th...

On Friday evening, April 14th, the double bill of "Cavalleria" and "I'Pagliacci" will be repeated...

At the Saturday matinee, April 15th, Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" will be sung. The cast will be Eva, Mme. Allen...

The season will be brought to a close on Saturday evening with a second performance of "La Gioconda" with Nordica and Caruso again in the principal roles.

A GOOD MENU WELL COOKED, VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street

Art Notes.

Robert I. Aitken, who recently returned from his European trip, is holding an interesting exhibition this week at the Bohemian Club...

George L. Noyes's first California exhibit of landscape paintings has been attracting much attention this week in the art rooms of Paul Elder & Co.

In Aid of the Infant Shelter.

The ladies of the Infant Shelter are anxious that all who can will visit H. H. Young's restaurant, 725 Market Street, on Thursday, as the management has promised to donate the entire receipts for that day—breakfast, lunch, and dinner—to this worthy charity.

Many times in the thirty-four years of its existence the Shelter has been remembered in the wills of the generous citizens of San Francisco. If this were not so, thousands of children of vicious or unfortunate parents would not have been cared for.

Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Ferdinand Reis, capitalist, has been filed for probate by his brother, Julius C. Reis, who is named therein as executor.

Charles Butters has just been awarded a medal by the Ryedale Agricultural Show, in the North of England, for the best all-round coaching mare of any age.

Despite the unsettled condition of the weather, this is a most interesting time of the year to visit the Tavern of Tamalpais. Mill Valley, in its spring garb, is a picture to delight the eye of the artist.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hemphill, wife of Rev. John Hemphill, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, died suddenly of heart failure at her home, 2020 Broadway, on Monday evening.

One of the most concise guides to San Francisco yet issued is "Sight Seeing Suggestions," published by the Palace Hotel. It is well printed and full of good information.

GOLDEN STATE LIMITED.

The Most Comfortable and Delightful Way East. A new route, new scenes, and a train with furnishings that anticipate your every wish are things enjoyed by travelers on the Golden State Limited.

Pears'

"A cake of prevention is worth a box of cure."

Don't wait until the mischief's done before using Pears' Soap.

There's no preventive so good as Pears' Soap.

Established in 1789.

Mme. Annette MILLINERY. Imported Pattern Hats. Original Designer of Pattern Hats. Modes. 923 MARKET STREET. Next door to Zinkand's.

MAKE YOUR OWN PERFUME!

Send us 25c and we will mail you tablet of Tanyan, enough to make one ounce of that exquisite odor now so popular in New York society...

TAN-YAN PERFUMERIES. 409 West Broadway - - - New York City



Ladies' Hair Dressers Wig and Toupee Makers. S. STROZYSKI CO. First-Class Work by Competent Artists. POPULAR PRICES. Improved Facial and Scalp Treatments, Manicure. Shampooing by a modern process. Ladies' and children's hair cutting and singeing. THE ONLY MARCEL WAVE. Special separate department for gentlemen.

40 Geary St., near Kearny, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 5697.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE IS ALWAYS ADMIRER'S sought after, and has a wonderful influence. Go to M. ELLA HARRIS, the famous California chemist and skin specialist...

THE BUCKINGHAM. 655 Sutter Street.

San Francisco's New and Exclusive Apartment Hotel.

American plan. European plan. Arrangement: 1 room with bath; 2 rooms with bath; and 3 and 4 rooms with 2 baths. Furnished or unfurnished.

EDWARD B. HINDEB, Proprietor. F. B. SIGNOR, Manager. Telephone Main 3180.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD. 35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway. NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

The Old Reliable ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. There is no substitute.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will leave for the otel del Monte to-day (Saturday) to spend few days with Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. artin, who are sojourning there.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna (née Wells) ere at Mazatlan when last heard from.

Mrs. John Barton and Mrs. Telamon uyer Smith are the guests of Mr. W. F. arton at the Palace Hotel. Mr. T. Cuyler mith will spend May and June in Europe, id on his return will take a house near ew York for the summer.

Dr. David Starr Jordan and Mr. Timothy opkins returned from Honolulu on Tues- y.

Mrs. Charles M. Gunn has returned to usalito after spending the winter in Can- la.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Somers, who have been sitting friends and relatives in Vermont, ive gone to New York. They will go to orida later, and return home later in the ring.

Major and Mrs. Rathbone, who have reded at the Palace Hotel for many years, ive taken apartments at 1770 Pacific Ave- ie.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger are making a ay of several weeks at the Hotel del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. McK. Twombly and daugh- r and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vande- rlt and Miss Dix arrived here on Wednes- y in their private car, and are staying at e Hotel St. Francis. They have been aveling through Southern California.

Mrs. Andrew S. Rowan, after a visit of veral weeks in San Francisco, departed on ednesday for Vancouver Barracks, from ence she will sail with Captain Rowan and s regiment, the Nineteenth Infantry, on iday for the Philippines.

Colonel John A. Darling, Mrs. Darling, and r sister, Miss Ellen Hastings, are expected on the East this week.

Mrs. J. B. Schroeder and her daughter, iss Eugenie Hawes, leave for Southern iflorinia next week. They will spend about fortnight at Santa Barbara.

Miss Lily O'Connor, who has returned on Southern California, is again at St. unstan's.

Miss Anita Harvey has been visiting Mrs. alter S. Martin at the Hotel del Monte ring the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kittle will soon occupy e Otis residence on Pacific Avenue, which ey recently purchased.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison

Hotel Vendome
SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming **Summer and Winter** resort. Both city and country advantages. **Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.**

A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.



MILL VALLEY
"THE ABBEY"

Opens May First Cottages and Tents

Carriage connects with local trains

Rates \$10 to \$17.50

REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the spring and summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door lie arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

sailed from New York last week for Genoa and Mediterranean ports. They will visit Mrs. Burton Harrison at Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, after spending the winter at the Palace Hotel, have returned to their country place in Haywards.

Miss Constance Crimmins, who has been visiting Miss Anita Harvey, left on Tuesday for her home in New York.

Mr. George Crocker sailed from New York on Wednesday for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent will occupy the Perry Eyre place at Menlo during the summer.

Miss Sallie Maynard has returned from a visit to the navy-yard at Mare Island, where she was a guest of Mrs. R. M. Cutts.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Fleishacker have been making a short stay at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Chesbrough and Miss Chesbrough were in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden are sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Green, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Turpin, Jr. and Mrs. John Sebastian, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Janes, Baron von Shroeder, Captain Henry de H. Waite, Mr. McCullough Graydon, and Mr. F. W. Thompson.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Vendome, San José, were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Georges, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Stowell, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Keyston, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Scott, Miss Maude Scott, Miss Rena Scott, Mr. Bert C. Scott, Dr. Charles V. Cross, Mr. Garrett W. McEnerney, and Dr. T. G. Brennan.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Haslett and Mrs. Haslett, of Fort Plain, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gluck, of Fonda, Mr. and Mrs. F. Magee, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Donahue, of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bertolet, of Reading, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cahles, of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Van Buren, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lathrop, of Springfield, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Haberstraw, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Carpenter, of Attleboro.

Army and Navy News.

General Francis Moore, U. S. A., and his aid, Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, U. S. A., have returned from a week's visit to San Diego and other points in Southern California.

Captain Henry C. Benson, U. S. A., and Captain William C. Wren, U. S. A., left on Monday for Yosemite National Park to select sites for the military camp to be established there for the troops ordered for duty in the park during the summer.

Colonel L. E. Blunt, U. S. A., Mrs. Blunt, and the Misses Blunt, who recently arrived from Rock Island Arsenal, Illinois, were guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José, last week.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winship are occupying a cottage in Ross Valley.

Miss Eleanor Terry has returned from Honolulu, and is with her parents, Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry, at the Hotel St. Francis, where they will remain until they leave for Washington, D. C.

Commander John B. Milton, U. S. N., who has been on duty at the naval station at Cavite, has been ordered to command the *Raleigh*, relieving Commander W. A. Marshall, U. S. N., who is ordered home.

Mrs. Creary, mother of Captain W. F. Creary, U. S. A., and who has been spending the winter in Honolulu, has returned to San Francisco.

Captain John B. Scoeffel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Scoeffel were recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Miss Katherine Glass, daughter of Rear-Admiral Glass, U. S. N., has returned to her home in Berkeley, after a several weeks' stay in San José.

Colonel J. D. Hall, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hall arrived a few days ago from the Philippines, where they have been for the past two years.

General J. W. Jacobs, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jacobs spent a few days at the Hotel Vendome, San José, last week.

Lieutenant Gilbert Allen, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Allen have returned to Vancouver Barracks after a visit with Mrs. Allen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kent.

Tahiti, the Golden.

The delights of the South Seas have been discoursed upon both by Robinson Crusoe and Robert Louis Stevenson. Tahiti is the embodiment of the wildest of our childhood's dreams as to abundance—the land of beautiful rivers, mountains, fruits, and flowers, and the most generous and hospitable of natives. S. S. *Mariposa* sails for Tahiti April 20th. Reduced rate of \$125 round trip will be made for this voyage. Send for circular, 653 Market Street.

—MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Fritz Kreisler's Matinee Concert.

This (Saturday) afternoon at half after two, Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, will give his final concert at the Alhambra Theatre, assisted by Gyula Ormay, pianist. Among the novelties of his programme are a "Sarabande," by Sulzer; allegretto from one of Nardini's works; a "Tamhourin," by Rameau, of whom the Dolmetsches told us so much; "Humoreske," by Dvorak; and a "Spanish Serenade," by Chaminade. In addition he will play one of the greatest violin concertos, some Hungarian dances by Brahms, and the exceedingly difficult "Non piu mesta," by Paganini.

The Loring Club's Tbird Concert.

The next concert of the Loring Club will be given in the Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening. The programme will include John Hyatt Brewer's setting of Tennyson's "Break Break," Dudley Buck's setting of Tennyson's "Bugle Song," and Strauss's "Wine, Women, and Song" waltzes, selections from Mendelssohn's "Festgesang," Jüngst's "Wayfaring Men," Kjeulf's "Norwegian Wedding Song" and "The Shepherd's Farewell," and the "Sword Song" from Edward Elgar's symphony cantata, entitled "Caractacus," sung by Dr. J. G. Humphrey. Two other features in the programme which will be of much interest to musicians are the "Andante Cantabile" and a "Largo" and "Tempo de Minuet," by Hugo Reinhold, these being in the capable hands of Gyula Ormay, piano; Nernat Jaulus and Hans Koenig, first and second violin; A. Solomon, viola; and A. Weiss, violoncello. The concert will be under the direction of W. S. Stadtfeld, and the piano accompaniments will be in the capable hands of Fred Maurer, Jr.

The famous Kneisel Quartet is to appear here in May, opening Tuesday the ninth. Afterward a tour of the Coast will be made. During the month of April Mr. Greenbaum will devote himself to the Conried season, the management of which for this city is under the joint direction of Charles W. Strine and himself.

Miss Irene Palmer gave a piano recital in the parlors of the Hotel Rafael on last Saturday evening that was greatly enjoyed by the guests of that popular resort.

Final Art Auction.

The Federation of Women's Clubs, having bought the building occupied by the Curtis Art Parlors on Post Street, opposite Union Square, necessitates a final art auction sale on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of this month. Rare antique furniture, silvers and brasses from Holland, black oak and Boule examples from Paris, and artistic bronzes and marble from Italy constitute some of the things that will go under the hammer.

The collection is such an one as to delight the connoisseur of the artistic and the antique. As the venture of bringing these objects to San Francisco has not been a profitable one, a similar undertaking will hardly be repeated, so the chance of getting rare things for small prices is unusual.

The goods are ready for inspection now. The auction sale occurs on Tuesday and Wednesday, the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, at the parlors, 324 and 326 Post Street, opposite Union Square.

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Trains leave and arrive to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO FROM FERRISARY L. 1905 FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

Table with columns for 'MAIN LINE' and 'AKRBY'. Lists train routes and times between San Francisco and various destinations like Richmond, Davis, and Sacramento.

Table for 'COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)'. Lists routes and times to destinations like Newark, Redwood, and Ukiah.

Table for 'COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)'. Lists routes and times to destinations like Ukiah, Eureka, and Humboldt.

Table for 'OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY'. Lists departure and arrival times for various routes.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A friend in need will keep you broke.—Philadelphia Record.

The age of Ann has given place to the question as to the age of Aphrodite.—New York Tribune.

No man ought ever to write a love-letter without thinking constantly how it will sound when it is read out loud in court.—Somerville Journal.

Ethel—"Are you sure he has never loved before?" Edith—"Yes. He told me to go round to the jeweler's and pick out any ring I wanted."—Judge.

"Nay, madam, the day I married you I gave you the key of my heart." "Yes, and then you went right off and had the lock changed."—Town and Country.

Physician—"Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax, and epiglottis." Holligan—"Indade! An' me afther thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat."—Ram's Horn.

"Well," remarked Hercules cheerfully, as he gazed up at Atlas, "you seem to be bearing up pretty well, even if the whole world is down on you."—Princeton Tiger.

"See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with bare feet and now he's got millions." "Gee whizz be must he be a regular centipede."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dorothy—"Isn't it horrid? I've just discovered that my dolly is stuffed with sawdust!" Dick—"Pooh! What of it? Lots of respectable people eat breakfast-food."—Chicago News.

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a Norborne school-girl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."—Lx.

Monahan—"Tis always th' unxpicted that bappens. Wbin Oi wint home full lasbt noight Oi xpicted me woife would bit me wid a poker." Mulhearn—"An' she didn't?" Monahan—"No; sbe bit me wid th' flat-iron an' pianny-sbtool."—Judge.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So, after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill. —Yate Expositor.

Aunt Nancy—"Don't say sbe dropped the locket in ber bosom; that isn't modest; say she dropped it in her neck." Lucy—"I see; and instead of saying that the man un-bosomed himself, I must say he unnecked himself."—Boston Transcript.

"I think," said the prison visitor, "it would be helpful to you if you would take some good motto and try to live up to it." "Yes," said the convict; "now, I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Ethel—"Mamma, if a little boy is a lad, why isn't a big boy a ladder?" Mamma—"For the same reason, I suppose, that although a little doll is a doll, a big doll is not a dollar." Ethel (reflectively)—"That's so. My big doll was two dollars."—Kansas City Journal.

Cottager—"Do you ever l'arn folks ter paint picfers like that there, sir?" Artist—"Oh, yes; sometimes. Why do you ask?" Cottager—"Well, sir, this 'ere boy o' mine aint fit for nuthin'. 'E be like that there delicate 'e can't do no 'ard work; an' not bein' quite right in 'is 'ead, I thought as 'ow this 'ere 'ud be a nice, light occupation for 'e."—Punch.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Do you really believe that Job suffered from boils?" "I really believe he did—if he had 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, NO. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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Table for Mt. Tamalpais Railway showing routes, times, and ticket information.

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San Rafael to San Francisco. WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p. m. Sundays—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:05, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

Table showing train schedules with columns for Leave San Francisco, In Effect Oct. 2, 1904, and Arrive San Francisco. Includes destinations like Tiburon, Ukiah, and Eureka.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs, at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Compton, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Sawyers; at Sherwood for Cahlo, Govele, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka. Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

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THROUGH TRAINS. 7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 3:15 P. M., Saturdays only, for Cazadero, etc. 5:15 P. M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, for Tomales, etc.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LVI. No. 1464.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 3, 1905.

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Speaking approximately, one man in every ten in California is a Socialist. In the late election, 29,535 Socialist votes were cast in this State. Four years ago, the Socialists polled for President 7,554 votes. The rate of increase in four years was therefore about four hundred per cent. Large as this rate of increase was,

it was not as large as that in some other States. In Nebraska, the Socialist vote increased 800 per cent.; in Kansas, 807 per cent.; in Illinois, 614 per cent. Such a rate of increase, maintained for four years more, would, of course, make the majority of the voters in all these States members of the Socialist party. But that no intelligent Socialist expects, and certainly no intelligent opponent of socialism apprehends it.

These figures, however, furnish sufficient reason—even if there were no other reasons, which there are—why conservative newspapers should discuss socialism more intelligently and earnestly than at present they do. Even journals of weight and standing—journals that are a power in the cities in which they are published—still discuss socialism in a manner that indicates that they know nothing about it. Some editors still innocently suppose that socialism is a scheme for "dividing up everything"; they still suppose that the Socialist is a vague and dreamy idealist, looking forward to a time when unselfishness shall replace selfishness as the mainspring of human action. As a matter of fact, modern scientific socialism is a thoroughly cold-blooded proposition, postulating no alteration in human nature, and, indeed, anticipating the realization of its ends just because of man's indurated graspingness, his inveterate instinct for getting all he can.

Your modern scientific Socialist bases all his arguments upon two or three simple allegations. He says, in the first place, that the world's good things, in every civilized country, are possessed by a minority. This minority, by superior shrewdness and acuteness, has sequestered the world's wealth, has made the laws to suit itself, and is, in fact, the government. In the fact that capitalists are a minority, however, lies their grave peril. Propertyless people, says the modern Socialist, are in a majority, really are the more powerful, and, once awake to their strength, could by force wrest from the capitalistic minority its vast possessions acquired by superior shrewdness and acuteness. It is only a question of time, says the modern Socialist, when your vast propertyless class will become conscious of its power—class-conscious—and then will come the social revolution. An intelligent majority of the people of the United States, for example, will not forever permit the minority to hold and enjoy the land's wealth while it—the majority—does the work. The Socialists expect to replace the present scheme of things with one in which the State—that is, the people as a whole—will own and operate all the means of production and distribution, and in which every man will have to labor.

In such a programme, it is clear that there is little idealism. It is, as we say, a thoroughly cold-blooded proposition, and, because it is so, it is perhaps more dangerous than the dreamy Utopianism of social reformers of past times. At any rate, it is a significant and sinister fact that in no country of the world in which socialism has gained a foothold has it, after a period of progress, distinctly retrogressed. Herbert Spencer, in his later years, viewed the process of socialization of industry in England with sorrow and alarm. That process is going on, though very much less rapidly, in this country. In the second city of the United States, on Tuesday next, there will be a mayoralty election, in which the principal thing at issue is the municipal ownership of the street railways—not the principle involved, but the method of carrying municipalization into effect. Mr. Harlan and Judge Dunne, candidates for mayor, both declare themselves for municipal ownership. The latter favors buying the street railway companies' unexpired

franchises—or, if they won't sell, acquiring the property on condemnation proceedings. The latter favors a compromise that will avoid an otherwise inevitable lawsuit. The recent election in Oakland is another indication of the growing sentiment for socialization of public utilities.

A great mistake that is commonly made by the ordinary man in discussing socialism, is to underrate the intelligence of members of the Socialist party. It is doubtless true that half-baked fanatics are much attracted by socialism. They, however, by no means form a majority of the thirty thousand Socialists of this State. It is a significant fact that there are more Socialists among skilled mechanics than among sweatshop workers and longshoremen—it seems the more intelligent the workman, the more likely that he is a Socialist. In the faculties of universities and among men of letters, the proportion of Socialists is surprisingly large. California has no more conspicuous figure in the field of letters than the man who ran as Socialist candidate for mayor of Oakland in the last election. Indeed, it may be said that our two strongest writers are both avowed Socialists. In the columns of this journal during the past two weeks, the imminent publication of three books by Californians has been announced. Two were novels by Socialists dealing with socialism, and one a book of essays by a Socialist, treating phases of the same topic. In a recent letter from Chicago to the New York *Evening Post*, the well-known writer, Elia W. Peattie, speaks of the growth of socialism in that city, and remarks that "before long the literature of the West will be colored by it." She speaks of the new tribe of Socialists coming on—"the people who have had a university education, and who are successful." "Were I at liberty," she continues, "I could tell you of plays, novels, poems, and satires that are being or have been written in which protest and revolt are marked."

We emphatically do not mean by these citations to convey the impression that socialism is destined to advance in the future as it has in the past. All radical parties, like all religious sects, as they grow in size become more conservative. Germany's three million so-called Socialists are scarcely more than Liberals. So it is in France and in Belgium, in which countries socialism is nominally strong. In this country, however fast socialism may progress among the propertyless of the cities, it will encounter opposition like a wall in the country. The concentration of industry yearly throws thousands of small capitalists into the ranks of employees. The land, however, shows little tendency toward aggregation into great estates—rather the reverse. And the interests of every farmer, whether he owns ten acres or ten thousand, will lead him to set his face like flint against socialism. He is a capitalist, and his interests are identical with those of the owners of factories and railways. Since modern socialism appeals to self-interest, the farmer will only sporadically be found to be a Socialist. As a class, he is the bulwark of our individualistic institutions.

The evils that socialism would bring in its train have been pointed out most clearly by Herbert Spencer. In "From Freedom to Bondage," he tells us that socialism would, in fact, be a new kind of feudalism. Under feudalism there was first the slave, working under a master who was in turn coerced by a baron who was vassal of a duke or king. Under socialism there would be workers under foremen of small groups, overlooked by superintendents, who would be subject to higher local managers, who would be controlled by superiors of districts, themselves under a central government. The Socialist state would

be like an army, in which every industrial act would be done under command, without room for any exercise of choice. Without alternative, the work would have to be done, and without alternative, the remuneration, whatever it might be, would have to be accepted. In the industrial army, as in the fighting army, "Do your prescribed duties and take your appointed rations," would be the rule.

To all this, says Spencer the Socialist replies: "Well, be it so; the workers will appoint their own officers; they will depose them when they act unjustly, and thus they will be sure to be fair and judicious." To this Spencer replies that centralization is the tendency of all human systems. He cites the Roman church, whose beginning was a few missionaries preaching the return of good for evil, and whose ending is a vast hierarchy ruled by military bishops, headed by a Pope who asserts power over kings. He shows how officialdom in many Continental countries has transformed itself into a tyrannous bureaucracy. And he predicts that should the Socialist state arrive, the regulators of it would soon form a class with interests opposed to the common workers, and would impose their rigorous rule over the entire lives of these, "until, eventually, there is developed an official oligarchy, with its various grades, exercising a tyranny more gigantic and more terrible than any which the world has seen."

Without pomp or tumult, the War of the Rebellion passed into history on February 28, 1905. On that date President Roosevelt formally approved Public Resolution No. 21, authorizing the Secretary of War to return to the State authorities the Confederate battle-flags these many years in the custody of the War Department at Washington. The same resolution was offered during Mr. Cleveland's administrations, and quickly abandoned in the face of the sectional outcry. A few gentle paragraphs in the North, a pean or two in the South, were all that greeted the war's end, and Public Resolution No. 21 quietly joined Fort Sumter, Antietam, Bull Run, Sheridan's Ride, Libby Prison, and Reconstruction in the serene realms of history.

Forty years ago these faded battle-flags were only to be seen over rows of bayonets. Women wept by the roadsides as they passed, men choked as they looked up at the colors and remembered the dead—the dead who died murmuringly, trying with dim eyes to peer through the smoke of battle and get one last glimpse of the standard sweeping on upon the crest of the charge. Ten years ago the fires still burned, and no Southerner entered Widener Hall in Washington, because the battle-flags of the Confederacy were there—trophies of victory.

But ten years have changed much. The third generation is neither Northern nor Southern in bitterness, and we have fallen peacefully to trafficking, pausing but a moment to pass Public Resolution No. 21. Yet deep in the American heart there is still the memory of the days when the young men went marching forth to war, bearing the colors made by sisters, sweethearts, and wives; still the memory of the ones who never returned, but died. The fathers have taught the sons.

The colored races—yellow and black—are engaging the attention of sociologists and politicians, and there does not appear to be much doubt that ere long the practical resources of the latter will be sufficiently tried. The negro problem, absorbing as it is here, is becoming positively exigent in the British South African possessions, where the native races are showing an amount of character which is already raising the question whether they will consent to be subject peoples indefinitely.

The Native Affairs Commission of the Cape has been confronted with the question, When is a native a native? and has solved it in a manner which, if not final, appears to be practical. The commission says that a native is an original inhabitant of Africa, south of the Equator and that the term also includes half castes and their descendants by natives. Thus colored people who are more than one generation removed from pure native are not to be considered as native, and this does away with the vexatious quadrum and octogram classification. It would seem to be rather astute policy, as it places the talents of the more progressive half castes at the service of the whites, and thus rob the colored races of a certain amount of ability. Some step was necessary. The colored population already had a determining vote in Cape politics and the demand of the whites for the fixing of a uniform and permanent political status for the natives could not be denied. Moreover the latter are

beginning to move on their own account. The Ethiopian movement is distinctly native in its origin and aspirations. Ostensibly a religious movement, it may have important political results, and is a factor of somewhat disturbing possibilities in the organization and discipline of the native races by themselves. It is a deliberate attempt to free the colored man from the influence of the whites in matters religious, and is due to the efforts of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, an organization which is American in its origin, and has been developed by American colored missionary effort. The religious movement is already taking on a political complexion, for the idea is being sedulously cultivated that Africa belongs to the native races. The matter is still further complicated by the improvement in the economic position of the native races, whose wages and earnings are much greater than they have been hitherto. They are buying land to such an extent that the commission has seen fit to make some suggestion looking to the limitation of their freedom in that respect. The commission recommends education, but it is hard to see how that will help the whites, particularly as the natives are said to be busily employed in educating themselves.

Another side of the colored question is to be seen in the French and Belgian Congo. There is no doubt that even when the greatest possible deduction is made from the stories of cruelty in those regions, there still remains an appalling amount of wanton barbarity to be laid at the door of the colonial officials. Thus M. Fokué, of the French Congo, is categorically charged and will have to stand trial, upon charges of the most disgusting and diabolical character, and one Belgian Government official, at least, admits the wholesale barbarities in the Congo which have brought into existence the Congo Reform Association.

Twenty years ago one's youth always saw the battle through the eyes of the galloping aid-de-camp. One followed him from that little clump of trees which marked the general's headquarters out into the field, down the little valley, into the white, rolling smoke beyond which lay the battle between the — corps and the — division of the enemy. Imagination had a few lapses, possibly during the journey, and then leaped on, and one was with the commander of the — corps in the thick of the fight, and above the roar of musketry—the dull, sullen boom of the field-pieces—one heard the sound of a galloping horse. One always looked up and saw the foam-flecked steed plunging wildly on, and the aid-de-camp, begrimed, bloody, grim, waving the orders above his bared head. It was fine, even in a wood cut.

But one regrets to observe that the present conflict between Russia and Japan is unmarked by any of these valorous deeds. So far as is known no aids-de-camp have fallen dead at Oyama's feet with their messages barely delivered. The galloping horse of the wounded messenger has been omitted. Instead, Marshall Oyama pokes his finger into a bell button and calls an orderly. "Be good enough to ring up War 655 and tell Colonel Fujiyama that he is to keep on fighting, for General Hiroshima's brigade is coming. Ring up March 3467 and tell General Hiroshima that he must relieve Colonel Fujiyama at 9:43, and I shall expect the Russians to begin to retreat at 10:07." Having delivered this order, Field-Marshal Oyama will pick up a knee telephone and listen to the reports of all his commanders within the range of one hundred miles.

It is the wire that rules destinies nowadays. In olden times discreet ancestors, disliking to be continually asked questions for which the answer was not known, stated with the utmost dogmatism that curiosity in one instance resulted in the decease of a cat. But in this hour when we know of Kuropatkin's defeat as soon as does his Czar, we have added to the adage of our fathers the comforting assurance that information brought the cat to life again. The only questions left unanswerable are those pertaining to humanity. There is no wire in the human heart. But the old, loved, adored aid-de-camp knew the way there.

The last stage of the contest between the French Government and the Roman church, involving the separation of Church and State and the dissolution of the Concordat, has now been reached. There appears to be no doubt that the present government is determined to push the matter to a conclusion, for a motion to postpone the consideration of the matter until after the general election of 1906 was voted down summarily. The complaints, too, that the government had broken faith by refusing to vote the budget for public worship produced no practical effect upon the sentiment of the Chamber. The opposition of the two parties to the controversy has reached an acute stage, and al-

though the governmental voting strength is still unimpaired, there is an evident reaction among the masses of the population, which probably means, however, that the electorate has become aware of the gravity of the issue. That is, when all allowances are made, the most revolutionary since the abolition of the old régime. The general confusion which prevails in ecclesiastical circles is shown by the fact that there are at present no less than eleven vacant sees. The suspension of religious activities, affects confirmation and other rites, which have a social and traditional as well as a religious significance. Consequently, this disorganization is having an evil effect upon the religious condition of the peasants.

The church complains very bitterly of the proposed changes, many of which, it is declared, come into collision with the canon law, and which the Vatican must therefore necessarily oppose. The system of the organization of ecclesiastical districts into congregations (corporations, in fact)—a measure which would give the laity the power over property and funds—is not to be countenanced by the Vatican, particularly as the head of the church occupies a monarchical position, with a mediæval control of ecclesiastical property. Even in the United States this sort of local control by the corporation is only tolerated in necessary cases. Generally speaking, the bishop is the owner of the church property, and constitutes a corporation solely for that purpose. This form of organization, while possible for Protestant churches, is, according to the ecclesiastical legal authorities, incompatible with church government. It is further contended that, under the proposed law, members of Protestant churches might become members of the church congregations. A curious example of the anxiety with which the anti-ecclesiastical party regard outside public opinion, is to be found in the article which ex-Premier Combes has written to the English *National Review*, entitled "The Republic and the Church." Naturally this semi-governmental statement has been accorded a mixed reception, and the church party regards it as an evidence of weakness.

The proposed act is more sweeping than most of such acts have hitherto been. For example, the confiscation of all the church buildings, those devoted to education as well as the conventual edifices and the places of public worship, erected prior to the Concordat, is in marked contrast with Mr. Gladstone's policy, which left the Irish church in possession of its buildings.

In spite of the difficulties and antagonisms which a change so wide in scope as that here proposed must necessarily evoke, there does not seem to be any doubt that the measure will be carried out in its essentials, and that the French people will profit by the change.

The idea of a non-partisan ticket at the next municipal election in San Francisco — an idea evolved from the inner consciousness of John McNaught and ably championed in the columns of the *Call*—is dying. It will soon be dead. Not for nothing, it appears, has it been repeatedly pointed out that it would be sheer idiocy to annul the Republican victory in this city at the last national election. The thing to do is to build upon that triumph, and put as good a Republican—and the same sort of a Republican—as Theodore Roosevelt in the mayor's chair.

If political affairs are allowed to take their course — if the decent Republican citizens of San Francisco do not put their shoulders to the wheel — it may confidently be anticipated that we shall have three candidates for mayor in the field next fall. Mr. Schmitz will undoubtedly be nominated on the Union Labor ticket. He will have behind him the forces of organized labor which recognize how great has been the assistance the mayor has given them. He will have behind him, also, the police and fire departments, and all those who find a wide-open town to their liking. If things are allowed to take their course, Mr. Ruff will control the Republican nomination. He could, doubtless, if he liked, secure the indorsement of Mr. Schmitz. But will he do so? Would he not be able to play his game more excellently well if an eminently "respectable" and complaisant Republican were nominated on the Republican ticket? That would assuredly hold the Republicans who have voted the Republican ticket "since seventy-six, by George!" There would be at least fourteen or fifteen thousand of them. The Democrats would put up a ticket, and their candidate would receive ten or twelve thousand votes. Schmitz would be reelected. The experience of San Francisco with three tickets in the field ought to have convinced even the thickest-skulled by this time that when there are three tickets, the labor party gets the plum.

What is the remedy? Well, it is a sound and proper one. It is one that is likely to cure San Francisco's

THE END
OF THE
CIVIL WAR.

THE
WIRE
IN WAR.

THE
ETHIOPIAN
MOVEMENT

CHURCH
AND STATE
IN FRANCE.

festering political ills for years to come. The remedies for Republicans representing the forces of civic decency and order to make a hot and energetic campaign, and wrest the Republican organization from the hands of Mr. Ruef. Such a plan of action has already been drawn up. It has behind it men of weight and authority. The ranks of these men should be swelled by every Roosevelt Republican between the seawall and Hunter's Point, between the Ferry Building and the rolling Pacific.

About ten days ago, twenty-five citizens—Republicans—met at the residence of Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, one of San Francisco's solid men. They are the nucleus of the organization which, it is intended, shall le throne the men who at present control the Republican organization in this city. These twenty-five men decided to aggregate themselves into a committee of two hundred. These two hundred will be carefully selected, the requirements being Republicanism, energy, and good faith. At the head of this committee will be, in all probability, Mr. Fairfax Wheelan, whose unremitting labors in behalf of civic decency have been a conspicuous and refreshing feature of the last year in San Francisco politics. When the psychological moment comes, a mass-meeting will be held, and a movement which, as we profoundly hope, will be as irresistible as an avalanche, will be formally got under way.

The capture of the primaries by Mr. Wheelan and his cohorts will be the first battle. If the Democratic party of this city is controlled by men with a scintilla of wisdom, they will see when that battle has been won what is required of them—what policy is dictated by the principles of political strategy—and there will not be three tickets in the field to assist Mr. Schmitz to keep his grip on the mayoralty office. But that is in after consideration. The thing now is to insure the success of the Committee of Two Hundred.

It has good men as chief movers, and an excellent man at its head. During the past year or so San Francisco has had excellent opportunity to judge of what sort of stuff Fairfax H. Wheelan is made. They know he is a fighter. They know he fights on the right side. They know he fights with intelligence. He it is who detected Wyman, the ballot-box stuffer, and pressed the case through to its proper conclusion amid the most vexatious tangle of legal embarrassments. He it is to whom belongs the credit of the indictment of Maesretti for subornation of perjury, and his activities in behalf of his city, and consequently in behalf of all of us, have not been less notable in other directions. Mr. Wheelan is young enough still to have enthusiasm; he is old enough not to be discouraged by small reverses, and to keep a level head in the midst of the most trying situations. He is a man of culture as well as brains—to him the time-worn but still lustrous description of "gentleman and scholar" precisely applies. Whether he gets any proper reward or not for the fight he is making, and will be making during the next six months, he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has the absolute respect of those who fight with him and also those who fight against him. For our part, however, we don't mind saying that it is our deliberate opinion that the city might go farther and fare worse for a nominee for mayor.

Let the good Republicans of San Francisco ponder his suggestion.

It is being said very openly that the Jews of Europe and America could bring Russia to her knees within a month. Russia must have the sinews of war. The great Jewish banking houses control the finances of the world. And when the assertion is made that the lifting of Jewish hands could lay the Czar's empire in the dust at Japan's feet, the question promptly follows: Has Jewry forgot Kishineff?

For ten years the American Hebrew has listened with horror and loathing to the dim tales that have come from interior Russia to take sudden and horrible distinctness when investigated. Outraged Jewish women, murdered Jewish men, mutilated Jewish children, violated Jewish maidens—surely never to be forgotten. But why is it that Russia still places her war plans among the Jews? Why does the Hebrew help his race's bitterest foe when by mere passive withholding he could abase her utterly?

The question is an old one. The answers are various. It is said that the rich Jewish banking houses are nothing for the poor of their religion. It is charged that "the rustle of bank-notes drowns all the sobs and sobs of all the ghettos of the world." But it is certain that the Israelite has not ceased to remember. He has learned so well the value of a long memory. Not doubtless in this crisis in the history of his arch-enemy he sees the opportunity for his dearest revenge. For the outraged women, the slain men, the tortured maidens he will demand the utmost price.

He will grind the common people into the dust, he will tax all the Russias to pay him his debt. And in his worldly wisdom he prefers, it is possible, the sure returns of usury to the chances of a personal revenge. There is no record of that time when Israel failed wholly of its end. And while loaning money to Russia with one hand it is quite possible that with justifiable duplicity the Jewish banking houses are helping on the adversary—as far as they can and not endanger the funds.

It is rather early yet to express an opinion regarding so complex a question as President Roosevelt's intervention in behalf of the Santo Dominican Government. Right or wrong, the President's action is of profound importance, and is certain to raise a storm of opposition. The *Sun*, a few days before the publication of the President's letter in this regard, said: "There is only one way in which an American protectorate over Santo Domingo without a treaty could be established. That is by joint resolution of Congress." There is no joint resolution, and a protectorate is established. We may confidently expect the *Sun* to call for the impeachment of Theodore Roosevelt. However, Mr. Roosevelt has able legal support for his act. A. Maurice Low, in the March number of the *National Review*, quotes as "an opinion supported by the highest legal authority" the statement of Charles A. Gardiner that the President's powers are really far greater than has been supposed; "he is uncontrolled by Congress, unrestrained by the courts, vested with plenary power, and absolute constitutional discretion."

The national deficit is causing a great amount of unnecessary headshaking and gloomy prophesy among those whom the national will has prevented from having a share in the expenditure of the public money. There is no need of these dreary vaticinations. The fact, however, does remain that we have a national deficit, and that is sufficiently unusual in our history to make it an interesting phenomenon.

This year we have run about \$25,405,533 short in the national accounts, not a large sum, but one which should cause a little more attention to the book-keeping of the nation. For seven months there was a steady deficit, month by month, but the downward tendency was checked in February, for which month there was a surplus of \$3,437,095. It is to be hoped that the surplus may be maintained, but it is only fair to say that tendencies appear to be against it. The national expenditure leaps from year to year, the sum spent this year being \$35,500,000 more than last.

When, however, we endeavor to discover wherein any saving could be made, we are at a loss, as appears from the diverse criticisms of the opponents of the government, none of whom have the same view as to the cause of the leakage. Rivers and harbor appropriations, the cost of the army and navy, and the failure of the Dingley Act to produce the amount of revenue expected from its operation have all been given as reasons for the failure of the national income to keep pace with the expenditure. Mr. Littlefield has made himself the champion of those who find the secret in the army and navy expenditure. But a nation of the size and commercial importance of the United States is certainly not wasting the public money at the present rate of military expenditure. The interests involved require the maintenance of at least the armament which we now have, and, in fact, demand more than we are ever likely to see voted. The payment of insurance premiums is unpleasant, but it is very prudent. As a matter of fact, the country has of late years taken a position and has acquired property, which although very valuable, intrinsically, invaluable in fact, still demand certain financial sacrifices. We have grown to manhood, and we can not travel half fare, even if we so desired. The deficit does not imply any national financial deterioration. It must be candidly admitted, on the other hand, that we do not understand the arguments of those extremists who see in it a subject for congratulation, any more than we can grasp the logic of the British economists, who go into raptures over the national debt. We are satisfied, however, that there is nothing really to be alarmed about, and the vast majority of the electorate is undoubtedly of an identical opinion.

War news is scarce. General Linevitch continues his retreat. There have been no engagements of consequence during the week. The whereabouts of Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet are unknown. The war-correspondents on alternate days proclaim and deny that peace is at hand. As more information comes regarding the

great Battle of Moukden, the wonder grows that the Japanese success was not greater. The probabilities are that Kuropatkin had only 350,000 men against Japan's 500,000. Suggestions in these columns to the effect that a *jacquerie*—a blind uprising of the peasantry—is more probable in Russia than an intelligent revolution, seem even more sound to-day than when they were made in the face of contrary opinions almost universally entertained by the American press after the Red Sunday. We hear of mobs of peasants marching across the country, killing and burning, and committing all sorts of outrages. A description of these peasant uprisings is very like that recorded in the histories of the *jacquerie* of the summer of 1358 in France.

A subscriber in Shanghai sends us a copy of *Die Zukunft* for January 7, 1905—a journal published in Berlin—and marks the following passage from an article entitled "Port Nikolaus," which we translate:

If the war proceeds, the race consciousness of the neutrals may become stronger than their hatred of Russia. It should be remembered in London that the president of the Japanese House of Peers at the time of the mobilization, wrote as follows: "The sacred duty is incumbent upon us as the leading state of Asiatic progress to stretch a helping hand to China, India, Corea, to all the Asiatics who have confidence in us, and who are capable of civilization. As their more powerful friend, we desire them all to be free from the yoke which Europe has placed upon them, and that they may thereby prove to the world that the Orient is capable of measuring swords with the Occident on any field of battle." A year has elapsed since then, and no one remembers the haughty words which came straight from the heart of the yellow warrior nation. Joy over the disaster to the Muscovite is too loud. Yellow peril? Such nonsense. It is a good thing for Europe that the insular, inert, and completely corrupt Russians are "having it ruffled in." The more they get the better. Those who talk like this must actually fancy that Japan can annihilate Russia, or hope that victory will moderate the insolence of Japanese prestige. Both the belief and the hope are false. Russia has as much food for the cannon as she will need. Her finances are sound, in spite of all the prayers of the press to the contrary. And Japan, if she reaches her aim in the first encounter, will never rest until she has driven the blonde barbarians from the East, and until, in spite of the opposition of the Manchou dynasty, she has shaken China from her slumbers and has taken unto herself the trade of that enormous region.

Governor Pardee has been very busy during the past week or so signing and rejecting bills passed by the late legislature. He signed the general appropriation bill of \$7,375,052, striking out only the item of \$18,000 for the support of the hospital for the convict insane. He has signed a bill relating to the investment of surplus earnings of insurance companies, that relating to the purchase by corporations of property exterior to the counties in which their articles of incorporation are filed, the bill creating supervisors of building and loan associations. The governor has also affixed his signature to the code revision bills and to the pilot bill which makes it compulsory upon ships' captains to take pilots, but reduces the pilotage fee forty per cent, and the tonnage fee twenty-five per cent. Two mining bills signed are those aiming to prevent dealing in fraudulent mining shares, and making appropriation to place metallic guide-posts on the deserts of California to indicate the location of springs. One of the conspicuous bills that failed to receive the governor's signature was that appropriating \$15,000 for the Camino Real. A new section added to the penal statutes reads: "If two persons, each being married to another, live together in a state of open and notorious cohabitation and adultery, each is guilty of a felony, and is punishable by imprisonment in the State prison not exceeding five years."

There seem to be many opinions regarding the precise meaning of the dismissal of Chief Wittman. Some appear to think that Chief Wittman was no worse than many other municipal officials, but that the outcry of the press and pulpit was so loud and prolonged that some one had to be sacrificed, and Wittman happened to be the victim. Others say that he was deliberately slaughtered by the administration in order to place in the chief's chair a man who, as the *Call* remarks, "would scruple at nothing to perpetuate the administration of Schmitz and Ruef." Perhaps the most curious comment on the dismissal is that of the *Bulletin*. It says that it is inevitable that the next chief will be a worse chief, but still it is the proper thing to let Wittman out. It speaks of Wittman as "intelligent and competent"; it "recognizes his many merits as an officer." The reason of this curious and contradictory attitude of the *Bulletin* is, of course, that Wittman was appointed by Phelan, whose relations with the *Bulletin* are close—very close—and so the *Bulletin*, while applauding the dismissal of Wittman for grafting, gives him a semi-certificate of character. Politics is curious.

LOOD,
VATER,
ND USURY.

PROGRESS
OF THE
WAR.

WITTMAN'S
DISMISSAL
AND ITS REASONS.

A SEASIDE SPANISH SPA.

By Jerome Hart.

From Madrid, the Spanish court is removed bodily to San Sebastian from the first of July to the first of October. The sea-bathing season, however, is earlier—it begins with the first of June, and lasts till the end of October. The "Spanish season" is at its height in the month of August. Toward the end of that month the "French season" begins—when the Gallic wayfarers desert their own watering-places on the French side of the Pyrenees and come to San Sebastian for the bull-fights and the sea-bathing. The English also frequent San Sebastian to a certain extent, but they come in the late autumn and in the early winter.

A similar condition of affairs exists in other European resorts. For example, at Aix-les-Bains, in Savoy, the "English season" is early, beginning in May; the "American season," so-called, begins with June; while the "French season" begins with the middle of July and lasts till the end of September.

I spoke of the bull-fights at San Sebastian. There is a large bull-ring there, and during the season the most famous swordsmen among the *torcadores* flesh their weapons in taurine blood, and lift them toward the royal box for the approval of majesty. But when we were at San Sebastian I was amazed to read a royal decree, placarded everywhere, forbidding bull-fighting on Sunday—the favorite, in fact the only bull-fighting day in all Spain. This decree came about as the result of a deadlock in the legislative Chamber; it happened much in the same way as in our own country, when the advocates of the "wide open" Sunday are sometimes so goaded and baited by Sabbatarian ascetics that they retaliate by shutting down everything on Sunday. When one of these crises occurs in America, not only saloons but restaurants, barber-shops, cigar-shops, newspapers, tram-car lines, railway lines, ferry lines, baker-shops, and milkmen are forbidden to do business on Sunday. These drastic measures always bring about a truce.

So the lovers of bull-fighting in the Spanish Cortes determined to protect their sacred institution from incessant harassing attacks by legislative measures forbidding it on Sunday. They thus hoped to cause an outraged people, deprived of their idolized sport, to rise in their wrath and sweep away the Sabbatarians. We left Spain before I learned the outcome of this back-action Sunday legislation; I am convinced, however, that bull-fighting, Sunday law or no Sunday law, will go on in Spain.

Next to bull-fighting, sea-bathing is the chief attraction of San Sebastian. The inner sweep of the circular bay forms a magnificent sloping sandy beach called "La Concha." This beach is covered with wheeled bathing-machines, similar to those on the English, French, and Belgian coasts. There are also numerous fixed bathing cabins on the beach, with every convenience, including men and women to accompany timid bathers into the water. This beach is covered with bathers from ten o'clock in the morning till the luncheon hour, and again in the afternoon after the siesta. Along the boulevard skirting the bathing beach, crowds of well-dressed people promenade, while from the terraces and balconies of the hotels, *pensions*, villas, and *chalets* that look down from the hills on the bay, you may see scores of people with opera-glasses carefully inspecting the bathers.

The royal palace is situated on a commanding site on the hills encircling the bay, and the boulevard runs directly under it through a tunnel. A winding road leads down from the palace to a large rectangular space on the beach surrounded by an enclosure. In the centre of this is the royal bathing pavilion, a handsome little building in the Moorish style, surmounted with a crown. Generally about eleven o'clock in the morning a line of alguazils and carabinieri would appear and draw up across the road; and presently there would sweep down from the palace the carriages of the royal party; the king generally appeared behind two Arabian horses, while the queen-mother drove in a landau drawn by four handsome mules. The royal party would alight at the pavilion, whence they would emerge to take their dip in the sea. In the water as well as on the beach there is a large space sacredly reserved for them.

Everywhere that I have seen it, the coast of Spain is an iron-bound beach with a rough sea breaking. So we found it once after crossing the Gulf of Lions and nearing Barcelona. So we found it once off the Guadalquivir, south of Seville. So we found it now on the Biscayan shore near San Sebastian. Whether on the Atlantic or the Mediterranean shore, whether on the Biscayan or the Andalusian coast, there seems to be ever a heavy surf booming along the Spanish beach. Here on the extreme north there were the same sombre mountains that we had once seen when coasting between Gibraltar and Marseilles; here we saw the same stern landscape and the same gaunt cliffs crowned with watch-towers, sad-colored like the cliffs, and seeming to be stony growths out of the rocks themselves.

But within the rocky points land-locking the little cove of San Sebastian, the scenery is different. The sternness of the outer coast is gone, and the harbor looks gay, brilliant, and Italianesque. Little launches

with their gorgeous flags dart hither and thither; long rows of varicolored bathing-machines confront the visitor, exactly as one sees them at Brighton, Trouville, or Ostend. Like the British bathing-places, there are rigid rules at San Sebastian. Men and women are allotted separate places, although we saw one large miscellaneous gathering where men and women were together; but this seemed to be a sort of family affair, as little children were much in evidence. From this I imagine that as a bathing-place the large enclosure must have been socially impossible, for the heavy swells who go to royal resorts like San Sebastian perhaps have families and may have babies, but they do not flaunt the fact.

Not far from the bathing beach was moored the royal yacht *Giralda*. On Sunday morning there were elaborate preparations on board for divine service. On the forward part of the promenade deck was erected a little altar with a canvas screen behind it. Here a small knot of the royal guests gathered. The king was not on board. Perhaps he had played "hookey" from church. The guests, however, had to attend, and so had the marines and jacksies, who were formed in line back of the guests. The marines all carried their rifles and wore their caps; the sailors were uncovered. At the moment of the elevation of the Host, the signal was given by the sound of a bugle instead of a bell, and all knelt, except the marines, who presented arms; the effect was quite dramatic.



From Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain."

A Basque chicken-wender in San Sebastian.

The centre of fashionable life in San Sebastian is the Casino. This is an enormous building, containing, of course, the usual pantries, kitchens, and servants' offices on the ground floor, together with an elaborate Roman, Russian, and Turkish bath-house in the basement. On the ground floor are vestibules, the offices of the director and his assistants, the reading-rooms, drawing-rooms, ladies' rooms, the Chinese *salon*, the Japanese *salon*, the restaurant, the café, the billiard-room, and the fencing-room.

On the floor above is an immense ball-room, where in the season there is continual succession of fancy-dress balls, masquerade balls, cotillions, and other festivals. Fine gardens surround the Casino, where on the terrace an orchestra plays in the afternoon and evening. The guests leave their places in the restaurant to take their coffee on the terrace in the garden. The restaurant is an excellent one, and although the Casino is ostensibly run like a club, it is comparatively easy for strangers of any standing to be allowed its privileges on the payment of a small fee.

One day the streets of San Sebastian were prepared for a battle of flowers, one of those dear old battles of flowers and of confetti that we know so well along the Riviera. I was once at Nice when they had to postpone the battle of flowers because there was a snow-storm. This year they had to postpone it there because there were no flowers—the frost had killed them. This San Sebastian affair sounded better in the newspapers than it looked in reality. Along the centre of the street were constructed platforms with railings for the local dignitaries. There must have been a great many great

men in San Sebastian, for the platforms were about half a mile long. Ranged along the sides of the street were wooden tribunes with benches, constructed of rough timber. They looked very much like what we call the "bleachers" at baseball games in America. When the battle began, King Alfonso rode up and down the line in a carriage, accompanied by one of his aids, and was very enthusiastically received. San Sebastian is a highly loyal town—the king and the court spend a great deal of money there. Gratitude has been defined by La Rochefoucauld as an expectation of favors to come. Correspondingly I have observed that the most loyal cities are those where king and court spend the most money. The shop-keeper of London look with infinitely more grateful eyes on King Edward than they did on Queen Victoria, with her widow's weeds and the mortuary quietude which surrounded her funeral court.

An amusement very popular in San Sebastian is the game of *pelota*, or *joi-ai*, as it is called in the Basque country, where it originated. It is played with long, scoop-shaped, rattan rackets, out of which the ball is hurled with great violence against the stone or cement *fronton* at the end of the court. There are two *pelota frontons* in the town of San Sebastian, and one at Fontarabia.

"Fontarabia"—"Roland"—"Roncesvalles." There is an intrinsic charm in certain proper names, as there is an onomatopoeic seduction in certain common nouns. Witness "Vallombrosa"—how much more pleasing is it than "Shady Vale," which is about what it means. Yet it is not necessarily the meaning which gives such a word its charm, for there are foreign names like "Andalusia," which either mean nothing to us, or have no meaning at all, yet still possess a charm.

There are stately names, like "Hohenzollern," "Godolphin," "Falkenstein," "Brandenburg," "Marlborough." There are laconic, uncompromising names like "Warwick," "Ireton," "Cromwell."

There are names that sound patrician, like "Buckingham," "Ormond," "Vendôme," "Waldegrave," "Mandeville," "Rochefoucauld."

There are names that are redolent of England's woods and brooks and breezy downs, like "Shakespeare," "Wordsworth," "Raleigh," "Gladstone," "Huntingdon," "Swinburne."

Many of the names coming from our American Indians are fine, sonorous-sounding names, like "Mississippi," "Yosemite," "Miantonomah," "Monadnock," "Arizona," "Montezuma."

Compared with them the native names of Australia such as "Boorabung" or "Ballarat," "Geelong" or "Wallaroo," seem poor and mean.

There are names that have a comic sound, like "Macgillicuddy."

Then there are musical names, English, Irish, or Indian, like "Killarney," "Beverley," "Melton Mowbray," "Rosamond," "Mandalay"; euphonious names like "Arabia," "Burma," "Marmora"; cacophonous crackling names, like "Macassar," "Malucca," "Matatlan"; deep, solemn names, like "Madagascar," "Mozambique," "Stamboul," "Elsinore."

"Roland" for a man's name, "Roncesvalles" and "Fontarabia" for place names, have always seemed to me to belong to this favored list. How such names lend themselves to song and story!—unlike Smithtown, Squeedunk, and Kankakee. Who can hear the name "Fontarabia" without thinking with a thrill of

"Oh, for a blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabia echoes borne . . .
When Roland brave and Oliver
On Roncesvalles died."

But Fontarabia in reality does not thrill one so much as Fontarabia in poetry. The town lies on the sea shore, at the mouth of the Bidasoa. The old part contains some colossal mediæval ruins which show what the Spanish fortresses were in the elder time. But the remainder of Fontarabia to-day is made up of cheap villas, cheap boarding-houses, and a squalid fishing village.

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From San Sebastian to Fontarabia is an agreeable trip by motor-car; it is about twenty kilometres. I said in my haste "an agreeable trip." It is if you are not killed on the way—not a remote contingency, as there is a continuous succession of French automobilists in 100 H. P. machines thundering along the road-way from Biarritz to San Sebastian all day long. I think they select this route for the reason that it is probably the only clear one left for their hurry-up wagons; in France, as all over Europe, the local lawgivers have become very strict with motor-cars. Spain, however, is a slow country, and she probably has not heard of the automobile death-rate and the rigor of her sister nations. It is only yesterday that she began to use motor-cars at all. Spain is still in the stage of delighted curiosity concerning them, as Switzerland was six or seven years ago. Now the motor-car in Switzerland is under very much the same ban as in some parts of the United States, where the farmer cries "Hi, boys, there's another auto; Johnny get you gun!" In Switzerland if an automobilist gets out of the country with his motor-car, his money, and his life he is in luck.

Along the road from Biarritz to San Sebastian, however, it is like what we call in America "a wide open town." There is no law. Every man drives for his own hand, and the devil takes the hindmost. Sometimes his Satanic Majesty also takes those who are

n front. In short, for a peaceable individual who wants to travel at about fifteen miles an hour, I think the road from San Sebastian to Biarritz is the most dangerous route I know. The perils that environ the

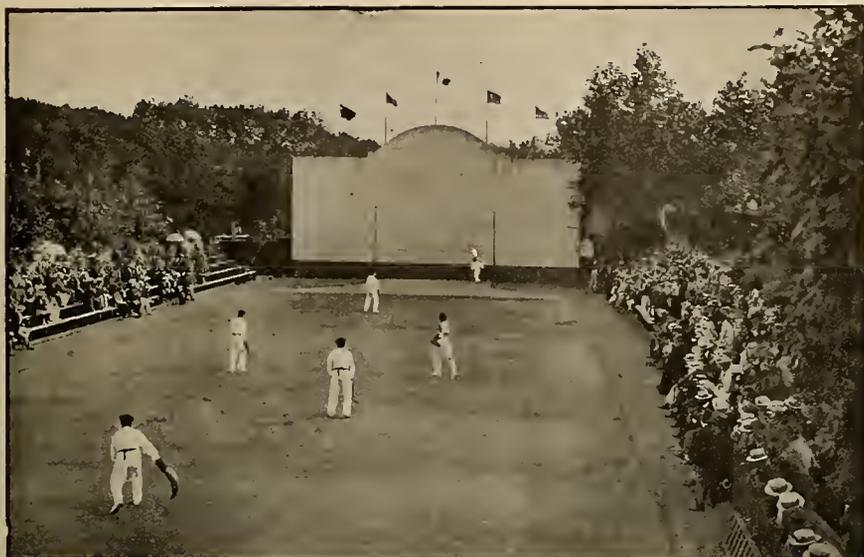
useless gift, and Don Jaime has, up to now, refrained from utilizing it. As Don Carlos is Spanish and his wife German, I rather wondered what language they use in the intimacy of marital intercourse. They sat

ers of Don Carlos in that comparatively recent war. Yet most of them date back to the Moorish epoch—some to the time when Boabdil, the last king of the Moors, took his final view of beautiful Granada from the rock which is still called "The Last Sigh of the Moor." What amazing credulity! There is a Latin proverb which says that the populace loves to be deceived. Yes, and to deceive itself.

We went to what we were told was the best restaurant at Fontarabia, but it was preposterously bad. There was absolutely nothing fit to eat. A large party of Germans sat at the next table to us, and after vainly clamoring for waiters, they looked out for themselves, and wandered around kitchen and dining-hall, picking up bread at one place, butter at another, salt here, beer there, and, finally, with a shout of joy, some cheese. Falling to, they made a merry meal, while the rest of us, Americans, English, French, and various, took it out in waiting and cursing.

I was surprised to learn that numbers of wealthy Spaniards actually spend the season at this place, and live in these awful hotels. I can not be accused of a jaundiced tendency in thus criticising Spanish cooks and cookery, for I have traveled over other parts of Spain, and have printed my good opinion of the inns I found in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Granada, and elsewhere. But Fontarabia is, as we say in America, "the limit."

Even in San Sebastian the hotels are not any too good. We put up at the Hotel Continental, which is said to be the best in the town. It was barely tolerable. Still, the Continental was in the most central part of the town, on the Pasco de la Concha, and that it is frequented by the better class Spaniards was quite evident. Every day handsome carriages and motor-cars drove to and from the hotel, filled with richly dressed women. One day the minister of foreign affairs drove up in his carriage, escorting a motor-car loaded with ladies; he ushered them into the *sala*,



From Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain." Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

An out-of-doors pelota fronton, showing six players, three reds and three blues, as it is often played in the Basque countries, at San Sebastian and at Biarritz.

nan who meddles with cold iron according to Hudibras, the terrors confronting the two who found them in a gloomy wood astray, and fared toward the underworld—these are as nothing compared to the perils environing him who travels along this roadway smelling of petrol. Every now and again we would hear a distant bellow from a motor-horn, then an imminent roar would pierce the affrighted air, wrapped in a cloud of dust; that was all—it was a motor maniac going from France into Spain.

When we reached the frontier, we were very mildly treated by the French customs officers, but they told us with a grin that their Spanish *confrères* are not so lenient toward the French automobilists. The Spanish customs officers, it seems, hold up the French motorists at the line, and search for hidden goods in their motor-cars; they run long needles into the cushions, and in various other ways make themselves disagreeable. The French officers assured us that the Spanish customs officers do this, partly to be disagreeable, partly in the hope of tips, and partly also merely through professional *esprit du corps*. They remind one strongly of the custom-house officers on the New York pier.

Around the frontier of France and Spain here on the Biscayan coast, one hears all sorts of names familiar in the newspaper dispatches concerning the Carlist war not many years ago. This was the time when King Alfonso's father was very doubtful whether he or Don Carlos would occupy the Spanish throne. Thus when we crossed the Bidasoa River its name seemed to me not unfamiliar.

I saw Don Carlos, by the way, not long ago in Switzerland. He usually spends his summers at Interlaken and his winters in his palace at Venice. He is a very handsome and imposing person, although now his flowing beard is tinged with gray. He is married to an

next to me once, at an adjoining table, in one of the cafés on the Square of St. Mark in Venice, and I ob-



From Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain." Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

The queen-mother usually drives in a landau behind four handsome mules.

served that they conversed in French. How very odd for husband and wife to use a language which is the mother tongue of neither.

where they took luncheon. It was not necessary for the waiter to tell me that the gentleman was the minister of foreign affairs, for he carried a large morocco portfolio with him with that legend emblazoned on the cover, and left it on the table throughout the meal.

The French *rèligieuses* in and around San Sebastian were so numerous that I made inquiries concerning them. I was told that since the French Government had begun expelling them they were pouring into Spain in large numbers. They were welcomed by the Spanish people, for they expended large sums of money in buying ground and constructing buildings. Furthermore, they became good customers for the purchase of food and other commodities. Although religious, your Spaniard is thrifty, and he looks upon the religious question partly from a business standpoint. Then again, he sees that an increase in the number of friars in his neighborhood will cause a decrease in the fees for getting married, being baptized, and dying. The indigenous friars, however, look with a jaundiced eye on the immigration of their French brethren and sisters, for hitherto they have had a monopoly.

Although the young king fares forth horse-drawn when he accompanies his royal mother with her royal mules, and on other semi-royal functions like the flower show, it must not be supposed that such is his favorite means of transportation. He is affected with an acute case of motor-mania. He spends most of his time, both at Madrid and at San Sebastian, in wildly careering across country in motor-cars. He owns several high-power French automobiles, and when in them, like Jehu the son of Nimshi, he driveth fast and furiously. In fact, so reckless is his driving, so numerous are his accidents, that the queen mother recently became alarmed, and urged him to abandon his danger-



From Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain." Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

The land-locked harbor of Pasajes, near San Sebastian.

normously wealthy German princess, and has abdicated his throne in favor of his son, Don Jaime. This was very generous of him, but it is a comparatively

Apropos of the Carlist wars, the watch-towers which crown the mountains in this district are believed by the common people to have been erected by the follow-

cus sport. Failing in this, she got a member of the Cortes to father a law imposing limitations on the king's speed. This did not mean limitations as to speed on the king's highway—it meant limitations on the speed of the king on the king's highway. But this projected law aroused the indignation of some courtly legislators in the Cortes, and they opposed it bitterly. The king, they said, is above the law; therefore, to pass laws leveled at the king would be against the law. Before this puzzle the perplexed Cortes recoiled, and the law was not passed.

The young king only recently succeeded in so far overcoming the queen-mother's repugnance to motor-cars that he persuaded her to accompany him in a little drive. It was unfortunate that on her first experiment with him as a motorist the king should have had one of his frequent mishaps. But he did. He came a cropper, and it was a royal cropper. His enormous machine, going at a high speed, skidded and capsized, hurling its royal freight some distance into a ditch. The queen-mother was badly scared, her royal feathers and royal temper were much ruffled, but otherwise she was unhurt.

It is the custom with ardent fox-hunters in England to follow the hounds equipped with a strong and heavy high hat; then in case the rider goes over a wall or a ditch before his horse and head first, his impact on mother earth is milder, and his hat is broken instead of his skull.

As Spanish etiquette requires that royalties shall always go crowned except when bathing or in bed, the shock of this motor-car cropper was much mitigated by both king and queen describing royal parabolas, and alighting on the Spanish crowns instead of their own.

HUMORS OF THE LATE CONGRESS.

Curious Incidents that Happen in Our National Legislature—Seeds and the Bible—Beveridge Hit Hard—The Glory of Red Oak—Speaker Cannon's Beauty.

Lots of funny things happen on the floor of the two Houses of Congress which never get into the reports of the Associated Press, and seldom into the columns of any newspaper whatsoever. Straying through the dreary-looking pages of the *Congressional Record*, one runs across oases of amusement every now and then. Real newspapers, like the *New York Sun*, make it a business to extricate the gold of wit from the matrix of congressional prosiness, and present it to their readers.

Some one ought to make a study, some time, of the sort of verse that congressmen quote. Usually it seems to be the most insipid of insipid rhymes. Yet, even to one accustomed to *Congressional Record* poetry, it is something of a surprise to discover such a "poem" as the following:

"Holy Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am."

Even more amazing is it to discover an argument from Holy Writ in favor of the free distribution of seeds by the Agricultural Department of the United States Government. But that is what is to be discovered in the speech of Ezekiel (good name!) Chandler, of Mississippi, on the agricultural appropriation bill:

I am glad that not only has he [Mr. Sheppard] investigated the pages of history which he has proclaimed to us with such beauty and with such eloquence, but I am delighted to know that that good old book—the Bible—from which he quotes and to which he should have gone long ago, and in—he didn't tell you exactly where it was, but I will tell you that it is in the forty-seventh chapter of Genesis, nineteenth verse [laughter], and reads as follows: "Give us seed, that we may live, and not die, that the land be not desolate." [Loud applause.] In the book of Zachariah, eighth chapter and twelfth verse, it is also written: "For the seed shall be prosperous, the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew; and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things." [Applause.]

That is the object of the distribution of seed—to bring prosperity to the people and cause them to possess all things. [Great laughter.] In the New Testament we find the same great truth taught, for in I Corinthians, ix, 10, it is written: "He that ministereth seed to the sower both ministereth bread for your food, and multiplieth your seed sown," and in the thirteenth verse of same chapter there is authority "for your labor's distribution."

Oh, my brethren, may you take this book and learn of its teachings, and, as is declared in Exodus, thirteenth chapter and twenty first verse, let the Lord go before you "by day in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light to go by day and night," and "He took away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from the people," may He never take the lack of His guidance from you [applause], but to you may it ever be—

"Holy Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am;"

"Mine to chide the when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love,
Mine to set to guide and guard,
Mine to punish and reward,"

"Mine to cheer in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless,
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death."

"Mine to tell of sins to come,
And the rebel sinners' doom,
Oh, thou Holy Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!"

"Long and continued applause" that followed this appeal to the consciences of the lawmakers should be a balm to the soul of good and pious folk who have been inclined to the belief that lawmakers were levi-

titious and ribald persons. How can any think of questioning the motives of a legislative body, says one commentator, which professes to be guided by Exodus, xiii, 21 in the transaction of business?

One of the amusing colloquies of the late session was between Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, and certain other members of the upper House. According to some accounts, very few people take Beveridge seriously in the Senate. His somewhat sophomoric eloquence jars the Senate, and has no other effect. When Beveridge makes a speech, he dashes up and down the aisles, turns and twists his body, and slams adjacent desks, a proceeding which is said to look oddly out of place in that dignified and chilly chamber.

On the occasion to which we refer Mr. Beveridge said that he would confirm a certain assertion by the testimony of Mr. Elkins. Whereupon Mr. Elkins said crustily:

MR. ELKINS—The senator can not confirm it by me. I am not his witness. He is entirely mistaken.

MR. BEVERIDGE—I am not surprised—

At this point, Mr. Foraker "butted in" with a few words. We quote from the *Record*:

MR. FORAKER—I rise merely to say to the senator that I used no such language, and the senator must know that I did not say anything about it being made ignorantly of the facts. I said perhaps that proposition was made like other propositions are made, without full knowledge of every consideration that should be taken into account, and when it was debated and investigated they concluded to divide in the other way.

MR. BEVERIDGE—I am willing to take the senator's statement that his words were "without full knowledge" instead of "ignorantly."

MR. FORAKER—It is not a question whether the senator is willing to take my statement. The senator, I imagine, will be only too glad to take my statement.

MR. BEVERIDGE—I am only too happy to take it.

MR. FORAKER—And the senator must not put words in my mouth which I did not utter.

MR. BEVERIDGE—If the senator from Ohio wants to say "without knowledge" instead of "ignorantly"—

MR. FORAKER—I have not used any such language, and the senator must know that.

MR. BEVERIDGE—There is no difference between the senator and myself.

MR. FORAKER—Senators here heard what I said.

MR. BEVERIDGE—They have. There is no difference between the senator and myself.

MR. FORAKER—There is a decided difference between what I said and what you said.

That ended that verbal duel, but a few moments later Mr. Beveridge got a hard one. We quote:

MR. BEVERIDGE—Does not the senator know that?

MR. ALGER—The senator [MR. BEVERIDGE] knows all I know, and a great deal more.

Once in a while a joke gets into the *Record* that is rather reminiscent of the palmy days of forty years ago, as, for instance:

MR. SMITH [of Iowa]—I challenge you to name a city in Georgia that has five dollars per capita postal receipts.

MR. BARTLETT—I name my own city.

MR. SMITH [of Iowa]—I deny it, and I call on the gentleman to prove it.

MR. BARTLETT—Oh, well, you are not the first man who has denied anything. Why, a better man than you denied Christ once. [Laughter.]

Also this, told by Champ Clark:

John W. Forney relates a fine anecdote of Stephen A. Douglas and Beverly Tucker. One day Douglas sat down on Tucker's knee, threw his arm about his neck, and said: "Bev, I love you." Tucker replied: "Douglas, when you get to be President I don't want any office, but I will have my ample reward if, in that great day, you will sit on my knee, hug me, and say, 'Bev, I love you.'" Tucker expressed the universal yearning of the human heart to be loved.

The presentation of a loving cup to "Uncle Joe" Cannon was the occasion of some amusing sallies. Here is one of the Hon. John Sharp Williams's digs at the Speaker:

You will notice, Mr. Speaker, that the artist has engraved around the bowl and stem of this cup the leaves and flowers of the thistle. It is the favorite flower of those of Scottish lineage, and is the emblem of the Ancient Order of the Thistle, whose motto is *Nemo me impune lacessit*—No one assaults me with impunity. [Laughter.] This is an appropriate flower and this an apt motto for a man of many friends.

Further in his speech Williams got off this bit of drollery:

The cup in one respect, at any rate, will be like the Speaker—not in its beauty [laughter]; God forbid that even my friendship should carry me that far. [Applause and laughter.]

At the time of the presentation, the *New York Sun* seized the occasion of the discussion about the beauty of Mr. Cannon to print one of its characteristically amusing editorials on the comparative beauty of Cannon and Williams:

Why this envy? Mr. Cannon is as beautiful, in his order and style, as Mr. Williams is. The Speaker has an old Egyptian or Assyrian hieratic look. We have seen him on steles. He has been baked in bricks. He is in the British Museum. Gravity, authority, pondering are graven on that grandiose upper lip. The mouth is ample and firm. The eye is the true Speaker's orb, seeing what it will, closed when seeming open, god-like, yet capable of innumerable twinklings and companionable winks. The beard is imposing. The chin is statesmanlike. The cheek is solid. The jaws are powerful. The upper head is well developed. The extremities are massive. Mr. Cannon is essentially sculptural.

Mr. Williams, with his wild scaly locks and love locks flowing; with his blown, disheveled, extemporaneous, neglected, surprised appearance; with his strange, second-hand clothes of the mound-building period, his picturesque gaiters, his mysterious and melancholy eyes, his general air of *incognito*, artistic disguise, Wardour Street and Buxter Street—Mr. Williams is Gothic, though no Gothic. He is the Stranger. He is the Orphan. He is Melodrama. Queer properties muffle and surround him. A patina grows on him while you wait. A wandering minstrel he, a stammerer of guitars. Gothic? No, Visigothic, Spanish, "Don Quixote," "Ruy Blas," "The Spanish Student." He must have been at Salamanca.

Often scintillating verbal duels in Congress arise over trivial matters. There was one in the late ses-

sion over the importance of the town of Red Oak, Ia. The Hon. Charles Lafayette Bartlett, of Georgia, had the effrontery to remark on the floor of the House, in speaking of the relative deposits of public money in Chicago and Red Oak banks:

Now, I know where Chicago is. I have been there, and I have heard of it; but I have no such knowledge, owing to my ignorance of the geography of Iowa, where Red Oak is.

Mr. Landis, of Indiana, arose to question and reproach the envious Cracker:

MR. CHARLES B. LANDIS—Has the gentleman never heard of Red Oak, Iowa?

MR. BARTLETT—That is what I have said; in my ignorance, I have not heard of it.

MR. CHARLES B. LANDIS—For the information of the gentleman, I will state that Red Oak, Iowa, is one of the brightest, most progressive, and richest cities of Western Iowa.

MR. BARTLETT—I have no reason to doubt it.

MR. CHARLES B. LANDIS—It is a city of between twelve and fifteen thousand population.

MR. BARTLETT—Ah, that is very large.

The mean sarcasm of this last remark galled one of the eight House Smiths, the Hon. Walter Inglewood Smith:

MR. SMITH [of Iowa]—I would like to say to the gentleman who has spoken slightly of Red Oak, Iowa—

MR. BARTLETT—I have not spoken slightly of it.

MR. SMITH [of Iowa]—It has five dollars per capita postal receipts, which exceed the per capita postal receipts of any city or town in the State of Georgia.

MR. BARTLETT—How large a population has it?

MR. SMITH [of Iowa]—Its population was about 4,000 at the last census, and is now about 5,000; but it has the most complete system of street pavements, sewers, and other modern improvements of any city of its size that I ever heard of.

MR. BARTLETT—I have no doubt about it.

MR. CHARLES B. LANDIS—It is from that that I judged its population was something like 15,000.

MR. SMITH [of Iowa]—It has more residences costing \$10,000 than any other city I ever saw.

MR. BARTLETT—I am glad to know from my friend from Iowa where Red Oak is, that it has a population of about 5,000 inhabitants.

From all of which it will appear that our three hundred and eighty-five representatives and ninety senators manage to have a good and frolicsome time while tending to the grave and weighty affairs of a nation of eighty millions of people.

SELÉNE.

[Princess Troubetzkoy, better known to the reading public as Amélie Rives, author of the novel, "The Quick and the Dead," breaks a long silence in her poem, "Seléné" (published by Harper & Brothers), in which is retold the story of the love of Artemis for Endymion. The poem opens with this description of Seléné as the huntress chaste and fair:]

With skyeey gait, on sandals sharp with sleet,
Glistening she sped along, while at her heels
Two hounds as gray as dawn leaped airily.
Nor seemed of heavier substance formed than that
Of which the dawn is fashioned. On her brow
A jewel, clear like ice and white like flame,
In shape a crescent, burned with steady glare
Of lustre delicate, and as she ran
Lit up her crisp, pale profile, arrogant
Against the dim serene of forest gloom.
Behind her, like a saffron-colored cloud,
Blown backward from the new moon's slender horn,
Her tresses, by her vehement speed unloosed,
Melted in golden mist upon the wind.
Tall was she and of form huoyant bright,
Not that fair-seeming wrought of sunset clouds
To mimic Argive Helen and to lure
The wrath Achaians unto hitter war,
Had skimmed more light above the stolid earth.
A many-plaited skirt of lissom white
Was from her shining knees up-caught and drawn
Beneath a girdle starred with chrysopease,
With jacinth and with rubies.

[She finds Endymion asleep in a cave, and bends down and kisses him. She is met by her nurse, Steropé, who warns her in vain that she is in danger of falling in love with a mortal, and that the love must prove disastrous to both.]

Then Artemis the proud, hung down her head
Before the tender mockery of her nurse.
As she a little, naughty maid had been,
And, with her golden hair her crescent veiling,
Thus answered in the small, hushed voice of shame:
"Dear nurse, so like—so like he was to me,
So sure I was of seeing his sister, nurse,
That I—"

"On! On!" cried Steropé— "Alas!

If what I did was ill—I meant it well—
But I did kiss—oh, not his lips! believe me,
I kissed—even as Apollo kisses mine—
His forehead and his beautiful, broad eyelids."
As when a wild swan from her plashy nest
Startled doth rise on whirling wings superb
To see the arrow head in sunlight gleaming,
Yet can not think it meant to bring her harm
Until within her breast the shaft vibrates
And to the stars her desolate cry doth waver,
So Steropé, and such the cry she uttered:
"Alas, thou bitter fate! Thou fate of woman,
Whether or goddesses or mortal maids!
Well didst thou prophesy, O mighty Themis.
Now do I question if thou wrotest wisdom
To yield great Delphos to thy pet Apollo.
And yet I could not think the direful day,
Would ever he 'to-day, but in my heart
Whene'er I thought of it I said 'to-morrow.'"
Meanwhile Endymion, smiling in his sleep,
Dreamed for himself another destiny. . . .

Yes, he dreamed,
This Carian prince (while love the loveliest
Toward him, careless both of love and fate,
Rushed like a thought to meet a poet's wish).
Endymion dreamed of freedom and a life
Wherein no more, oh, nevermore, should love
Be even so much as named. For he had known
The sapping, slow, brain-sucking misery
That falls upon the passionate whom error
Unto the passionless hath bound. Full well,
Ah, bitter well, he knew the dregs that lie
Within the cup of tepid tenderness:
The faint, dread taste of kisses laid on lips
That crave a love that never may inspire;
The gall of words that kindness prompts and truth
Doth force again into the struggling throat;
The weary ache of eyes unsatisfied
That in imagination shape anew
The face wherewith they long to be enamored.

MRS. CARTER IN "ADREA."

Belasco's New Drama a "Mince-Pie of Crimes"—Mrs. Carter Looked Old and Tired—The Wanton Julia—Scenery of the Play Gorgeous.

One of the plays that has been running here most of the winter and which, one sees by the papers, goes on triumphantly, running to "capacity" houses, is "Adrea," with Mrs. Carter in the title part. Every one seems to have seen it, despite the fact that most people think, or say they think, it is not very good. The chief criticism it seems to have evoked is that it is the first play Belasco has written for years without a bed in it. The Belasco Bed was becoming a feature of the modern American drama. Whenever you saw Belasco's name on the programme you knew a bed was going to appear—generally about the third act—in which the Heroine, the Hero, the Hated Rival, and the Juvenile Lead would sooner or later seek shelter from pursuing enemies of various degrees of rancor. No one ever seemed to think of hiding in such easily accessible receptacles as cupboards, ward-ropes, or behind doors. When the foot of the pursuer was heard on the stairs the pursued instantly dove into the bed as the most natural place in the world in which to conceal himself.

But if there is no bed in "Adrea," there is everything else that the human mind can devise. I never saw such a mince-pie of crimes, horrors, situations, and climaxes. You get your money's worth when you go to see "Adrea." There are five acts, and they are so crowded with action, emotion, people, scenery, costumes, and spot-lights, that you come away limp with the effort to take it all in. Nothing is spared in the way of expense, and nothing is spared in the way of your feelings. For people who like to be harrowed and who like their dramas "high," "Adrea" is just the thing.

Mrs. Carter is the star, and the day I saw her played badly and looked exceedingly old and tired. She may not have been well, but she certainly gave a poor performance, spiritless and mechanical, and looked so unlike herself, so haggard and worn and dreary, that it was hard to believe it was the same woman who played Du Barry with so much zeal and animation. The piece is absolutely unsuited to her, and she probably feels it and can not combat the sense of incompatibility between herself and the rôle. It is a pity, because she is a fine actress when she is cast in suitable parts.

Since the days when she gave that remarkable performance of "Zaza," one of the best things done in this country for years, she has been "going off," largely, I fancy, because the pieces she essayed were so unsuitable to her talents. She strikes the very last note of modernness; nobody on the stage, except Réjane, is more capable of representing the raw, crude life of the moment in all its up-to-date subtleties of deportment and style and idea. This is almost the strongest suggestion of her personality, and then they put her in dramas where the *baroque* elegance of Louis the Fifteenth surrounds her, or the semi-barbarous, semi-magnificent state of a court of the early Christian era.

Her Du Barry struck me as very bad in its complete alienation from the epoch, the surroundings, and the character. In the first act she was like a tough shop-girl from one of the big department stores on Sixth Avenue. In the court scenes she was like the same shop-girl who had been elevated to coveted luxuries by an accommodating millionaire—a trust magnate who had broken from the domestic corral and was frisking about in the freedom of the pasture. But in "Du Barry," if she missed the elegance, the polish, the distinction and color of the time, she at least did give a coarsely spirited performance. There was a good deal of life and fire in it, if it had no affiliations with one's idea of the unfortunate beauty who began life in a shop, mounted to a throne, and met her death on the scaffold.

Upon the gay frivolities of Louis's last mistress Mrs. Carter had some grip. There was something skittishly up to date in the character to which she was capable of giving vitality. But with "Adrea" the time is not only so remote that it requires players of a large classic style to fill out the outlines of the figures, but Adrea herself is such a grand, elemental being, that neither Mrs. Carter's modern Chicago sweetness, nor Mrs. Carter's modern Chicago fury fit. There is nothing about her, from her crest of red hair to the soles of her sandals which suggests the barbaric and gorgeous times in which the piece is set, or the deep-hearted, impassioned woman that the two dramatists imagined Adrea to be. They undoubtedly wanted to show a state of society of an epic largeness, where the passions were fierce, direct, and uncomplicated, the people a group of splendid savages. The idea was good, and had they been able to give expression to it themselves, and then find players who appreciated it, they might have made a fine thing of it. As it is there is but one person in the whole enormous cast who shows imagination or the slightest intuitive perception as to the type of play and the sort of work he is engaged upon. This is Tyrone Power as Arkissus, the barbarian, and he has almost nothing to say, and quite nothing to do.

The central theme of the piece is excellent, cruel bold, and dramatic. It is so well fitted for a stage

story that it seems as if it must have been used before, but I certainly have never come across it anywhere else. If the dramatists had been satisfied with this idea, and had not tried to drag in too many other things, they would have made a better play. But it seems as if the ambition had seized them to put in everything that could by any stretch of probability have a place in the piece.

Adrea is a country as well as a lady. The lady is the princess of the country, called after it, and the eldest daughter of the late king. This king has made a law that no one shall inherit who is not possessed of a sound and perfect body, and Adrea, who is blind, can not therefore rule. She has a younger sister called Julia, to whose name the adjective "wanton" is invariably affixed. Even without this explanatory word one might imagine from Julia's general behavior and get-up that she was a lurid, sultry sort of a person that no self-respecting nation would like to have for its queen. But unless Adrea gets back her sight Julia will have to rule, for though morally she is quite other than what she ought to be, physically there is nothing wrong with Julia.

Julia is consistently and thoroughly wicked—a dark, dreadful woman, with wild black hair and a great deal of figure restrained with difficulty by gold draperies. She not only wants the throne of Adrea, the country, but she wants Kaeso, the barbarian chief, who has been in love with Adrea, the princess. Kaeso is a very poor specimen; not physically—he is a fine figure of a man, like the Goths in "Hypatia," with blonde curls and a short golden beard curling on his chin. But in character Kaeso is not of much account. He really loves Adrea, with whom in a distant land called "Arcady," that they are all forever talking about, he had a love affair, but Julia, as Queen of Adrea, has practical attractions that are potent to his ambitious soul.

Julia knows, however, that he still loves Adrea, and fears the power of the blind woman over him. She comes upon them making love, and in a climax of jealous wrath and apprehension, orders the Court Fool to dress himself in Kaeso's armor, and that same night marries Adrea (thinking her armored bridegroom is Kaeso) to the bedecked Fool. This is certainly an idea of dramatic power, and one on which an author like Sardou could have raised the structure of a grim and terrible tragedy. If it has been used before in the drama I never heard of it.

The best scene in the play and the only one in which Mrs. Carter seemed to rise above the mechanical vehemence which marked the rest of her performance, was that when in the darkness of early morning she comes creeping out of the palace, conscious of the deception of which she has been the victim. It was all extremely horrible, and a white spot light which kept hovering over her figure, rendered it unreal and fantastic. But she did in this scene, especially in her staggering descent of the stairs and in the thin, thrifty tones of her voice, suggest the distraction of utter agony and horror. The impression of blindness, too, was excellently given, the timidity, the self-distrust, that came from her complete helplessness. It was a happy idea of the dramatists not to make her soliloquize or call on the gods. What she did was to call on her servant-woman, a sort of nurse who took care of her; and her broken, hoarse cries, dying away into disconnected words, gave a deadly impression of reality.

After this all sorts of things happened. She called on the gods for vengeance and they gave her back her sight. She then decided to commit suicide in a place conveniently created for that purpose, called "The Tower of Forgetfulness"; but changed her mind when she heard the wedding music of the Wanton Julia and Kaeso, the barbarian. She becomes Queen of Adrea, mounts the throne, and orders Kaeso to be torn to pieces by wild horses, changes her mind again, and kills him herself. Finally she goes back to Arcady, and gives up her throne to the little son of Kaeso and Julia. Arkissus of Frisia (a good barbarian), who has loved her nobly and silently for many years, is left there with her, and it is to be hoped that she finally relents, marries him, and they live happy ever after.

In spite of this accumulation of action, the play, after the second act, ceases to be very interesting. It lacks any suggestion of conviction or atmosphere. I don't know in the least how it was written, but I should say the writers started in to work with the story of the marriage to the fool all ready-made. To that nucleus they built on the rest, and the built-on part—from the Tower of Forgetfulness on—is uninspired, flat, and insincere. There is a throne-room scene, where everything that the scene painter and costumer can do has been done, and which is really dull and stupid, an unusual fault in a Belasco play. During this act, a few people make remarks, but most of the time Mrs. Carter does all the talking, and it gets to be a bore.

I think myself that is the defect of the drama—there is too much of the one person in it. Dramatists and actors ought to learn that this making of plays with a single dominating figure in the middle, and a few futile shadows circling about, does not result in good work. The only other character in "Adrea" that has the slightest importance or reality is the Wanton Julia, who disappears after the second act. The men are nothing. They do not do or say an interesting thing. They can not act, because there is no opportunity for them to do so. It was impossible for either Charles Stevenson or Tyrone Power (both

excellent players in their respective lines) to do anything but recite their words. They did this, and they looked picturesque, and that was the beginning and the ending of their part of it.

Mrs. Carter was the whole show, and it got to be a great bore. Toward the end, in the throne-room act and the scene where she killed Kaeso, there were many people on the stage whose mission it was to one after the other project a remark at her to which she would answer with vehement loquacity. There was nobody in either of these scenes who said or did anything of importance except the star. Even where Kaeso, the hero of the piece, was killed, he was forced into a subordinate position and hardly allowed to utter the few ante-mortem statements that might be expected of a murdered barbarian.

As far as setting goes, nothing could have been finer or more lavish. The background, however, was not as picturesque as that of "The Darling of the Gods," and there was nothing as gorgeously effective as the Temple of the Swords. The interior of Adrea's palace was evidently copied from a Pompeian villa, the walls showing that curious mural painting which is so startlingly fresh and modern-looking clinging to the old, blank walls of the buried city. All through the five acts pretty and effective "bits" were introduced: a suddenly awakened summer breeze blew a shower of rose petals across the stage, a blinding ray of white sunlight streamed in through an unseen window on Adrea's couch. GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, March 21, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Signora Duse has offered a prize of 5,000 lire (\$1,000) for the best play by an Italian author submitted to her for performance.

Major William Warner, the newly elected senator from Missouri, characterizes as "incorrect" the report that his senatorial campaign cost him only \$29,80. He says it was "comparatively inexpensive," but he does not wish to exploit that fact, preferring to "rest under the suspicion of corrupting the legislature rather than discuss expenditures in detail."

General Linevitch, now in command of the Russian Manchurian army, is in his sixty-sixth year. He saw his first fighting when he was twenty-one years old, took part in the war with Turkey in 1877, and was in command of the Russian troops in the relief of the legations at Peking in 1900. For his services in China he was congratulated by the Czar.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., arrived safely in Paris, the other day, having made the trip from Nice in his new sixty-horse-power Mercedes. The total traveling time from Nice to Villeneuve St. George, a town thirty miles from Paris, was fifteen and a half hours, the distance being 1,000 kilometres, or 628 miles. At Villeneuve his automobile skidded on a wet pavement while going at the rate of four miles an hour, and dashed into a stone wall, smashing two wheels, but causing no personal injury.

The sensation in the London theatrical and artistic world is the refusal of the Lyceum Woman's Club to elect Ellen Terry to ordinary membership. The refusal is ostensibly grounded on the rule that original work in letters is the essential qualification, but Ellen Terry has done far more original work even in letters than ninety per cent. of the members. The real objection is to the admission of actresses, whose incursion might alter the character of the club. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Craigie were on the committee responsible for Ellen Terry's exclusion.

There are two red Indians in the Maine legislature—Peter M. Nelson, aged forty-nine, a member of the Penobscot tribe, the remnants of which number three hundred and sixty-five. He is skilled in basket making, can paddle a canoe with great speed, and is versed in woodcraft. Peter F. Neptune, who belongs to the Passamaquoddy tribe, is the other representative in the legislature. He is only twenty-seven years old, and is the youngest Indian delegate ever sent to the House. Mr. Neptune is occupied a large part of the year in the woods, and is a registered guide. He represents four hundred and sixty-four Passamaquoddy Indians. The Indian representatives occupy a unique position in the legislature. They are permitted no vote or voice.

"A tremendous hypocrisy," G. Bernard Shaw says, is the accepted conventional view of children. "A child is defined as a little darling for limited periods; it is in reality savage, cruel, noisy, dirty, intolerably inquisitive, and indiscreet to the point of telling the truth on all occasions, regardless of the feelings of others. The boarding-school is the child's only security from the demoralizing influence of home, and there is nothing more demoralizing on the earth than the middle-class home. Moral instruction is all nonsense, while attempts at formation of character are futile, and should be given up. The burden of mind-ing children should be shared by all, including bachelors, maiden ladies, and nervous persons, instead of throwing it on servants and school-masters. Children should be taught a little reading, writing, and arithmetic; other subjects should include how to jump off tram-cars, the use of a railway time-table, election-cring, and the universal language."

LOVE AT LOW VOLTAGE.

How Percy Short-Circuited Al's Electrical Courtship.

The firs waved to each other familiarly over the long, low roof of the power-house; the cañon stream made a white, headlong flight past the open door, inside which the great generators burred and men's voices yowled harshly at each other over something that had gone wrong with a jet pipe; up the cañon a donkey-engine brayed by a wood-pile, where whizzed a gimmering saw, and the smoke-drift hung lovingly about the pines; a dog's sharp bark sent a fugue of cehses down the way, and above all this mean tumult the gray Sierran domes impended grandly, gazing with their old steadfast faith up into the blue tenuity of the sky.

After a while old Howland, in a sweaty undershirt and brown overalls, and with his perpetual pipe in his mouth, came out on the platform where I sat, and leaned against the wall.

"There's been hell to pay in there ever since break-fast," he observed. "The magnets went wrong and sparked like a ranch-hand sittin' up with a school-marm. Then a fuse blew out in the lightin' room an' a dynamo got to buckin', an' then that damned jet pipe had to git choked up with a pine stick that had broke through the gauze somehow. But everything's in shape now, an' I guess them fellers down to the bay will be able to run their motor-cars all right."

He looked over the smoke-drift to a notch in the hills through which the insignificant-looking threads of aluminum, hundreds of miles long, ran straight on quiet poles, conveying sixty-thousand horse-power and light for a string of cities away off by the Pacific shore. For a few minutes he puffed on silently, and I dreamed of the baffling miracle of it all, and was going on raptly, visualizing the ultimate manifestations of this genie of the mountains, when Howland broke rudely through the network of my dream, as the pine stick had broken through the gauze.

"Do yeh see that galoot on that pole away up the middle of the Notch?" He pointed to where a small black object clung to one of the wire-bearers. I should not have made it out for a man. "That duck was here this mornin'—a stuck-up kind o' feller, with a little p'inted beard, like that." He drew closing fingers down his smooth, sweat-beaded chin. "You seen him. You wouldn't take him for the biggest 'lectrical injineer on the Coast, would yeh?" Howland laughed, and I knew the satire of his designation of the man. "He's workin' on the line. That's the way a good many o' yer big college 'lectrical ducks turns out. In luck sometimes if they gits to be dynamo-tenders. He was in there tellin' us all about how to run the works. Made the boys laugh. I tell yeh, what yeh learns about 'lectricity yeh learns by gittin' right down an' smellin' o' the juice. College professors aint a-goin' to teach yeh nothin'. Queer yarn, though, 'bout that duck." He cut some tobacco from a plug, crammed it into his evil-looking pipe, and while I looked away to the black dot of a man on the pole, the old electrician rattled on in the language of a man used to dealing with the essence of things.

"He told the story to some of the boys up to Blue Cañon, and they yarned it around this way. I guess it's true enough, but it shows what a young jackass he is. When he got through college he went over to a San Francisco power-house to get a job, so's to really know something about 'lectricity before he started out to be an 'lectrical injineer. Wal, they set him to work oilin' the dynamos, an' he didn't like it a little bit. Wanted something more in keepin' with his dignity as a college graduate, he said. He left the place and went over across the bay where they was puttin' in a third-rail system o' car lines. He wanted to git in as assistant to the injineer, but they sent him out to help lay the juice-rail. It give him a quavin' in the insides to have to do sich work as that there, but he sees there wasn't anything fer it fer the time, so he jest hung on, waitin' fer a better show. One day while he was down to a station in Marin County a very toney chap comes along—a young feller whose dad had one o' the finest country places over that way—an' somehow they gits to talkin'. The young chap, yeh see, is experimentin' with 'lectricity, givin' it to be a second Edison, like a lot o' them boys who plays with 'lectrical toys till they gits their fingers burnt with the juice. Edison Number Two, his name's Al Bartlett. Oh, I didn't tell yeh what the chap on the pole his name is. It's Percy Pan-coast. Wonder if he wouldn't like to be down here in the trade o' the here house instead o' up there in the sm on that hot pole."

"Wal, Al and Percy gits to talkin', as I said, an' Al tell him all about his plant. Yeh see he got a little power-house out in the garden on his father's place, among the trees, with a ten-horse power gasoline engine and a lot o' them high-priced induction coils and X Ray tubes. He lights up the lawn with arc lights and runs fans and things in the house. Wal, Percy he gives Al quite a fill about what he knows about 'lectricity. Says he's done a lot o' experimentin' himself, and wants to know if Al don't want a man to injineer his works for him. Of course, they aint nothin' there but a lot o' fancy-priced toys, but what Percy says swell. Al up and makes him think it would be a fine thing to have an injineer for his plant. He's older than of age, yeh know, an' his own boss, so he

can do any fool thing he likes. So he hires Percy right then and there, an' Percy is mighty glad to git the place, fer it's a snap. He goes back to the road, throws up his job, an' tells the boss what he thinks of him, like the young ijit he is, an' goes an' helps Al to blow in his foolish coin. He makes Al think he's a hell of a feller, swellin' him up with the idee that he's on the road to wonderful discoveries. Al has been foolin' around with a motor to run by the earth's magnetism, an' Percy he tells him that it's a whoppin' big scheme, that will revolutionize everything in the 'lectrical line. They plants a lot o' zinc an' copper plates and coils in the back yard with the notion o' gittin' the juice right out o' the ground.

"Pretty soon the wheels begins to go round, an' Percy sings out: 'There you are! Biggest thing in the world! See her hum. This is goin' to revolutionize everything.'"

"How does he do it? Easy enough. When Al aint a-lookin' he goes an' connects up a little insulated wire runnin' through the dry ground to the plates, an' covers it over so Al won't see, an' there yeh are—everything hummin' an' the inventor as happy as a clam."

"Al he brings his girl to see the wonderful thing he has done. Wal, she aint exactly his girl. She's an awful pretty young thing, with big baby blue eyes, that's a-stayin' at the house, invited by his mother to help along Al's courtship. Her name's Dorothy, an' she's a very high-toned young woman. The 'lectrical invention makes some impression on Dorothy, but yeh see she's an awful cold kind of a girl, an' not very easy to git enthused over anything. But she thinks the earth-motor is pretty fine, an' she an' Al is a-lookin' at it for a long time, with their heads pretty close together. Percy he don't like to see Al gittin' in with the girl quite so fast, fer he's took a shine to her himself. I asked Percy why he didn't tell the girl on the q. t. that he invented the thing himself an' make her solid with him instid o' with his boss. But Percy he says he didn't want to win a girl that way—he was too honorable. The lunthead!"



Photo by Genthe.

Robert I. Aitken's "The End of the Journey."

"It seems as if the girl had been hanging back from gittin' herself engaged to Al until he done something. She was kinder romantic, yeh know, an' after she thought over the great invention for a while an' a lot o' fool people had been to see it—college professors an' sich like—an' she heard 'em say it was more wonderful than anything Edison ever did, why she jest made up her mind that Al was all right. They'd come a-walkin' along the garden, an' it set Percy's teeth on aige to see 'em together, so friendly like. He says to himself that he'll never let 'em connect up—that he's a-goin' to have that there girl himself. Yeh see, it never comes to the cuss that he's only an understrapper, an' no account in her eyes. He calls himself an injineer, an' thinks he's good enough fer any girl alive."

"So one evenin' when Al an' Dorothy goes out to see the wonderful invention, an' Al he just tells her he's goin' to take it to the St. Louis exposition, an' that all the scientific men in the country will be jealous as old hens, an' Edison himself will be mighty thoughtful, he turns the butt-n to the earth motor an' waits fer her to start up. But she don't start. She's perfectly still, an' she'll never run no more, cause Mr. Percy he's jest busted that private connectin' wire an' shut off the juice. Al is scared a hull lot, an' he monkeys aroun' the thing all night, the girl goin' away kinder sad like, an' thinkin', I guess, that the thing was only a sorter flash in the pan, which it was. Wal, after Al had worked all night with it an' Percy had monkeyed aroun' givin' him a heap o' advice about puttin' in new plates and all that, he gives it up, an' gits an' gits an entire new outfit, which he plants in the ground. But she don't work no better than the old one, an' the girl an' he stand aroun' disconsolate like, an' she gittin' cooler and cooler toward him."

"Wal, Dorothy stays there to the house, but she won't go out with Al in his automobile or nothin'—jest treats him as if he wasn't any more than a hired man. The great revolutionizing invention that failed to revolutionize seems to put Al in the back seat o' her

affections. Percy hears them talkin' in the garden (far's I can make out he was sorter spyin' on 'em all the time), an' he hears her say to Al: 'I'm very sorry, Mr. Bartlett, but I'm afraid you've been showin' me a little too much attention. I was mistaken in your ability. The man I marry must show that he can do something in science or art or business. He's got to be a man of distinction. Your earth-motor is a failure.'

"'Oh, I'll make the thing work yet,' says he, 'you jest see if I don't.'"

"He knows that if he can only do something with the machine that he'll win her yet all right. So he puts in a hull lot o' time with plates of all kinds, a-tryin' an' a-tryin' to start up agin. But it aint no use. So he gives it up at last an' begins on something new. He lays awake nights an' schemes an' schemes an' hands out an idee or two every day to Percy, who helps him to plan it out, no matter how wild it is. But the more schemin' Al does the colder the girl gits toward him, for he aint gittin' nowhere."

"This is about the time that Percy puts in his oar. He is quite a hand at the violin, Percy is, an' the girl she likes music mighty well. Percy thinks he has got her to take some interest in him, though it's all very quiet, for he don't want Al to git mad an' fire him for foolin' around his girl."

"An' that's about the time, too, that Al gits his big idee. He's goin' to knock the coolness out o' that haughty dame an' bring her roun' to him, whether he gits up any revolutionizing inventions or not. He's goin' to win her, an' he's goin' to win her by 'lectricity, that wonderful agent that has done so much for the world. He doesn't let on to Percy a little bit, but Percy he picks up the idee fast enough, for he's on the lookout all the time, yeh know, an' he's goin' to keep wise in everything where that there girl is concerned. Percy notices that before Al goes up on the veranda or anywhere that Dorothy is he goes down into the power-house an' gits a little pocket battery an' puts it in his clothes. He sees him riggin' up wires runnin' to a little clamp on his wrist; an' he puts on other fixin's, an' he keeps Percy a-wonderin' all the while. Percy notices that Al makes every excuse he can to shake hands with Dorothy, either that he's a-goin' away somewhere or jest gittin' back, or just for fun, or any old way he can manage it. An' Percy he is mighty observin', an' takes notice that every time Al shakes hands with the girl she changes color an' acts sort o' surprised like. So Percy he grabs a holt o' Al's hand one time, an' he knows how it is himself. He feels a pleasant little thrill runnin' up his arm, an' he says to himself: 'Ah, the cuss is a-tryin' to magnetize that girl an' win her that way.' But he don't say nothin' more for some time, but watches to see where Al hides that there battery. Al is pretty cute an' keeps the thing out o' sight, an' Percy can't find it. So in between, while he is lookin' for that hidin' place, a hull lot o' mischief is done with that innocent young girl. She seems to be meltin' toward Al. One evenin' Percy runs across them sittin' on a bench in the garden, Al a-holdin' her hand, an' he hears Al sayin' soft things to her an' she holdin' her head down an' takin' in a low voltage through that there white hand o' hern, an' a thrillin' all the time an' meltin' more an' more. Percy he coughs an' breaks the connection, an' the girl she runs into the house."

"Next day Percy finds the little battery hid under some books on a shelf in the power-house, an' he screws the cover off the coil an' runs the p'int of his knife over a few of the little wires. Then he fastens the cover back an' puts the battery in its place, an' goes away, sayin': 'I guess I short-circuited that affair, all right,' meanin' the romance between Al an' Dorothy."

"So the next time Al he tries the power of the juice on Dorothy, there aint no thrills, an' she is cold as ever. He is surprised, an' can't find out what's the matter, for it would take a microscope to tell where them little threads is cut. So he tries the thing on her a few more times, an' when it don't work, an' she looks insulted like, he goes an' buys a new battery, unbeknown to anybody. Percy he thinks he's done the business for Al, an' he plays his old violin to her to beat the band, an' she smiles an' he thinks he's put in a good cut-off switch. But that very night he runs across them in the garden, an' they're a sittin' there on the same old bench, holdin' hands an' cooing like two doves. Percy he watches from behind a bush, an' he almost groans out loud when he sees Al lean over an' kiss her. There must 'a been quite a good bit o' current in that there kiss, for both of their feet were grounded, an' she must 'a felt a pretty good-sized thrill, for she murmured: 'Oh, Al! An' somethin' else very low. And Percy made a noise in the bushes, an' they separated."

"'He's got a new battery—that's what he's got,' says Percy to himself, a-wonderin' how he could git his hooks on to it an' fix it so's it wouldn't work. But the battery wasn't much good anyway, or else Dorothy got used to it and it wouldn't take effect on her no more, like when you're vaccinated too many times. Anyway she got a little cooler toward Mr. Al, an' begin to inquire agin about his great inventions an' why they didn't none of 'em pan out. Wal, Al he's up a stump fer a while, then he makes up his mind what he'll do. He's a-goin' to win that cold beauty by 'lectricity spite of anything, taking a stronger current an' still stronger until he's teetotally magnetized her. He

tries a heavier pocket battery an' a heavier, an' it works pretty well, but this time he aint a-goin' to let go. He's a-goin' to step up that current till he wins her for good an' all.

"Percy sees him a-foolin' around with the house current, making a new transformer an' monkeyin' with zinc plates an' copper wire an' things. Percy don't exactly know what he's up to, but when he sees him connect up two wire floors mats, he begins to git an inklin'. The wire mats is in front of a big standin' desk, where Al's been drawin' his plans for new inventions, an' where Dorothy stands to look over 'em. Percy sees that he's goin' to try to git the girl to stand on one mat, an' while he's on another an' they're connected up with a low, pleasant, insinuat'ing voltage, he can magnetize her for good.

"So one day Al he sends Percy off to the city to git some new sockets an' wire, but Percy don't go to the city at all, but hangs around in a hedge close to the power-house on the lookout for anything that might happen. Wal; a lot happens all right, for Dorothy she is brung in by Al to show her the new plans, while Percy is a listenin' an' a-peekin' in at the open window.

"'Why,' says she, 'you've got some new rugs on your floor.'

"'Yes,' says Al, 'them old things was all wore out.' 'But I don't like that kind—they lets the dirt right through,' says she.

"'Wal, they don't have to be shook by the Jap boy an' git dust all over everything in the place,' says Al. 'Just step up to the desk an' look at the plans.'

"She steps up, an' Percy hears her say: 'Oh, you musn't do that. It isn't right to take a lady's hand that way.' But after a minute she don't make no more objections, an' Percy knows that Al is doin' his derndest to magnetize her with that low, pleasant, insinuat'ing voltage. It makes him choke to see 'em standin' there, hand in hand, the fatal fluid a-doin' it's deadly work an' meltin' away his last chance to ever git a smile out o' the girl. He wishes he'd never tried the violin, but had tried the 'lectrical courtship scheme himself. It makes him tear his p'inted beard when he hears 'em cooin' away in there.

"'Oh,' says she, 'the plans are splendid.'

"'Look at this new motor,' says Al, p'intin' to another drawin'. 'That's going to beat anything Tesla or Edison ever done.'

"'It's perfectly grand,' says she.

"'Then you think I'm goin' to make a great success?' says he.

"'Oh, you'll be a greater man than Marconi himself,' says she.

"'An' you won't look so cold on me any longer?' says he.

"She says somethin' that Percy don't hear.

"'An' you'll marry me?' Percy sees him reach his hand over an' turn on a little more current.

"She looks up with her big blue eyes a-sparklin'.

"Percy he is wild out there behind the hedge. He rushes around to one of the forty or fifty outside wires runnin' along the side o' the house, an' he turns a little switch an' lets the full outside line current run into them wire rugs jest as their lips meets. They jumps up like a shot had struck 'em both. There's two hundred and twenty volts of alternatin' current in that there kiss, an' the jolt floors 'em both like a rock.

"'Wretch!' yells Dorothy, sittin' up an' glarin' at Al, who is dazed as a dummy. 'Wretch!' She rubs her hand acrost her mouth. 'Wretch,' she repeats again. 'You've bitten me! You've—'

"Then she looks at the wire rugs, an' the hull thing flashes over her.

"'What does this mean?' she cries out, kickin' the floor, for the jolt seems to be workin' her yet. 'Oh, I see it all. You've been tryin' experiments on me. You've been a-tryin' to wire me up an' magnetize me. I see it all. That's the reason why them handshakes was so different from other men's—why they went all over me and made me think you were my affinity, when you wasn't anything but a big 'lectrical fraud. I'll tell papa. He'll thrash you—he'll have the law on you.'

"She picks herself up an' sweeps out, haughtier than ever, callin' back: 'A nice trick to play on a lady. Do you think I'll stand fer bein' 'lectrocuted? Nary bit of it.' Or some sech language as that, I disremember exactly. And out she flounces, an' scoots off home madder 'n a cat that's had its kittens drowned.

"But Percy he's so tickled he can't help laughin' an' givin' himself dead away. Al looks out of the window an' sees him tearin' aroun' behind the house, an' he sees how the game was played on him an' how he an' the gal got the two hundred an' twenty volts.

"There was the biggest kind of a row all around. Dorothy's dad comes down an' raises Cain, an' Al has to hide an' so does Percy, an' when they sees each other agin Al kicks Percy all over the yard an' out o' the front gate. The dad he's satisfied a little when Al lays all the blame onto Percy—'my rascally assistant,' as he calls him; but it don't do no good so far as the girl is concerned. She never speaks to Al again.

"Al is an influential cuss, 'cause his dad's rich, an' he sends word aroun' to all the power plants an' places, an' they puts Mr. Percy Pancoast's name on the black list. He hunted work high an' low an' couldn't git a job, till finally our foreman here took pity on him an' sent him out on the line. It was a big come-down for a man that brags he's the best 'lectrical injineer on the Coast, but I notice he was glad to git the job.

"Still I think Al would a-won all right if it hadn't

been for that hell-roarin' old jolt they got. I guess two pairs o' lips is about the best conductors in the world, an' they must 'a' both got the full benefit of the current. It wasn't a very high voltage, but it was enough."

Old Howland laid down his pipe and gazed away at the dot of a man on the pole, from which I had hardly take my eyes during the whole recital. It was a strangely illustrated story, the lineman and the pole blackly pictured on the afternoon sky, like a bristling frontispiece that held itself aloft and inspiring through the tale. Now the black dot slid down the pole like a time-ball, and the marplot in the story of the electrical courtship of Al and Dorothy disappeared among the pines.

"The juice is a cur'us thing," added Howland, by way of a footnote—a mighty cur'us thing. An' it's everywhere—in the earth, in the air, an' in all livin' bein's, brute an' human. Yeh know, I b'lieve that in every reg'l'r genuine courtship, where a man an' a woman really loves each other, it plays as big a part as anywheres. An' yeh don't have to rig up no wires, nor plates, nor coils, nor nothin' where yeh git the real thing, right out o' Nat're's own storage battery."

BAILEY MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1905.

THE PASSING OF PALMER.

Some Facts About His Long Theatrical Career—"The Two Orphans," "Tribby," and Other Big Successes—How He Helped Belasco and Mrs. Carter.

The career of A. M. Palmer, who died in New York three weeks ago, was long and honorable, and few managers did more to gain the respect of the public for their profession. He was concerned in the making of many of America's greatest actresses,



The late A. M. Palmer.

from the days of Clara Morris, and all the plays he produced were plays of high literary and artistic merit; there were few of them that could be said to trench upon forbidden topics. They all appealed to the mind, which is more than can be said of most of the performances now going on in New York City.

Mr. Palmer was born in Westerly, R. I., in 1840. After receiving a classical education, he decided upon law as a profession. He graduated from the University of New York Law School, and was admitted to the bar. But his fondness for books quickly induced him to accept the position of librarian at the Mercantile Library. A few years later he held a position in the Inland Revenue Service, but in 1872 was persuaded to accept the management of the Union Square Theatre.

"I had no more idea of becoming a manager than I had of committing suicide," said Mr. Palmer once in describing his sudden change of profession. "I needed a rest, and had bought a ticket for Europe. I chanced to meet Mr. Shook, manager of the Union Square, one day in the street. He proposed to me to go into the theatrical business with him. It was a great change for me, and naturally I hesitated. I took some time to think it over, then accepted."

Mr. Palmer at once determined to run the theatre on a higher plane. His first venture was "Agnes," a comedy by Sardou, which was brought out September 17, 1872. It was an extraordinary success, and ran one hundred nights. At that time there were three stock companies already in New York—Wallack's, Booth's, and Daly's—and Palmer's venture with a new one was considered the height of daring. None the less, he followed up his first success with such stock pieces as "A School for Scandal," "London Assurance," "Money," etc., and did well. But he made his great hit with "The Two Orphans." That piece brought him in, net, fifty thou-

san dollars. In addition to his financial success, the artistic success was not the less pronounced, for in his stock company at that time were Kate Claxton, Clara Morris, Maud Granger, Kate Holland, Charles R. Thorne, McKee Rankin, and Stuart Robson. The other successes at the Union Square Theatre under Palmer were "The Geneva Cross," "Rose Michel," "A Celebrated Case," and "The Banker's Daughter."

In 1885, he leased the Madison Square Theatre, and his principal successes there were "The Private Secretary," "Sealed Instructions," "Saints and Sinners," "Elaine," "Sunlight and Shadow," "Aftermath," and "Alabama." His great success at this theatre was "Jim the Penman," which ran during the entire season, and brought him in much money. In 1890, he took Wallack's Theatre, and changed the name to Palmer's Theatre. He leased the Madison Square to Hoyt and Thomas, and they began producing there the plays which made Hoyt famous, and made them both wealthy.

It was at his new Palmer's that Mr. Palmer brought out E. S. Willard, "The Middleman," and "Judah," making a success there. This was followed by "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "The Broken Seal," "Lady Windemere's Fan," and "Aristocracy." It was there that John Drew made his first appearance as a star in 1892. On January 1, 1894, Palmer leased the Madison Square Garden Theatre—not the old Madison Square Theatre, but the new Garden Theatre. It was at this theatre that Du Maurier's "Tribby" made such a hit, running for nearly two years, and it was followed by "1492," another successful piece. His later stock company was not quite up to the famous one mentioned above; but, none the less, it contained the best names on the American stage. Among them were Agnes Booth, May Brooklyn, Jennie Eustace, Julia Arthur, Madeleine Bouton, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Holland, Maurice Barrymore, J. H. Stoddard, Rube Fax, Jack Saville, George Nash, Wilton Lackaye, Clem Bainbridge, and Frank Bangs.

On November 23, 1895, Mr. Palmer leased the Great Northern Theatre in Chicago, where he proposed to present a series of new plays by a stock company, headed by Blanche Walsh and Henry Miller. But the venture proved a failure. The following year, after a series of further unsuccessful productions, he lost his New York theatre. The old name, Wallack's, was at once restored to the theatre, and Mr. Palmer himself was one of the very first to admit that in renaming it he had made a great mistake.

While Mr. Palmer made money out of his judgment of plays, he also lost. He cleared \$90,000 out of "Tribby," yet he refused "Madame Sans-Gêne," and Augustus Pitou subsequently made \$100,000 out of it. "Shenandoah" was written for Mr. Palmer, and when it was completed he refused to produce it, and Charles Frohman and Al Hayman made something like \$200,000 out of it.

He was instrumental in starting David Belasco and Mrs. Leslie Carter upon their successful careers as playwright and star, for after the failure of "The Ugly Duckling" and "Miss Helyett," he was the only manager in America who saw enough promise in her work to accept her for the leading rôle in Belasco's "The Heart of Maryland." Other managers were willing to produce the play, but as Mr. Belasco always made it a condition that she and no other actress should play the rôle he had created for her, the play would probably never have seen the footlights if Mr. Palmer had not come to the rescue. In the great profits of this play he did not share, for by the irony of fate he gave up his interest in the play before it reached a production.

Mr. Palmer was well known as a speaker, and took a great interest in politics, being a life-long Republican. He was one of the founders and for many years the president of the Actors' Fund. With Augustin Daly, Mr. Palmer managed the famous Wallack testimonial of 1888 at the Metropolitan Opera House. The play was "Hamlet," and the cast included Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence, Helena Modjeska, Rose Coghlan, F. Mayo, E. Plympton, and John Gilbert, and every "supe" was an actor of note. The net receipts of the testimonial were \$25,000.

Mr. Palmer's last few active years were spent in the employ of Richard Mansfield, for whom he served as acting manager. To a man of his disposition the chain of circumstances which brought him to such a subordinate position must have been bitter and galling in the extreme. He was very proud, though, and when a benefit was offered to him, a few years ago, he refused it, preferring to earn his own living as best he could. He is survived by a widow and a son.

Easily the most remarkable pair of "trotters" in the country are the Whirlwind and Black Diamond, owned by Thomas A. Cockburn, of Arkansas. These trained ostriches are driven to a pneumatic speeding wagon, and under favorable conditions can do their half-mile in 1:05 or better. This is a 2:10 clip, which only the fastest equine trotters can surpass when hooked to a wagon. In single harness each of the birds has been pitted against many noted horses, and though occasionally beaten has won far more races than he has lost. Black Diamond, the larger, though not the faster of the birds, stands about nine feet eight inches and weighs three hundred pounds. He is eighteen years old. Both are first-class plumage birds, and they are valued at \$20,000.

DECLINE OF THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

Pre-Lenten Festivals no Longer Popular in the City by the Sea - Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

The famous Carnival of Venice, made intolerable to most Americans by a silly flute solo, is fast fading away, until it has become quite as inconsequential as famous. This is nothing to the discredit of Venice; rather otherwise, for in its place have come some very dignified festivals more in keeping with cultivated artistic tastes.

There is still held a *Caralchina* at the Opera, and children amuse themselves and each other by costuming themselves as of old and promenading about the narrow lanes of the city in masks and congregating on the Piazza, but none of the fine effects that formerly made Venice so famous as a spectacle and festival city is longer seen around carnival time.

We made a little excursion to Padua by boat and train, the other day, to celebrate the coming of a very belated spring, and there saw many more masks and fancy costumes than were seen in Venice at the time; and although a week ahead of Mardi Gras, the procession of merry maskers was quite continuous under the arcades of the old university city.

Venice has always been a leader in inventions. Quarantine originated in Venice. It was already the parent of commercial republics when hereditary autocracy was the common form of government throughout the world. When vandals from over the Alps made life on the mainland of Italy not worth the living, the founders of Venice waded out and made new home-nests for themselves on

sense. With every opportunity for aggressive rowdiness among a non-combative crowd of tens of thousands of promenaders, not one exhibition of it did we see during the long-protracted carnival time just passed. Men and women, young and old, citizens and *contadini*, mix indiscriminately, and are filled full with the spirit of fun, but to all visible appearance they are as decorous as any one could wish.

In the Piazza San Marco last evening the most amusing of the maskers was a youngster who impersonated the exaggerated English tourist, and who was industriously intent upon explaining to everybody the beauties of the surrounding architecture. He flourished a "Baedeker" and read from it descriptions in the Venetian dialect which caused much amusement. All of his exclamations of appreciation were done in the foreign commonplaces. His one English expression was "Oh, yes, of course!" and every Venetian child knows this and "All right" to be English. VAN FLETCH.

VENICE, March 8, 1905.

STORY OF WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."

The "Parsifal" fever is already raging all over town, and the demand for tickets for the three performances has been very heavy. For the benefit of those who have heard this impressive opera neither at Bayreuth nor in the East, nor had an opportunity to read the libretto, we give the following outline of the complete action of the drama:

Wagner's story begins with a scene in Monsalvat, a mountain upon which is the temple that enshrines the Holy Grail. Below the mountain is the vale in which dwells Klingsor, the magician, who, through earthly

her charms of the arch temptress are in full sway. He holds her at all times subject to his will, and it is by means of his magically induced sleep that he summons her to aid him in his wicked enchantments. Gurnemanz now betinks him of the legend which foretells that a guileless fool shall heal Amfortas, and leaving Kundry to her sudden slumber, he invites the youth to witness the ceremony of the unveiling of the Grail. Together they wend their way to the temple, but as Parsifal remains merely in a stupor of wonder at the mystic ceremony, evincing no possession whatever of heavenly powers, Gurnemanz pushes him disdainfully from the hall.

In the second act Klingsor is seen in the tower of his castle, whence he summons Kundry to aid him by her supernatural enchantments in diverting Parsifal, who is now approaching the castle in fulfillment of his heaven-ordained mission. For the youth's heart has been touched to a divine pity at sight of Amfortas's sufferings, and he has set forth upon a quest for the sacred spear that alone will heal. Kundry, still in a magic slumber, rises in a cloud of vapor, and with shrieks and shudders of agony, receives the command of her master.

In the next scene all is changed. A garden of strange beauty meets the eye, from whose wall Parsifal surveys with bewilderment enchanting maidens, half flowers, half human, who endeavor, with seductive words and wiles, to press their favors upon him. While the guileless boy gazes at them uncomprehending, he perceives a woman of entrancing beauty, who reclines upon a flowery couch, and addresses him by name. Then follows the great scene of the temptation and the renunciation. Kundry first plays upon Parsifal's gentler feelings by her recital of his mother's grief and death; then when he stands softened to tenderness, she woos him with all the arts of love. Her kiss simultaneously awakens desire and terror. The youth recalls the agony of Amfortas, and his heaven-inspired pity saves him. He spurns the sor-



Klingsor's Magic Gardens in Bloom. From a photograph by Pach, reprinted from Kufferath's "Wagner's Parsifal." Published by Henry Holt & Co.

shoals among the lagoons where the clumsy vandals could not follow to despoil them. Venice originated the carnival festivities of the Western church, and introduced Oriental church splendor into the affairs; but like all leaders of fashion, Venice tired of her novelties when they became commonplace elsewhere; of all except her unique location out to sea. Hence it is to be expected that Venice will let the yearly pre-Lenten gayety festival dwindle into a thing of tradition only, while the French Riviera and other places of tourist resort put on her cast-off finery and perpetuate her famous festival second-hand.

Mardi Gras as celebrated in New Orleans can not be classed as an imitation of the old Venetian affair. It has all the individuality of a new invention. It has the old touch of chivalry still adhering to it, and this feature is becoming even more and more pronounced since Southern society has become less exclusive. In the New Orleans carnival societies, with their secret balloting for membership and their extravagant membership dues, careful selection still prevails; and all in spite of the vulgar imposition of high prices for rooms and board during carnival season, the Mardi Gras of New Orleans is a well-sustained, artistic creation, and not an imitation, such as may be seen elsewhere.

The masquerading in Venice during the carnival has a charm and significance that often escapes notice. It shows that the "hordium" disease, of which you have lately complained in San Francisco as atendant upon welcoming in the new year, is not very conspicuous because of its ab-

ambitions, has long desired to enter the community of stainless knights, but is debarred by his sins. A quenchless flame of lust had kept his life evil, and in revenge for his rejection by the knights he allies himself to the powers of evil. He magically constructs in the vale adjoining their domain a castle of wonders, in which dwell damsels of marvelous beauty, who seek to ensnare the senses of the knights who pass its walls. Amfortas, the present guardian of the Grail, has fallen by means of the unholy wiles of these maidens, and has received an ever-burning wound from that sacred lance which it was his duty to dedicate to the service of the Grail. The lance has thus, through Amfortas's sin, passed to Klingsor's keeping, and the warder of the Grail is doomed to suffer continual agony until the spear is reclaimed, and its sacred touch has healed his wound. Gurnemanz, an aged knight of the Grail, relates these particulars to his esquires, whom he also tells that Amfortas can only be healed through the pity of a sinless fool. Kundry then appears, a strange and loathly being, fearfully doomed to perpetual and mocking laughter, even while she seeks to expiate her sins by serving the Grail; while she offers balsam for the wound of Amfortas a cry of horror is heard. A wandering youth has entered the sacred enclosure, and has killed a wild swan. When asked to give an account of himself, he shows a strange ignorance and forgetfulness, and only remembers that he has strayed from his home to follow some knights. Kundry, in her wanderings, has seen Parsifal's mother mourning for her absent son, and tells him of her death. Parsifal seeks to attack her, but she falls suddenly into a sleep induced by her master Klingsor, who through his unholy ambition has emasculated himself, and for this reason is the only one who can resist Kundry when

ceress, and when Klingsor, coming to her aid, hurls at him the sacred spear, he seizes it, as it poises harmless above his head, makes the sign of the cross, and the garden of enchantment falls in ruins at his feet.

The third act occurs in Monsalvat on a Good Friday morn. To Gurnemanz, now aged and bent, comes Kundry in the garb of penitence. Only through the righteous resistance of those she tempts to be her victims can Kundry be absolved from the curse. Parsifal, in his pity for Amfortas, has saved both the tempted and the temptress, and the weary penitent comes to Monsalvat to dedicate her redeemed life to the service of the Grail. Thither also comes Parsifal, after long wanderings, bearing the sacred spear, with which he seeks to heal the wound of Amfortas. Gurnemanz recognizes and welcomes him, and together he and Kundry bathe the feet of the wanderer, and the old knight anoints his head and clothes him in the garb of the knights of the Grail. Parsifal then baptizes Kundry, and the three proceed together to the great hall of Monsalvat.

There the knights assemble and, faint for lack of the mystic sustenance imparted by the holy vessels, implore Amfortas to uncover the Grail. But he, showing his ever-burning wound and writhing in agony, begs the knights to bury their swords therein. At this moment, Parsifal advances. He touches and heals the wound with the spear, and then holds it aloft that all may perceive it and hail the return of the sacred weapon. The pages, by Parsifal's command, now uncover the Grail. A mysterious light diffuses itself from the sacred vessel, a dove descends and hovers above it, and while Kundry, wrapt in ecstasy over her redemption, silently expires, the knights and Amfortas offer homage to Parsifal, the savior, and now the warder of the Grail.

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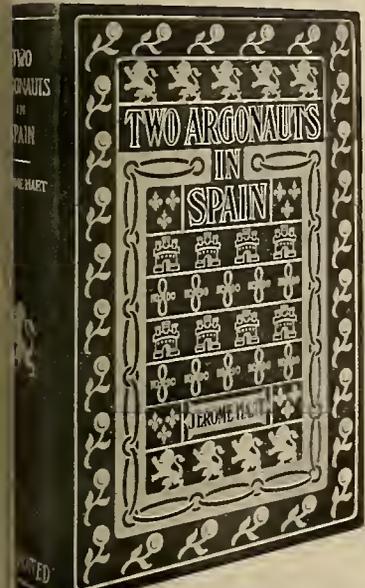
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LITERARY NOTES.

"Two Argonauts in Spain."

A new edition of "Two Argonauts in Spain," a volume of travel-sketches by Jerome Hart, which originally appeared in the columns of the *Argonaut*, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. The second edition is identical with the first, except that putting the hook through the press again has given opportunity to add largely to the number of illustrations. A few of these are reproduced on another page—the queen-regent with her four-in-hand and some mules at San Sebastian where she often drives; an out-of-door pelota fronton, showing six players, three reds and three blues, as it is often played in Basque countries, at San Sebastian, and at Biarritz; a picturesque Basque chicken-vender in San Sebastian; and the beautiful land-locked harbor of Pasajes.

Many others of the numerous new illustrations are interesting. One shows the inner harbor of Barcelona, with its huge ships from all over the world; another represents the streets of the city with its crowds of men and women in picturesque attire; a third shows the market place at Cordova; a fourth the curious Almodovar Gate at Cordova, and still another the elaborately beautiful facade of the Ayuntamiento at Seville. There is also a full-page picture of the Giralda Tower, whose helmy Mr. Hart saw the daring gymnastics of youthful hell-ringers—youths who tugged at the ropes, "and," as he says, when the whirling hells turned somersaults, the small boys shot into the air at the ends of the ropes some fifteen feet or more; one



Over-design of Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain." Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

particularly daring youth leaped (or flew) near to the top of the frame, alighting with both feet on the inverted hell-frame; then, the giant mass of metal with a gurgle in its iron throat, paused, wavered, trembled, and tumbled over on the other side, heaped, but this time outward. With the next whirl of the hell he shot forth into the outer air, coming hack at the end of the tautened rope safely to the parapet."

The new edition has been printed upon a finer though no less attractive paper than the first, and the volume is consequently not quite so bulky. It also has smooth rather than rough edges.

It may not be out of place to recall the fact that "Two Argonauts in Spain" was received with unusual favor by the press. The *San Francisco Chronicle* said of it: "There isn't a dull page in it"; the *Boston Courier* said: "The author puts such life to his theme from page to page that there is no laying the hook aside"; the *Los Angeles Express* spoke of the author's "fine genius for the ludicrous"; the *Providence Journal* nominated the hook "a light but decidedly amusing account of a trip to Spain," and remarked that "its author has a delightfully keen sense of humor"; the *Mexican Herald* thought it "one of the very best books on modern Spain that has appeared for many a year"; while the *New York Tribune* agreed at "the letters are vivacious and interesting."

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.40 net.

Charles Warren Stoddard is expected in San Francisco in a few days. He will remain on the Coast several months. During his stay he will spend much time in Southern California getting material for a book which he intends to write on "Missions of California."

MODERN MELANCHOLY.

Sad! Sad!
O, sad when lambskins skip,
O, sad when children play,
Sad, sad, when to my lip
Is pressed the dewy may,
And all the bright things say:—
"Why art thou sad?"
Sad! sad!

Is it some tricky Puck
That makes me causeless dole?
Or does some vampire suck
The blood from out my soul?
Or is it joy diviner,
Joy echoing in a minor,
Joy vibrant to its pole,
That seems hut sad?—
Sad! sad!

Is it the ebbing ghost
Of God that leaves me dry
Upon a weary coast,
Beneath a burning sky?
Is it His voice afar
That hooms upon the har,
And makes me sigh,
And makes me sad?
Sad! sad!

Or does the old travail-pain
Resume the mother-geist?
In some far orb again
Is boundless ransom priced
For others than for us?
In Mars, or Uranus,
They crucify the Christ?
So am I sad—
Sad! sad!

One thing appears to me—
The work is not complete;
One world I know, and see
It is not at His feet—
Not, not! Is this the sum?
Not, not! The Heaven is dumb—
I hear His stigmata
Or not—ah, who shall say?
Only it is most meet
That I be sad—
Sad! sad!—T. E. Brown.

O Length of the Intolerable Hours!
O length of the intolerable hours,
O nights that are as æons of slow pain,
O Time, too ample for our vital powers,
O Life, whose woeful vanities remain
Immutable for all of our legions
Through all the centuries and in all the regions,
Not of your speed and variance we complain.

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
Weakness and weariness and nameless woes:
We do not claim renewed and endless life
When this which is our torment here shall close,
An everlasting conscious inanition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition;
Dateless oblivion and divine repose.
—James Thompson.

Sleeping at Last.
Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult over,
Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror past,
Cold and white, out of sight of friend and of lover,
Sleeping at last.

No more a tired heart downcast or overcast,
No more pangs that wring or shifting fears that hover,
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.
Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover
Can not wake her, nor shake her the gusty blast.
Under the purple thyme and the purple clover
Sleeping at last.
—Christina Rossetti.

Sagesse.
Beauty of women, their weakness, and those hands
so pale
Which do good often and all that is can mar—
Those eyes, where no more traces of the animal
are
But just enough to say: "Enough" to the
frenzy male.

And ever, soft husher-to-sleep of the death wail,
Even when it lies, that voice! The call of
Day—or far
And most sweet song at Vesper time—or signal
star—
Or splendid song done to death behind a little
veil . . .

Hard men, atrocious life, and ugly hate that
hisses!
Ah! that at least, far from the combats, far
from the kisses,
Something stays white and a little high upon
the hill—
Something, from the child heart so subtle a
little theft,
Tenderness, veneration! For what goes with us
still?
And truly, when Death really comes, what have
we left?
—Translated from the French of Paul Verlaine
by Agnes Tobin.

Kitty and Cliffe.

One of the striking passages in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," is that in which Geoffrey Cliffe, who is supposed to represent Byron, and for whom, long years before, a woman had killed herself, talks of the affair with Kitty:

There was silence. Suddenly Cliffe bent toward her, and said, with roughness, his face struggling to conceal the feeling behind it: "You heard—and you believed—that I tormented her—that I killed her?"
The anguish in his eyes seemed to strike a certain answering fire from Kitty's.
"Yes, but—"
"But what?"
"I didn't think it very strange—"
Cliffe watched her closely.
"—that a man would be—an inhuman beast—if he were jealous—and desperate. You can sympathize with these things?"



Mrs. Humphry Ward, author of "The Marriage of William Ashe." Published by Harper & Brothers.

She drew a long breath, and threw away the cigarette she had been holding suspended in her small fingers.

"I don't know anything about them."
"Because," he hesitated, "your own life has been so happy?"
She evaded him. "Don't you think that jealousy will soon be as dead as—saying your prayers and going to church? I never meet anybody that cares enough—to be jealous."

"And yet you said you could understand?—such things didn't seem strange to you."
"Did I? It's like the people who think they could act or sing, if they only had the chance. I choose to think I could feel. And of course I couldn't. We've lost the power. All the old, horrible, splendid things are dead and done with."
"The old passions, you mean?"
"And the old poems! You'll never write like that again."

"God forbid!" said Cliffe, under his breath. Then as Kitty rose he followed her with his eyes. "Lady Kitty, you've thrown me a challenge that you hardly understand. Some day I must answer it."

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"THE PIONEER."

Miss Bonner's New Book—California and Nevada in the Seventies San Francisco Society—The Vortex of Virginia City.

Gertrude Bonner's new novel, "The Pioneer," is distinctly of the West, Western. The period that it covers is the first five years of the seventies—the period in which the vast richness of the mines of Virginia City became known to the world, the period in which great fortunes were made and lost and in which the currents of life in California flowed fastest. In this book, Miss Bonner graphically portrays some of the towns of El Dorado County, buried in the profound depression of the period twenty years after the first discovery of gold; she draws for us with swift strokes portraits of the varied and motley inhabitants of these dead little hamlets, with skill of the canvas. She pictures San Francisco in the days when Folsom Street was still a fashionable quarter of the city and South Park only just losing its aristocratic air; we get a glimpse of the country places of those who were first entering enough to build at San Mateo, and the scene again changing, the reader is flung into the vortex of activity that Virginia City was in those perilous days.

The story opens up rather in the fashion of the late G. P. R. James. A "solitary horseman" is making his way from Sacramento to Foleys—a town which is patently Angels Camp. And it is here that the reader first encounters those vivid bits of description of landscape and characteristic scenes which are distinguishing features of Miss Bonner's novels. Here, for example, is her pen-picture of a sixteen-mule team, making a fresh start on an uphill road:

Through the churned-up dust, red with the brightness of the declining sun, men came swinging down from the forward end of the



Gertrude Bonner, author of "The Pioneer." Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

train, driving mules to attach to the stalled wagon. About it there was a concentrating of movement and then an outburst of furious energy. A storm of profanity arose, the dust ascended like a pillar of red smoke, and in it the forms of men struggled, and the lashes of the whips came and went like the writhing tentacles of an octopus. The watcher had a glimpse of the mules almost sitting in the violence of their endeavor, and with a howl of triumph the wagon lurched forward. The next moment the entire train was in motion, seeming to advance with a single movement, like a gigantic serpent, each wagon top a section of its vertebrate length, the whole undulating slowly to the rhythmic jangling of the bells.

The "solitary horseman"—who is a grizzled colonel—makes Foleys, and the author gives a description of the place whose identity will be recognized by many a Californian.

Between tree-trunks the colonel could survey the main street of Foleys, already a sleepy, sun-baked state of somnolence, its sidewalks dark beneath upon by a relentless blaze of sun. Under the covered sidewalk a faint leveled figure now and then passed with lowering step of a un-banneted woman poked her way through the dust. The male population of the camp was, for the most part, gathered in detached groups which marked the doorways of the saloons. Each member of a group occupied a wooden arm-chair, had his heels raised high on a hitching bar his hat well down on his nose while a swirl of smoke issued from beneath the brim. Now and then some one spoke, and the colonel could see the heads under the tilted hats slowly turning to survey the speaker. At intervals, however, a word was passed of sudden, energizing import. It roused the group, which rose as a man and filed into the saloon. When they emerged, they seated themselves, the silence resettled, and all appeared to droop. The one being who defied the soporific effect of the hour was an unseen player on the French horn, who beguiled the morning stillness with variations of the melody, "When this Cruel War is Over."

We have read not more than a hundred pages of "The Pioneer," when it is discov-

ered that the colonel, twenty years before, was the rejected and wronged lover of a woman who, with her two daughters and rather shiftless husband, is now a squatter on his land. There are some dramatic scenes here: the meeting of the dying woman and her old lover is excellently well done, and the description of the two differing daughters of the colonel's old love have interest—particularly that of Rosamund:

Rosamund, who was of an ample, gracious build, had already, by the aid of the admirable dressmaker who had fashioned her gown, achieved a figure of small-waisted, full-husted elegance, which, combined with her naturally fine carriage, gave her an appearance of metropolitan poise and distinction. She had that bounteous and blooming type of looks which is peculiar to the women of California, and which (as is the case with the character that accompanies it) is curiously lacking in feminine subtlety and romantic suggestion. By far the handsomer of the two sisters, she was not destined to cast the spell over the hearts of men which was the prerogative of June.

By a freak of fortune these two girls—June and Rosamund Allen—the former of whom is the heroine of the tale, are made rich and come to San Francisco to queen it in society. Perhaps San Franciscans will recognize this description of the house where they attended their first party:

The Davenport house, as all old Californians know, was at that time, and had been for ten years, the focus of the city's social life. Mrs. Davenport was a Southerner, and had been a beauty, facts which had weighed with the San Franciscans since the days when "the water came up to Montgomery Street." The Southern tradition still retained much of its original power. The war had not broken it, and the overwhelming eruption of money, which the Comstock was to disgorge, had not yet submerged the once dominant "set." At its head Mrs. Davenport ruled with tact and determination. She appeared to the Allens as a graciously cordial lady of more than middle age, whose sweeping robe of gray satin matched the hair she wore parted on her forehead and drawn primly down over the tips of her ears.

Of San Francisco society of the period, Miss Bonner further says:

Social life in San Francisco at this period had a distinction, a half-foreign, bizarre picturesqueness, which it soon after lost, and has never regained. Separated from the rest of the country by a sweep of unconquered desert, ringed on its farther side by a girdle of sea, the pioneer city developed, undisturbed by outside influences, along its own lines.

The adventurers of forty-nine had infused into it some of the breadth and breeziness of their wild spirit. The bonanza period of the Comstock lode had not yet arisen to place huge fortunes in the hands of the coarsely ambitious and frankly illiterate, and to infect the populace with a lust of money that has never been conquered. There were few millionaires, and the passionate desire to become one had not yet been planted in the bosom of every simple male who, under ordinary conditions, would have been content to wield a pick or sweep down the office stairs. The volcano of silver that was to helch forth precious streams over the Far West, and from thence over the world, was beginning to stir and mutter, but its muttering was still too low to be caught by any but the sharpest ears.

From this point on the current of the story moves swiftly. June, frail and loving, falls in love with Jerry Barclay, a young fellow whose affair with the floridly handsome Spanish wife of a decrepit millionaire had been common gossip for a half-dozen years. Then, when the Spanish lady dies, he is fascinated by a spidery, dark, fiery girl, and June—poor June—is again heart-broken. Rosamund's capture of an English lord, the loss and winning of riches in the days of speculative fever, the varying fortunes of Black Dan Gracey and Rion, his brother, all lend color and texture to the tale. That is a striking passage in which Miss Bonner describes the effect of the first rumor of the "strike" at Virginia City:

From the great camp across the mountain wall in the Nevada desert an electric current had begun to thrill and extend its vibrations wherever men congregated. The autumn rumors that Virginia was not dead persisted. The mutterings of the silver volcano had grown louder and caught the ear of the hurrying throng. The reports of a strike in Crown Point rose and fell like an uneasy tide.

The price of the stock that in the spring of seventy had sold for seventy-five cents had risen to two, and then to three, dollars. Men watched it disquieted, loath to be credulous where they had so often been the dupes of manager and manipulator, yet tempted by the oft-repeated prophecy that the great bonanzas of Virginia were yet to be discovered. Throughout California and Nevada the miners that three years before had left the dying camp as rats leave a sinking ship, began to bind up their packs and turn their faces that way. It was like the first concentrating movement of a stealthily gathering army. The call of money had gone thrilling along the lines of secret communication which connect man with man.

And here is a remarkable passage from the chapter called "The Desert":

The mountain wall of the Sierra hounds California on its eastern side. It is a rampart, towering and impregnable, between the garden and the desert. From its crest, hooded over by clouds, glittering with crusted snows, the traveler can look over crag and precipice, mounting files of pines and ravines swimming in unfathomable shadow, to where vast, pale, far-flung in its dreamy adolescence, lies California, the garden. On the other side—gaunt, hostile, gray—is Nevada, the desert.

In other lands nature and man have ended their struggle for supremacy. Man has conquered, and nature, after long years of service, is glad to work for him, to quicken the seed he sows, to swell the fruit on the branch, and ripen the heads of grain. She laps him round with comfort, whispers her secrets to him, reveals herself in sweet, sylvan intercourse. And he, cozily content, knows her as his loving slave, no more rebellious, happy to serve.

But in Nevada, nature is still unconquered, savage, and supreme. It is the primordial world, with man a shivering stranger amid its grim aloofness. When the voice of God went out into the darkness and said, "Let there be light," the startled life, cowering in caves and beneath rocks, may have looked out on such a land—an unwatered waste, treeless, flowerless, held in an immortal silence.

Man as we know him has no place here. He is a speck moving between the dome of sky and the floor of earth. Nature scorns him, has watched him die, and whitened his bones in a few blazing weeks. The seed he plants withers in its kernel, the earth he turns up, frosted with alkali, drops apart in livid flakes. The rare rivers by which he pitches his tent are sucked into the soil, as though grudging him the few drops with which he cools his burning throat. An outcast from a later age he is an intruder here. These solemn wastes and eternal hills have not yet learned to call him master.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

Barkhaus' Book-Store in New Quarters.

Forty-five years ago, F. W. Barkhaus, now deceased, established a book-store on Kearny Street. All these years, without intermission, that store has been a point of literary distribution, and is the second oldest establishment of its kind in the city. Now, to keep pace with the march of the city's business away from the old centers, the heirs have removed the store to fine new quarters at 232 Post Street.

The shelves, counters, and all the wood-work are in weathered oak finish. The arrangement is ideal, the result of many years' experience in the book business. Busts of authors here and there, after their arrival from Europe, will add to the library-like charm.

But the best part is the hooks—hooks of every department of human knowledge and in many tongues. The direct importations of foreign hooks: dictionaries, grammars, works of fiction, travel, science, and of art, especially the hooks in German, are a noteworthy feature. There is a large list of publications on mechanical subjects in English, from a hand-hook on saw-filing to the most profound treatises on electricity. The latest popular novels are there, along with the many volumes by the old masters. Of hooks of reference, there is a very extensive assortment. All the standard periodicals, too, are on sale. For art lovers, a department is devoted to the best foreign art journals. A complete line of stationery and small leather goods are also items of interest. In short, the stock comprises all those elements that constitute a really complete hook-store, besides being the best place in the city for those who read foreign books.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"De Profundis."

The power of pain to ennoble, the value suffering in the scheme of things—such the theme of "De Profundis," a work in prose, written in prison by Oscar Wilde. Here is a man who was used to live "entirely in pleasure." "I shunned [the says] suffering and sorrow of every kind. I hated them. I resolved to ignore them as far as possible; to treat them, that is to say, as modes of imperfection. They were not part of my scheme of life. They had no place in my philosophy. My mother, who knew life a whole, used often to quote to me the poet's lines—

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Weeping and waiting for the morrow—
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

I absolutely declined to accept or admit enormous truth bidden in them. I could understand it. I remember quite well I used to tell her that I did not want my bread in sorrow, or pass any night weeping and watching for a more bitter dawn."

And elsewhere on the same theme Wilde says:

"I remember when I was at Oxford saying one of my friends as we were strolling near Magdalen's narrow bird-haunted walks in the morning in the year before I took my degree, that I wanted to eat of the fruit of all trees in the garden of the world, and that I was going out into the world with the passion in my soul. And so, indeed, I went out, and so I lived. My only mistake was that I confined myself so exclusively to trees of what seemed to me the sun-lit side of the garden, and shunned the other side for its shadow and its gloom. Failure, disgrace, poverty, sorrow, despair, suffering, even, the broken words that come from pain, remorse that makes one walk thorns, conscience that condemns, self-segment that punishes, the misery that puts



Oscar Wilde, etching by J. E. Kelly, 1882. Frontispiece from "De Profundis." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

is on its bead, the anguish that chooses its cloth for its raiment and into its own work puts gall: all these were things of which I was afraid.

"To this man then—this pleasure-lover—were all the things he catalogued in fear. To be found them not all evil as he had thought, but, by a supreme miracle, good. He does not endeavor to evade the magnitude of his offense. He bad, as he says, not from obscurity into the notoriety of crime, but from a sort of eternity of fame to a sort of eternity of misery. The poor thieves and outcasts who were imprisoned here with me are in many respects more fortunate than I am. The little in a gray city or green field that saw their faces small; to find those who know nothing of what they have done they need go no further than a bird might fly between the night and the dawn; but for me the world was divided to a hand's breadth, and everywhere I turn my name is written on the rocks of fate." And again he writes:

"Everything about my tragedy has been grotesque, mean, repellent, lacking in style; every dress makes us grotesque. We are the zanies of sorrow. We are clowns whose faces are broken. We are specially degraded to appeal to the sense of humor. On November 13, 1895, I was brought down here to London. From two o'clock until half-past two on that day I had to stand on the platform of Clapham Junction in a crowd, and handcuffed, for the world to see. I had been taken out of the hospital without a moment's notice being given to me. Of all possible objects I was the most grotesque. When people saw me they laughed. Each train as it came up attracted the audience. Nothing could exceed the amusement. That was, of course, because they knew who I was. As soon as they were informed they laughed still more. Half an hour I stood there in the gray drizzle, surrounded by a jeering mob. After such a dreadful experience, and, in the night, after a period of wild despair, an element of grief, "terrible and impotent, bitterness and scorn, anguish that would aloud, misery that could find no voice, and that was dumb," this man reached a

certain goal—discovered the meaning of suffering—discovered "like a treasure in a field" Humility:

It is the last thing left in me, and the best: the ultimate discovery at which I have arrived, the starting point for a fresh development. It has come to me right out of myself, so I know that it has come at the proper time. It could not have come before nor later. Had any one told me of it, I would have rejected it. Had it been brought to me, I would have refused it. As I found it, I want to keep it. I must do so. It is the one thing that has in it the elements of life, of a new life, a *Vita Nuova* for me. Of all things it is the strangest. One can not acquire it, except by surrendering everything that one has. It is only when one has lost all things that one knows that one possesses it.

Here are elaborations of the same theme:

I now see that sorrow, being the supreme emotion of which man is capable, is at once the type and best of all great art.

I have, after terrible difficulties and struggles, been able to comprehend some of the lessons hidden in the heart of pain. Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom, sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation.

There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be illusions of the eye or the appetite made to blind the one and clay the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

Pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul.

It will be said, of course, that this philosophy of Wilde's embodied in "De Profundis" is very old. So it is. But scarcely elsewhere in literature shall we find so perfect and intense a realization of it. Nowhere by any modern have the essential problems of life been dealt with by one from whom everything had been so stripped. It is the naked soul that speaks—like the thief upon the cross.

And scarcely elsewhere in literature shall we find so marvelous a chapter upon the Christ—a chapter which in this book grows naturally out of the acceptance of the gospel of sorrow as the supreme truth. It is perhaps not too much to say that in its magical poetry of exquisite and perfect phrases, in its poignancy of emotional expression, in its intimate and moving candor, this tragic confession has no parallel. As "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," written after Wilde's release, is a strong and moving poem, so this is a strong and moving book. Both will live. They are literature.

And it is of no importance that the five years that elapsed between Wilde's release and his death were not admirable. He himself fore-shadowed and prefigured it in the book when he says: "One can realize a thing in a single moment, but one loses it in the long hours that follow with leaden feet. It is so difficult to keep 'beights that the soul is competent to gain.'"

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company sends out the following "Literary Note": "Mr. Jack London's new book, 'The War of the Classes,' a collection of essays dealing with the liveliest subject of to-day—the world-wide revolt of the working class. This revolt has assumed the form of a struggle between the capitalist class and the working class. The prize for which they struggle is the world, its wealth, power, and governments. It is a battle of ideas, of religion, of philosophy, of politics, and of physical prowess. Clubs, bricks, injunctions, gatling guns, infernal machines, economic arguments, ethical appeals, biological demonstrations, and scientific and philosophic conditions, are a few of the weapons of the fighters. No more bizarre, no more earnest, no more deep-seated and wide-spread revolution has ever occurred. The aim of the essays is to analyze the situation, and to present it in its elementary aspect."

"De Profundis," by Oscar Wilde, was unobtainable in San Francisco book-stores a few days after its publication, the large first orders of the dealers having been almost immediately exhausted.

Sunset Magazine contains a note about Don Mark Lemon, of San Francisco, who was chief winner in the recent *Black Cat* short-story contest, four of his stories being awarded prizes, and seven others being purchased for publication. Altogether Mr. Lemon received nine hundred dollars. Mr. Lemon was born in Arizona twenty-seven years ago. He received his education in San Francisco. He comes from good Virginian stock, his grandmother having been a first cousin of President Zachary Taylor. He has been writing only a few years. Mr. Lemon has a book of plays in blank verse to his credit, and is the author of several farce comedies. His most ambitious effort, a volume of verse entitled "Ione, and Other Poems," has just been published. It contains about one hundred and sixty poems.

"Letters From the Raven," a new Hearn book, published in an edition strictly limited to one thousand copies, contains some new and interesting information concerning the

writer, and shows how utterly he despaired at one time of ever accomplishing anything in his chosen line. Speaking of himself at one stage of his career, he says: "When I look into the private histories of the young men who achieved success in the special line I have been vainly endeavoring to follow to some termination, I find they generally hanged themselves or starved to death, while their publishers made enormous fortunes and world-wide reputations after their unfortunate and idealistic customers were dead. There were a few exceptions, but these exceptions were cases of extraordinary personal vigor and vital force."

Henry Holt & Co. report that Paul Leicester Ford's "Honorable Peter Stirling" has just been sent to press for the fiftieth time; and that "The Prisoner of Zenda" has fifty-seven printings to its credit.

Harper & Brothers announce that "the advance orders alone for 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' by Mrs. Humphry Ward, have not only far exceeded expectations, but that the sales are greater than they were for any of Mrs. Ward's former books." They add that "their resources are being taxed to the utmost" to meet the public demand for the new novel. It was published in book-form simultaneously in New York and London.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Mechanics', and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. "The Albert Gate Mystery," by Louis Tracy.
4. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
5. "Witb Kuroki in Manchuria," by Frederick Palmer.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
3. "The Princess Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
4. "The Opening of Tibet," by Percival London.
5. "Memoirs," by Moncure D. Conway.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by Conan Doyle.
2. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "Wonders of Life," by Ernest Haeckel.
5. "Parsifal," by Richard Wagner.

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"Zira" is one of those fundamentally illegal plays, in which all the sympathy goes to the wrong side. Yet so overwhelmingly do circumstance and the partiality of her literary creator aid the sinner, that it is not until the play is played out that the spectators remember that Zira, after all's said and done, is a mere impostor. Wilkie Collins, in the story from which the play is adapted, made use of that old intolerant bitterness of the woman of respectability toward the attractive sinner as a pivot from which to work upon the surface sympathies of his readers. He completely succeeded, and the flood of sympathy thus evoked gave indication that Mercy Merrick's was a character and destiny particularly well adapted for dramatic representation. It is difficult to recall the details in the workmanship of a play so long cast aside as "Mercy Merrick," but the adaptation by Henry Miller and J. Hartley Manner is a very compact and forceful play, much modernized by transferring the war incidents to a Boer camp near Pretoria, and



Margaret Anglin, who has scored a pronounced hit in "Zira" at the California.

by some further changes in treatment. The play is at all times absorbing, and in each act there occur scenes and incidents so fraught with suspense excitement, or pathos as to maintain the interest at a steadily increasing pitch. The piece is the vehicle for a very brilliant acting. Miss Anglin as Zira proving herself to be still the possessor of a power and intensity in emotional expression that is little short of wonderful. It grows rare on our stage, this ability to paint a naked soul struggling in the throes of unrelenting anguish. Repression nowadays is the rule and guide, and strong and striking effects are frequently gained by its intelligent employment. But it takes something more than intelligence to express all that Zira conveyed in contorted features, an agonized gaze, a shaking voice, and imploring gestures that spoke of terror and despair. They spoke, too, of humiliation, abasement, the pitiful fortitude and the mighty yearning for forfeited affection of a proud and loving woman who has had all the pros that held her up in the security of a loved and honored existence knocked away from under her feet.

In this scene, in which Zira expressed all the futile agony of a blighted life, every body, more or less, wept. Furtive handkerchiefs came out by the dozens, and some men wept openly and luxuriously. Even the audience probably felt a touch of moisture about the eyes. And yet this actress has not an assigned niche in the temple of fame. Historic fame, however, is a perish-

able commodity. It often grows, thrives, and dies in a decade. There is something wayward and incalculable, too, in the theatre-loving public. They sometimes let the managers do the principal business of building up reputations. Look at Leslie Carter, for instance. With all her tremendous flare of temperament, she exhibits puerilities of method that make Margaret Anglin seem a Duse in comparison. Added to which, the latter woman is much younger. Leslie Carter's name is known all over the United States. But of the two, Margaret Anglin is far and away the finer, truer artist, and possesses, too, what the older woman lacks entirely—a sense of comedy. It is a dangerous gift, however, this ability to duplicate the physical expression of the soul in its hour of storm. Something of nature goes into it, and a reactionary devastation must ensue. There comes also a time when the spirit does not respond to the pressure, and when the spur must be applied. I should not wonder if the player learns this comparatively early in his career. Let us seize our opportunity then while we may, for after the stress of this week's work, Miss Anglin will of necessity turn for relief to the lighter and less taxing work of comedy.

The popularity of Owen Wister's novel has greatly augmented the audiences that go to see the dramatization of "The Virginian." One can frequently detect in the laughter of the spectators an air of pre-knowledge of the sayings and doings of the characters. There is, of course, as always in the dramatization of favorite books, some sense of disappointment. The love-affairs of the Virginian are less interesting on the stage. One of the causes that have contributed to Owen Wister's success as a recorder of the picturesque, untrammelled life of the West is his penetrating and sympathetic insight into the thoughts and aspirations of men whose rough and free speech and reckless lives do not indicate the

dulum between good and evil, and the rest are the rank and file—good-natured, as ready for frolic as for danger, clustering around a petticoat as bees around honey, and showing in the hour of fate that unassertive bravery and simple, sturdy manliness which develops, even in stained and reckless lives, to such fine proportion in the free, outdoor, unconventional life of the West.

This trait was best exemplified in the lynching act, the best in the play, and one in which the name of woman was not even mentioned. It was oddly impressive, the scene which showed men engaged in an unlawful act, the frequent committing of which has come to be regarded as one of the stains on our national escutcheon. It did not seem so in this play. There we were "of the West," and Owen Wister's treatment of the theme made the lynching seem like a solemn rite. There is real pathos in this brief epitome of frontier tragedies when the boyish weakling goes calmly to his doom, trying to infuse into the watery veins of "Spanish" some of his own American grit.

Mr. Dustin Farnum is very well placed in the part. He is attractive, good-looking, and conveys sympathetically an idea of the Virginian's sound sweetness and manliness of character. Frank Campeau is a genuine actor. There is something tigerish about him in these fell characters that he affects; a sleeping threat in every movement. Give this actor a rôle congenial to his talent and he is as real as tuxes.

Miss Woods, with her youth and her girlish slimness, and clad in virginal white looked easily enough the frosty New England maid among the bandy-legged, dust-colored cowboys, but she failed to create a link of sympathy between herself and the audience. Mollie, trying to impose her rigorous Eastern standards on these denizens of another world, rather gives one the impression of being an intolerant little upstart. In the final scene, however, she atones for much,



Adolphe Prince, Doris Keane, and Lionel Barrymore in a scene from Augustus Thomas's comedy, "The Other Girl."

possession of ideals. Much of Mr. Wister's charm, nevertheless, has evaporated in the process of dramatization. To lift from the novel and set upon the stage the leading episodes of "The Virginian" is to divest them, in some degree, of the charm and romantic interest bestowed by Mr. Wister's thoughtful and introspective style. The heroine suffers most. In the book, Mollie Wood is a capable young person, with very clearly defined ideas of right and wrong, and with a touch of the cool New England climate in her atmosphere. But she wins the reader by certain sterling traits, and by the warmth of heart that entrenches itself behind her clear-cut New England rectitude.

But in the play, the character is treated less subtly. It is difficult for an inexperienced actress like Helen Holmes to prevent Mollie from being rather bristly, and altogether too anxious to administer snubs. Women and their moods, however, play a slightly subsidiary part in the play. The subject in particular is the cowboy and his little ways. The Virginian himself furnishes an example of the cowboy who treads the difficult path of rectitude in a community in which lawlessness and recklessness prevail. "Spanish" is the timid man, Trampas the desperate, Steve the amiable weakling who sways like a pen-

for never is a woman more womanly than when she shows a loving inconsistency.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

This (Saturday) morning at eleven o'clock, Ernest Thompson Seton will lecture at Lyric Hall on "The Indian as I Knew Him." In the afternoon, at two-thirty o'clock, he will be heard in "The Personality of Wild Animals"; and in the evening his lecture will be "New Adventures of Animal Friends."

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 By Augustus Thomas. As presented the entire season last year at the Empire, Lyceum, and Critchfield Theatres, New York.

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 Another week of the great Anglin triumph. Come to the tremendous demand, Frank L. Perley presents Margaret Anglin, supported by the best of the West.
 — ZIRA —
 All next week. Matinée next Wednesday. Special performance of *From From*, a new and modern production taken from the original French—one time only.
 To follow—*The Lady Paramount*, by Margaret Lurette Riley, author of "An American Citizen."

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 Week commencing Monday, April 3rd. Regular Matinées Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company will continue its greatest success.
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 Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinées Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, April 10th—First time in this city of Andrew Mack's famous success, *Moore*, a comedy of Irish wit and manners.

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 Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, April 3rd. Novelty Upon Novelty.
 Liquid Air Demonstrations; George C. Bonifant and Bertha Waltzinger Company; Knight Brothers and Miss Sawtelle; Cooper and Robinson; Don Francisco de Souza; Marquis de Borja; Wayne Williams; Wm. J. Knits and his dog wonders; "Guess who's Bunch"; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last of Haines and Videoq.
 Regular matinéés every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of "The Burgomaster."

"The Burgomaster" is a very lively piece, with some unique features, and a large cast, containing several new people to enliven things and stimulate the interest of the Tivoli habitués. It will be continued another week. Grace Palotta, who seems to be regarded as the biggest fish among the new-comers, is a good-looking young woman, with a vivacious expression and a tendency to sing all out of tune. But she is rather dashing in boy's clothes, and is so blissfully unconscious of her deviations from the correct pitch that people accept her as something to look at and not to listen to. The new baritone does very well, and Mendell Kingston dances something in Carrie Reynolds's style, although she is not quite so graceful. Willard Simms, who always shines rather in his imitations of the girly girl, gives some of his amusing specialties in this line, and Ferris Hartman has a rôle that shows him at his best. His crushed tragedian has the same general features that made his Mikado so good, and the lingering relish of "E. Booth Tarkington" in the sound of his own voice and the unctuous impressiveness of his manner recall the Gilhertian portrait that

comedian, and Bertha Waltzinger, the soprano, will be seen in a light-comedy sketch, entitled "Two Aches and One Pain." The Knight Brothers and Miss Sawtelle will present a dancing act. Cooper and Robinson, colored performers, will make their first appearance in San Francisco in "Looking for Hannah."

Opening of the Forestry Exhibition.

The opening reception of the Forest, Fish, and Game Association's big nature show at Mechanics' Pavilion takes place this (Saturday) evening. President William Greer Harrison will introduce James D. Phelan, who is to deliver a short opening address. Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn will follow with a brief talk, and Joaquin Miller will read an original poem, dedicated to the association and its aims. Then will come a promenade hand concert, with H. J. Stewart, Theodore Vogt, and

sure its success. Mechanics' Pavilion has been transformed into an indoor forest, and the decorations are more ambitious than any previously attempted in the West.

Lionel Barrymore in "The Other Girl."

Next Monday evening at the Columbia Theatre Lionel Barrymore will make his first stellar appearance in this city. He will be seen as "Kid" Garvey, the gentleman pugilist, in Augustus Thomas's latest comedy, "The Other Girl." Mr. Thomas is said to commence his story with a novel complication by introducing into polite society a likable pugilist who brings fresh from the prize-ring a choice vocabulary that rivals anything George Ade has ever conceived. Mr. Frohman has surrounded this new star with an excellent company, including Adelaide Prince, Richard Bennett, Doris Keane, Frank Burbeck, Ralph Delmore, Grace Henderson, Maggie Fielding, Wallace Eddinger, Ella Ray, and Ida Greeley-Smith.

Irish Comedy to Follow German Play.

"Old Heidelberg" has repeated its original success at the Alcazar, and will be continued for one week more. The present revival is better in point of acting, singing, and artistic mounting than the first production. On April 10th, comes the first San Francisco production of "Tom Moore," a comedy of Irish wit and manners, founded upon the



Bertha Waltzinger, formerly with the Bostonians, at the Orpheum next week.

Joseph Redding as conductors, the latter for his well-known selection, "Indian Legends," only. The expert shooting ranges will be formally dedicated to the marksmen, and Albert Van Der Naillen will open his society midway. Everything is in readiness for the opening, and it is in the hands of the



Mary Young, the Alcazar's popular soubrette.

life of Ireland's greatest poet. Andrew Mack has taken it to Australia. When he first produced it in New York, so conservative a journal as Harper's Weekly pronounced it one of the four best plays of the theatrical year. Harold Forman, the San Francisco hoy soprano, will sing ballads in the school-room scene. He made a success in "Tom Moore" at the Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles, and will soon go to New York for important engagements.

The Gehhard Handicap, \$2,000 added, for two-year-olds, will be the leading feature of the races at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday). There are plenty of other contests which promise good sport.

News Comes from Hawaii.

"that the volcano of Kilauea has become active again. The activity, like the outbreaks of the past, is in Halemaumau, the House of Fire, the inner crater of the volcano. Great fountains of molten lava are playing in the centre, and cones are forming." Reduced first-class ticket to Honolulu, sailing of April 15th, \$125, round trip. Full information, Oceanic Steamship Company, 653 Market Street.

Virginia Calhoun, who is soon to appear at the Grand Opera House in her own dramatization of "Ramona."

public to accept or reject the enthusiastic efforts of the handful of nature lovers who have undertaken the task of giving the novel exhibition. The novelty of the affair, aside from the merit of the exhibits, seem to as-



Juliet Crosby, a favorite at the Central.

as one of Ferris Hartman's hits. There is wild swirl of kaleidoscopic New York theatre in the piece that would probably surprise New York, but it seems to go, and what with collegiates, toughs, pugilists, street-angs, policemen, dandies, and soubrettes, the holder may perhaps approximate something milar to the sensations of a tenderfoot on the morning following his first visit to New York. "Florodora" is to follow "The Burgomaster."

A "Frou Frou" Matinee.

Owing to the success made by Margaret Anglin in "Zira," the California Theatre management has decided to keep the play for another week. The Wednesday matinee next week will be devoted to a modern version of "Frou Frou," freely adapted from the original French. It is on for the one performance only. The next play of the Anglin season will be a new comedy entitled "The Lady Paramount," by Madeline Lucette Wiley, author of "An American Citizen."

Realism at the Central.

Monday night "The Confessions of a Wife" will be put on at the Central Theatre. This is a melodrama which has met with much success in New York. It has one peculiarly realistic scene—that showing an press train stalled in a snow-bank. Herschel Mayall, Juliet Crosby, and the entire Central stock company will appear in the production.

A Scientific Vaudeville Turn.

At the Orpheum, commencing Sunday afternoon, an act demonstrating the wonders of the twentieth-century product, liquid air, will be a leading feature. To see a rubber ball dipped into liquid air and thrown upon the floor only to crash like glass into small fragments; to see a kettle boiling away upon a cake of ice; to see mercury frozen solid and used as a hammer; to see iron made brittle and crushed in the hand; to see steel running in liquid air with a shower of dazzling pyrotechnics—these sights, and many others almost too marvelous for belief, will be shown. George C. Boniface, Jr., the

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VANITY FAIR.

W. Curtis who has been familiar with Washington society for twenty years, asserts in the columns of the Chicago Record Herald that during the last eight or ten years there has been a marked change in the dining habits of Washington and thinks that the same may be observed in all large cities. The fashionable, heavy, long dinner of twelve courses with four or five courses of wine has, he says, "been abandoned. The fashionable dinners of to-day, served at eight o'clock in the evening are served in five or six courses, with two kinds of wine, and it is becoming almost habitual among gentlemen to drink whisky and soda instead of wine. A large number of habitual diners-out have found that whisky is much less liable to give them gout, and refuse champagnes and red wines altogether. You can dine out every night in the winter nowadays without seeing a bottle of Burgundy, and claret is not drunk so much as the light white wines of Germany. It is customary to serve champagne toward the close of a dinner, but the glasses are seldom filled more than once. A few years ago the measure of wine was one bottle of champagne for every three guests; now it is one for every six guests. Sauterne and Rhenish wines are usually taken with greater freedom because they are less gouty. There has been a great change in the fashion of cooking, also. The dishes are very much simpler; rich sauces are no longer popular, and there are more 'made' dishes and less 'red meat.' The 'red meat' question is a serious one with many people, as the doctors will tell you. At the hutchers shops patronized by the rich people of the capital the sales of chops, steaks, roasts, and fillets are not more than half what they used to be eight or ten years ago, while the demand for game, chicken, and salted meats has increased in a corresponding manner. Scarcely a dinner has been served this season without a roast ham. It is a very popular course, enjoyed by women as well as men."

The Herald's Paris correspondent telegraphs that "ideal spring weather has been the lot of Parisians this week. There was just enough shower and sunshine to show that winter was really at an end, and to bring out the buds on the chestnut trees in the Avenue des Champs Elysees. If the south breezes continue for another week with a fair degree of sunshine, Paris will don her light green dress."

"Perhaps the prettiest incident in connection with the whole inauguration parade," says the New York Press, "was admired by the fortunate hundreds nearest the pavilion from which the President reviewed the troops and civic marchers. It happened so quickly after President Roosevelt's arrival in the pavilion that many who might have seen it doubtless missed it. A murmur of appreciation ran through the fashionable throng in the White House grand-stand, however, at sight of it, and one European diplomat remarked loudly enough to be heard by dozens of neighbors that it was the most graceful act he had seen in his whole career. Yet it was only the moving of a chair. That chair was moved, however, by Mrs. Roosevelt, and the impulse inspiring the act was so transparent that it was recognized instantly. When the President still was bowing to the cheering multitude, Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt advanced toward the front of the pavilion, where chairs had been placed for them. The committeeman who put the chairs had arranged them so that Mrs. Roosevelt was almost a foot closer to the rail than that of her stepdaughter. Mrs. Roosevelt noticed that, and as she sat down she unostentatiously moved Miss Roosevelt's chair forward until it was several inches in front of her own. It was a graceful deed because, as the President's wife Mrs. Roosevelt would have been entirely

justified in taking the position next in prominence to that of the chief executive. By yielding place to the young woman, she displayed the gentle courtesy for which, among other reasons, she is loved by her many friends."

The sale of the Beurdeley collection of eighteenth-century drawings, which was attended by the leading art amateurs in Paris, including William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gay, the Duc d'Albiera, Joseph Reinach, the Comtesse de Bernin, Comte Guy de La Rochefoucauld, was terminated with a total of \$127,000. The highest price paid was \$6,600 for "La Marchande de Mode," a water-color by Lavreince. The same drawing sold in the year 1860 for \$20, and was recently acquired by Mr. Beurdeley for \$4,000. This is a fair instance of the increased demand in Paris for eighteenth-century works. Fragonard's sepia drawing, "La Verrou," fetched \$4,800 as against \$700 in the year 1880. A miniature portrait by Hall brought \$5,600. A study of heads in black sanguine by Watteau went for \$5,500. Fragonard's "La Coquette" fetched \$1,660.

Here is a characteristic paragraph from G. Bernard Shaw's article on clothes, which has been creating so much comment: "I like to feel clean, and my great idea of clothes is that they should be clean and comfortable as far as such a thing is possible in London. This, of course, excludes starch. I couldn't wear a thing which, after having been made clean and sweet, is then filled with nasty white mud, ironed into a hard paste, and made altogether disgusting. To put such a garment on my person, wear it, move in it, perspire in it—horrible! The shiny white tubes on the wrist, the shiny black cylinder on the head, the shiny white front to the shirt, the shiny black boot, the rain-pipe trouser leg, the japanned-zinc sleeve—that is your fashionably dressed man, looking like a cold black-leaded stove with asbestos fuel. The great tragedy of the average man's life is that nature refuses to conform to the cylindrical ideal, and when the marks of his knees and elbows begin to appear in his cylinders he is filled with shame."

Miss Elizabeth Falconer, of Louisville, has just perfected an invention which promises to revolutionize the lacing of shoes for fat people. The invention enables men or women to lace their shoes without stooping, and although it was not invented primarily for fat men—there are no fat women—it will be utilized as much by them as by the aged and infirm, for whose comfort it was brought into the world. The invention is simple. One lace string is permanent in position, and pulling the top of it laces the shoe. Pulling the bottom string loosens the shoe.

The news from London says that should the confident predictions of tailors be realized, green will be the fashionable color for men's attire this summer, green in all shades, ranging between the aggressiveness of the cat's-eye and the subdued pallor of Brussels sprouts. The London shops are said already to indicate the change from the present sombre black and brown, which even the smartest men affect. Olive-green Homburg hats and automobiling caps, even dark green bowler hats, confront one in the hatters' windows, and greenish tweeds and still more pronounced green flannels are to be seen at the most fashionable tailor establishments. Trousers are to be much tighter. The general tendency is to make the thin man a green lamp-post and the stout man an overgrown cabbage.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman has been telling London audiences that woman is not nearly as beautiful as man. She encouraged her to try to become as beautiful as man. She poured scorn on some of the deficiencies of woman. "When a woman runs," she said, "it is an agitated waddle; climb, she

can not, and people take hold of her elbows and help her up and down things. I call it an insulting practice unless a woman has a wooden leg. There is no reason why woman should balk at a fence like she does. You can vault it easily in a skirt, and it is the easiest and most ladylike way of getting over."

Soph—"Why did they call the Middle Ages the Dark Ages?" Junior—"Because the women kept their ages dark?" Soph—"No; because there were so many knights."—Columbia Jester.

"Tahiti is the best of all my trips, and I have been across the Pacific many times; it is the poet's land, where it is always afternoon, and my fancy ever turns toward it with anticipation and pleasure." This was the expression of a world traveler who made the trip to Tahiti last summer. A reduced rate of \$125 will be made for the voyage of April 20th. Send for circular 653 Market Street.

—PROMPT, POLITE SERVICE, PLENTY TO EAT, Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with 5 columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for March 23d to 29th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 29, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns for Bonds, Stocks, and Shares, listing various companies and their market prices.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been active, and on sales of 1,125 shares sold up two points to 58, closing at 57 1/2 bid, 53 a-asked. Alaska Packers Association has been strong, selling up one and three-quarter points to 83 1/2 on sales of 195 shares, closing at 88 bid. The sugar stocks were steady, with the exception of Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar and Hutchinson, the former selling up one and a-quarter points to 90 1/2, and the latter three-quarters of a point to 13 1/2. The dividend on Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company has been increased to sixty-five cents per share, payable April 5th. The Water stocks have kept steady, with no change in prices. California Fruit Canners was quoted at 99; California Wine Association at 78 1/2-79 1/2; Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone at 111.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks. A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. A. W. BLOW & CO., Tel. Rush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F. Room 412, Kohl Building. Telephone Main 1960. J. P. HOPKINS STOCK BROKER Comstock, Tonopah, Goldfield, and Bullfrog Stocks traded in.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Apupos of British reserve, the story is told of some one looking at a painting, who said to the artist whose picture it was: "It isn't so devilish had, you know." "Now don't be fulsome," was the reply.

A Missouri paper thinks merchants should be more prompt in presenting their accounts. A druggist of that place recently brought a young man in the town a hill two years old, and the first part of the hill was a charge for a box of chocolates, and on the other end was a charge for one nursing-bottle. How time does fly.

An old Scotchman, being asked how he was getting on, said that he was all right. "Gin it wasna for the rheumatism in the icht leg." "Ah, John," said the inquirer, "he thankful, for there is no mistake you are getting old, like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone." "Auld age, sir," returned John, "I wonder to hear ye. Auld age has naething tae dae wi't. Here's my icht leg jist as auld; an' it's soond and soople yet."

New anecdotes are coming to light daily about the Rough Riders who descended on Washington for the inauguration. One of the cowboys while in the rooms of a Washington comrade, who had grown prosperous since his Rough-Rider days, fell to looking at his host's evening things, which were spread out, and he espied an opera-hat compressed into itself, and picking it up began to regard it curiously from different angles. While poking it, the hat sprung open. Young Arizona regarded his handiwork with amazement and delight. "A hat!" he commented admiringly, "a self-cocking hat! Now, don't that heat hell!"

The proposal to shoot automobilists who drive their cars to the danger of the public, made by a British magistrate some time ago, was revived at a late meeting of the Warwickshire Chamber of Agriculture, when he following letter was read: "I hold a discharge as sergeant from the army, and am a trained shot. At least fifty automobiles pass my house every day. With an ordinary magazine rifle I could get about thirty daily, and I offer my trained services to the chamber at the charge of sixpence per head. I should like to hear to whom to forward the heads. I could use explosive or poisoned bullets, if so desired."

A Washington photographer wanted the picture of the President's friend, Seth Bullock, the sheriff of Deadwood, who led the owohy contingent in the inaugural procession. He sent an assistant out to round up bullock, and bring him to be photographed. Presently the assistant came back with a ray-mustached man in tow, and announced that his tow was the man wanted. The man at for several pictures. As he was going out the clerk in the gallery said: "By the way, Mr. Bullock, please give me your full name for the pictures." "Bullock hell!" said the man; "I am not Bullock. I am Morgan Bulkeley, senator-elect from Connecticut."

One of the greatest compliments Senator Spooner ever received contrasted him in his reeziest style with Thomas Jefferson at his est, to the latter's disparagement. When young man, Spooner was engaged to deliver the Fourth of July address in a small town, another young aspirant for fame, named linton, read the Declaration of Independence, which was followed and interpreted y Spooner's eagle-screaming speech. On is way home Spooner met a countryman, ne of his audience, who complimented him fter this pattern: "That was a magnificent peech of yours, Mr. Spooner, I think the ery best I ever heard; anyhow, it knocked linton's all hollow."

This letter, from Fairbanks, Alaska, addressed to a San Francisco shipping firm, unfolds a whole volume of trial and triumph: DEAR SIR: I am at the head of a party of Alaska Miners and are planning a trip around the World. We have Bin in this cuntry 9 ear and Just made oure fortun the Last year. So now We are going to goy Life. ve Don't know if to go to New York ore to an Francisco. We in tend to Be gone 2 ear and Would Like some Knowledge of ur trip. there is 6 men in Our party We one care What it Cost We have a Barl f Money and Know where to get more. lease Write full information. P. S.—Would Be Cheaper to Buy a Boat if We can get 4 men in Our Party."

During Queen Victoria's reign one of the dictors of the queen who had jurisdiction ver capital cases, chanced to be a man named accon. By a curious chance a man named ogg was condemned to death under his irdisdiction. The day before the execution ogg sent for his executioner, Bacon. The risoner pleaded for interference in his case

because of his claims of relationship to Bacon. The solicitor, always ready with a reply, answered: "I have no proof of our relationship. You are doubtless mistaken. At any rate, the execution must take place, for only in that way can matters be set right. Hogg is not Bacon until it is dead." It is said the prisoner laughed in spite of himself.

The following is a Chicago hoy's composition on "The Crocodile": "The crocodile is a large animal that inhabits the Nile and loves to go on the sandy beach to hask in the sunshine and lay eggs. It looks some like a dachshund, only there is more of it at the ends, and it is higger. There was a crocodile once that escaped from a circus. It roamed o'er the country, seeking in vain for pigs and small children to devour, and died of starvation in great anguish. You can ride on the hack of a crocodile, but it is more comfortable to use a saddle. It is usually quiet, but is terrible when roused. We all ought to be thankful we are not a crocodile."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

What Is It?

A huzz—a whir—
A cloud of dust—
A wild, blood-curdling yell—
A ghastly object flashing by—
Then silence—and a smell!
—Harvard Lampoon.

Grand Opera.

Caruso has a voice of gold
Or, anyhow, quite near it.
It also takes much gold we're told
In order that one hear it.
And Nordica, whose voice is high
And soars in regal splendor,
Is heard, they say, and only by
The aid of legal tender.
And Sembriec has a voice so rare
That very few can trump it,
But at your ear some folks declare
You need a golden trumpet.

No matter what the cost may be,
We go to hear and cheer 'em.
Although each ear may cost a V,
Each ear is bound to hear 'em.

So step up lively into line,
As spry as little crickets;
These stars for you will hardly shine
Unless you have the tickets.
—Chicago Chronicle.

The Old, Old Story.

Two sweethearts 'neath a sky of—
Did whisper like a pigeon's—
With Cupid's—
Fast in their—
They swore they'd be forever—
—Detroit Tribune.

True Happiness.

To love with all the ardor in the world,
And feel that you are loved as much by her;
To see a lovely woman's heart unfurled,
Is life's divinest frankincense and myrrh.
But one experience fills the heart with joy
More sweet by far than love can ever be,
And that's when in some worn-out vest, my hoy,
You run across a long forgotten V.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Infant Needs

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Robert I. Aitken's Sculpture Exhibit.

To-day (Saturday) ends the exhibition of sculpture by Robert I. Aitken at the Bohemian Club. The exhibition is a large one; the two previous days when the gallery has been open have seen it crowded, and it may confidently be expected that still a larger number of San Franciscans will view Mr. Aitken's work on this the last day of the last exhibit of his sculptures that he will make before he leaves for Europe for a stay of some years.

The exhibition, as a whole, presents an attractive, not to say imposing, appearance. The catalogue enumerates some fifty pieces, about one-third of which are portraits. Probably no one will deny that these are less interesting and successful than the symbolic figures. Mr. Aitken's best work is emphatically intellectual. "Perfect likenesses" and "figures that look as if they might step off the pedestal" are not the results after which he most ardently strives. He holds, indeed, that refinement of detail may render a symbolic figure far less forcible. Attracted by the perfection of minutiae, the spectator may forget or be distracted from the meaning of the work—may not hear aright the one word that the sculptor meant it should speak to him. Like the painter Doré, Mr. Aitken uses no model. His work, consequently, has both the defects and excellencies of the method.

Among the groups that attracted especial attention are "The Flame" and "The Family." The latter represents the nude figures of a young man and woman, beside whom is a sleeping child. In this group the man's face is the thing to which the eye turns and returns—a face infinitely tender and still. "The Flame" is a group of two nude standing figures, youth and maiden, whose lips meet warmly.

Very different from these two groups and as puzzling as these are explicit, is "The Release of the Soul." It represents the nude figure of a man prone upon his back, his limbs contorted in agony, his head bent backward, mouth open wide. You clearly hear the death-rattle in his throat. From his vitals, as he lies so, there springs—or, rather, wrenches and tears itself—a strange amorphous Thing, like the trunk of the human body, with arms unquietly crossed, but it is headless and faceless. It is a dreadful and repellent hit of work, but, nevertheless, is doubtless successful in embodying its maker's thought: that the soul is no intelligent entity, but a blind, dumb spirit—mere life, whose going leaves only clay behind.

"Science"—a monkey with an obscene grin, fingering in an empty skull—betrays the contempt of the sculptor for the plodding worker with mere facts; a sketch of a figure for the Elks' National Home is charming in its elfin slenderness—the face, with its still, witching smile is, indeed, something of a triumph; "Maternity" has at least the merit of unusualness, since it represents the mother as gazing heavenward, but it is not in the least convincing; the has-relief portrait of "Miss L." is charming as a picture, whatever its merits as a portrait, with its blown hair and proud, patrician head. And, of course, there was continually an exclamatory group about the bust of "Uncle George" Bromley—truly a speaking likeness, with its parted lips and mild facetious eye.

Miss Hoamley—"I think of taking up automobilism." Miss Pepprey—"Good idea! It certainly would be becoming to you." Miss Hoamley—"Becoming?" Miss Pepprey—"Yes, dear, you can wear a mask in an auto."—Philadelphia Press.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

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Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

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Arabic.....Apr. 27, May 25, June 22
Republic.....June 1, July 6, Aug. 10

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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND VIA THE AZORES.
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Siberia and City of Sidney in the Dry-Dock at Hunter's Point

One of the interesting sights of San Francisco is the two stone graving docks of the San Francisco Dry Dock Company at Hunter's Point. One of these is a huge affair built by great labor, and is one of the largest in the world, measuring 750 feet long, 122 feet wide at the coping, and 80 feet wide on the blocks, with 20 feet of water over the sill, and can accommodate any vessel afloat.
The company also own and operate three large floating docks at the foot of Sixteenth Street, capable of lifting up to 3,000 tons. The rates for dockage are low, and the work is done most expeditiously.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carolina Merry, daughter of Captain William L. Merry, United States minister to Costa Rica and Guatemala, and Mrs. Merry, to Irving Samuel Wood Bryant, U. S. N. The wedding will take place in August at San Jose, Costa Rica.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Fasset, sister of Captain William Fasset, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Sullivan, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Macfarlane, sister of Mr. Henry Macfarlane, of Honolulu, to Major Potter.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia Gordon, daughter of General Gordon, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gordon, to Mr. Isaac Oliver Upham, will take place on June 7th at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Philip K. Gordon, 3050 Washington Street.

The wedding of Miss Mary Van de Carr Hyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Hyde, to Lieutenant Charles Emory Hathaway, U. S. A., will take place on April 20th, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Camille Rosenblatt, daughter of Mrs. Rose Rosenblatt, to Mr.



Enrico Caruso, the most popular tenor of the day, who is to make his debut here during the Conried opera season.

Alfred S. Gump, took place on Tuesday at the Concordia Club. The ceremony was performed at half past six by Rev. Dr. Jacob Vooranger. Mrs. Lillian Rosenblatt Wolf was matron of honor. Mr. Abraham Gump acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Gump will go to Europe for their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

Mrs. William B. Brown, Mrs. Thomas Robinson, Mrs. E. D. Beylard, and Mrs. William H. Crocker recently gave a reception at the Palace Hotel in honor of Monsieur F. Funck-Brentano.

Mrs. William Henry Smith and Miss Belle Smith gave a tea on Sunday.

The Round Table Club gave their monthly dinner in the Green Room of The Buckingham on Monday. Those at table were Mrs. Clarence Smith, Miss Sprague, Mrs. F. K.

Lane, Mrs. Torrey, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. Tully, Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. Fernando Pfinet, Miss Cosgrave, and Miss Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner on Sunday evening at their residence, 1910 California Street.

Miss Nell Rauch gave a luncheon on Wednesday at the Hotel Richelieu in honor of Miss California Cluff. Covers were laid for sixteen.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Farewell Concert of Kreisler.

The farewell concert of Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will be given to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at half-past two at the Alhambra. A programme of the greatest compositions for the violin will be offered. The first number will be the first movement of the Beethoven "Concerto," with a cadenza composed by the young artist himself. This will be followed by one of the great Bach sonatas for violin alone. The old Italian masters will be represented by an allegro and prelude of Pugnani's, and a sarabande and allegretto by Archangelo Corelli. The modern brilliant school will be represented by the "Scene de Czarda," by Hubay, and Wieniawski's polonaise in D-major. This is one of the greatest feasts of violin literature ever offered an audience. The prices will be popular, ranging from \$1.50 down to 75 cents, and general admission down stairs will be \$1.00.

Caruso's Success in Chicago.

While we are to have an opportunity to welcome back such operatic favorites as Nordica, Sembrich, Bauermeister, Homer, Dippel, Scotti, Blass, Muhlmann, Dufriche, and Journet, the chief interest of the coming Conried opera season will centre in Enrico Caruso, who is declared to be the equal of Jean de Reszke. That he will fulfill all the expectations aroused by reports of his success in the East is evident. Listen to what James O'Donnell Bennett, one of the most trustworthy and conservative critics in the country, said of the Italian tenor's first appearance in Chicago:

Caruso's triumph was complete and sensational. He is the possessor of a voice that is a rare combination of excellent qualities and is admirably fitted for the leading parts in the Italian singing dramas. His voice is tender and lyric, and again he is forceful and dramatic. He can express vocally any of the qualities of tone necessary in the interpretation of these works. After he had sung gently and musically for a time, he surprised his auditors by his enormous power. His voice rang out like a trumpet in the climaxes, and he was easily heard above the entire chorus. Once heard, Caruso's voice is not forgotten. It has an individual quality that causes it to fix itself clearly in the memory. Fortunately, the quality is pleasing. He does not save his voice, but gives of his best whenever there is an opportunity to sing. This voice has all the freshness and the tonal purity of youth. It does not as yet exhibit any signs of wear.

Caruso will make his first appearance here as the duke in Verdi's "Rigoletto," and later we are to hear him as Edgardo in "Lucia," Canio in "I Pagliacci," and Grimaldo in "La Gioconda."

The May Musical Festival.

The idea of giving his patrons an opportunity to select their own programmes is an idea which promises to find favor with the patrons of Bandmaster Innes, who is to be here with his organization at the Mechanics' Pavilion April 30th to May 7th, during the May music festival to be given by the public school children. Mr. Innes has made up four programmes from which the selection can be made, one being devoted to Wagnerian selections; the other three have as their principal different features scenes from "Faust," "Lucia," and "Carmen." As the instrumental part of the programme is about as good in one as another, the choice seems to have become centred in what is the best-liked opera of these three well-known works. So far, the programme headed by the overture, "1812," introducing scenes from "Lucia," and ending with the "Anvil Chorus," seems most popular.

May Number of Chic.

The May number of that charming journal in styles and dressmaking—Chic—will shortly be on sale. It will be specially seasonable, treating of the springtime shirt-waists and shirt-waist suits, of which over twenty-five original and exclusive designs will be shown. A special feature in every number of Chic is the monthly article on home dressmaking. The subject last month was shirt-waists, and it is to be followed in the coming issue by instruction in the making and fitting of skirts.

Sunny Furnished Flat for Summer.

Seven rooms and bath—Western Addition—marina view. Address 1126 O. Argonaut.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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Spring Exhibition at the Art Institute.

The San Francisco Art Association opened its fifty-first annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the Mark Hopkins Institute on Friday. A private view for members of the association was given on Thursday evening, the event being in the nature of a reception, with a programme of fine orchestral music arranged by Henry Heyman.

The department of oil paintings seems to be the most important feature of the exhibition this year, the water-color show of last fall having materially reduced the contributions in that medium. There are nearly one hundred and fifty paintings in oil on the walls, a sufficiently large number to provoke in the mind of the observer wonder as to the number that were rejected. While there is no official statement to be had on this subject, it is known that the jury of selection upheld the reputation of the association for strictness if not severity in its judgment, and that the percentage which failed to pass its scrutiny this year was greater than ever. This means that those pictures which have been admitted are specially honored by the jury for good reason, and a first inspection of the collection unmistakably confirms this impression.

One of the striking features of the exhibition is the harmony of tone it preserves, which is, of course, due to the cleverness with which the hanging committee has done its work. Moreover, by the addition of the Maple Room to the Mary Frances Gallery, a proper amount of space has been given for the isolating of each painting, while all are practically on the line. This latter fact is not only a compliment to the picture, but a comfort to the visitor, who may thus study the works without discomfort to neck or eyes.

The exhibition will be open to the public daily from nine till five o'clock for one month, and on the evenings of each Thursday, when a musical programme will be rendered, under the direction of Mr. Heyman.

A trip up Mt. Tamalpais over the crooked, picturesque railway, is an experience that will never be forgotten. Nor will the grand view that spreads out at one's feet when the top of the mountain has been reached. The Tavern of Tamalpais offers ideal hospitality.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will depart on April 18th for New York, and are to sail from there on April 25th for England. They expect to be absent for a year.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will depart on April 18th for England, where they will spend the summer.
Mr. Christian de Guigne, Miss Marie de Guigne, and Miss Josephine de Guigne departed on Monday for New York, and from there will sail for France.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are guests at the Hotel del Monte.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey departed on Sunday for Del Monte, where they will remain for several weeks.
Mrs. William Borrowe and Miss Constance Borrowe, who are residing at Pacific Grove, are in town for a few days.
Miss Pearl Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin have returned from Fort Snelling.
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear are occupying their residence at Menlo Park.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Macfarlane arrived from Honolulu on Monday, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin have returned from the East, and are at the De Sabla residence, 1916 Octavia Street.
Miss Virginia Belknap has returned from Carson, Nev., where she was the guest of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Belknap.
Dr. W. Seward Webb and family and their party of friends departed on Tuesday morning for the East.
Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Mr. Eyre Pinckard were in Greece when last heard from.
Mr. and Mrs. George Fife and Miss Beatrice Fife will spend the summer at Palo Alto.
Mr. and Mrs. William P. Humphreys (née Wolff) have returned from their wedding journey.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray have taken apartments at St. Dunstan's.
Mr. E. H. Kinney has taken apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.
Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are at the Hotel Rafael, where they expect to spend the summer months.
Miss Katherine Barney, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Miss Jean Reid at Milbrae, has returned to New York.
Mr. Addison Mizner sailed from New York for Europe last week.
Miss Marie Wilson and Miss Grace Wilson have returned from abroad.
Mrs. J. E. Birmingham has returned from the East.
Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley arrived here last week, and is a guest of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Houghton.
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Mohr (née Bailey) returned on Saturday from their wedding journey, and on Sunday departed for New York, where they will reside.
Mr. W. A. Clark, Jr., son of Senator Clark, of Montana, is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn will depart within a day or so for their country place at Keawood. They expect to remain there during April, then will go to Europe for the summer.
Miss Sallie Maynard, who is now at Santa Barbara, expects to depart on April 6th for New York, where she will remain for several weeks.
Miss Lowry and Miss Agnes Lowry, who have returned from Santa Barbara, are at the Palace Hotel. They expect to leave early in May for an extended European trip.
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith and the Misses Smith were guests at the Hotel del Monte this week.
Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Higgins left Saturday for New York, en route to Europe. They will take the Mediterranean trip, and be absent four months.
Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Walker, of Boston, are at the Buckingham.
Among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moffit, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hiltord, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Gawthry, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Schenk, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, Miss Lombly, and Miss Dix, of New York; Mrs. H. St. Goar, Miss St. Goar, Miss Hotaling, Miss Jean Reid, Miss Katherine Barney, Mr. E. K. Armsby, Mr. G. S. Armsby, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. H. H. Scott, and Mr. J. S. Severance.
Among the recent visitors at Byron Hot Springs were Captain and Mrs. J. H. McMullan and Mr. K. Smith, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Kern, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. Halsey G. Smith, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Gaye, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. William Knapp, of Fruitvale, Mr. T. L. Hale, of Tacoma, Mr. John E. Bailey, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Bromwell, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. N. Blaisdell, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Milton, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Magill, Jr., Mr. Charles Lipman, Mr. George V. Matthews, and Dr. Walter S. Rutherford.
Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel

Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Lockwood, and Hon. T. H. Hart, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Kimball, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Frisbie and Miss G. A. Frisbie, of Camden, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cross, of St. Johnsbury, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Chaddock, of Buffalo, Mrs. J. W. Pelton and Miss J. P. Pelton, of Poughkeepsie, Mrs. T. McDougal and Miss McDougal, of Cincinnati, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Linder.

Army and Navy News.
Rear-Admiral William Folger, U. S. N., has been relieved of the command of the Asiatic fleet because of ill health, and will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Charles Train, U. S. N. Rear-Admiral Train will be succeeded as junior flag officer of the station by Rear-Admiral G. C. Reiter, U. S. N.
Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., is in Nevada on a tour of inspection.
Lieutenant Arthur Stokes, medical corps.



Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known naturalist and writer, who is giving a series of lectures at Lyric Hall.

U. S. N., has reported for duty at the Mare Island Barracks.
Lieutenant Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., sailed for the Philippines Wednesday on the United States battleship Ohio. Mrs. Kempff will join him later in Manila.
Mrs. Funston, wife of General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has arrived from the East with her two children, and is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Blankart, of Oakland. Within a few days they will occupy a residence at the Presidio.
Sunny Flat, with Garden.
A pretty furnished flat of eight rooms for three months. Sun all day, large garden. Pine near Scott. Terms low. Reference required. Apply immediately Box 15, Argonaut.

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— NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.
THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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Trains leave and arrive at SAN FRANCISCO FROM FEBRUARY 1, 1905 FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

Table of train schedules for Southern Pacific, including Main Line, Coast Line (Narrow Gauge), and Oakland Harbor Ferry.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

New missionary—"Can you tell me what has become of my predecessor?" Cannibal chief—"He made a trip into the interior."

A paper published in Florida, in announcing a forthcoming wedding, says that "the bride-elect is a queenly looking girl of a superb physiognomy."

"I wish Willie Saphed would hurry up his proposal." "But you aren't going to accept him!" "I know it. I want him to propose so I can get rid of him."

"You heard that new opera, the other night, didn't you?" "No." "Why, I understand you were there." "So I was, but I was in a box-party."

Graye—"Which one of those girls is it that you don't like?" Gladys—"Sssh! She'll hear you. When the crowd comes up I'll kiss her twice."

"Mr. Meekton says he never spoke a harsh word to his wife." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "but I'm not sure whether that is due to kindness or caution."

Jorkins—"My dear, I wish you wouldn't sing that song about 'Falling Dew.'" Mrs. Jorkins—"Why not?" Jorkins—"It reminds me too much of the house rent."

Mr. Bills—"Martha, I will not be home until very late to-night." Mrs. Bills—"Shall I leave a light for you?" Mr. Bills—"Yes; put it in the keyhole, please."

Stubb—"Time works changes among the wealthy as well as the poor." Penn—"I should say so. These days the chauffeur knows more family secrets than the butler."

"Say, boss," began the heggar, "I'm outer work, an—" "See here," interrupted Goodart, "I gave you fifty cents last week."

"That fellow Blinkins is a very presumptuous young man. What was he doing when I entered the parlor?" "He was just giving me a lesson in jiu-jitsu, papa."

"He hadn't known me ten minutes before he announced that he was going to kiss me." Belle—"The idea! You should have had a hatpin to stick him with."

"Oh! He didn't need to be spurred on." "Well, 't was 't platonic affection, ' Liz? Is it love?" "Well, no—it aint true love! Dere aint no quarreling in it, ner no fighting, ner worrying, ner hocking, ner drinking, ner getting arrested fer non-support."

"I believe you. You look half shot now. Well, did you hit the bull's-eye?" "No, m' dear. Just ash I went shootsh he winked 's eye an' I mished."

"De trouble wif dis hyah church," said the deacon, "is de contributory negligence ob de congregation." "De contributory negligence ob de congregation?" repeated the pastor, "what yo' men hy dat?"

"What do you think is the most important part of a woman's dress?" "The collar."

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California Northwestern Railway Co. LESSEE SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY. Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

Table showing train schedules for California Northwestern Railway Co., including departure and arrival times for various destinations.

Santa Fe CALIFORNIA LIMITED TO CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A.M. WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS.

FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc. Via Sausalito Ferry. DEPART DAILY, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:05 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 11:00, and 11:35 P. M.

NORTH SHORE FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc. DEPART DAILY, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:05 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 11:00, and 11:35 P. M.

Other Santa Fe Trains: For Stockton, Fresno, Bakersfield, Hanford, and Visalia. Ticket offices—641 Market Street and Ferry I.

LIBRARIES. FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes. LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY. Lv. San Francisco. Ar. San Francisco. Wk. Days. SUNDAYS. 8:25 A. M., 9:50 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:45 P. M., 4:30 P. M.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. Foot of Market St. 7:15 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 6:15 P. M.

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the end of his chapter in "Tom Brown's School Days," where he describes the fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown, the author has this to say: "fighting with fists is the natural and English way of settling their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, among any nation under the sun? What would you like to see in its place? Learn to box then as you learn to play cricket and football." Every school-boy knows the lesson, and every English and American boy knows nothing about boxing, despises the *savate* and other old blows, and carries a chip on his shoulder. West Point and the Naval Academy both have their traditions in America of fighting and honor and what is right and just and square. We have termed the art

of boxing the manly art of self-defense, and even our own President is an expert admirer of professionals.

But the last year seems to have brought a new element into our feeling. After all, it is necessary to have a chance of winning. Things, to satisfy our code, must be even. The *jiu-jitsu* athlete has conquered our boxers, and we are swinging away from the old proud faith in the efficacy of the manly art. In reality it looks as if this generation would see the last of the loved and national art—the manly art, as we have affectionately called it, of self-defense.

Within the past year *jiu-jitsu* experts have taught their tricks in every city of the United States. Police forces are instructed in it. College students practice its regimen and its lessons with assiduity. Even the women have taken to it, and are striving to become efficient in the throws and catches against which the best of boxers is helpless. In a word, we stand little chance with our national art in a hand-to-hand contest with the art of Japan.

As is natural we have left to one side for a time the old reverence for the man who had nerve and skill with his fists, and gone over to the enemy. His blows are foul, but they win. Where all is foul and all is fair, why not learn the best? Why observe rules made in other and less strenuous generations?

Naturally, when *jiu-jitsu* is once common property, the policeman and the soldier and the citizen, too, must become acquainted with its principles. The thug and the criminal never hesitate to catch up with what seems of some use to them. It is beyond a doubt that the worst class of offenders against the State's peace have already learned some of the tricks of this new Oriental art. Our policemen must be able to cope with them, and even the peaceful dweller along our streets must sooner or later recognize that his boxing and courage are really useless against tricks which break backs, fracture skulls, and maim bodies with a finger's twist. Cold and stern necessity has put boxing into the rear.

But what English-speaking people will ever forget the great battles fought with fists? Who will forget the battles of David Copperfield, of Penderennis, of Tom Brown, of Clive Newcome? After all, it is the national way, the race's mode of settling disputes. It is a very fair and honorable way, according to most, and we have limited the evil sense of the verb "fight" to that kind of contest where no rules hold, and kicks, blows below the belt, and biting are part of the game. We have despised other nations for their peculiar methods. The French *savate*, the Italian's knife—all the stealthy and underhand tricks to maim and kill—we have put aside and treated as unworthy of an American or an Englishman. Who shall say we are not the better for having felt the cleanliness of boxing, the good bodily health, the pride in our well-being, in our nerve, in our courage which has taken its final embodiment in the "manly art of self-defense?"

But it is passing. Courage in the face of certain destruction we admire. But if *jiu-jitsu* is impregnable against our old attack, and our enemy knows its wiles and tricks, then we, too, shall learn the new way, regretfully, of course.

The victory of Judge Edward F. Dunne in the contest for the mayoralty of Chicago over John Maynard Harlan, the Republican candidate, marks the highest point yet reached in the development of the campaign in favor of the municipalization of public services. The battle was fought upon a straight issue as to the ownership and conduct by the city of the means of street transit. In Chicago, as in several other places where municipal contests have recently taken place, the opposing candi-

dates were both committed to the principle of municipal ownership, the one representing a tendency toward a bargain with the corporations for the present, with complete city ownership as an ideal to be attained by slow stages; the other an immediate assumption of the property of the transit companies by the municipality, either by condemnation proceedings, or in such other way as may prove to be the most feasible under the circumstances. In this case, the Democratic candidate, with the radical and immediate policy, found acceptance, and received the support of the Hearst or semi-socialistic wing of the Democratic party. The plurality of more than twenty-four thousand shows that the Chicago people are willing to embark upon the new policy, and to accept the socialistic municipalization platform with all its tremendous risks.

The contest revolved around the question of the renewal of street franchises which aggregated in value some two hundred millions of dollars, and which Pierpont Morgan and a group of capitalists were most anxious to secure. Harlan would have compromised with the group, upon the most advantageous terms to the city, and then have arranged for the reversion of the property to the community. The policy having been rejected in favor of open war, the contest has really only just begun, and we shall be treated to a campaign between some of the ablest financiers and the city of Chicago, in which the odds are by no means altogether on the side of the municipality.

Although the result is undoubtedly a striking victory for the radical municipalists, it would be rash to base any predictions with regard to the success of the very general campaign in favor of municipalization upon Judge Dunne's victory. The whole management of the transit service of Chicago has been conspicuously bad. It has been a veritable wallow of rotten financing and corrupt politics of the most unblushing and sordid sort. The public service has been shamefully neglected, as may be at once seen from the fact that, as far as transit is concerned, Chicago is practically divided into three cities with six fares. As an expression of disgust, the Chicago vote is most effective.

Thoughtful people have been gratified by the evident trend of college-student sentiment toward literature as complementary to athletics. One has felt that there might yet come out of Berkeley or Stanford an Erasmus for Greek, a Bentley for conjectural criticism, or a Macaulay for style and imagination and insight. It might even be said that the "literary publications," as they are self-styled, of the State university have been studied with anticipatory glee by those who hope sooner or later to fall upon some priceless gem of style or thought. But spite of Professor Gayley's class in fiction-writing and the atmosphere of the seat of learning by Strawberry Creek, we are disappointed in the outcome of the efforts of the faculty. We pick up the college paper, boasting of being "satirical," heralded as representing college "thought," and we come upon these amazing pearls of diction—all in one editorial: "It is time for them to get onto themselves . . . rough housing . . . if any of us fail to respect the university regulations, then get out . . . get in and try to think." And the end of this masterpiece—all about the trouble Captain Nance has had with the cadets—is this scintillating discovery of a university *littérateur*: "At least being thoughtful is better than being thoughtless. Good may come from the one—it never can come from the other."

A rapid survey of the remainder of the college "literature," purveyed to an anxious world by these budding philosophers and stylists, rather convinces one

that what may be termed the scholastic preponderance of solemn futility rules the pen with which the university stylist inscribes his impressions of this odd world. Presumably, in their eagerness to shoot off the gun of inspiration, these marksmen fail to fix the target of meaning in their field of vision. It has long been considered the part of a wise and prudent man to be thoughtful. So far as this hurried world is aware, no one has seriously disputed this axiom, except for rhetorical purposes, or those of diplomacy. Why we should be compelled to "get onto ourselves" and quit "rough-housing" in order to attain a full conviction of this truth seems veiled in the impenetrable darkness and grammatical gloom of the college paper.

There is an ancient saying that a little knowledge is dangerous. It is quite as old as the golden dictum just quoted. A little grammar—which, according to collegiate logic, can easily be proved a part of knowledge—is also dangerous, and when this little grammar is mingled with a vast deal of sound, and the whole rolled into an editorial and cast at us with a wild shout of discovery, the only course to pursue is to duck and run for a hedge. Some of these college boys will kill somebody some day with their "literature," their diction, and their axioms. They should restrain their zealous spirits, and allow our old and staid adages to keep their accustomed seats without being haled willy-nilly into every vocabularic brawl and thrown incontinent into the breach of vacuity.

The keen interest that the general public has in the disturbed affairs of the Equitable Assurance Company of New York lies not only in the fact that it is one of the greatest of great corporations, having assets of four hundred millions of dollars, and a surplus of eighty millions of dollars, but in the fact that this huge sum in reality belongs to thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children—policy-holders—scattered over the length and breadth of the United States. It is no wonder that, when it is alleged that the control of these vast sums actually resides in the hands of a young man twenty-eight years of age, and, furthermore, a young man noted for his bizarre and fantastic dress, his affectations of manner and speech, and the splendor of his entertainments, that the public pricks up its ears and listens with attention. One of the charges that has been made against this young man, James H. Hyde, is that, as owner of fifty-one shares of the one hundred shares which form the trifling capital of this huge company, he has had not only the power to control its destinies, but has actually and improperly done so by means of "dummy directors." That is, it is alleged that thirty-nine directors do not actually own stock, as the charter of the company requires, but merely have had transferred into their names on the society's stock-book five shares each, Mr. Hyde still keeping the actual ownership and the voting power. It is charged, and admitted, that in November last Mr. Hyde, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, gave a dinner to Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, and charged the amount to advertising expenses on the Equitable's books, afterward, however, refunding the amount. It is asserted, also, that Mr. Hyde charged the cost (\$100,000) of a fancy-dress ball, given at Sherry's in January last, to the Equitable. This, however, Mr. Hyde denies, and no proof of it is forthcoming. It is charged, also, in the formal complaint by policy-holders to the attorney-general of New York State, that directors of the Equitable, having shares worth one hundred and fifty dollars each, sold them to the company at five hundred, and "cleaned up" some two millions of dollars.

These charges may not all be true, but the mere fact that they are made in good faith, and might be true, because they are possible, is in itself appalling. Insurance companies are semi-public institutions. Their assets belong to the people, and if these vast sums are employed for personal profit and aggrandizement rather than for the benefit of policy-holders, the fact is of vast importance. As a writer in the current *World's Work* pertinently inquires, "Why is it that the hundred shares of stock of the Equitable, nominally worth \$100,000, have an actual value of \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000, since the charter of the company limits dividends on this stock to even per cent., and the most it can possibly earn is \$7,000. True, the holding of the stock entitles to a directorship, and possibly the stockholder may be elected an officer, but all directors' fees are comparatively small, and the salaries of officers not so tremendous. The public is forced to the conclusion that directorships in these huge insurance companies are so vastly valuable because they permit the handling of the assets, improperly, for the benefit of the directors. What has been frequently charged is that directors form a trust company; that, acting as officers of the insurance company, they deposit its hundreds of mil-

ions of dollars of assets with the trust company; that then, acting as officers of the trust company, they use these sums in speculation and pocket the profits. The writer in the *World's Work*, to whose article we have alluded, recommends as a solution of the grave problem that the national government exercise supervision of all insurance companies.

The Kaiser has made one of his dramatic appearances, and has succeeded in again focusing the eyes of Europe upon him. Never since his famous Krüger letter has he created such a stir. On his recent trip to Morocco, he went out of his way to inform the Sultan that he considered him to be the free ruler of a free country, and that he (the Kaiser) would carry on any affairs with him directly without reference to others, and added, so we are informed, that he had made this clear to the French *chargé d'affaires*.

This was a distinct and somewhat forcible slap at the agreement, made in 1904, to which Great Britain, France, and Spain were parties, according to which France was given a mandate to put an end to the chaos prevailing in Morocco. It was generally recognized that France was the only power whose influence was such that she could really undertake the suppression of what had become an international scandal, and she was given a free hand, conditioned only by the guarantee which she gave of an open door in Morocco. It is difficult to see what the Kaiser meant when he said that he demanded the absolute equality of German economic and commercial rights, for the Germans in Morocco are not discriminated against, and German commerce is by the terms of the mandate placed on the same footing as that of other nations. Beneath this affront to France and her allies, however, can be detected what perhaps may develop into a policy. The Kaiser may be simply using the Sultan of Morocco as a means of expressing his friendliness to the Mussulman and his readiness to uphold the religion of Mohammed. He has created much enthusiasm among the Moors; he has in a subtle way expressed his desire to protect the Mussulmen of North Africa—who, by the way, do not appear to be in any particular need of protection at present; he has declared that "the sovereignty and integrity of Morocco will be maintained," and says, categorically, that the Islamic laws and traditions are to be respected. He thus appears to the Moors as the mouthpiece of their national aspirations, and comes forward as the opponent of that which the Mohammedan hates worse than the infidel—modern reform. The Kaiser has always been on good terms with the Sultan of Turkey, and may not, as some critics have already pointed out, be not altogether averse to building up a Mohammedan influence to the embarrassment of his British relatives and the annoyance of France. However clever the idea may be as a device in the game of international politics, it is difficult to see just what advantage it confers upon modern civilization. The condition of Morocco is disgraceful, as may be seen from the fact that Raisuli, the brigand chief who captured Perdicaris, has sufficient influence in the country to be permitted to lead the native cavalcade in the procession at Tangiers, which formed part of the ceremonies attendant upon the visit of the Kaiser to that place.

"El dinero es muy católico," runs an old Spanish proverb which may be interpreted: "Money is very orthodox." A still more ancient proverb affirms that "money has no smell," i. e., gives no hint of its possibly unsavory origin. Despite these venerable apothegms, however, Mr. Rockefeller has just come within an ace of having a hundred thousand dollars of his wealth thrust back in his face by the American Board of Foreign Missions, to which he had given it. The money had been solicited, it appears, but when the fact of its donation became a matter of news, a number of New England clergymen protested to the board of missions against its acceptance, arguing that the Standard Oil Company stood before the public "for methods which are morally iniquitous and socially destructive," and therefore the church, as "the moral educator and leader of the people," ought to refuse the gift, since its acceptance implied "honor toward the donor"—as a matter of fact, stopped criticism of sin and the sinner. One of the petitioners pertinently said that "it was not the way of the Christian church to convert the heathen with money robbed from the people." Numerous clergymen are quoted as agreeing with this view, but others consider the action of the Massachusetts clergy "an insult to Mr. Rockefeller's generosity." Conspicuous among the former is Dr. Washington Gladden, a distinguished Congregational minister, whose criticisms brought from H. H. Rogers, Mr. Rockefeller's "hired man," a statement, the burden of which was

that the Standard Oil accepted rebates only prior to the passage of the law declaring them illegal, when upon Dr. Gladden smartly retorted that it was not all a question of legality but of morality. "The rebate of the Standard Oil Company," said the divine, "we just as outrageous before the laws forbidding them afterward." Clearly Dr. Gladden has the best of the argument. About the essential question at issue, however—who shall say? If the gifts of Mr. Rockefeller be refused, should not also those of other rich men whose fortunes have been questionably acquired? How many fortunes are there of which it could be said that not a dollar is tainted? Would not consistency require that a censorship be exercised over the money put the contribution plate on Sunday morning equally with the check mailed the minister on Monday? Who would determine the immaculateness or soiledness of a man's coin? If we can believe Mark Twain, all rich men are "caked with perjury many layers thick from swearing off taxes. To refuse one is to refuse a Whatever the ethics of the case really are, therefore the practical difficulties of debarring rich rogues from saving the souls of the heathen through the missionary branch of the Christian church are so great that no practical results are to be expected from the present controversy—interesting as it is in its academic phase

Theodore P. Shonts has been made chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, with extraordinary powers. He would appear to be remarkably well equipped for the position, for he is one of the most conspicuously able railway men in this country. He is president of the Toledo, St. Louis, and Western Railroad; chief owner of the Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa Railroad; director of the Iowa Central Railroad, and of many other enterprises. He has been remarkably successful in his undertakings ever since he left the practice of law for practical railway organization in 1882.

The work is progressing at the Isthmus, and already apart altogether from the enterprise itself, benefits a being conferred upon the Panamans which they might have awaited in vain for centuries, but for the advent of the hustling American. Thus already public water works have been constructed, including a reservoir which covers seventy acres, and has a capacity of 500,000,000 gallons, ten miles from Panama, and containing excellent water. Up to the present the inhabitants, in spite of the rainfall, have been without a proper water supply; their tanks have been in the worst possible condition, and the fever which prevails has been as much the result of their own carelessness as of local disadvantages. From a dirty and neglected place the city of Panama is already beginning to show development into a modern city.

The machinery and equipment which were employed in the French enterprise, and which were thrown away as part of the bargain, are turning out to be more valuable than had been supposed. The machinery at the warehouses are valued at \$7,000,000, and much of it will be employed in the development of the enterprise. The buildings include no less than one hundred and fifteen great store-houses, fifteen enormous warehouses, and forty-one parks in the hundred square miles of territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific. They were originally valued by the French at \$29,000,000.

The American activity at Panama seems to have actually stimulated the Mexicans to rivalry, and they are declaring that they will have a canal through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to rival that of Panama. The proposed Tehuantepec canal, if transshipment is an obstacle, would give an advantage of about a thousand miles. In the meantime, the enterprise at the Isthmus is being pushed, and, as one correspondent points out, both men and machines will be tried to the utmost order to produce results.

The first train has passed through the Simplon Tunnel and the event has been celebrated with an enthusiasm which more closely resembles that of mediæval times than that of moderns. The completion of the tunnel was marked by a tableau, in which embracing engineers and episcopal benedictions made the foreground, a conjunction to which it is probable that Mr. Gilbert alone could do adequate justice.

The feat is notable, however, for the tunnel is the longest in the world, and has been completed with speed which speaks volumes for the development of engineering. It took six and a half years in the making, and is nearly twelve and a half miles long, with the tunnels under Mts. Cenis and Gothard requiring thirteen and nine and a half years, respectively. The task presented very grave difficulties, and tried the resources of the constructors even more than had been anticipated. The rock was found to be exceptional

THE DISCLOSURE ABOUT THE EQUITABLE.

THE MIX-UP IN MOROCCO.

THE PROGRESS OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S MONEY.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TUNNEL.

rd, and this difficulty having been partially over-
me, the excavators came across springs which
outed water at the rate of five hundred gallons a
inute; then a stratum of shifting material, which
oved to be one of the most difficult of the problems,
d to be dealt with, and the brick-work, which sup-
ported the temporary structure, was found to disinte-
rate under the influence of the subterranean condi-
ons. The contract should be completed by May 15th,
if that date is exceeded, it is not expected that any
rfeit will be demanded, considering the unforeseen
fficulties. A smaller tunnel is to be made parallel
ith this, so as to allow of trains moving in both di-
ctions, and in the meantime arrangements have been
ade for switching in the tunnel itself. The cost of
e enterprise is between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000.
e saving will only be about 180 miles, and its chief
ue consists in shortening the distance to be traveled
the British mail to India via Brindis.

ie town is awakening to the fact that there is a
E PROGRESS OF
E COMMITTEE
TWO HUNDRED.
mayoralty election to be held in this
city in November, and that only four
short months intervene between now
d the date of the August primaries, when will be de-
termined the character of the campaign.

As was pointed out in these columns last week, the
ea of a non-partisan reform ticket is dead—well
ad. Not only have the men behind the movement
r reform perceived this clearly, but the daily press
awaking to the fact. Both the *Chronicle* and the
ll now plainly see that the thing to be done is for
e better element of both parties to capture the pri-
aries and dethrone the present organizations—certainly
in the Republican, and in the Democratic party
need be.

The *Chronicle* points out that not only must such a
ntral organization as the Committee of Two
undred be established, but, if success is to be
ped for, district and precinct organizations must be
rmed. The *Chronicle* says in so many words that it
well that the idea of a "non-partisan" party has
en dropped, perceiving clearly that "would
an four tickets in the field, of which three would
obably be dictated by the boss." Mr. de Young's
rnal evidently anticipates that, once the Republicans
t in nomination a good, strong, decent man, the
mocrats will fall into line. "It is not possible,"
s the *Chronicle*, "that election will come on with
t two tickets in the field."

The *Call*, which for good reasons of its own, has
en somewhat favorable to the present administration,
s now, however, made explicit its position. It has
finitely abandoned the "non-partisan" idea, which
formerly championed, and which has led some ob-
ervers to doubt its good faith, and cordially indorses
e Committee of Two Hundred, headed by
irfax Wheelan, which is endeavoring to align all
e forces of reform under one banner. The *Call* points
t to those who say that the formation of the Com-
tee of Two Hundred in the Republican
rty is a proceeding without precedent, that the poli-
al conditions which this committee is endeavoring to
edy are also without precedent.

It is scarcely to be expected that, at this time, the
aminer should indicate its position. The *Bulletin*,
ose utulations in the wilderness of graft have of
e been so piercing loud, might rather be expected
join the *Call* and *Chronicle* in giving editorial ap-
val to the Committee of Two Hundred did
e not know that its relations with a twice-ambi-
us young Democrat restrain it for the present. When
hope is gone of electing a Democrat to the mayor's
ce this fall, then the *Bulletin* may be expected
icefully to support the Republican reform candi-
e. The *Post*, for reasons quite unknown to us, is
o mute.

The question that now confronts the Committee
Two Hundred is, Can we do it? Fairfax
heelan is quoted by the San Francisco correspon-
t of the *Oakland Tribune* as saying that he felt it
uld be almost impossible to break the power of
mitz and Ruef if the full force of the Republican
chine were to be put behind them. Luckily, how-
r, there is a gratifying doubt whether Mr. Her-
will lend his aid to Ruef in the present campaign.
the first place, he is going to Europe, and will
btless be speeding an automobile along Gallic
Teutonic highways when the August primaries oc-
ur. He is said to have left political affairs in the
ids of "Jere" Burke, who is further said to be "in-
tended to the reformers." It has also been discovered
the political reporters of the dailies that practical
iticians like "Phil" Crimmins, John Daly,
harlie" Shortridge, "Tom" Riordan, Henry Ach-
ator "Dick" Welch, and Martin Kelly are desir-
of casting their lot with the Committee of
o Hundred. Their motives may not be un-

selfish, but if their action is based upon belief that the
days of Mr. Ruef as a San Francisco political boss are
numbered, and that it is the part of wisdom to get on
the right side of the fence while there is yet time, the
reformers have no reason to feel dubious at such addi-
tions to their fighting ranks.

The position of Governor Pardee is also a matter of
interest. It is vaguely rumored that he will do all he
can to help along the work of the Committee of Two
Hundred. State officials along the water-front some-
times are influential persons.

Altogether, with the Merchants' Association, with its
5,000 members, and the Citizens' Alliance, with its
10,000 or more behind it, and with some of the best
men in the city within its ranks, the Committee of
Two Hundred has no reason to take a pessimis-
tic view of its chances of success. Still, there is a
long, hard fight ahead, and no one is justified in com-
placently sitting back and doing nothing in the belief
that "we're going to win anyhow."

We note that the *Examiner* refers to Fairfax
Wheelan as "the probable candidate for mayor in case
the boss is routed." A good man. It is, however, a little
early yet to talk of "probabilities." There are other
good men—men like F. W. Dohrmann and Frank J.
Symmes, who are being mentioned. The more the
merrier. The more candidates there are, the
greater likelihood of ultimately hitting upon just the
right man for the place. Wheelan, Dohrmann,
Symmes—these are all good entries in the mayoralty
race.

The *New York World* is, politically, one of the most
sagacious of American newspapers. In
fact, we do not recall that in recent
years it has made a definite prediction
that has been defied by the event. Though it supported
Judge Parker in the late Presidential campaign, it
never once ventured to predict his election. A predic-
tion that the *World* makes in a recent issue, regarding
the Republican Presidential nominee of 1908, is there-
fore of rather extraordinary interest. Here it is:

To its many valued contemporaries and to the political
oracles of both parties, the *World* presents its compliments
and renews its prediction that Theodore Roosevelt will be
renominated for President of the United States in 1908—and
elected.

The *World* is well aware that in the bubbling enthusiasm
of an unprecedented victory, Mr. Roosevelt said that he
would not again be a candidate. It is also well aware that
Mr. Roosevelt's first impulses are frequently reversed by his
sober second thought.

Mr. Roosevelt controls the Republican organization. The
Southern delegates will favor his renomination. The Far
West will be wildly enthusiastic for him. In New York and
Pennsylvania the machine will be for him. Favorite sons
may have friends in the next national convention, but Theod-
ore Roosevelt will be the real choice of the delegates.

"Thirty-six months is a long time for any candidate to
keep the pre-convention enthusiasm of his followers at a white
heat," observes our neighbor, the *Sun*. The enthusiasm of
Mr. Roosevelt's followers is always at a white heat. He is
the radium of American politics.

He will be renominated, and his election will follow as a
matter of course. What candidate of a hopelessly divided
Democratic party would stand one chance in a million against
Theodore Roosevelt?

The note of ironical asperity in the *World's* forecast
is palpable, and, since it has been consistently opposing
Mr. Roosevelt's course in Santo Domingo and in other
governmental affairs, some observers see in its action
a shrewd political move. Journals which agree with
the *World* in its prediction do not seem to be very
numerous.

The programme of the new telephone company that
proposes to invade San Francisco is al-
most too good to be true—no overhead
wires; no hello girls; no party lines; no
conflicts on the wire; a service twice as good as the
present for half the cost! Certainly, if only half what
these promoters say is true. San Francisco ought to
welcome the new company with acclaim. So far, the
information about it available is rather vague. The
capitalists behind the project are unknown, but Thomas
& Gerstle, the promoters' attorneys, announce that de-
tails of the plans and their names will be given shortly.
The sooner the better. Competition among municipal
gas, telephone, and water companies may be disastrous
to dividends, but it is seldom that the public is not the
gainer.

The *Chronicle* is worrying because the Japanese are
likely to steal away from us the Philip-
pine trade. It's not much to worry
over, as witness these figures drawn
from the United States Government reports as set
forth by the Washington correspondent of the *Sun*:

Our sales to the Philippine Islands are something of a farce.
We sell them \$5,000,000, and they buy \$30,000,000 from other
people. We take about one-third of their exports. We sell
them about \$465,000 worth of cotton cloth, \$600,000 worth of

foodstuffs, \$250,000 worth of hay for the horses of American
citizens, \$620,000 worth of illuminating oil, \$245,400 worth
of spirits, wine and malt liquor, principally beer for the use
of Americans; \$409,000 worth of wood and manufactures
of wood, and \$1,134,709 worth of iron and steel goods. Just
how much of all this vast trade of \$5,000,000 is for distinctly
American use can not be said, but it is probable that it would
include the larger part. Commercially, we are not even get-
ting our seed back in our Philippine enterprise.

Our imports are practically limited to one item—hemp. We
buy a little sugar and about \$5,000 worth of cigars and to-
bacco, a few straw hats, and a little vegetable oil.

Arnold White, the noted British publicist, has an ar-
ticle entitled "After the Victory," in
the London *Daily Chronicle*, which we
Americans, whose shores front the Pa-
cific, would do well to ponder deeply. He says:

By the Battle of Mukden and the fall of Tieling, the Mikado
becomes managing director of the Chinese Empire. This
means that our Japanese allies control 400,000,000 water drink-
ers, whose brains are as clear as, whose thrift is greater than,
and whose love of money is equal to, those of the average
reader of the *Daily Chronicle*. When the war ends Japan will
stipulate for terms that will give her time to organize the re-
sources of China. Russian naval ambition will find no field
in the Far East for the next two decades. During that period
skilled Japanese instructors will teach the Chinese to compete
with English factory girls and anæmic artisans. A share of
the markets of the world is the reward of success in war.
Fierce energy will be thrown into the organization of China.

Mongolian competition with western industry is war.
Orientals know nothing of the dignity of labor, the eight-hour
day, the rights of man, the parliamentary franchise, employers'
liability, or the Taff Vale decision. Their fare is a handful of
rice or coarse grain, a little ghee or oil, a chili, a scrap of
dried fish. Simple life in the Far East is a dominant factor
in the war threatened with Western civilization. Whoever
controls China for ten years is mistress of the Pacific, and
whoever controls China and the Pacific controls Asia.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Socialism

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 3, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I inclose a reply to Herbert Spencer,
which will show you that Spencer was woefully deficient in
answering the arguments of socialism. It was not Mr. Spen-
cer's fault, but because it could not be done.

As to the farmer not taking up socialism, you forget that
the farm-owners are very small in numbers, and growing
less every year. The farm work is done by renters and
laborers, and the reason they are not Socialists is because
they are somewhat isolated and do not understand it. They
will learn of it later on.

You are aware that in this country we have no national
pure-food law. This is an argument that the wealthy make
the laws, and therefore are the government, as stated in
your article. It is unnecessary to mention others without
using too much space.

You are honest in your views, and if you can show so-
cialism to be wrong, you should do so at once, and secure
a nice monument in the hall of fame.

You class Socialists as being terrible beings, etc.
How about the wealthy parasites who force a poor worker
to accept starvation wages by competition in the labor
market?

How about the wealthy murderer who adulterates food,
and so kills off thousands of people yearly?

You ignore this carefully.
Why did you ignore Upton Sinclair's book, "Manassas"
in literary review columns when it was a far superior book
to most of those which you did review?

Out West of this city stated that it was one of the very
best that was issued last year.

The only reason was that Sinclair was a Socialist, and it
was thought best to ignore his book. I suppose London's
writings would have met a like fate, but London got his
name before it was known that he was a Socialist.

We will have socialism in Germany soon, and then Mr.
Hart can write a hook entitled "Two Argonauts in Ger-
many," which will be even more interesting than "Two Ar-
gonauts in Spain."

In conclusion, I will state that the *Argonaut* is a good
paper. I am glad you discuss the subject of socialism in-
telligently.

Yours for the Revolution, A SOCIALIST.

Co-Education a Cause of Social Decay.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 2, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with interest your edi-
torials on the race problems, especially that in your issue
of the twenty-seventh ult., in which you make some com-
parisons, and hint at the decadence of the Caucasian.

It would be interesting if you would pursue this subject
still further, and give your readers the benefit of your con-
victions as to the causes of such decadence, and in its turn
treat of the institution which is mainly responsible for the
training and character of the American citizen—its public
schools.

In spite of the apathy of country districts, leading to the
appointment of undesirable trustees and consequently of teach-
ers, the country may well be proud of these schools and the
thoroughness of the education given.

But it is not probable that the indiscriminate mixing
of sexes and ages is a distinct mistake, and that this system
may be directly responsible in a large measure for such de-
cadence?

As things are, we see everywhere, especially in the country
districts, the overgrown tough of little learning but large
worldly wisdom, of an undesirable character, in daily contact
with younger and untainted children of both sexes, in class,
playground, and after hours.

That these and similar evils are very real dangers is amply
proved by the results and the reluctance of so many parents
to intrust their children to the public schools.

Although the three R's are quite desirable accomplish-
ments, they are dearly purchased at the expense of a child's
purity.

And it is these children who will in their turn make copy
for, and support by their subscriptions, the yellow journals
of the near future.

The advisability of co-education has apparently not gained
ground of late, and it is more than possible that were separate
schools the custom, improvement in these matters would re-
sult, and that we should see less of the advanced woman of
to-day and more of the domestic variety, which I think
every one at heart likes best, and looks to as the sheet anchor
of the State.

This is certainly the wish of your SUBSCRIBER

CAPTAIN MUTTIFER'S DIVORCE.

How God Sundered What Man Had Joined Together.

The bartender leaned over the counter confidentially. "There's a party in the rear has been wanting to see a reporter for two days. Maybe he has a bit of news for you. Old party with brass specs. Might be worth your while."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Don't know. Tell him I sent you. Wants a reporter. Might be worth your while."

The bartender who gave me this information was an old acquaintance, and I had a high degree of admiration for the way in which he picked up news from the seafarers who patronized his mixtures. Apart from a bad habit of playing practical jokes, he was a reliable man. I went to the back of the saloon in search of the old party. I found him, his brass-rimmed spectacles turned up over his eyebrows and his nose deep in a glass of rum and water. "I heard you were looking for a reporter," I said.

He put down the rum and water. "I am," he said, thickly. "Are you the same?"

"I'm a reporter for the *Chronicle*," I assured him. "Got any news?"

"You write up society news—weddings and such?" he inquired, slipping his spectacles on his nose. "I wanted a society reporter. I understood that was the sort of reporter it needed." He laid a heavy hand on the glass again and drank.

"No," I said, truthfully. "I never got up that far. But if you've got any news I might pass it along. I know the society reporter. What's doing?"

"I never liked this second-hand business. Why can't you tell the society fellow to come down? You don't look as if you knew much about it."

"The society editor is a woman," I replied, and rejoiced to see his consternation. He nearly spilled his rum and water while trying to convince me he meant no insult to the lady. "Of course she couldn't come down here," he roared, finally.

"What the news you have?" I demanded.

He grew secret on the spot. He dropped his voice, and in an apparent effort to hear his own words, put an immense hand up to his ear. "It's about Captain Muttifer's divorce," he rumbled. "Know Captain Muttifer?"

I professed acquaintanceship. He instantly doubted me. "You look young," he protested. "Muttifer hasn't been in San Francisco going on eight years. When did you know him?"

"Hakodate," I said. "Topsail schooner *Mollie Haynes*. He's still in her, isn't he?"

"Did you know Mrs. Muttifer?" he inquired, more assured.

"I did not. What about her?"

"That's the item. About Captain Muttifer's divorce. Nobody but me knows about it. It was quite a ceremony."

"Go on," I insisted. "Tell me about it."

He halted and labored. I bought him a drink. His vast hand rolled around the edge of his ear as if to catch some word that would start him on his way. His spectacles mounted into the thicket of his hair. "It was four year and eight months ago in the Ohkotsk Sea," he began at last.

"That's no news now," I said, curtly. "Why don't you come down into modern times. Any news of Captain Cook or old Hakluyt?"

"I knew them both," he said simply. "If you don't want to print about Captain Muttifer's divorce I reckon there are other papers."

I apologized, and after infinite backing and filling, after several futile draughts at his thrice-empty glass, he managed to begin. As he told me I lost my sense of haste, and before he had got well off, it struck me that after all here was some news, not newspaper news, but worth a thought just the same. I forgot the degrees between which he laid this story, and I have only a hazy recollection of what the beginning was. But I tell it as he told me:

We were beating to the nor'ard. I was carpenter of the screw schooner *Peter J. A. Nilssen*. Before that I was in the *Fortune*. Captain Muttifer was running the *Loss o' Love* down among the islands then. Anyway, he got married here in Frisco, twenty-odd years ago, outside the heads, in a strong no'wester, by old Adamson, of the *Glory of the Seas*. The mate was drunk, and signed the log where Muttifer had ought to have put his name as the bridegroom. [Here the old man thumped the table and roared with laughter as it he caught again the ludicrous posture of the drunken mate staring at his unwitting assumption of bridal honors.]

Anyway, they were married all tight and fast, and Muttifer took the *Uno T. Pozzen* out on his honeymoon to the Mexican coast for hides. And he did better and well and better by using the sea till he had a tight run in the bank and shares in a fishing company up north. Then he bought the *Mollie Haynes*, and he and his old woman started doing the round in the north, picking up the spare skins from the sealing fleet, dropping down to Maunabo once in a while for hides and tallow, and acting as receiving station for his fishery.

He sailed out of here just eight years ago with the *Haynes*, and took Mrs. Muttifer along with him as

usual. I spoke him—that was when I was on the *Kingfisher*—off Gutterson's Bank not two years after, and all was well, except the *Haynes* was a little crippled from bucking ice.

Anyway, Muttifer made a good name for himself, and his old woman got to be known as Mamma Muttifer. See her yet sitting on the quarter-deck with her knitting, and the old man stretched out alongside smoking his pipe. And what do I discover when we run across the vessel in the Ohkotsk Sea, but that there's been a divorce. That was the item.

We was beating to the nor'ard, and the *Haynes* was making for La Perouse Straits, and it was fine weather. The skipper brought the *Nilssen* a point over, and Muttifer ran up. "Any news from the States?" he asks, and then lowers a boat to come over and have a yarn.

"What's new with you?" we ask him when he toddles alongside in the small boat.

"I'm divorced," he answers, and the skipper has up a drink all around.

"But I see Mamma Muttifer over there on the *Haynes*," put in my old man.

"She gets alimony," says Muttifer. "I treat her square. I had to divorce her."

We all took a look over at Mamma Muttifer, not on the quarter-deck like she used to sit, but on the fo'c'sle head just for'ard of the windlass, her head done up in a cap and her curls flying from under it in the wind. "Yes, I got a divorce," says Captain Muttifer. "It was for desertion. I gave her alimony." ["That is the item," the old party added, with a sudden return to the present as the bartender brought in a drink.]

To have been acquainted with Mamma Muttifer was looked upon as a kind of blessing in the north. We all gazed on Muttifer and at the old woman on the *Haynes* bobbing away as the schooner dipped to the seas. Some of us remembered when she was younger and had little hands. Some of us had talked to her in the lee of the long boat when Muttifer's whiskers were still red and he kissed her every time she came on deck. I tell ye we remembered. I hadn't seen her in years to speak to. The last time I'd felt her hand in my fingers she wasn't Mamma Muttifer, but she was Skipper Mollie, swinging along the schooner's decks with Muttifer's eyes close behind her. Suddenly, our old man spoke up. "It seems to me civilization is getting too far to the north," he says slowly. "Style is all right, but—" [The old party stopped, the bowl of his hand to his ear, as if he heard across the degrees of longitude the words of the skipper of the *Peter J. A. Nilssen*. He listened intently. Suddenly, as if the scene was back upon him with a roar of memory, he brought his huge fist upon the table, pounded it resoundingly, and defied me with his glances to say a word in contradiction. The bartender came in with an inquiring look. "What will you have?" he demanded, civilly. The boom of the fist was shut off. The old party subsided. "I'll take rum."]

Muttifer [he continued] took a surprising deal for a hard man. He said it was all proper. He had respected his wife's feelings. It was his duty. He had done it.

"And how long," says our skipper once more, "was it since you got this divorce?"

"It is all in the log," says Muttifer. "It was off these same straits two years and eight months ago. I performed the ceremony myself, with the mate and the cook as witnesses."

"I never heard of a divorce of the sort," says my old man.

"Didn't I get married at sea by the master of the *Glory of the Seas*?" Muttifer demands. "Wasn't it all shipshape? Isn't a shipmaster empowered by the laws and regulations to perform marriages duly signed and attested in the log-book? And what's done at sea, can't it be undone in the same lawful fashion and words?"

We were fouled of a new question. We looked over at Mamma Muttifer. Muttifer stroked his beard and growled, his eyes on his knees.

"It may be all right," says our skipper. "I ain't going against the word of a good seaman. You've used these waters a long time." He got hot and stamped off. He came back. "But if it's law, I say damn the law. There's the wife. Here's you. She's over there knitting. You divorce her. You pay no more attention to her than if she was a piece of paper blown in front of the door. Twenty years ago she was Skipper Mollie. Now she's Mamma Muttifer. You made her old. Damn you!"

The *Haynes* wore and dropped across our stern. As the boom lifted over, we saw the breeze catch the old woman's cap and lift it. She grabbed at it and her knitting slid from her lap. The ball of yarn tumbled down the slope of the deck, unraveling crookedly. She reached for it. The cook shot a hand out of the galley door and caught the ball. It was not a hundred feet from our eyes. As the *Haynes* fell astern, our skipper called over to her: "How are you?"

Mamma Muttifer straightened up from picking up her knitting. She turned her gray eyes, which were blue years before, at us. She waved her hand stiffly. She said nothing the wind would carry.

"It was all proper," said Muttifer. "Don't you curse me. She deserted me, and refused to support my orders when I made it a point to punish a malingering sailor by bread and water. I said I'd di-

vorced her. Dissiplin must be upheld. I called I in with the mate and the cook. I stood up beside I and took off the ring. Then I let go her hand a said all the yesses in the service as noes. I gave I a lay as alimony."

"I'm going over to see her," said our skipper. Muttifer seemed put back. "She's a divorced woman," he objected.

"It aint no disgrace upon the sea," said the skipper. "Ashore, I doubt me it would be proper. I'm not a married man. I'm going over." He stepped into the boat, and pulled away.

We watched the boat go alongside the *Haynes*. Our skipper hauled to the channels, and stepped aboard. He went for'ard, and Mamma Muttifer turr in her chair lashed near the windlass. Muttifer explained it all again. "The ceremony was proper, gave her alimony, a seventy-second lav, as much the cook. She has no just complaint. She deserme. It was a matter of dissiplin." He talked a good deal, being a stubborn man. He never took his eyes off the *Haynes*.

In an hour Muttifer was for putting back to vessel. I pulled the boat for him. We got alongside and he jumped on deck. I followed, after easing the boat astern. My skipper came aft. "It is fixed," he said. "I shall marry Captain Muttifer divorced wife."

Muttifer opened his mouth suddenly, as a local cover falls. He seemed in a daze. My old man went for'ard again. He came aft with Mamma Muttifer holding to his arm, her knitting bunched up in the lap of her skirt. "Get the boat," he said to me. her: "Mollie, get your dunnage."

She put a crooked hand to her mouth. She tried to smile. Her knitting dropped to the deck. I picked it up. It was a stocking of red yarn. She took it again, and tried to smile. A swell plucked the *Haynes* around by the head, and the head sails crack. Mamma Muttifer stopped her trying to smile. She looked at my old man, and then at Muttifer. She whispered something, and put her crooked hand to her lips again. Muttifer seemed in a horror. He reached his hand up to the main boom, which rode over her head. He turned his eyes to the *Nilssen*, and put his beard. "She's a divorced woman," he said.

"She'll be my wife inside of an hour," said skipper. "Then she's as good as any. I knew I twenty years ago. She was Skipper Mollie then. You were the one she let hold her hand—when was young. You've made her old. You've divorced her. But she's mine now."

Mamma Muttifer looked down at her feet. She smoothed out her skirt. She brushed her curls, gray and windy, back under her cap. Some way knitting had fallen again, and no one picked it up.

My old man put his arm about her waist, stared at Muttifer a moment. Then he stepped ward the boat, holding her to his side. "Send dunnage over," he said to Muttifer.

Muttifer stooped down, having nothing else on mind, and picked up the knitting. It was a big red stocking. He spread it out and looked at it. He grunted over it, and fumbled in his beard.

Mamma Muttifer turned back. "There are others in your locker. I got cook to put them there. I knit you eighteen pairs with that yarn I bought Hakodate off the German steamer. Good-by." She turned to my old man, who was waiting. "Muttifer is getting old," she said quietly. "He catches rheumatics. I've kept him in these sort of stockings twenty years. He must have them."

"You've been knitting stockings for him, a that divorced you?" asked my old man, stopping.

"Yes. He's getting old. You see, I know him well. He needs looking after."

Muttifer suddenly spoke. "I'm a just man," said. "The lay for her"—he looked at her—"be paid on demand in Hakodate. I am a just man."

My old man laughed. "I remember holding Mollie's hand before you married her. She only let hold it a little while. It was very small. You let it till she was old. Twenty years! By G—! you a just man, Muttifer." He swung his arms around the old woman and lifted her up, her curls flying over his cheek. He went to the side and over into the boat. I pulled away, my skipper still swinging his feet with her in his arms, the breeze flinging blue water before us into cream. We made the *Peter J. A. Nilssen*. The skipper made the deck at a side. I followed him, and the mate came up. "Get on her course," said the skipper. "This is Skipper Mollie, my wife."

He swung her around in his arms, and set her down on the deck. She crumpled into a heap, her face to the sky. Down her cheeks lay some tears. Just where her lips broke into a smile there was color of blood. The skipper looked down at her, wiping the beard from his cheek. "She cried in my arms," he said, so "The tears wet my face." Then he stooped swiftly. He lifted her hand. The color of blood grew on her lips.

"That was the item," said the old party with his brass specs in the thick of his hair. "I remember her well when we called her Skipper Mollie. I could wish that she had not died a divorced woman. It is an item." He thrust away the drink at his elbow and went out.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON
SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1905.

WAR-WEARY JAPANESE.

acc," the Cry of Many of the Soldiers—Suffering in Country Districts—Diminishing Incomes of Toilers and Tradesmen—Wail of the Bath-House Man.

"Do you hear anything about peace?" writes our soldier from the front—"for to tell the truth I am heartily sick of fighting, and never a day passes that I do not think of home and the prospects of peace." Unexpectedly this aroused the ire of his little wife. In. Her cheeks glowed with indignation. "He's coward!" she cried, "to talk of peace and homesickness. A Japanese woman is ashamed of such a husband!"

"Come, come," we rallied her, "we do not hear of Japanese cowards in this war. You ought to be glad to have a heart."

And another soldier, sitting gingerly on his wounded leg, solemnly asked what we thought of the prospects for peace. He didn't want to go back; no, not even to help take Vladivostok. "I've been through campaigns," he pleaded. "Don't you think that enough?" "Oh," with a shudder, "it's horrible," said, naively, "it's so dangerous!"

"Humph," said a Japanese woman to whom I told the tale, "he wouldn't have dared to say such a thing ten years ago."

"No, nor would he say such a thing to a Japanese today," I retorted.

The curio men come along, and ask anxiously if the last big liner has brought no "curio-liking" end. "This war is very annoying," they say. "We wish it would stop."

"No one wants to keep on," said Toyo. "The Russians don't want to fight any more, and our men are tired of fighting. Why don't we stop?"

Shin, up in his hole on the mountain-top, lays the responsibility on Kuropatkin. "If 'Mr. Black Legion' were a man of character and discrimination, he would at once surrender to our army. That he does not, annoys me exceedingly," he wrote. "Quite as if he were a general," comments the translator, as Green Willow, with much amusement.

As far as I know, there is not so much suffering among the soldiers' families in Tokio; the last report on the Fujin Imon Ouai shows they are all fairly well cared for up to the present, but funds are needed to carry on the work as they wish. In the country districts, where all about are as poor as themselves, the work is not easy to get, there is trouble indeed. I heard that a missionary friend in the north was in need of funds to carry on relief work, and sent up a list of all sum left in my charge to be spent in some such way. The following letter came back:

There is indeed great suffering here among those left without support by the men at the front, and the severity of the winter adds so much to the destitution. At the beginning of the war, four thousand yen was raised here by local subscription, and put into the hands of the city officials. This money has run so low that they have been compelled to cut down about one-third of what they have been giving each day, and unless they raise more funds to tide over the winter, some of the people must die of want and cold. Miss and I have organized, to supplement, as far as our means will allow, what the city is doing for the most needy. We have visited these people in their houses, and have seen ourselves things it is impossible to describe. Thus far we have taken up ten families, and this ten yen will enable us to take up one more. It will be used to give aid to a family of eight—an old man and woman, a young wife and five little children. Their father has just been called out, leaving them destitute. We heard of their condition, and went to investigate. They had received a little wet wood from the way, and the miserable hut was filled with dense smoke from an open fire, over which the last bit of rice was boiling. The poor old man had gone to the temple to pray for help, saying that if ever there was a time to go to the temple was now when his son had gone to war, leaving no one left to provide for his children. Did we go in answer to prayer? The city office has promised to give them two hundred fifty a month, and we will give them one *sho* of rice a month as long as winter lasts. I am amazed to find what a long hold the old religions have over the people. They go to the temples, praying their gods for succor. In a day when in visiting the families, four out of five will say they have been to the temple that day. One old man said he had returned from giving thanks that, in a recent battle, a bullet passed through his son's hat instead of his head.

When the wants of these people can be supplied by a small amount, it seems pitiful, indeed, that any should suffer.

The *kurumas* are disappearing little by little, the longer long waiting lines are decimated. And you see those who remain. Kichi, my *kurumaya*, came to the house, the other day, complaining that he saw O-Jo-Sans walking down in Shiba Park. "Now you," demanded Kichi, "do they walk that distance? How do they think we are going to live?"

We feel guilty, but one must exercise, and we do our best by at least scorning to enter those impertinent trolley electric cars, which have broken in on the city's streets, ruined its boulevards, spoiled the landscape, and driven thousands of *kurumaya* out of the business. It is a case for reflection. What would have happened had not the war broken out, calling the *kurumaya* by the tens of thousands into the ranks? What turbances have probably been prevented, as one electric after another added its aggressive whirr to the city's noise and confusion? There are two kinds of *kurumaya*—the forlorn specimens in the streets, in shabby vehicles and threadbare lap robes, which they wrap around their shivering selves. To them an electric car is the greatest misfortune, for all the better folk who used to bargain and dicker over terms, and step into the car and are whirled unknown dis-

tances for two cents. The other class of *kurumaya* live in little houses—themselves and their carriages protected from the elements—and go out to the better class of customers. To them the telephone is a bitter enemy, for these same people can now order and arrange through their telephones, when formerly they were obliged to go themselves, or send a messenger.

The vendors of oranges, nuts, and cakes in the little shops which abound in Tokio are complaining that, although people still like to be amused and go to the theatres, they have been refraining from refreshments while there.

A curious effect of the war is shown by the losses of the many teachers of the *haikai*—a popular form of poem of thirty-one letters. These people thrived through the Chino-Japanese War, for the Japanese victories were continuous, and there was no anxiety as to the outcome. To celebrate every victory, funny poems were written on the *banzai* lanterns used in the parades, and those adept in the art were kept busy. There is little joking in this war; the people are serious, and impressed with the gravity of the situation. On the lanterns used for celebration only the character for *banzai* is written, and the people who write and teach the art of the *haikai* can not make enough money to buy food.

"We are not making money either," complain the lantern folk. "Perhaps people thought we were getting rich; of course, at first we were kept busy, for after every victory there were lantern processions. But as the fall of Port Arthur was so long delayed, the people were disappointed. Then, appalled at the fearful price they paid for the reduction of the fortress, the lantern processions and all formal rejoicing were abandoned, so that the myriads of lanterns on hand were not used." In former times, the lantern industry thrived in Tokio, but after Japan adopted Western civilization, with its electric light and gas, the people found them far more convenient, and there is no longer darkness in the city, and individual lanterns are not so much used by pedestrians. At the time of a marriage, the people liked to make a beautiful display of lanterns; also on any especial occasion the business houses and restaurants made a lavish use of them. It was also the custom to change the design of their lanterns with each new year. This year every one continued to use their old ones, and the lantern shops are in no better luck than the others.

The makers of *tatami* (the matting covering every Japanese house) expect their best season in the twelfth month, for it is the custom to freshen the mats in every house before the new year. The last week in December is so busy men have to come in from the country to help, and they all work night and day. This year they could not get enough money to buy rice. The principal reason for this is, that usually the end of the year is spent in preparing for many New-Year marriages, it being considered the luckiest time, and to bring fortune to the young couple. The master of the house pays far more for anything done under such circumstances than at other times. Instead, this year there are many young widows, as many as "drops of rain in the streets," and there were few weddings, as most of the marriageable men are off for the front.

The tailor's business also is at its briskest in December, for every one in Japan thinks he or she must have brand-new clothes to wear at New Year's. This year there was certainly little extravagance. Every year the rushed tailors put outside their shops, in large letters: "No more work can be taken here." There is often a crafty reason for this. It is intended to make the customer importunate. The tailor shakes his head. "No, I can't take the work." The customer insists. Of course, if we do it we must put it in ahead of other work already promised, and for that we would expect you to pay more." This the customer agrees to, in order not to be outshone by his neighbors on the great day, and pays thirty cents gold instead of twenty for the making of his silk and wadded *kinono* or *haori*. This year even these signs had little if any meaning. With sour looks the tailor received the work; only two out of every ten were new stuff. The other eight were old gowns which had to be ripped up, washed, spread out on boards to dry, and re-made. To make a new gown is easier and far better pay. The tailors glowered at their work.

The barbers have time to spare since the war began, as their best customers are the young men, and they are off at the front in such numbers as to sadly affect business. The older men are not so vain, and can make one visit to the barbers to three of the younger men.

The seed man is not happy. His profit comes from selling seeds of foreign plants and bulbs, and these days people are doing without such luxuries, and the flower-shops are in a miserable state.

Many of the pawn-shops have closed their doors because people are pawning cheap things, pay no interest, and do not care about recovering their property. If not redeemed in a year, the goods become the property of the pawnbroker, and there is no sale for such wares.

The printers say nothing, but sell briskly the war magazines and cartoons.

The rice houses say the soldiers' families must have found other life-sustaining foods, as their purchases of rice are far below the average.

But of all the tales of woe the enterprising reporter on the *Dempo Shimbin* gathered, the wail of the bath-house man struck me as the oddest and the most Japanese. It seems that when you go to a public bath, you put all your clothes into an individual locker provided, and then enter another room. (Women and men are in separate places.) In this inner room is a large smoking tub sunk in the floor, and holding at least ten people for a soak. On the other side are two smaller tubs, one containing boiling water and the other cold. You are given a small pail, with which you can dip up from these water in temperature to suit your individual taste. And as you have brought your soap and towel from home you are ready to wash and scrub yourself clean on a slightly inclined plane, from which the water runs off. A good scrub, and into the big tub to soak with your fellows. Another scrub, and if you are luxurious you have some one to scrub you, and you pay him for his services the munificent sum of half a cent. A last soak, and off for home. "But," grumbles the bath-house man, "the people who used to come three times a week, since the war do not come twice, and so dirty are they that they use far more of my good hot water than if they came oftener. I am carrying on the business this year at a loss, as I must wash these dirtier people at the same price they paid when they were cleaner—one and a quarter cents a bath."

HELEN HYDE.

TOKIO, JAPAN, March 3, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said that, despite all he can do, Mr. Roosevelt finds himself getting unpleasantly stout. He weighs more than two hundred pounds, and has returned to lawn-tennis with a vengeance.

It is interesting to learn that General Nogi and General Kuroki are members of the Presbyterian church, and that Field-Marshal Oyama's wife is also a member in good standing of that denomination. Admiral Togo is a Roman catholic.

Isidora Duncan, a California girl who has revived the dances of the Greeks, was fined thirty dollars for insulting a government bailiff by a German court recently. The official called to hand some documents to Miss Duncan, who called him an insolent person. Isidora Duncan appeared in court in a pure white costume, her hair in a fillet, her naked feet in sandals, and told the judge she was nervous and hysterical from overwork. The judge admitted her plea, inflicting a fine only.

Lucien Wolf, the Paris journalist, when he recently compared the Russian reserves to a colossal Humbert safe, caused intense irritation at St. Petersburg, and secured the best advertisement known in journalism for a long period. The Russian finance minister, stirred by comments on the article, challenged the editor of the *Times* to examine the gold reserves in the treasury, and offered to show the *Daily Mail* correspondent around the vaults. These Quixotic fights with windmills were all brought about by the clever bit of rhetoric of a single brilliant journalist.

One of the traditions at the Standard Oil Building, at 26 Broadway, New York, is that Henry H. Rogers, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, arrives and departs exactly at ten-thirty in the morning and three-thirty in the afternoon. One morning recently the veteran watchman, who stands at the Broadway entrance to the building, was seen to take out his watch when Mr. Rogers hurried in, look at it, and confidently set it forward ten minutes. For among the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Rogers is a regard that almost amounts to a reverence for time, and those who know him are aware of it.

Walter Heid, "steeple-jack," began the work of taking down the sixty-foot flagpole on the Ann Street tower of the Park Row Building in New York recently, and was watched by probably twenty thousand people on Broadway. He worked for two hours, and removed fifteen feet of the pole, which had been weakened by having been struck by lightning. He was three hundred and eighty feet above the ground. In a "bo'sun's chair," Held hitched himself up to within five feet of the top of the pole. He sawed through this section, and lowered it to the roof by a rope. He next lowered himself, and sawed off another five-foot section, and then a third, when he was exhausted.

"I saw Wilhelmina at the opera, the other evening, in Amsterdam," writes an American woman from Holland, "and I had a good look at her. Indeed, for three hours I sat so close to her that by standing up and extending my hand I could have touched her. Wilhelmina is twenty-four. But for three hours I could have sworn that she was forty-four. Such a change in such a young girl, in four years, I have never seen. Four years ago she was of medium height with a plump sweet face. She had a little fat nose of good shape. Her short upper lip curled back from a set of white teeth, and her chin was small but perfect in shape. She had a sweet face. Wilhelmina now is nervous, never keeps still, has a hard look around the mouth, her lips are tightly set together. Prince Henry, her consort, is tall and big and broad and getting heavier all the time. Whatever the cause of Wilhelmina's melancholy look, it is said to be beyond doubt that she is deeply in love with her husband."

THE FUTILITY OF ART CRITICS.

Their Distressing Confusion Over "Aphrodite."

Could Tolstoy say in "What Is Art?"— "Look you can mention to no artist without incurring a glance of contemptuous scorn—that one of the three conditions which cooperate to cause the production of objects of counterfeit art is—art criticism. He continues:

A thing that tends to bad art is the growth, in recent times, of artistic criticism, and the valuation of art, not by everybody, and, above all, not by plain men, but by erudite, that is, by perverted and at the same time self-confident individuals. A friend of mine, speaking of the relation of critics to artists, half-jokingly defined it thus: "Critics are the stupid who discuss the wise." ... An artist's work can not be interpreted. The interpretation of works of art by words only indicates that the interpreter is himself incapable of feeling the infection of art. And this is actually the case, for, however strange it may seem to say so, critics have always been people less susceptible than other men to the contagion of art. For the most part, they are able writers, educated and clever, but with the capacity of being infected with art quite perverted and atrophied. And therefore their writings have always largely contributed, and still contribute, to the perversion of the taste of that public which reads and trusts them. ... The critics, having no basis for their judgments, never cease to repeat their traditions.

As we say, citation of these passages to the artistic always arouses wrathful contempt, however much they may satisfy those barbarians who are so bold as sometimes to doubt the wisdom of these very wise young men who lay down the law in matters of art.

In the City of New York, however, there has recently arisen a controversy over a marble statue which, when properly considered, rather affords secret gratification to those so Philistine as to cherish a constitutional doubt of the capacity of critics, and certainly it would please the venerable Tolstoy.

The controversy relates to a statue of Aphrodite, of obscure origin, which has already been described and discussed in the columns of the Argonaut by Miss Geraldine Bonner. The point is that some of the most distinguished writers upon pictorial art and sculpture in the metropolis of these United States unqualifiedly declare that this statue of Aphrodite is Greek of the great period following Phidias—"a Venus Genitrix by Praxiteles," while other writers upon art, considered to be of no less authority, say that (to quote one of them *verbatim et literatim*) "it seems a horrible thing, for it vulgarizes a very charming conception," but "would fill the corner of a green-house as well as many better things."

Now, speaking from the view point of a mere outsider, nothing seems more axiomatic in art than the matterless greatness of sculpture produced in the Golden Age of Greece. Nothing seems to be more universally admitted by artists and critics than that no modern sculptor could hope to produce a work in marble so perfect as such productions of the ancients as the "Hermes of Olympia," the "Venus de Milo," the "Apollo Sauroktonos" in the Louvre, or the "Genius of the Vatican." So distinctive were supposed to be the characteristics of the masters of marble of Greece, that, should an example of their handiwork be discovered anywhere at any time, critics of authority would at once recognize it as unmistakably as a scientist might the cranium of a ditherium or the thigh-bone of a mastodon. It is clear to the layman that critics of sculptural art may be divided into hostile camps over the work of a modern who is venturing along new lines, it is conceivable that men of discrimination, to whom we should listen with respect when they speak about art, may quarrel among each other over the strange productions of M. Rodin; but there seems to have been a wide-spread impression among "the common people" that if a critic of sculpture a man of years and experience were suddenly confronted with a masterpiece by Phidias, he would recognize it at a glance and embrace it with joy.

Such was the innocent and confiding faith the public had in its teachers. Alas, it is shattered! They have been tried and found wanting. A statue has unostentatiously been set up in as it were the market place, the critics have been called to gaze upon it, and a has been discovered that without training to guide them, they are unable to agree whether the work is one of the world's masterpieces, or a wretched job that ought to be thrown into a dump.

We speak by the book. Let us set aside for a few of the naturally annulling opinions of one of our greatest critics. And let us begin with Mr. Charles de Kay. According to "Who's Who" Mr. de Kay is Yale graduate, has been for fifteen years art editor of the New York Times, he is the founder of the National Sculpture Society and also of the National Arts Club, New York; he has written many books, including "Life of Barse, the sculptor. Clearly, Mr. de Kay ought to be in authority on art. And what a tribute he has to say about Aphrodite:

It is a tribute to the power of the master,

who hewed her with his own hand from the stone, that in the presence of this heathen idol the believers in later religions feel a breath from that awe which befell the Greeks when they entered some temple at Delphi or the sepie and found this lovely woman standing on an altar. The perfect chastity of her face and figure, the unconsciousness of her nudity, the tender grace of her attitude, the refinement and nobility of the perfectly regular and rather small features, lift this figure out of the ordinary round of things into the realm of the symbolical.

It is Aphrodite, as we see from the Greek profile, the soft hair caught behind the head and held in place by a fillet, from the one open hand lightly extended in front low down, the other crossing the bosom and touching the nipple of the left breast—like the Venus de Medici again. But how superior to that vaunted and rightly admired Venus is this revenante from the Grecian past! ... This piece alone, this arm and hand with the ends of the girdle still adhering, would be enough by itself to make this statue one of the most famous in the world.

Who can be the prodigy in sculpture capable of this? No one less than Praxiteles himself!

Certainly, this sounds authoritative enough. No mere layman would dare to question its accuracy until, perhaps, he read the remarks of Mr. John Marshall. John Marshall, he it said, is described by Mr. Alfred Ely as a man "of the highest reputation and authority, widely known throughout Europe, particularly in London, Berlin, Munich, Paris, and Rome, and his opinion is of the highest value." "Who's Who" for England records, in addition, that he is "director-general of the Archaeological Survey of India; that he won the first-class classical tripos at Cambridge, and was also Porson prize-man. He has been engaged in explorations in Greek lands for several years. Mr. Marshall says:

Mr. Linton's statue has every appearance of being a copy, the treatment of the different parts—head and body—being inharmonious. The head, I mean, is severer, while the body is more luxurious than in the Medicen.

The new statue is manifestly a copy of the famous one in Florence.

I do not think the piece quite modern, for a modern copy would be infinitely better—that is to say, closer to the original. But it is just the sort of thing produced in Italy before Canova's date. The copier could not understand the treatment in the original of the hair or eye; he did them as best he could. The body he made fuller in the modeling and more like Bernini's treatment, which he was used to. To me it seems a horrible thing, for it vulgarizes a very charming conception; but if the original be forgotten, no doubt it has its value, and would fill a corner of a green-house as well as many better things.

From a "statue, one of the most famous in the world," as Mr. de Kay says, to one that might do for a filler for the corner of a green-house, if nothing better is at hand, as Mr. Marshall remarks—this is a drop, indeed! Mr. de Kay, however, has able support on his side. Stamatios Remoudos, an Athenian sculptor of note, who is now in this country, has issued a signed statement, as follows:

Without any doubt this statue was made during the period of Praxiteles, and from the marble of Mt. Pentelicos. It is the handiwork of a very great sculptor, and is a work of the highest art.

We are also told that Professor Walter S. Perry, of the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, lecturer on ancient and medieval art, "has so great an admiration" for the statue that he desires her for the institution with which he is connected. In 1880, shortly after the statue came into the possession of Mr. Linton (its present owner), William Wetmore Story, the famous American sculptor and poet, saw it in London and, it is stated, "hailed it with delight. He was enchanted by the unparalleled beauty of its modeling, and particularly by the exquisite expression on its face." He wrote about it in the following verses—the supposition being that Phryne was the model for the figure:

Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;
But there thy smile, for centuries,
On marble lips shall live;
For Art can grant what Love denies
And fix the fugitive.

And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
"So smiled upon Praxiteles,
The Phryne whom he loved."

We are further told that the late General di Cesuda, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, had for the statue "a profound admiration." Signor Estere Pais, of Naples, director of the Naples Museum, who is in this country to give courses on Greek and Roman art, is quoted as proclaiming the work "a unique survival from the great period of Greek sculpture." Charles Stewart Smith, one of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is quoted as saying: "That it is an ancient piece seems certain to me. It is assuredly the work of a master hand."

Overwhelming evidence, it would seem, of the statue's genuine beauty and antiquity.

But, on the other hand, the bemused though willing layman may read in the public print that Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, curator of sculpture of the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York, "is positive the statue is not of Greek origin and can not be of a period more remote than the Renaissance; as for the coloration, he thinks it might be produced by packing in dampened sawdust of oak or cedar"; that Mr. George H. Story, artist, who has been associated with the National Academy of Design for twenty-five years, considers the chocolate Aphrodite "a rough copy of the Venus de Medici; there were many differences of detail, and its treatment was not classic; it looked to me as if some one in comparatively modern days—possibly as far back as the Renaissance—had ordered a statue for his garden, giving the Venus of Medici as a general model of what was wanted"; that Professor Allan Marquand, who wrote of this Aphrodite in Scribner's for October, 1897, and who is professor of archaeology and history of art at Princeton, and joint author of "The History of Sculpture," "doubted the genuineness of the statue the moment he was admitted to see it"; that Professor Milani, a noted Italian critic, "considered Mr. Linton's statue to be a Roman copy, far inferior in workmanship to the Venus de Medici, but interesting in that the arms were unrestored and because of the bracelet"; that Professor Furtwaengler, in his "Beschreibung der Glyptothek," speaks of Mr. Linton's statue as "Augenscheinlich modern"; that in the "Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift," Dr. Hermann also condemns it; that Dr. Henry Stephen Washington, "recognized as the chief authority on marbles in this country," says "unqualifiedly that the statue is certainly not by Praxiteles, and that the claim that it is little less than wildly ridiculous."

And there you are! When all is said, the layman really desirous of "being instructed" is merely lost in a welter of words, a maze of opinions without knowledge. And mark how simple was the problem. A well-preserved statue, whose origin is kept a secret, is placed on public exhibition. The question to be decided is merely: "Is it a great and beautiful work, or is it a crude and unworthy one?" No question of schools or cliques or coteries or fashions is involved. It is simply the question of the determination by the supposedly recognized canons of criticism what the nature of the work is. Men who have devoted their lives to the study of sculpture and painting come and view the figure. They have every means of comparison with works certainly known to be antiques Greek in origin. If critics and criticisms are worth anything—if Tolstoy is wrong in his contention that critics are "for the most part men with their capacity of being infected by art quite perverted or atrophied"—these learned men, with so simple a problem, ought to have been able to reach some sort of a conclusion. The fact that they did not is distressing in the extreme.

Another thing. Despite the number of "high authorities" whom we have quoted in this article, it is true that the majority of sculptors and critics in New York refused to express a positive opinion. "Tarquin," who addresses a letter to the New York Times, suggests the reason why:

It seems to me that the artists and art authorities of New York are most absurdly reticent concerning this object of art. If the statue be a genuine antique it is simply the most interesting thing that has come to light since the discovery of the Venus of Melos. If it is a late copy or if it is a modern forgery, the gentleman who know all about these things ought to come forward and tell us the truth. The real reason for their difference, I suspect, is that they do not know all about these things—that they do not know enough about them to venture publicly to express an opinion upon this Aphrodite. They look wise, they sneer, they hold aloof in silly haughtiness, or they discuss with an appearance of learning, minor and insignificant details. That is all.

This is worse and worse. Besides the critics who rush into print with criticisms that mutually cancel one another, "Tarquin" would have us believe that there is still a third and slightly superior class, the members of which know that they do not know and have wisdom enough to keep still. And now, what is art?

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ANECDOTES OF MAURICE BARRYMORE.

Barrymore an Assumed Name—Some of His Great Retorts—Inability to Memorize Lines—His Madness.

Maurice Barrymore, who died on March 5th, in an asylum on Long Island, was the son of an English army officer, named Blythe, and was born on the Island of Mauritius, East India, fifty-four years ago, his true name being Herbert Blythe. He was educated in England at Cambridge, and got his reputation of being the best light-weight boxer the university had ever seen. He used his name Maurice Barrymore in boxing matches for his mother's sake. He graduated from Cambridge, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. The profession was repugnant to him, however, and he drifted from the prize-ring onto the stage, and, after a few years, came to America, where he took part in innumerable productions.

William Winter, the dean of the New York dramatic critics, sums up Barrymore in the following passages of acute criticism:

Maurice Barrymore, for his profession, had the signal advantages of a winning personality, a distinguished appearance, an excessive countenance, and a copious if not touching voice. He was, moreover, of a vigorous and independent mind, and he possessed a remarkable faculty of sarcastic or playful wit, which operated spontaneously and which winged and harbed the verbal rrows of a felicitous vocabulary. His hunched and biting words could condense such meaning into a brief sentence. He was by nature satirical, and his experience had made him blandly cynical. He took the world airily, making light of everything, and yet he felt the charm of sentiment and knew the value of feeling—so that the parts he played best were those in which the glitter of the nonchalant farceur plays, over the epith of bright hopes and sweet emotions that once were prized and now, at least, are remembered. His powers and exertions were refused over a broad field of character, and in a sporadic way, he frequently surprised his auditors with sudden blazes of brilliancy, no one of which lasted long enough to be closely observed. He was a strange compound of contrasted attributes. He had a career at once brilliant and mournful. His melancholy later days—blighted with the nervous mental malady consequent on a long-continued insomnia—made him an object of special sympathy. He will be remembered with many a smile, at the quips and cranks in which he rejoiced and which made his comrades glad, and with perhaps many a sigh that Fate, which is another name for character, should have ordained him to a life of almost fruitless activity, losing, prematurely, in the haunted gloom of intellectual decay.

Some of the adventures of early years are thus retold by the *Times*:

In 1878, Barrymore organized a company to play "Diplomacy" on the road. It included, besides himself, Frederick Warde, John Drew, Benjamin C. Porter, Rees Davies, Mrs. George Drew-Barrymore, Miss Ellen Cummins, and Signor Magaroni and his wife. While the company was at Marshall, Tex., while waiting for their train, Barrymore, Miss Cummins, and Porter went into the railway restaurant and were sitting at the unch-counter when a local bully named Curry, who was employed as a detective by the railway company, swaggered in and tried to provoke Porter to fight, using the most offensive language. Barrymore tried to persuade him to desist. Curry asked him if he was anxious to get into a fight himself. "No," said Barrymore. "I am not armed." "Nor am I," said Curry. "Will you swear it?" "Yes."

Barrymore sprang from his seat and pulled off his coat to fight, when Curry drew a revolver and fired point blank at the actor. The bullet hit Barrymore's left shoulder, broke the shoulder blade, and lodged near his spine, making a six weeks' stay in the hospital necessary. Curry then walked up to Porter and shot him to the heart, inflicting a wound from which he died instantly. John Drew, who was in a room above the restaurant with the other women of the company, was roughly treated by Curry when he went down to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Curry was tried for the murder of Porter, and was acquitted, the district attorney informing Barrymore, who was a witness, that there were not fewer than eleven murderers in the jury that listened to the testimony.

While winning a reputation as a brilliant actor and as a fairly good playwright—for "Nadjezda" ran two years in England—Barrymore was lazy and often slighted his lines. He hated to memorize:

Mme. Modjeska one day reproached him or his indifference, and reminded him that he owed it to her, who had made him known all over the country, to be more conscientious. "My dear madame," replied Barrymore in the most courteous tone, "you are in error if you think you made me famous. I was known all over the United States when he people thought that Modjeska was the name of a tooth-wash."

Peter Robertson, the veteran critic of the *Chronicle*, has also a story to tell of Barry's bad memory. Mr. Robertson says:

He never could memorize his lines; even after long playing of the same rôle he would forget them. But he was a kind of dreamer after all, absent-minded and thoughtless, one

of those men with whom everybody seemed to sympathize. I remember Al Hayman telling me a story of a rehearsal of a new play postponed time after time, and at last he discovered that it was all because "dear old Barry" could not learn the part. To this rehearsal Hayman dropped in one afternoon to find Modjeska, Barrymore, all the women, and some of the men dissolved in tears. They told him 'mid sohs that Barry could not get his lines. Hayman ran out. "Egad," he said, "if I had stayed there another minute they would have had me crying, too."

Here is another story that Robertson tells:

I happened to be in the Baldwin Theatre one evening when Barrymore arrived from the East. He came out a week ahead to stage "Nadjezda," which Modjeska was to produce. Gayly he came in and greeted everybody.

"Well," said Hayman, after a few general remarks, "where's the play?"

"Barrymore turned pale. "Ye gods!" he gasped, "I left it in Chicago!"

But "Nadjezda" was produced just the same.

Barrymore had the idea that theatrical managers were responsible for his failures. Ahe Erlanger once asked him to play the Prince of Morocco in Nat Goodwin's production of "The Merchant of Venice." Barrymore replied as follows:

I have received your offer to act the Prince of Morocco, and feel myself compelled to decline. It is true that the existing conditions in theatrical management have driven me into vaudeville. But I have not yet gone into negro minstrelsy. I could recommend to you George M. Thatcher, Press Eldridge, or half a dozen other experienced burd-cork men who would be better in the part than I.

Barrymore told more stories and more stories were told of him than any member the Lambs ever had. Here is one of them:

One day he strolled into the club and stopped in front of an impressionistic painting labeled "Summer," which had just been presented to the club.

"What do you think of it, Barry?" asked a friend.

"Well," said the actor, "Summer isn't as bad as she's painted."

Here is another good anecdote:

During his happiest period—his early married life—he and his wife went to England to visit his relatives, taking two of their little children. The Barrymores had not lived in great luxury in New York. The children had been brought up as carefully as possible, but they had in some way learned undesirable phrases. While at dinner in the Blythe home, where every one was strait-laced, one of the Barrymore youngsters remarked to the other: "This soup is damn hot."

"George," said Maurice, looking sternly at his wife, "haven't I often warned you not to let the children stray into the coachman's quarters, where they hear such language?"

Still another:

The actor and some friends were drinking at the club one day when a player of recent English importation wandered in, sat down, and took several drinks with the party. Just as it looked to be his turn to order, the Englishman got up and said he must be excused, as he must go to his room and work on a book he was writing.

"An ought-to-huy-ography, I presume," said Barrymore.

Here is a story of the stage:

Barrymore, although very good looking, was often careless about his dress. One night he appeared on the stage in a rather dilapidated evening suit, and one of the newspaper critics wrote that it looked as though Barrymore had got it for \$4.57, marked down from \$8. Some one asked Barrymore what he was going to do about it.

"I can't dispute the estimate with him," said the actor. "His name is Cohen."

Of his athletic predilections, the *Sun* says:

Until a few years before his death Barrymore kept himself in fine physical trim, and was always eager for a bout with the gloves. Sometimes the love of a fight led him to seek a friend who was similarly inclined, and they would go out in the highways seeking battles with cabmen.

A few years after Barrymore came to this country from England, it became a fad of the New York managers to have a Britisber for a leading man. One day he applied to the late A. M. Palmer for a position:

Palmer said: "Barry, I would like to give you a chance at the part of an American business man in a new play I am going to produce, but your English accent is too strong to lend an air of realism to the part."

Three weeks later Barrymore was in London, and made overtures to Beerohm Tree to play the part of an English dandy in one of Tree's scheduled productions. "I am sorry, Barry, old chap," said Tree, "but I can't give you the part because your stay in America has destroyed your English accent."

That afternoon Barrymore met Nat Goodwin at a London club.

"Got an engagement, Barry?" asked Goodwin.

"No," said Barrymore, "I have not, and don't suppose I ever will have one again. In America they say my English accent is too broad. In England they say my American accent is too broad. So I guess the only

thing left for me to do is give a series of readings on the transatlantic steamers."

Barrymore always claimed that Sardou stole "La Tosca" from his play of "Nadjezda," which was originally produced in San Francisco. Sarah Bernhardt had the manuscript of Barrymore's play for three years before she produced "La Tosca." The tremendous similarity between the death of Scarpia in "La Tosca" and a like character in "Nadjezda" gave a great deal of weight to Barrymore's claim.

The story of Sardou's plagiarism was published on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the New York papers cabled to Sarah Bernhardt in quest of information as to the time she received Barrymore's manuscript.

"Who is Maurice Barrymore?" was Bernhardt's reply by cable.

When the answer of Bernhardt was shown Barrymore, he cabled the following to the great French actress: "I knew you in Paris when you were running a sewing-machine. Your son Maurice was named after me."

One of the first evidences, in 1901, of the crumbling of the brilliant intellect was when, returning from a trip to Pittsburg, he brought twenty suits of clothes of the same pattern, for which he paid fourteen dollars a suit. Of his final breakdown, the *Sun* gives this account:

While giving a monologue at Lion Palace, he burst into a furious attack upon theatrical managers and Hebrews. It was so violent and unexpected that the audience gasped. He was led from the stage with difficulty, and went to his home at Coitsville, N. J. Two days later he returned to New York, and told of fighting a policeman on a Fort Lee ferry-boat and of killing a man who had interfered. He hung about the Lambs' Club for three days, saying that he was about to build the largest theatre in the world, and that he would cover the city with posters denouncing the theatrical managers for their jealousy of him.

At times he seemed himself again. There were the inimitable "Barry" stories, the epigrams and witty rejoinders. Then he would fall into a daze, and talk of his impossible schemes. The Lambs sheltered him as long as they could, but when it was seen that he might become violent at any moment, Augustus Thomas, who was Barrymore's close friend, advised the actor's children, Miss Ethel and John (Lionel was absent from the city) that they had best remove their father to a sanatorium.

He was decoyed from the club on the pretext that he was going to make a complaint against the policeman he had told of fighting, and was taken to Bellevue on March 20, 1901. His once fine physique was broken, and his mental condition became worse rapidly. It was seen that he could never recover, and he was taken to the Long Island home. There, while a vestige of his strength remained, the keepers were able to do but little with him. He was tractable only in the presence of his daughter, whom he greatly loved, and who had a remarkable power over him.

Here is an epitaph written on Barrymore by Wilton Lackaye during a gambol at the Lambs' Club:

He talked beneath the stars,
He slept beneath the sun;
He led the life of going to do,
And he died with nothing done.

Maurice Barrymore leaves three children by his first wife, whom he met in 1875, and who was Georgie Drew, daughter of Mrs. John Drew, and sister of the present John Drew. Barrymore was married again in 1894 to Mamie Floyd, who appeared in vaudeville with her husband. Of the three children, Ethel is the oldest, and is playing now in Philadelphia in "Sunday"; Lionel, the next in age, is, of course, playing here at the Columbia in "The Other Girl"; and John, the youngest, is a clever artist and an actor as well; he is now a member of William Collier's company.

In England, it is said, competition in the trade is enhancing the prices paid to authors of the first class. To secure a book by a popular author nowadays it is often necessary to make arrangements with him, not months, but years, before it is written. There is one well-known writer who, it is asserted, has filled up his programme of books with the publishers who are to produce them up till 1914. And it is one of the risks which publishers have to face that the author's powers may have diminished or his popularity waned before the contract is fulfilled.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Two Friends of Youth.

The names of Jules Verne the Frenchman who died, the other day, at his home in Amiens, and Hans Christian Andersen, the Dane the hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated all over the world on Sunday last, are linked naturally together. Both Verne and Andersen were precociously writers who bring delight to the heart of youth—the one by simple delicacy of imagination which of the simplest materials wove fabrics of gentle pathos, enlivened a little with humor and infused with a sincere love of nature and of weak and defenseless human kind, the other by his consummate art in conveying the boy who read his books in the chimney corner—conveying him, as on a magic carpet—to remote lands, to mysterious islands, down through the translucent, darkening sea to "the waste of the ultimate slime" or upward, quite credibly, to strange planets and decaying suns.

Like the man who wrote "The Night Before Christmas," a song dear to childhood, and whose serious poems are long forgotten, Andersen is said to have hoped for fame from his play, "The Wandering Jew," his novels "Improvisatore," "O. Z." and "Only a Fiddler," and his more ambitious poems, but these, few now read; only his fairy tales, about which his own opinion was not very high, survive, and will survive probably as long as the plays of Shakespeare or the poems of Goethe.

Andersen was the son of a literary colt— he was given no regular education, but his father read to him Holberg and "The Arabian Nights"; on such sustenance, Hans grew up an odd, awkward, strange, bashful, imaginative youth, with a delight for dolls and for writing ungrammatical and misspelled poems and dialogues. At fourteen he went to Copenhagen to seek his fortune. The gawky boy wanted to be a poet—or, at least, an actor. He lived in the direst poverty, but at length he found friends, and was able to indulge his passion for writing. It gives that touch of romantic irony to his life that this writer of fairy-tales for children, a man who, in his later years, was hailed by the children of Copenhagen with "Hurrah! there's Andersen," whenever he appeared upon the street, should have lived all his life in rigorous bachelorhood, having early it is said, "been crossed in love." His later years, despite the friendship of King Christian the Eighth and his queen, with whom he often dined, were embittered by the harsh attacks of the Danish critics, who were amazed at Andersen's growing reputation abroad when they had only considered him an eccentric, laughable, ugly old fellow. Andersen died in 1875, and his vast popularity the world over may be judged from the fact that at a celebration in his honor at his native town of Odense the year he died, one of his gifts was a book containing one of his tales in fifteen different languages.

Jules Verne's later years were also embittered. Despite his enormous popularity, which may be reckoned in millions upon millions of copies of books, translated into all modern languages, including the Japanese, the French Academy refused him the honor of admission, his enemies successfully maintaining that his works were not literature. In his later years, also, Verne was almost blind, he was lame from an accidental pistol wound, and having, forty years previously, made a rigid contract with his publishers, Hetzel & Co., of Paris, to give them two books a year for four thousand dollars, he never received such a monetary return from his writings as he might otherwise easily have had. Still, he was doubtless content, he was happily married to a Norman woman, a widow, who for nearly sixty years was her husband's literary adviser; he lived by preference in the quiet town of Amiens, where he died, and, as he once said, "I have Breton blood in me and I love calm and quiet, and could never be happier than in a cloister." He had traveled, however (once visiting the United States), much about the Mediterranean as well as in Scandinavia and in other European countries. It is often said of Verne that he anticipated in his books such inventions as the modern dirigible balloon, the automobile and the submarine. He was an avid reader of scientific literature going through fifteen papers every day, beside the reviews and bulletins of scientific societies. He took notes on all he read, and used them to excellent purpose in his romanans, which numbered altogether one eighty odd. He worked every day from ten o'clock in the morning till noon. His first success was "Five Weeks in a Balloon," published in 1863, and some of his more successful works were "The Adventures of Captain Hatteras," "Michael Strangely" and "Around the World in Eighty Days," both of which were adapted for the stage with great financial success. "A Voyage to the Centre of the Earth," "From the Earth to the Moon," "Doctor Ox," "Hector Servadac," and "The Children of Captain Grant."

Perhaps of them all, "Around the World in Eighty Days" had the greatest popularity. When the real book in youth can ever forget but human timepiece,

Phileas Fogg, who each day reached his club at precisely eleven thirty-three, having on his way thither taken 575 steps with his right foot, and 576 with his left foot? Who can forget the protracted anguish of the French man-servant at the thought of the gas he forgot to turn out, and which burns at his expense while he circumnavigates the globe? Who does not remember how the agitation of this same obsequious Frenchman at seeing Phileas and his fair and rescued *protégée* in the theatre at Yokohama, disturbs the pyramid of noses, of which he is the base, and brings all crashing to the floor? Who has forgotten the preposterous slide in an ice-boat across the icy, snow-covered plains of Nebraska, the monotony of which journey is broken by the solemn remark of the imperturbable Phileas: "Those chords give the fifth and the octave?" And then the climax—forgetfulness on the part of one who never forgot, and the final victory through the vigilance of Passepartout.

Andersen's fairy-tales are literature, and they will live longer than anything that Jules Verne wrote; but the death of Verne brings a moment of deeper regret and more vivid recollection to most than the death of many a man whose name stands higher in literature, just as the centenary of the birth of Andersen has been celebrated with more real fervor of enthusiasm than that of far more brilliant men. And why? Because both, by their art, gained entrance to the heart of youth—impressed in us when we were most impressionable. What one reads in one's boyhood one does not forget.

Herman Whitaker in Mexico.

Herman Whitaker, whose new stories of the Canadian North-West, under the title of "The Probationer," have just been published by the Harpers, and whose home is at Berkeley, is keenly interested in social and economic problems. "For seven years," he said recently, "I studied biological science and philosophy, putting in all my spare time and Sundays with my books." Mr. Whitaker is now in the wilds of Mexican jungles, trying to appease his nature hunger, and is continuing his social studies at the same time. In a letter just received—the mailing of which necessitated a ten-hour horseback ride—he writes as follows:

These lines are written from a solitary plantation on a lonely tropical river. From where I sit I can see alligators take the water; strange birds fly overhead, birds of brilliant plumage; strange venomous insects crawl underfoot. All about the jungle spreads its deep enormous tangle. Here human life counts for little. In one short month I have seen one man killed and two desperately wounded. Here slavery exists, the cruellest form of slavery that the wit of man ever devised—the contract-labor system. Last Sunday I joined in a man-hunt, for a poor devil of a *peon* who had escaped from his hell. I joined the hunt, trusting that if the man fell to any one, it might be me. He was not, however, caught. Miserable being! Without food or shelter he will falter through the jungle till starvation or some tiger makes an end. I have seen men flogged with *machete* blades, and women whipped. At night they are herded in great galleries, that are surrounded with barbed-wire entanglements; by day, they are watched in the fields. Disease stalks among them; the death-rate runs to sixty per cent. These are matters of daily life here, matters of course. No one thinks them of moment. But to me they are startlingly cruel, and I hope yet to turn my pen in the direction of their easement.

How Henry James Writes.

An interesting revelation of the processes of the Henry James method is given by a writer in the *Reader*. According to this authority, the intricate literary constructions of this master of the complex are developed after the germ theory. Directly Mr. James gets hold of an idea that pleases him he dictates it in the form of a short story, walking back and forth as he creates. The 10,000 or more words thus put together are read and pondered, and become the nucleus of a still longer story into which new characters are introduced, new scenes elaborated, and the famous Henry James sentence begins to get its cryptic form. The original story has now been evolved into a novelette of some 20,000 words, and it is not until the author has seen the result of this on paper that he begins to give the matter the characteristic James touches. This work is carried on with the greatest precision and close concentration of effort until the magic tea hour, when all work is suspended and the author joins his guests in his simply furnished but luxurious drawing room and becomes an ideal host.

Following "The Log of a Cowboy" and "A Texas Matchmaker" comes "The Outlaw" Andy Adams's third book, to be published this week. The author saw the beginning of the custom of wintering Texan cattle in the North West, the measure which brought about the extermination of the bison, and the confinement of the Indians to their reservations. Also he had some experience with railway companies and their methods of caring for cattle, and their prices, with contractors, and with the congressional lobbyist. All these things are in his story.

New Publications.

"Herbert Spencer," by Josiah Royce. Fox, Duffield & Co.

"The School of Life," by Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net.

"Practical Poker," by R. F. Foster; cuts; Brentano's; \$1.50—an excellent manual by a well-known expert.

"Miss Civilization: A Comedy in One Act," by Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents.

"Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them," by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian. The Health-Culture Company; \$1.00.

"A Manual of Personal Hygiene," by Walter L. Pyle and others. Illustrated. Second edition. W. B. Saunders & Co.; \$1.50.

"Dames and Daughters of the French Court," by Geraldine Brooks. Profusely illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50—vivid accounts of famous Frenchwomen.

"A Short Constitutional History of the United States," by Francis Newton Thorpe. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75—a useful condensation for text-book purposes of long and able works by the same author.

"The Celestial Surgeon," by F. F. Montresor. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50—a rather good novel by a young Englishwoman, hinging on the fortunes of a semi-invalid; good characterization, but lacks plot.

"The Quest of John Chapman," by Newell Dwight Hillis. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a novel by an eminent divine based on the life of "Appleseed Johnny," the man who, tradition records, planted the orchards of the Mississippi Valley, 1800-1835; rather an uninspired and vapid book.

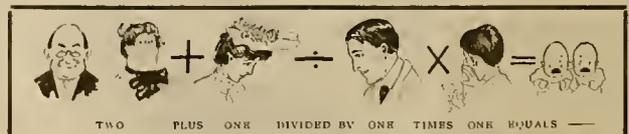
"The Two Captains," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—an exhilarating, melodramatic historical novel of Napoleonic times by this famous literarily militant ecclesiast; plenty of brisk love-making and stirring fights; just the book for those who like the Brady kind.

"The Kaiser As He Is; or, The Real William II" ("Le Véritable Guillaume II"), by Henri de Noussanne. Translated by Walter Littlefield. G. P. Putnam's Sons—a bitter but brilliant book, full of anecdotes, by a Frenchman who believes that Emperor William is tinged with insanity but is yet a genius.

"Rabelais." Selected and edited by Curtis Hidden Page. French Classics for English Readers Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.00—our impression is that the editing of "Rabelais" in this cut-and-slash fashion is a futile piffle; it is better to keep him out of the hands of the young altogether than to try to palm off on them this mutilated substitute; wait until they grow up.

"Diseases of Society," by G. Frank Lydston, M. D., Professor of Genito-Urinary Surgery, State University of Illinois. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company—a volume of six hundred odd pages, in which there is massed together a great quantity of interesting material relating to sexual vice and crime, genius and degeneracy, etc.; the author, however, is not a broad thinker, and his style is discursive and unscientific.

"Ten Hungarian Rhapsodies: Franz Liszt." Edited by August Spanuth and John Orth; cloth, \$2.50. "Wagner Lyrics for Soprano." Edited by Carl Armbruster; cloth, \$2.50. "Wagner Lyrics for Tenor." Edited by Carl Armbruster; paper, \$1.50. "Modern French Songs: Bemberg to Widor: for High Voice." Edited by Philip Hale; cloth (two volumes), \$5.00. "Songs by Thirty Americans for High Voice." Edited by Rupert Hughes; paper, \$1.50. "Fifty Songs: Franz Schubert: for High Voice." Edited by Henry T. Finck. Oliver Ditson Company—these volumes of the Musicians' Library are of uniform size, and are edited by living men of authority; each volume contains a portrait of the composer; an elaborate critical introduction; the various song volumes are issued in two editions—one for high voice and one for low voice; with the exception of songs from the Russian, the original texts are in all cases given; the music pages, printed on a specially made paper, are uniformly of full folio size; the volumes are artistically bound in paper with cloth back, and also in full cloth, gilt; the typography, engraving, accuracy, and artistic ensemble of the volumes are excellent.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Daisy Miller" contributes to the New York Times her idea of how Henry James would tell in his later manner the story of Mary and her little lamb—as follows: "It would, perhaps, be superfluous to assume that she, upon long reflection and much introspection, concluded that the impatient pedagogue was perhaps a trifle too precipitate in dealing with the devoted Southdown. However, be that as it may, the pampered minion was incontinently, or so it seemed to Mary, excluded from the privileges of the institution. There seemed upon a closer analysis of the case to be a proneness, an inclination to unseemly mirth and hoisterousness on the part of the pupils to whom the novelty of a Lamb at the seat of learning was something unheard of, or, to be more explicit, had never in their experience been seen before. The tendency, I might say the predilection, of the timid little creature was to pursue its—or have you had enough?"

Talking of proof-readers and the propriety of burning one, *pour encourager les autres*. Andrew Lang asks: "Is 'usage' becoming a popular way of spelling 'usage'? I find that printers and typewriters prefer it. Does any one know why, in foreign words, they always put u for n, and n for u? They never make an error—I mean they always make the error. The family of Vaus seem to have become Vans entirely through a misreading of n for u—at least, so I have been informed—and I expect to reach posterity as 'Laug.'"

A successor to "Aylwin"! It has become known that Theodore Watts-Dunton has a new novel in hand. It will be published by the Harpers, probably in May.

From Tokio comes a little green pamphlet called "Japan of Sword and Love," which presents a curious wedding of the East and West. The authors are Joaquin Miller and Yone Noguchi, and the languages are English and Japanese. The Japanese pages apparently contain verse—whether original or translated, *quien sabe?*

The Macmillan Company will bring out in May a tragedy entitled "Fenris, the Wolf," by Percy MacKaye, author of "The Canterbury Pilgrims." The drama was suggested to the author by the references made by the Norse Eddas to a wolfish being, who, at "the twilight of the gods," shall devour the loveliness of the world, and subvert the laws of the creation.

The King of Italy has made Charles Eliot Norton a grand officer of the Crown of Italy, in honor of his work as commentator on and translator of Dante.

Charles Scribner's Sons have on their April list of publications "Following the Sun Flag," a new book by John Fox, Jr., in which he tells of "a vain pursuit through Manchuria." These are first-hand impressions of the scenes of some of the actions of the present war in the Far East. The author recounts some experiences in Tokio while waiting for permission to go to the front.

That versatile paradoxer, Gilbert K. Chesterton, offers the public a new book, an essay in satiric fiction, called "The Club of Queer Trades." The thing is built upon the excellent Arabian Nights plan, and suggests in a fashion Andrew Lang's "Disentanglers." The club of Queer Trades limits its membership strictly to persons who have invented brand-new occupations, which occupations must afford the practitioner an actual living. The founder of the club (whose own idea obviously must be made to pay also) undertakes to spy out eligibles and in that pursuit wins adventures. Among the new businesses is one which undertakes to fit everybody (however prosaic) with a suitable romance. One member of great genius has a scheme to organize repartee, and syndicates table talk and drawing-room conversation. The Harpers will probably publish the book early in April.

An unusually large crop of new spring poetry is already in sight in England. The Constables announce a poem by Lawrence Binyon, the Longmans a volume by Mrs. Herbert Bland, John Lane a book of new verses by A. C. Benson, William Heinemann "The Last Poems of Laurence Hope," and Elkin Mathews some poems by Lady Margaret Sackville. These are only a few of the many announcements.

In its review of "The Courtships of Catherine the Great," by Philip W. Sergeant, a book which is published in England, and which has not yet reached this country, the London Chronicle tartly says: "'Courtship' is somewhat of a euphemism as applied to the love-affairs of a lady who for thirty-four years lived in undisguised adultery with ten successive favorites, most of whom were engaged with as little preliminary hildandering as would attend the hiring of a many footmen, and dismissed with as scant ceremony. Truth to say, there was not much courtship, as we understand the word, in any of the sensual liaisons that amused and solaced the ardent nature of the

great Catherine, whom Napoleon called: "Une maîtresse, femme digne d'avoir de la barbe au menton"; and almost as little of political calculation, such as that by which our own Elizabeth befooled the world while England grew strong."

McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish April 15th Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature." The author begins with early Russian mythology. He then traces the development of the literature, and dwells on the more important names, particularly upon the writers of the nineteenth century, including Tolstoy, Gorky, Tourgenieff, Gogol, etc.

"Mr. Kipling," writes a fellow-passenger to the Cape with him, "is a small, well-knit man, with a finely shaped head and a keen, happy face, full of that alertness which one would naturally anticipate from his writings. He has a thick brown mustache, very slightly touched with gray, and heavy dark eyebrows, and he always wears gold-rimmed spectacles. He dresses comfortably and neatly, and is guilty of none of those extravagant untidinesses usually indulged in by distinguished poets and artists." We are further informed that "he did not display a great deal of energy on board, and he obviously avoided the many rather absurd games invented for the amusement or annoyance of ocean travelers, though once or twice he was seen playing rubber quoits with Mrs. Kipling. More often he was pacing the deck, talking, or sitting quietly reading. Sometimes he wrote in the smoking-room."

Mr. Yeats Praises a San Francisco Poet.

The Metropolitan Magazine for April contains an interesting article, entitled "America and the Arts," by William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, who visited San Francisco last year. He tells us that he found America "the best-educated country" he has visited, with "its clean, well-dressed people, so unlike the people of London or Dublin." He discovered, also, he says, "women who were not argumentative, although they had been to college," and he returned home "believing as never before in the future of the world." Further: "I found there what is surely the root of all pleasure to an artist: many cultivated people in every town, with whom we could discuss the most interesting things. In England one hardly finds such people anywhere but in London." Mr. Yeats mentions especially San Francisco, of which he says:

Here and there one could almost hear the footsteps of the Muses: in that beautiful San Francisco, for instance, under a sky of untroubled blue, by the edge of that marble Greek theatre at Berkeley college, or in those ornamental gardens a little southward where the policemen ride among the pepper trees and the palm trees with lassoes before them on the saddle. Perhaps it was only the enchantment of a still sea, of a winter that endured the violets, and of a lovely hook of verses from Petrarch, sent me by a young writer, that made me fancy that I found there a little of that pleasure in the Arts, which brings creative art and not scholarship, because it is delight in life itself.

"Love's Crucifix," by Agnes Tobin, is clearly "the lovely book of verses from Petrarch, sent me by a young writer," to which Mr. Yeats refers, and it is interesting to note, in this connection, that that book of sonnets, so highly praised, not only by Mr. Yeats but my many other critics of note, is shortly to be followed by another volume of Petrarchan translations by Miss Tobin. It will be called "The Flying Lesson," and will be published by Mr. Heinemann, of London, as was "Love's Crucifix." It will contain many more of the sonnets than the first volume.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

- PUBLIC LIBRARY.
1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
 2. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.
 3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
 4. "Parsifal," by Richard Wagner.
 5. "The Wonders of Life," by Ernst Haeckel.
- MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 2. "The Bell in the Fog," by Gertrude Atherton.
 3. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
 4. "In the Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.
 5. "Memoirs," by Moncure D. Conway.
- MECHANICS' LIBRARY.
1. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel S. Gardenhire.
 2. "The Prince Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
 3. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.
 4. "The Long Ago and Later On," by George Bromley.
 5. "The Opening of Thibet," by Perceval Landon.

"The Canadian Boat Song."

The following account of "The Canadian Boat Song" appeared in the Cape Town Times:

In 1829, when the virtual editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* was the famous Christopher North, the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—that amazing record of the more or less imaginary symposia of the *Blackwood* staff—was at about the zenith of its popularity. In the September number of that year it is the doings and sayings of the Forty-Sixth Night that are chronicled; and, arising out of a discussion on the effects of the union with England, the following appears:

NORTH: By the by, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine, now in Canada. He was rowed down the St. Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a set of strapping fellows, all born in that country, and yet hardly one of whom could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sang heaps of our old Highland oar-songs, he says, and capably well, in the true Hebridean fashion; and they had others of their own, Gaelic, too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties—shall I try how it will croon?

OMNES—Oh, by all means, by all means.

NORTH—Very well, ye'll easily catch the air, and he sure you tip me vigor at the chorus. (Chants.)

[Here follows the poem as it has been previously printed in the *Argonaut*.]
SHEPHERD—Hech, me! that's really a very affectin' thing.

Who the Canadian friend of the editor was will probably never be known with absolute certainty. The presumption that it was Galt rests on the fact that he is the only person that can be thought of who was: (1) a Scotsman, (2) a man of literary ability, (3) a temporary sojourner in Canada in 1829, (4) a correspondent of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The opposing argument, that the poems which are known and recognized to be Galt's, are not of a high quality, can not carry much weight; because it is certainly true that Galt has written elsewhere some quite noteworthy lines, and that a voluminous writer, capable of excellent isolated passages, may well produce an occasional short poem of striking merit. It may be added that Galt's connection with *Blackwood* at the date mentioned is fully attested by the fact that he had then a story running in the magazine, chapters V-VIII appearing in the very number containing the Boat Song.

The poem was reprinted in *Tait's Magazine* for June, 1849, and attributed to the Earl of Eglinton, apparently because a copy was found among his papers after his death.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In my scrap-book the "Canadian Boat Song" is quoted with the following comment from the *Glasgow Herald*: "A correspondent kindly sends a full copy of the poem from which your quotation is taken. He adds that it is stated the Earl of Eglinton, who had seen service in Canada, was deeply attached to the Glen-garry Highlanders, and that he left a translation of one of their boat songs among his papers, set to music by himself. The verses given are said to be this translation." This may interest "H. A. L." and other readers of your charming weekly.

Yours sincerely,
A. R. PATTERSON.

A Browning letter to be sold at auction in London this month is a reply to a young poet who wrote asking Browning's advice about publishing a volume of poems. The reply, in part, is as follows, and may serve a useful purpose to young poets of to-day as well: "It sounds strange and almost sad to me that I should be imagined of authority in this kind. I who for years could not get a line printed except at my own expense, and I began half a century ago or more."

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They all have it, these Barrymores; each and every one radiates an impalpable aura of general attractiveness. The genial toughness of the prize fighter in "The Other Girl," the peculiar crook of the knees that speaks of the kid's life-long professional experience in standing on guard, the flood of pugilistic slang that hurtles around the Reverend Bradford's puzzled ears, the upheavals of silent laughter that shake the Kid when his rough and ready sense of humor is touched, all are Barrymored into traits that call for the same indulgent regard as that accorded the prize-fighter by his clerical friend. Along with his inheritance of an expansive and genial magnetism, Lionel Barrymore has had transmitted that passion for histrionic thoroughness which made his professional forbears so dexterous in adjusting their own individualities to the characters they represented.

Thus he has made a careful study of the type he is depicting, and so completely is his personality merged into the character of the Kid, so aptly has he caught and expressed all the salient traits of those gods of the ring and social ornaments of the saloon who win renown by the might of their muscle, that this pugilist stands a world asunder from the sleek millionaires whose sons are dazzled by his Olympian might, and whose daughters fall in love with him.

Yet, the gulf is bridged by the Reverend Dr. Bradford, and all because he has a taste for mankind in general and possesses a sense of humor. No character in the play is so clearly and graphically etched by its author as that of the pugilist, but Dr. Bradford's is a good one of its kind. Augustus Thomas has had in view an illustration of the delightful humor to be derived from exhibiting a pugilist abruptly precipitated from his native heath onto the velvet carpets of millionaires, and he has also wished to paint the portrait of a clerical who does not belong to the third sex. In spite of his long coat and the ministerial swing and polish of his well-balanced sentences, Dr. Bradford is so much of a man that one finds one's self sympathizing with him during the disciplinary admonition that he is obliged to impose upon his too pugnacious spirit.

The piece, although light in tone and character, has all of the Thomas individuality and cleverness. There is a finale to the first act that is dramatic enough for more tensely drawn situations, and it is preceded by a love-scene between the Kid and his heiress-conquest that is richly suggestive of the amatory self-complacency of all heroes of the ring. In fact, after seeing Mr. Barrymore's impersonation, no one need ever fall back upon the imagination to conceive of the prize-fighter as he is. We have seen him in the flesh, heard his expressive argot, marked his easy superiority to all ordinary men, felt the genial glow of a habitual good-nature that is nourished on adulation, and tendered to the creature our share of this same unconscious adulation that is always evoked by success.

The discourse of the Kid is a rich and racy vernacular that affords deep joy to those who are not too fastidious to enjoy the humors, whether conscious or unconscious, of the slang of the day. The Kid refers to his automobile by turns as the "hurry up car" and the "coal-oil buggy." He lightly touches off the heiress's partiality for him as an act of "coming his way," and the Other Girl's "long suit is giving things to the poor."

The character is excellently conceived, and is excellently carried out. It is one of those portraits that are as native as the soil, and in its graphic skill and completeness quite lifts the play from the ranks of mere clever north producers, such as Mr. Thomas's piece, "On the Quiet."

Incidentally there are several lightly etched portraits that show the trained eye of the observer of types. The lawyer the millionaire the stock broker the Yale catch of the season the New York marton, the cook the chow-girl, and the reporter all unite to form a procession of types, most of which are very well represented and some done with extreme skill.

Mr. Edinger's Reginald Lumley the New York scoundrel who models himself carefully on the and of prototypes Francis Byrne's reporter with his habitual, confident smile and his easy appropriation of unoffered names Joseph Vining's crochety lawyer and the Honorable with a brogue as thick as the green of the emerald isle, were

among the delineations that afforded the greatest joy to the spectator.

The characters of the two girls in the play are less graphically outlined, but the scenes and incidents in which they figure are crisp with interest, and the play ends with a display and a participation of general good feeling and of charity of judgment that is the means of awaking a warmly responsive glow in the bosom of the spectator.

Contrasts are always good in the theatrical business, and so the agony of Zira, and the genial "joy in living" of the pugilist in "The Other Girl," do not conflict. Those who like agony and conflict in the drama may see it hot from the heart at the California, for Miss Anglin's delineation of anguish suggests nature more than art.

The very large cast required for "Zira" shows what ample resources Miss Anglin possesses in her company. Frank Worthing is just as plausible in the part of the clergyman in "Zira" as in that of a dilettante in love in "The Marriage of Kitty." The part of Gordon Claverling has been tactfully treated by the dramatists, who recognize that the parson-hero of a play must neither preach sermons nor diffuse too overpowering an odor of sanctimoniousness. Mr. Edward Emery, an exceedingly clever actor, whom we have not heretofore seen, played the part of a scapegrace whom he is twice called upon to exhibit in a state of inebriety. These mild boozes were very adroitly represented, the actor succeeding somehow in conveying the idea that even under the deterioration of intoxication, Captain Sylvester remained a gentleman. Mr. Emery, who is a comedian by instinct, is particularly happy in the naturalness of his colloquial manner, and hits the bull's-eye unerringly with every point in his lines.

A particularly clever little sketch of an English bishop was given by Mr. Arthur C. Lawrence, who, with apron and leggings all complete, demonstrated the unassailable nologic of churchly dogma as against unsectarian Christianity.

Miss Stoddard had to play the ungrateful rôle of the woman whose identity was stolen, but she made the character so real in its unlovely hardness and bitterness, that she materially aided Miss Anglin in her call upon Hester Trent's sympathizers. There is so much right upon the real Ruth Wilding's side that the only way to prevent the sympathies from straying in her direction is to cause her to appear at a continual disadvantage before her gentler and more attractive supplanter. This has been rigorously attended to by the dramatists, the character being faithfully modeled upon that originated by Wilkie Collins. Even so, however, the spectator feels stirrings of sympathy with the woman who has been robbed of her name and identity—the one poor possession which we may retain even in the workhouse when all else is stripped away from us.

Mrs. Whiffen, looking like a bit of snowy-haired Dresden china, is a charming little old lady, positive, wrong-headed, and right-hearted. Always a great addition to any company, Mrs. Whiffen's name alone in the list of support is a guarantee of the quality of the players who accompany Miss Anglin.

The piece is well put on, the setting of Lady Claverling's tapestry room being particularly effective. With its warmly toned tapestried walls, and specimens of handsome carved furniture, it is evidently designed to suggest upon what luxuries the false Ruth Wilding turned her back when she went to labor in the slums with her clerical admirer. Somehow Miss Anglin does not make this phase of Zira's expiation plausible. It is a theatrical idea, although it might easily enough serve as an illustration of the forms of expiation adopted by the owner of an uneasy conscience. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

When "Parsifal" was produced in Philadelphia by the Metropolitan Opera Company, there was almost a riot in front of the theatre. The reserved seats had been sold out early in the day, and an immense throng gathered to endeavor to purchase gallery seats. The crowd grew so large that the police had to be called and street-car traffic was blocked for more than an hour. There were plenty of fashionably dressed women in the crowd, many of whom had their costumes ruined in the struggle, while others fainted.

The third race at the Oakland Track today (Saturday) will be for \$1,500, and promises, judging from the entries, to be an exciting contest.

Putnam Bradlee Strong and his wife, May Cole, are to appear together in vaudeville.

Success of the Game Show.

Sportsmen, lovers of nature, and, above all, children, will find much to entertain and interest them at the Forest, Fish, and Game Exhibition which is being held at the Mechanics' Pavilion. There are band concerts every afternoon and evening (including Sunday night), and enough novel sights to warrant one making several visits to the show. The exhibits include live specimens of the eagle, quail, pheasant, deer, bear, etc., the various varieties of duck, the lynx and beaver, birds' eggs, game fish—such as trout and bass—and sixty-eight varieties of wood. Children's pets are an interesting exhibit, and include everything from mocking-birds to rabbits. The Indian section is in charge of Theodore Kytka, and consists of twenty-five full-blooded Navajos.

The United States army is represented by Major R. C. Van Vliet, with ten privates and a corporal. The infantry, artillery, cavalry, and hospital corps are pictured. The naval detachment of fifteen men is in charge of Chaplain Frazer from the *Pensacola*. There are booths, too, of the various hunting and athletic clubs, among others, the Fly Casting Club, the Sierra Club, the Olympic Club, and the Bohemian Club.

The gallery has been transformed into a very fine art exhibit and booths representative of various industries. A feature of each evening's show is the athletic feats on the cleared space in the centre of the first floor.

"Amica," the new opera in two acts, by Mascagni, brought out recently at Monte Carlo, is said to equal "Cavalleria Rusticana," having its brilliant qualities as well as its faults. Love, jealousy, and tragedy are the dominating notes of the opera, the music of which is said to be intensely theatrical, and full of life and movement. Miss Geraldine Farrar, the young American singer who created the part of Amica, achieved the most important artistic success of her career, and has now definitely won a place as one of the foremost operatic stars. Her voice is warm in the medium, and has remarkable purity in the higher registers, and the dramatic force of her acting elicits from the French critics praise seldom accorded to a foreign prima donna.

Dr. Harry Van Dyke, professor of English at Princeton University, was given a dinner on Monday evening at the Occidental Hotel by the Presbyterian Social Union of San Francisco. About one hundred and fifty guests were present.

Carl E. Grunsky, who has retired as a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission, has been appointed consulting engineer of the reclamation service. His duties will be in connection with irrigation work under the reclamation act.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is one of the most convenient objective points for outings during these beautiful spring days. The railway affords awe-inspiring panoramic views, and the Tavern more than satisfies the inner man.

Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday at her residence on Capp Street on Tuesday. Mrs. Saunders was formerly a well-known actress, and up to twenty years ago was one of San Francisco's favorites.

Gustav Luders, who is the joint author with Frank Pixley of several musical comedy successes, arrived from the East on Monday evening, and will spend several weeks in California. Mr. Pixley is now in Pasadena.

H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, gave his initial performance of "Hamlet" in London on Tuesday evening. He achieved a brilliant triumph.

Governor Pardee has appointed Nehemiah Blackstock, of Ventura, a hank commissioner to succeed Guy T. Barham, of Los Angeles, resigned.

Jeremiah F. Dinan has been appointed chief of police to succeed George W. Wittman, deposed.

The eminent surgeon, Dr. Nicholas Senn, after several voyages around the world, pronounced his trip to Tahiti the best of all. That the passage was a smooth one, there were beautiful rivers and mountains and unsurpassed tropical scenery, and the natives kind and friendly. The *Mariposa* sails for Tahiti April 20th. Reduced rates for this voyage, \$125 round trip. Send for circular, 653 Market Street.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Margaret Anglin in a New Play.

The third play of the Anglin season at the California Theatre, commencing next Monday evening, will be "The Lady Paramount," a new comedy by Madeline Lucette Riley, author of "An American Citizen." Miss Anglin has acquired the sole American rights to the piece. Monday night's presentation will be the first time on any stage. The play gives Miss Anglin very serious and pathetic opportunities in contrast to the comedy part. Suzanna, the heroine, is a daring, fascinating, delicious little hoyden in certain moods—in others, a pathetic, pleading, loving, and thoroughly lovable little woman. Frank Worthing has a part quite as good, if not better, than the one he had in "The Marriage of Kitty." Hall McAllister will make his appearance in the comedy part of Wills, a jolly, good-natured, and optimistic land agent, who writes music on the side and sings it—when he can get any one to listen. Mrs. Whiffen is cast for Miss Sanders, seventy years young—a flirt and a conspirator, who winds all the men about her finger. Walter Hitchcock, Arthur Lawrence, Gordon Bushy, Walter Allen, Gwendoline Valentine, and Edith Cartwright are also in the cast. "The Eternal Feminine" is announced as an early offering of the Anglin season. This is looked upon as the piece de resistance of Miss Anglin's entire repertoire.

Craig in an Irish Role.

The Alcazar's offering next week is "Tom Moore," a comedy of Irish wit and manners, entirely new to San Francisco. "Tom Moore" was written by Theodore Burt Sayre, and is the only Irish comedy drama to enjoy a successful run on Broadway since Dion Boucicault's "The Shaughraun" was produced there twenty years ago. It was originally presented at the Herald Square Theatre. "Tom Moore" is the romance of Ireland's greatest wit and poet. John Craig has the title-role, the first Irish part that he has essayed at the Alcazar, and Lillian Lawrence will be the Bessie Dyke, the pretty school-mistress, who afterward becomes a great Drury Lane actress. The characters are historical, including Beau Brummel, Sheridan, the Prince of Wales, and the rascally Lovelace. Master Harold Forman will sing "Kathleen Mavourneen." Moore's own "Last Rose of Summer," and other sweet Irish ballads. To follow, April 17th, comes William Collier's farce, "The Man from Mexico." A big spectacular production of the historical romance, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is in preparation for the first time in stock.

At the Columbia.

The management of the Columbia Theatre announces that, on account of the popularity of Lionel Barrymore in "The Other Girl," Sunday night performances will be given during the present engagement. This will be the first time that a Charles Frohman company visiting San Francisco has played Sunday nights. Following "The Other Girl," Grace Van Studdiford comes on April 17th in "Red Feather," said to be an unusually good comic opera. Miss Studdiford was last seen here with the Bostonians.

New-Comers at the Orpheum.

Paul Conchas, the juggler, who handles heavy cannon balls and Krupp shells, sustains on his chin heavy wheels attached to the shaft of a wagon, with the whiffletrees on the latter, and then lifts on his chin a cannon, wheels and all, makes his first appearance at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. Jack Mason's "Society Belles," composed of five girls, singers and dancers, recruited from the ranks of comic opera, will also be new here. Winona Shannon, sister of Effie Shannon, assisted by Frank Campbell, will present a sketch entitled "His Long Lost Child." The liquid air demonstrations will continue. George C. Boniface, Jr., and Bertha Waltzinger will present another musical comedietta, "The Woman Who Hesitates is Won"; and other hold-overs will be

the Knight Brothers and Miss Sawtelle, singers and dancers; Cooper and Robinson, colored comedians; and the Orpheum motion pictures.

Patriotic Drama at the Central.

"Paul Revere," a drama dealing with Revolutionary times, will be put on at the Central Theatre next week. Paul Revere's famous ride on horseback, notifying the residents of the town that the enemy were approaching, will be reproduced. The attack on the old church and the young hero's sturdy sacrifice will be shown as history tells it was done. It has been some time since a colonial play with its unique costumes has been presented at the Central. The scenic effects, of which there are many, will in no wise be neglected, and the cast has been especially selected. Following "Paul Revere" will come the comedy, "The Corner Grocery."

New People at the Tivoli.

"Florodora," the famous musical comedy, will be produced for the first time to-morrow (Sunday) night at popular prices at the Tivoli Opera House. The story of the aspiring millionaire and the scheming society widow, the stolen secret for the making of the perfume, and the beautiful heiress, is familiar to all theatre-goers, as also are the melodies of the piece. New costumes, scenery, and effects will be used in this production. The cast will include, beside the entire Tivoli company, several new people, among whom will be Aida Hemmi, an Eastern prima donna, who was identified with the New York productions of "The Knickerbocker Girl" and "The Jersey Lily"; and Walter Shannon, a baritone. One of the attractions of the piece will be the "Beauty Sextet," composed solely of California girls, selected especially for their grace, beauty, and musical ability.

Teachers' May Music Festival.

The schedule for the music festival to be held by the school-children of San Francisco at Mechanics' Pavilion, from April 30th to May 7th, inclusive, shows some interesting events. The big chorus of one thousand voices will be heard every night. The Innes Band will also be in attendance, as well as the First Regiment, U. S. A., and other hands. "Parsifal" will be sung in chorus form, and every evening there will be some attraction of special merit. The following schedule of special events will give some idea of what may be expected:

Sunday night, April 30th, inaugural night; Monday afternoon, children's festival of song; Monday night, symphony night; Tuesday afternoon, professional matinee; Tuesday night, "Parsifal" night; Wednesday afternoon, Liszt-Ruhinstein matinee; Wednesday night, military night and first performance on any stage of Innes' "Americana"; Thursday afternoon, French-Russian matinee; Thursday night, oratorio night and production of Mendelsohn's great choral work, "The Hymn of Praise"; Friday afternoon, miscellaneous programme; Friday night, Wagnerfest; Saturday afternoon, second children's festival of song; Saturday night, grand opera and popular music night; Sunday afternoon, miscellaneous programme; Sunday night, farewell night.

Admission will be 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. For night festivals and the Monday and Saturday matinees, reserved seats will be 25 and 50 cents additional, but at the other matinees no extra charge will be made for reserved seats. Season tickets will be \$5.00, without reservations, and \$7.50 and \$10.00 with reservations. Single box seats will be \$1.50, and boxes for the season will be \$100.

A large collection of oil paintings, valued at \$30,000, donated by Thomas Walton Stanford, of Melbourne, Australia, to Stanford University, has arrived here, and will soon be followed by another consignment. They are by the best artists of Australia, and are mostly confined to Australian scenes.

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VANITY FAIR.

...the subject of divorce. The New York Times asked him to contribute to its supplement and this is the reply it got—on a postcard. The reply would be more usefully employed in arousing public opinion to the noxious tendency of married people to marry when it would often be better for them and for the community that they should be divorced. There is nothing of which America should be so proud as the fact that in its soil divorces are comparatively recent and easy. I sincerely trust that marriages may become more and more barren until even your well-meaning but absolutely out-of-fashion President may see that it is in the state of endowment of maternity and its complete separation from the romantic procreancy of marriage, that all hope for the future of the race lies."

Things have come to a pretty pass when a New York newspaper, commenting on the way men crowd and shove women on New York trams, heads an editorial paragraph, "The cowards of New York." These are the items, taken from the news pages, which roused the editorial indignation: "When the crash came the men in the cars, in a panic-stricken rush, hurled women right and left and trampled many under foot, the cowardly behavior of the men accounting for the large proportion of women injured.— News Report of Yesterdays Crash of Subway Trains." And again: "Men scrambled over women, who were thrown off their feet, in their endeavor to get to the port side. The ferry boat heeled under the rush. Many women were trampled under foot.— News Story of Wednesday Evenings Collision of Ferry Boat and Tug." "During his recent brief visit to New York," continues the World "Captain Seth Bullock, cowboy critic of Eastern manners, was impressed vividly by the way a lot of sheep-faces along in these subways and street cars of yours crowd women and stamp on their feet to get ahead of them! The captain's criticism was too mild. 'Sheep-faces' is a term insufficient even for the casual blackguards of rush hours, in whom dwell the first impulses of the brutes of janic seasons. Are we raising a race of strenuous cowards in New York?"

That is the question of the World. Consider now what a feminine correspondent of the Oregonian has to say on the same topic: "No Westerner can come to New York without being shocked at the treatment accorded women by the crowds who travel on street cars and in public places, but up to the present time it has simply been a lack of courtesy and of consideration. But now it has become much more. It is positively dangerous for a woman to attempt to ride in the subway or in the elevated during the rush hours, unless she is willing to chance being voluntarily flung to one side, trampled under foot, or torn to pieces by the surging crowds who have neither time nor inclination to care. At a moment like this one might be glad to state that it is people of the lower classes, of the slums, of the foreign element, but it is not so. These crowds include men from all runs of life, and are the well-dressed and prosperous-looking people whom any one would designate by the term 'gentlemen.'"

A Michigan "maiden lady," who was found dead in a rocking chair in her own house recently has outdone all the other "maiden ladies" who ever looked for the man under the bed or tried to scare a possible mascul-

line visitor by a man's hat on the hat-rack. Having an awful fear of MAN and working on somewhat homeopathic principles, she dressed herself in the garb of the creatures she dreaded. Wearing coat and trousers, every night she slept in a chair with a lighted lamp beside her, that invading burglars, or what not, might see their counterfeit and beware. Only death, perhaps, would have ventured in, for the little lady was taken wearing all her masculine armor.

This belated but authentic story of inauguration time in Washington is worth preserving. The day after the inauguration (Sunday), a particularly gracious Washington hostess was seated in her drawing-room in the afternoon expecting that callers would come in as usual for tea. Without any warning a party of a dozen or so, all absolute strangers, were shown in. Not having sent out cards for the day, and feeling that there must be some mistake, the nonplussed Washingtonian endeavored to rise to the occasion with due courtesy until the mistake should appear. But one of the visitors promptly put an end to all mystification by casually announcing, while looking around, that they were "from New York, come down for the inauguration," and had dropped in just because they "thought they'd like to see how people lived in Washington." Overcoming her astonishment, the involuntary hostess tactfully and somewhat mischievously replied that they were "really very enterprising, indeed," but that unfortunately she was "not official and didn't count, and that what they ought to do was to call, say, at Secretary Hay's house or at Senator Depew's." There was a moment's hesitation, and then another of the party quite naively replied, "Yes, we tried that, but they put us out."

A few years ago Harry Lehr and Elisha Dyer, Jr., were the men who led most of the cotillions at New York's important dances, but now Lehr (since his marriage at least) seems to have fallen from grace, as the record of the season's important dances will show. Elisha Dyer, Jr., led at Mrs. Astor's ball with Harry Lehr, at Mrs. John Jacob Astor's with Bertie Stopford (of London), at Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry's with H. Rogers Winthrop, and at the dance of Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley. Wortington Whitehouse led the cotillion at the Vanderbilt, Iselin, and James A. Stillman balls, and that of Mrs. Ogden Mills. Montgomery Strong led at the first Thursday evening dinner dance, and F. Ashton de Peyster at the second. Amos Tuck French, brother of Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, led the cotillion at the St. Regis, given by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, for their debutante daughter, Miss Corinne Douglas Robinson. Monson Morris was the leader at one of the Iselin dances, and at that given by Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting. Stowe Phelps led at the Waterbury dance, twice at the Saturday evening dances, and at a Cinderella and a junior cotillion. Grosvenor Atterbury and Phoenix Ingraham led the two Farrington dances. Franklin A. Plummer was the leader of the Page and Duncean cotillions. Edmund Rogers and Alfred Ely, Jr., led one of the two university cotillions, and Chalmers Wood, Jr., and Fred de Rham the other. Dr. George H. Bell led one of the Century dances. Robert Coffin led one of the Neighborhood's, and F. Raymond Lefferts one. Russel Landale was the leader of one of the Saturday evening dances. At the two dances given by Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Harry Pelham Robbins and G. Creighton Webb were the leaders. Frederick S. Woodruff and Ferraris H. Tows led the cotillions of the Eighty, and J. D. Roman Baldwin the Morgan dance. Charles H. Sherrill led one Cinderella and one Saturday evening, and Marcel Steinbrugge one of the Madison dances.

About the most curious item that has appeared in the New York papers for many a day is the account of the arrest of Annie Devine, thirty-eight years old, who said that she had a furnished room at 1007 Fulton Street. Annie was arrested by a policeman who had noticed her enormous girth, and suspected that she had secreted wraps under her garments. At the station-house an examination of the woman's clothing showed that she had hundreds of articles, from shirt-waists to packages of snuff, fastened with safety-pins to every portion of her skirts and underclothing. It took the matron two hours and a quarter to remove the pins and classify the articles. In the fingers of an old glove, tucked inside a mitten, which was found inside a stocking pinned to her skirt, were two ten-dollar bills and a one-dollar note. In all, \$96.97 was found done up in two hundred packages, containing from one cent to \$20. There were two packages of snuff, a bar of soap, tobacco, twenty bundles of needles, several socks and skeins of thread, pocket-knives, compasses, matches, face-powder, a nickel with three shirt-waists, fifteen postage-stamps each in a separate package; trolley transfers, lead pencils, six pairs of stockings, thimbles and buttons, trading-stamps, several small pictures and many scraps of paper,

on which was written the numbers of the bank-notes which she carried. The woman had used three hundred safety-pins to fasten her treasures to her clothing. Many of the packages showed that they had been worn for years. Annie told the police the property was all hers, and come by honestly. She said that she had no regular home, and that she carried all her property with her, for fear she would be robbed by the odd persons she had to live with. She was scrupulously clean, and spoke the English of an educated woman.

News Comes from Hawaii.

"that the volcano of Kilauea has become active again. The activity, like the outbreaks of the past, is in Halemaumau, the House of Fire, the inner crater of the volcano. Great fountains of molten lava are playing in the centre, and cones are forming." Reduced first-class ticket to Honolulu, sailing of April 15th, \$125, round trip. Full information, Oceanic Steamship Company, 653 Market Street.

— EVEN PLAIN DISHES ARE DELICACIES AT THE Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with 5 columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for March 30th, 31st, April 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 5, 1905, were as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Bay Co. Power 5%, Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%, etc., and stocks like Water, Banks, Powders, Sugars, etc.

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the sugar stocks, about 3,690 shares changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up one and a quarter points to 91 3/4. Honokaa five-eighths of a point to 22, Hutchinson three-eighths of a point to 18 1/2, Makaweli Sugar Company one-half point to 37, Onomea three-quarters of a point to 37 1/2, Paauhau five-eighths of a point to 25 1/2, the market closing off easy with small losses in price. Spring Valley Water was steady at 38 1/2-38 3/4. Alaska Packers was in better demand, 280 shares being traded in at 88 1/2-88 1/2. San Francisco Gas and Electric sold off one point to 56 1/2 on sales of 295 shares, closing at 56 bid, 56 1/2 asked. Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone sold off nine and three-quarter points to 101 1/2, but at the close reacted to 108, closing at 105 bid, 111 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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For a very little time you can be as cleanly as a lion in a wild land, and as good as the best neat tool and outfit, while you are washing on a gas stove.

THE GAS CO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Many curious reasons are given for absence from school. Here is one: "DEAR SIR: Samuel can not come to school this afternoon, as he has glued his head to the dresser, and we have not been able to separate him yet."

James R. Keene said recently: "I was walking in the country one day in my youth, and toward sundown I lost my way. As I plodded on, tired and hungry, I met a farmhand. 'Jack,' I said, 'what is the way to Berenda?' The farmhand looked at me with a frown. 'How did you know,' he said, 'that my name was Jack?' 'Oh,' I said, 'I guessed it.' 'Then,' said the farmhand, 'guess your way to Berenda.'"

An English contemporary tells a story of an unusual exhibition of forethought by an Irishman. At a certain lecture there was a little disturbance, and the lecturer's head was broken. "It isn't much," he said; "it would be all right if we only had a bit of sticking plaster." "Here's a hit, sir," said a muscular spectator; "I always puts some in my pocket agin' the Saturday night."

Secretary Hay, who has lately had to take a sea-voyage on account of his health, is always cheerful, no matter what his physical condition. On one occasion, when his health was particularly bad, a friend asked him what his ailment was. "I am suffering from an incurable disease," Mr. Hay answered, gravely. "May I ask what is the disease?" asked the sympathetic friend. "Old age," said Mr. Hay with a chuckle.

The following story was originally told by Frederick Douglass in his lecture on John Brown: Just after his first inauguration, President Lincoln was one day hacking his boots in democratic fashion, when several foreign diplomats called and caught him in the act. One of them remarked, sneeringly: "Mr. President, in our countries the chief executives do not black their own boots." "Indeed," said Mr. Lincoln, with cheerful curiosity, "whose boots do they black?"

A believer in mental healing recently inquired of a friend's small son: "How is your father?" "Father is feeling bad and complains much of his health," said the boy. "That's all nonsense," replied the friend; "the next time your father complains you must tell him that it is all imagination. Tell him to brace up; there is nothing the matter with him—he just thinks he is sick." Two or three days after the gentleman again met the boy, and inquired about the health of his father. "Father thinks he is dead, sir," replied the boy.

Abe Hummel, the New York lawyer, who is known as a master of repartee, is to be credited with a new, pithy, and very-much-to-the-point retort. The other morning, accompanying a client to court, the case at issue being a breach of promise suit for damages, based on letters written by the defendant, the counselor had been giving a lesson on morals to his client, when the latter dejectedly remarked: "Oh! I know all about it, Abe; the same old song, 'Do right and fear nothing.'" "Not no! That's not it at all," answered Abe; "don't write, and fear nothing."

A Kansas man appeared, the other day, with a big three-cornered scar on the side of his face, which looked suspiciously like the print of the heel of a lady's shoe, and when a friend who had not seen him for a long time met him, and with surprise asked him, "Why, Jim, how did you get that awful scar?" he replied, "That is a birthmark." His friend exclaimed: "Impossible; you did not have it when a boy." "No," he replied, "but it is a birthmark just the same. You see, when I was coming home from the West I was riding in a sleeping-car, and tried to get in the wrong berth."

Simon Ford tells of a little girl of his acquaintance who constantly carried about with her a big wax doll he had given her. Recently there arrived in the household to which the little girl belongs another youngster. During the afternoon following this interesting event, Mr. Ford chanced to encounter his little friend on the street. He at once observed that she was without her usual companion, the big wax doll he had given her. "Why, Marie," said he, "where's your wax doll?" Whereupon the little one elevated her nose to an unwonted angle. Said she: "I don't have any use for wax dolls now. We've got a real neat baby at our house, and that takes up all my time."

A Missouri paper says that a new judge arose to charge the jury, and spoke as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence as

well as myself. You have heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff have told you, your verdict would be for plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will find a verdict for the defendant; but if you were like me, and don't believe what either of them said, then I'll be d—d if I know what you'll do. Constatly, take charge of the jury."

OUR FIRST GRAND-OPERA SEASON.

Commenting on the comparatively calm attitude of the press and public toward the coming grand-opera season, a well-known San Francisco lady writes:

I can't help calling to mind how eager and expectant San Francisco was when it was announced that Patti and the Mapleson company were to visit us. The fact of Patti's coming was sufficient to stir the public pulse to fever heat. It is hardly possible to describe in these more conventional days the feeling of suppressed excitement which controlled the population of this city. The first evening of Patti's arrival brought out a mob of people which filled the court and corridors of the Palace Hotel. She appeared and promenade around the hall, waving her handkerchief to the crowds below, and of course throwing kisses. Patti always threw plenty of kisses. She looked then about twenty-four years of age; she must have been twice that. Her figure was graceful and petite, like a girl's, and perfectly gowned. Flashing jewels and soft laces enhanced her beauty, and as she passed us we caught a whiff of subtle perfume, like mignonette. It is strange how one remembers these unimportant details. Nothing was talked about but the opera. San Francisco was like a kindergarten out for a holiday in green fields, under blue skies, beside itself with joy and breathing in the freshest of music-laden air. On the opening night of the opera, there was a jam of carriages extending for blocks, one after the other depositing satin-gowned women, who fitted like shimmering and sparkling wraiths out of the night into the well-lighted foyer of the Grand Opera House. There never has been a more magnificently dressed audience than that of this first opera season. Women wore more flowers in those days, no gown was complete without a corsage bouquet of one's favorite flower, and almost all carried bouquets. This gave brilliancy to the color scheme of a gayly dressed audience. The auditorium was all a-glitter and keyed to the highest pitch, awaiting the rolling up of the curtain to give vent to its long restrained excitement.

Patti's greatest success was in "Crispino e la Tomare," an opera not much sung but well suited to her in those brilliant days, a light, dainty opera, in which Patti danced and sang her way into the hearts of her audience until they went mad with delight. Women stood up waving their handkerchiefs, shouting "Brava, brava," and throwing their corsage bouquets at the feet of the diva. Who will not remember those delicious notes of hers in "Il bacio," Ardit's kiss song, and introduced into this opera? Ardit himself was the leader of the orchestra, and when the applause was at its height stood up, congratulated her, and placed a laurel wreath upon her head. It was a supreme moment, for never could any songstress of any time be greeted with more flattering tributes of success and admiration. Patti received this ovation with charming grace and bewitching smiles. Huge floral pieces—a dozen, two dozen—were handed over the footlights, which set her singing and dancing among them like a bird of radiant hue. When the curtain was rung down on the act—well, the applause swelled until the tumult and the shouting ended in one wild cry for "Patti, Patti!"

But I must not fail to mention Gerster, who ran Patti a close second in popularity. Who will forget her in "Lucia" and "Somanbula"? There were Patti factions and Gerster factions in those days. Conversations and discussions were lively in drawing-room and clubdom. "Betsy B.," then dramatic critic for the Argonaut, held weekly "Sunday evenings" in her rooms at the Palace Hotel. Conversation here became so animated that the names of the favorite divas had to be suppressed and placards posted on the door, "No Patti-Gerster discussions." The guests did their best to observe the rule, but the opera subject would sift out, and then Rome howled. The best criticisms of the opera came from these gatherings, for the brightest men and women, intellectually and musically, of San Francisco were frequent guests there.

The city did not calm down during this operatic tour, but "grew by what it fed upon." Tickets were very difficult to obtain, and the prices ran fabulously high. The objectionable feature which has not been corrected yet, that of speculators buying tickets and holding up the prices, was at its worst. Twenty and twenty-five dollars were the prices some had to pay for seats advertised at five dollars. It was robbery, but the public did not care; they clutched wildly at any seat at any price. Now we do not clutch so wildly, and many who in those days sold old clothes to buy seats, now will prefer to stay at home. For one performance of an opera in which Patti sang, the only seats we could procure, after much time and patience lost, were bought from a ticket-broker at five dollars apiece, and they were in the fifth row of the upper gallery—"nigger heaven," as the boys call it.

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A Night Bird.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!" it cried, "My master's on the spot; I'm mighty glad that I am wood Instead of small and hot." —New York Herald.

A Grandmother to President Roosevelt.

"Teach not thy parents' mother to extract The embryo pieces of an egg by suction; The good old lady can the feat enact Quite irrespective of your kind instruction." —Grandamma in the Sim.

The Dignity of the Law.

A felon did a murder of a rather messy sort— The details were appalling, if we credit the report; But his innocence was proven, when they brought him into court, By a "lawyer in good standing." A gentleman of pleasure wearied of domestic strife, So he hatched some pretty slanders that would compromise his wife. Result: A quick divorce obtained, a woman marked for life, By a "lawyer in good standing." A law of public justice brushed the elbows of a trust, Who did the dark and devious its energies to bust— And the man who bribed and quibbled till the right was in the dust Was a "lawyer in good standing." A millionaire promoter who was known to be a thief, Caught gory-handed in a steal, bid fair to come to grief, So he summoned his attorney, for he knew he'd find relief In a "lawyer of good standing." The lawyer brought the case to trial with all precaution due. The judge discerned the clink of coin and smiled as if he knew The defendant must be innocent—you see His Honor, too, Was a "lawyer in good standing." —Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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WHITE STAR LINE. NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL. Majestic.....Apr. 19, 10 am Teutonic.....May 3, 10 am Celtic.....Apr. 21, 7 am Celtic.....May 5, 6 am Baltic.....Apr. 26, noon Oceanic.....May 10, 9:30 am Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool. Arabic.....Apr. 27, 10 am May 11, June 8, July 13 Cymric.....June 1, July 6, Aug. 10 Republic.....June 1, July 6, Aug. 10

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SOCIETY

The Season of Grand Opera.

The season of the Grand Opera season... The Grand Opera House was thronged to the doors with a fashionable audience.

To give a complete list of those who were present at "Rigoletto" on Thursday night would be to name all of San Francisco's most representative society.

The Grill Room of the Hotel St. Francis and the Palm Garden of the Palace Hotel presented brilliant scenes after the opera.

"March Militaire," Schubert; grand fantasia from "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo; "Liebchen Traumb," Konizak.

To-night (Saturday) Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" will be the bill, with Dippel as Raoul, Nordica as Valentine, and Sembrich as Marguerite de Valois.

The operas to be sung next week will introduce several new singers, and give all the leading stars an opportunity to show their versatility.

At the Saturday matinee, April 15th, Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" will be sung, and the season will be brought to a close on Saturday evening with a second performance of "La Gioconda."

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emily Rosenstern, daughter of Dr. Julius Rosenstern, to Mr. Sidney Joseph.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bernadette Robinson, daughter of Mrs. Luke Robinson, to Lieutenant David Trizzi, of the Italian army.

The wedding of Mrs. Leslie Van Ness de Ruyter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, to Mr. William Deiman, took place on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 1921 Octavia Street.

General Francis Moore U. S. A., who retired from the army on Thursday, was given

a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Colonel John D. Hall, U. S. A., Colonel William S. Patton, U. S. A., Colonel Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., Colonel George Andrews, U. S. A., Colonel William E. Birkhimer, U. S. A., Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, U. S. A., Colonel William H. Comegys, U. S. A., Major Samuel W. Dunning, U. S. A., Major C. A. Devo, U. S. A., Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., Major Henry M. Morrow, U. S. A., Major Frank F. Eastman, U. S. A., Major George O. Squier, U. S. A., Major John P. Wissler, U. S. A., Captain William C. Wren, U. S. A., Captain James Canby, U. S. A., Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Captain James W. McAndrew, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, U. S. A.

Mrs. Henry F. Dutton gave a card-party on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Mrs. T. W.-M. Draper, Miss Dorothy Draper, and Miss Elsa Draper gave a tea on Sunday in honor of Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, of New York.

Miss May Colburn will give a card-party to-day (Saturday) in honor of Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills gave a reception and supper on Saturday evening at their residence, 2800 Jackson Street.

Miss Flora McDermott gave a luncheon in Oakland on Tuesday in honor of Miss Marion Smith.

Miss Agnes Buchanan gave a card-party on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann will give a luncheon on Saturday, April 15th.

Music at Institute of Art.

The following musical programme was rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman on Thursday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, where the annual spring exhibition is being held:

Organ, march in B-flat, Silas, Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal, "Armorer's Song" from "Robin Hood," De Koven, Mr. John F. Quinn; sonata in E-minor, Mozart (violin and piano), Mr. C. F. Hamlin and Miss Mary Coffey; vocal, aria, "Judith," Concone, Miss Laura Anderson; organ, "Andante Cantabile," Widor, Mr. Otto Fleissner; songs: "The Two Grenadiers," Schumann, "Drink to Me With Thine Eyes," Old English, "Three Fishers," Hullab, Mr. John F. Quinn; violin, "Romanze Andaluza," Sarasate, Mr. C. F. Hamlin; songs: "Thine Eyes so Blue," Lassen, "Bird Song," Tanbert, "Am Meer," Schubert, Miss Laura Anderson; organ, "Fanfare," Lemmens, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

Bohemian Club Election.

The regular annual meeting of the members of the Bohemian Club will be held on Tuesday, when officers for the ensuing year will be elected. There are two tickets, the following being the regular one:

President, Frederic W. Hall; vice-president, J. Wilson Shiels; secretary, Alfred R. Grim; treasurer, William Letts Oliver; directors: Louis Lisser, John McNaught, Henry A. Melvin, and Arthur F. Mathews.

The independent ticket is as follows:

President, Willard T. Barton; vice-president, R. M. Hotaling; secretary, Alfred R. Grim; treasurer, F. G. Sanborn; directors: Louis Lisser, Charles J. Dickman, L. E. Hanchett, H. A. Melvin.

The photographs shown at the first American Photographic Salon, which was held in New York in December, are on exhibition at the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. There are 380 of these pictures, and some 50 of them are by San Francisco photographers.

The New Art Gallery.

It is like stepping into an exclusive art gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York, to visit the new art parlors of M. C. Ansbro on Sutter Street near Mason, recently opened to the public. Mr. Ansbro is well known to art collectors, having for many years been located on Sutter Street near Polk.

Excellent and experienced artistic taste has entered into the arrangement and furnishings. There is no crowding or confusion of pictures; and each one is so placed as to contribute to the whole scheme of harmony.

The reproductions of early English portraits and sporting prints are varied and interesting. The old and modern masters are represented by many carbon reproductions. There are original etchings by Hellen, the noted dry-point etcher which are very rare, only a limited number being produced.

All the pictures are most appropriately framed. Mr. Ansbro's great success has been in this line. The old English prints are mounted in the black and gold glass mats and old gold frames that are so in keeping with their period.

Wills and Successions.

The will of the late John E. Chalfant, of Cloverdale, has been filed for probate at Santa Rosa. The estate is valued at \$143,000, and consists mainly of cash, represented by certificates of deposit in San Francisco banks aggregating \$80,000, and deposits in financial institutions amounting to \$22,500, and a life-insurance policy for \$10,000.

The will of the late Henry B. Russ, who died possessed of an undivided interest in the Russ House, bequeathed him by the late I. C. C. Russ, and other valuable holdings, has been filed for probate. In keeping with an agreement entered into by all of the Russ heirs, the testator says that it is his desire that his interest in the Russ House be not sold until such time as all of the heirs agree to sell the property.

The will and codicil of the late Mrs. Jane Stanford have been admitted to probate at San José, and letters of administration were issued to Charles G. Lathrop, Timothy Hopkins, Joseph D. Grant, Whitelaw Reid, and Thomas G. Crothers as executors, without bonds.

Army and Navy News.

General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., accompanied by an aid, Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., arrived on Wednesday, and on Thursday succeeded General Francis Moore, retired, U. S. A., as commander of the Department of California.

Rear-Admiral A. S. Barker, U. S. N., commander of the North Atlantic fleet, has been retired.

Commander W. G. Cowles, U. S. N., has been detached from Cavite station and assigned to the command of the *Monadnock*.

Commander T. S. Pbelus, U. S. N., is detached from the navy-yard at Mare Island, and ordered to duty in charge of the naval recruiting station at San Francisco.

Major Frank E. Hobbs, U. S. A., is detached from the command of the Benicia arsenal, and ordered to the command of the arsenal at Watertown, Mass. He will be succeeded at Benicia by Major J. Walker, U. S. A., detached from command of the arsenal at Rock Island, Ill.

Ensign Samuel Wood Bryant, U. S. N., has been spending the week here.

Commander Vincent L. Cottman, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Alexander M. Watson, Marine Corps, U. S. N., has reported for duty at Mare Island.

The United States battle-ship *Ohio* sailed for the Orient on Saturday.

A club-house, to cost \$15,000, will be erected at Ingleside by the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. The plans drawn indicate a building of most pleasing and artistic appearance, with a parlor, ladies' parlor, dining-room, bedrooms, and 'ladies' and gentlemen's locker-rooms.

Evidences of Eastertide.

Easter will soon be here—the glad festal day that, in the Christian world and the world of nature, marks the triumph of life over death, Christ's resurrection from the tomb, and the resurrection of nature from the death-like sleep of winter. Evidences of these are the practiced Easter anthems and the bursting buds. Further and more unmistakable evidence, to the minds of the children, are the perennial candy bunnies and chicks and the wonderful kaleidoscopic array of "Easter eggs" in the candy-store windows, where Easter novelties in the greatest profusion of variety and rich and clever effects are now to be seen.

To Read to Woman Patient.

Wanted—An intelligent young woman to read for about an hour about three times a week to a woman patient. Must also be able to write correctly and legibly. References required. State terms. Address Argonaut, Box 100.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Pears' the soap for the whole family.

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will be very fancy this year, and, of course, must be done by experts; we employ none other.

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Advertisement for Mme. Annette MILLINERY, featuring a logo with the letters 'M' and 'A' and text: 'Imported Pattern Hats', 'Original Designer of Pattern Hats', 'Modes', '923 MARKET STREET', 'Next door to Zinkand's'.

Go to THE FACTORY to buy your Trunks Valises, etc., TO GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH J. MARTY 22 Turk St., San Francisco Telephone Folsom 2812. REPAIRING.

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A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the spring and summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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San Francisco's New and Exclusive Apartment Hotel.

American plan. European plan. Arrangement: 1 room with bath; 2 rooms with bath; and 3 and 4 rooms with 2 baths. Furnished or unfurnished.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and family will spend the summer at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mr. Harry Scott leave to-day (Saturday) for Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison and Miss Jennie Crocker were in Rome when last heard from.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has returned from the East.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned from Southern California.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Low have returned to Del Monte for the summer. Miss Ella Morgan will join them in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grayrigge (née McConnell) are guests of Mrs. Grayrigge's grandmother, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, at her residence, 1123 California Street. They expect to depart soon for England, which will be their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark departed on Wednesday morning for Jerome, Ariz.

Miss Sara Collier is sojourning for a few days at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have returned from Monterey.

Miss Sallie Maynard departs to-day (Saturday) for a short trip East.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Palmer have departed for Europe, to be gone several months.

Mrs. William E. Crist (née Currey) is a guest of her mother, Mrs. Currey, at 1716 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott expect to leave in a few days for Del Monte, where they will spend the month of April.

Mrs. G. W. Beaver and the Misses Beaver expect to go, about the last of April, to San Rafael, where they have taken a residence for four months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney are making a long stay at Del Monte. Miss E. M. Warren will be their guest for a month or more.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hoag were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son departed last Monday for New York, where they will join Mr. Brown, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Irving are at the Hotel Rafael, where they will remain for several months.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling is sojourning for a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. John F. Swift has gone to Washington, D. C., for a sojourn of several weeks.

Dr. G. L. Simmons and his son, Dr. Samuel E. Simmons, of Sacramento, are in town for the grand-opera season.

Mr. F. W. Tallant and Mr. D. Tallant were recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins have sailed from New York for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, Miss Gertrude Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, and Mr. Paul Jones are at Ross Valley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney have taken apartments on Hyde Street, near Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell are occupying their country residence at Ross Valley.

Miss Josephine Loughborough was in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement E. Horst and family have gone to their country place at Ahurn for the summer.

Mrs. J. L. Sanders and her daughter, Miss Katherine Sanders, who come from the East every year, are at Del Monte for the spring and summer.

Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing has gone to Alameda for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, of Sacramento, have returned after a year's tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuhls arrived from Chicago last week for a short stay.

Miss Florence Sage has arrived from the East, and is a guest of her uncle, Major William Black, U. S. A., at Fort McDowell.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson and Miss Bessie Wilson have taken apartments at the Lafayette, on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sara Coffin have gone to Ross Valley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dutton have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Frank M. Whitney and Miss Louise Whitney have returned to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hornick have taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Saunders returned last Saturday from a three months' visit in the East, and are at their residence on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holland and Miss Burgwin will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Cale Young Rice have been guests at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. B. A. Jengens, of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. H. Levy, Mrs. J.

S. Hayes, Mr. J. H. Hough, Miss Ackerman, Miss F. Taylor, Miss Yost, and Mr. B. P. Anderson.

Among the week's visitors at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Milton, Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. J. M. Kelly, Mrs. W. P. Matthews, Miss Hazel Corlett, Mr. Harry E. Corlett, Mr. Fred Hotaling, Mr. Henry Brown, Mr. Charles Clark, Mr. J. L. Gould, Mr. P. H. Hicks, Mr. D. M. Lawler, Mr. W. H. Bookstaver, Mr. W. G. Palmantier, Mr. J. E. Daly, Mr. R. R. Veal, Colonel Martin Brady, Mr. M. A. Larkin, and Mr. M. Blaisdell.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Percy R. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. E. Popper, Miss Popper, Miss Caroline Delano, Miss Susan Delano, Miss A. C. Clark, Miss M. M. Iselin, Mr. G. L. Connor, Mr. T. D. Adams, Mr. John Crosby Brown, Mr. Eugene Delano, Mr. Cyrus Clark, and Mr. J. F. Iselin, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Mandell, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. E. Keith, and Mr. W. B. Brooks, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Boynton, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Straus, Mrs. M. F. Maguire, Miss B. B. Boynton, Miss M. A. Smith, and Miss Goodrich, of Chicago.

The Vance Apartments.

Another beautiful apartment-hotel has just opened its doors for occupancy. "The Vance," on Taylor Street, between Geary and O'Farrell Streets. Such handsome structures are fast converting the old San Francisco of small frame buildings to a city of brick, stone, and steel palaces.

"The Vance," eight stories in height, built of cream pressed brick and fire-proof, stands on high ground and alone, commanding a view from every side of the city and bay; as a result, with the light and air shaft down the centre, every corner of the building is flooded with sunlight, and all are outside rooms.

The interior arrangement is carefully planned for comfort and convenience. Rooms may be had single or en suite. Each room is fitted with bath and telephone. Steam heat, gas and electric light, hot and cold water are provided for the whole house. The walls of rooms and hallways are kalsomined, according to approved sanitary laws, and are tinted in quiet, restful colors. As for furnishings—maple, mahogany, and hody brasses are used throughout.

"The Vance," 432 Taylor Street, situated in the heart of the city, yet removed from the din of traffic, is an ideal abiding place for city dwellers in search of quiet and refined surroundings. Persons wishing to secure rooms should make early inquiry of the manager, Walter K. Porter, at the apartments.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats.

Spring styles, now open. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street. Telephone Main 3185.

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TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room. THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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The White and Gold Room of the Hotel St. Francis presents the most brilliant scene in San Francisco during the Grand Opera Season.

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New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.



Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. FROM APRIL 2, 1905.

Table of train schedules with columns for departure/arrival times and destinations. Includes sections for Main Line, Coast Line, and Oak Harbor Ferry.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

M. Rodin has been praising our fogs and our art. Our art certainly looks its best in our fogs.—Punch.

Knaucker—"Jones and his wife are singing the 'Marseillaise.'" Bocher—"Yes; they are bracing up to discharge the cook."—Harper's Bazar.

Minnie—"Oh, dear! I dread the thought of my thirtieth birthday." Clara—"Why, I supposed you had forgotten it long ago."—Chicago Daily News.

"You say your late uncle was an eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was insane?" "I don't know—the will hasn't been read yet."—Cleveland Leader.

"Well, this is a put-up job, all right," said the man, as he struggled, under his wife's direction, to hang the pictures on the parlor wall.—Somerville Journal.

"How do you like your government position?" "I'm greatly disappointed. I have to work as hard to fill the place as I did to get it."—Washington Star.

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice young lady—and she's worth her weight in gold." Bob—"Stout girl, I hope."—New Yorker.

Mistah Johnsing—"Can't you gib me no hope, Liza?" Miss Jackson—"Once an' fo' all, Mistah Johnsing, I tells you I won't be no man's cullud supplement."—Puck.

"What are you going to do with your new magazine?" "Get a corner on all the anti-trust literature." "And then what?" "Shove up the price of the magazine."—Washington Star.

"You can't have genius without eccentricity." "That may be so, but I've noticed that it's possible to have a good deal of eccentricity without much genius."—Chicago Record-Herald.

If, in the heat of a family quarrel, the angry wife makes a move to pick up a flat-iron, by no means is this to be taken as implying a desire to smooth things over.—New Yorker.

"Miss Biggins is very self-conscious, is she not?" "Yes. When some one made a remark about a wolf in sheep's clothing she took it as a reflection on her Persian lamb coat."—Er.

"He doesn't display much originality in his poems." "Doesn't he? He wrote a sonnet with twenty-three lines the other day. If that isn't original, what do you call it?"—Chicago Record Herald.

"If you refuse to marry me," said the wealthy old man, "I shall pine away and die." "Of course," responded the girl, bitterly; "and if I would marry you you would hang to life like a bulldog."—Detroit Tribune.

"Just from Ireland, are you?" asked Mrs. Hiram Offen of the applicant. "and were you trained across the water?" "Shure, ye must know better nor that, ma'am," replied the girl; "I was shipped across."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Talker—"It must be awfully hard work thinking up bright things to write all the time." Scribbler—"Well, it is; but the hardest part is getting editors to think that they are bright after they are written."—Somerville Journal.

Balloonist—"What have you got as ballast to throw overboard when we want to lighten the balloon?" Assistant—"A keg of beer. Sure, we can drink it when we want to lighten the balloon instid av t'rowin' it overboard, an' awthin' all be wasted!"—Cleveland Leader.

"Why should we give so much attention to military science and naval equipment?" said the benevolent man; "war is, at best, a terrible thing." "Yes," answered the practical citizen, "but when it comes to a question of conquering or being conquered, it doesn't take me a minute to make my choice of two evils."—Washington Star.

"Watch out," warned the pickpocket, as he palmed the gentleman's timepiece.—Princeton Tiger.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steadman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

PLEASE NOTE—This is to remind you that EDGAR C. HUMPHREY is the pioneer specialist in property from San Mateo to Menlo Park and about the Stanford University.

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OUR 25c OFFER. 300 kinds of choice flower seed, 10 full-sized packages garden seeds, and a 15 cent seed check, good for 15 cents' worth of any kind of seed listed in our catalogue.

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California Northwestern Railway Co.

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Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, and 6:30 p. m. Thursday—Extra trip at 11:30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:50 and 11:30 p. m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, and 11:30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p. m.

Sundays—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:05, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect Oct. 2, 1904, Arrive San Francisco. Lists destinations like Ignacio, Novato, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Hopland, Ukiah, Guerneville, Sonoma and Glen Ellen, Sebastopol.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs, at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sandrum Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Sowers; at Sherwood for Cauto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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In some quarters, there still seems to be confusion of mind about the President's intervention in Santo Domingo. The confusion is natural. For, to speak the exact truth, the situation is not a little complex, and the difficulty of quite clearly understanding it no small one. Let us try, nevertheless, to get the facts set down straight, in proper relation, and with due emphasis.

It will be recalled that a treaty with Santo Domingo, looking toward the administration of its finances by this government, was negotiated by our State Department at the instance of Mr. Roosevelt, and submitted to the Senate at its last session. The Senate, first, because it desired to "discipline" Mr. Roosevelt; second, because it feared that the Executive meditated an invasion of the prerogatives of the legislative branch; and, third, because it really had doubts of the desirability of the ratification of the treaty, adjourned

since die without action upon it. The direct responsibility for non-action, it should be said, rests primarily with the Democrats in the Upper House, who arrived at a decision to stand as a unit against the measure, and thus made it useless for it formally to be voted upon and rejected.

In consequence of all this, when the Senate adjourned, the President found himself face to face with a disagreeable situation. The creditors of Santo Domingo were clamoring for their money. The revolutionists of Santo Domingo were threatening to overturn the present government. It was fairly probable that if things were allowed to take their course, European warships would, before Congress would again meet, anchor in Santo Domingo ports and seize the customs-houses for the purpose of satisfying the claims of European citizens. No good American wants to see that. What then was to be done?

Mr. Roosevelt talked the matter over with his Cabinet. Not only that, but he called into consultation Senators John C. Spooner, Henry Cabot Lodge, Joseph B. Foraker, and Philander C. Knox—all good men. Finally, a course of action, having the approval of the Cabinet and all these senators, was determined upon.

Mr. Roosevelt's intervention has been described as establishing a protectorate. It is by no means that. In fact, when the precise text of his letter of instruction to Minister Dawson is carefully studied, the step he took does not appear to have been so extraordinary a one as it is represented to be. The President appointed no men to administer the Santo Domingo customs. He did not guarantee the stability of the present Dominican Government. He does not propose the use of any part of the American army or navy for the purpose of keeping order. All in the world that he did was to "suggest" to the president of the Dominican republic, at that president's request, the names of a number of men of capacity and integrity, to be appointed by President Morales, receiving their pay from the Dominican Government, to collect and conserve the revenues of the republic, depositing them in the National City Bank of New York. If, next fall, the treaty now pending before the Senate be ratified, those funds will be distributed to Dominica's creditors in accordance with it. If the treaty be defeated, the deposit will be returned to the republic to be distributed according to arbitral awards now in force. That is all there is to it. Santo Domingo has not become our ward. Even such bitter enemies of Mr. Roosevelt as the New York Sun are fair to admit that "there is nothing in the Constitution that prevents Mr. Roosevelt . . . from acting as receiver of the Dominican republic at President Morales's request." No newspaper, no statesman, no publicist has yet been able to point Mr. Roosevelt to a section of the Constitution of the United States and say to him: "By your action in this matter, you violated that." So far as he has yet gone, Mr. Roosevelt is sailing in a calm sea with an even keel and a favorable breeze.

Why, then, is it that some usually staid and placid journals do so rage and froth at the mouth over the President's seemingly mild and pacific epistle to Minister Dawson? The question is easy to answer—it is because they see in the immediate future Horrendous Complications. They say: "Suppose that the insurrectionists of Santo Domingo endeavor to capture the customs-houses presided over by Americans 'suggested' for those positions by Mr. Roosevelt. In that case, would not this government be obliged to protect these men, even though it does not compensate them or assume responsibility for them? If our army and navy fulfilled this function, we should be at war with a portion of the people of Santo Domingo. But only

Congress can declare war. Therefore, if Congress resented the President's action and refused to authorize such use of troops and ships, the President would be put in a bad hole."

All of which is perfectly true.

These critics of the President further say: "The sequestration of the funds of Santo Domingo in a New York bank is contrary to the terms of the arbitral awards under which payments were supposed to be made to Santo Domingo's various creditors. Suppose these creditors object to this arrangement made by Mr. Roosevelt [the Belgian creditors have already protested]. Suppose they persuade their respective governments to take up their cause. Suppose these governments urgently back the protests of these citizen creditors. Suppose they say to the United States Government: 'We object to this arrangement; that is an ultimatum.' Mr. Roosevelt would then either have to annul it or fight. If the latter, he would be a usurper of authority, since Congress only can declare war."

All of which, again, is perfectly true.

But to all these arguers, the President has but one answer, namely: "You dream. None of these things has happened. They're not expected to happen. So long as they do not, so long as Roosevelt luck lasts, and things go thus swimmingly, there is no cause for worry. It is as reasonable to suppose that there will be no complications as that there will be many complications."

This, of course, is a quite unanswerable argument. Nothing succeeds like success. If all goes well, and the Senate ratifies the treaty in the fall, the President may justly point to his "arrangement" with pride, and say: "A good bit of work!" If, on the contrary, complications ensue so that this government is involved in military operations in Santo Domingo or elsewhere, then the President's present critics may justly point with reproach to the present "arrangement," and say: "A disastrous bit of work!"

Altogether, it almost seems as if this were a first-rate time to suspend judgment, and wait till we see what happens.

Either the New York Sun or Mr. Roosevelt is going to be justified by the event.

Some time before the present unexcelled postal department came into existence, a few gentlemen from Spain discovered El Dorado, now known as California. When they arrived they returned thanks to God for leading them overseas into so fair and lovely a country. They called its hills and vales and the dimples of its coast by high-sounding titles, by sweet names of caress, by sonorous appellations of saint or mystery of religion. A century ago the sun shone down from the azure sky upon a land of romance and of memory—redolent with the essence of a thousand years of conquest and crusade and love and war.

But that great leveler—the post-office—which, like death, goes on devious ways, but strikes through hearts and souls to get its prey, has put its cudgel upon the crown of California's glory, and with the pen of a bald-headed clerk wiped out the titles, the caresses, the reverent memorials of our past. The clerk in Washington did not know why Palo Alto was so called. He knew nothing of the ancient redwood rising like a column. So he jammed the two words together into Paloalto, which will presumably, under future compressions of the same sort, approach the harmony and dignity of "Paleale"—or, by some triumph of clerical ingenuity, go down to posterity as simply "Pale." San Buenaventura, the very home of Senator Leland Stanford, was changed to "Ventura" by a similar exhibition

...and on the part of some brilliant and ro-
... clerk in Washington, thoughtful of how to win
the enclaves of the congressman from Simkinsville,
who had removed him from that charmingly named
spot to the busy halls of the Capitol.

Naturally, this has not been done without protest.
Certain obsolete gentlemen—Charles F. Lummis and
Zoeth S. Eldridge, for example—whose souls ex-
panded under a California sky and whose lives are
marked with memories of places with names such as
Loma Linda, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Las
Llagas—have objected that they preferred the old titles
to the abbreviations of a \$720 a year clerk, backed up
by the typewritten indorsements of a bureau. They
have persisted at times in addressing old friends at old
places. They have refused to go to the post-office
guide every time they desire to find a friend whose
home or ranch is as familiar as the palm of their hand.
They seem unable to see why every time a small official
from Tennessee or Maine or Nebraska thinks one of
our California names too long, the associations of two
centuries should be wiped out, and instead of the title
loved of thousands, some new and curt invention of a
man who knows our country only from the map, should
be thrust down our throats.

It is possible that El Cajon by any other name would
sound as sweet, and that there is no sin in clipping
San Juan Capistrano to Capistrano, but there seems
to be some notion in this land that the land was not
made to be re-made to suit the post-office and serve
its ends, but that the post-office was for the con-
venience of the citizens of California, in so far as it
attempts to serve them. There is a question whether
the gods that dwell in Washington, D. C., have a right
to say to us: "You will either change the name of
your town from San Fernando to Fernando, or we will
subtract your mail and send it to the dead letter of-
fice." It seems too bad that El Toro, El Rio, and
San Juan Bautista have, in the elegant language of
the general superintendent of the railway mail ser-
vice, "no official existence." The inference, of course,
is that an "official existence" is the only real life.
But we are no officials, so are we not alive? *Fiat
Americana ruat calum.*

And yet—our history will never be made by the
scratching of small office-holders' pens on top of wal-
nut desks. Our cities and towns may cease, like San
Buenaventura, to have "official existence," whatever
that much-sought state may be, but while the post-
office will recognize only Llagas (wounds) we here
shall still speak of and remember Las Llagas—the
Wounds of Our Lord. And possibly the time may come
when the post-office will cease from troubling our
nomenclature and allow us to dwell peaceably under
our own titles, even though the railway mail clerk
from Podsville may rebel and wonder grossly how
people pronounce San José, or who on earth would
care to live in San Buenaventura.

But better still. Let the Postmaster-General take
a lesson from the Secretary of War, who changed the
unimpressive Ord Barracks back into the poetic
Presidio de Monterey, and cease to decree that we
must write the ugly looking Dospalos for Dos Palos
and El Rio for El Rio.

Probably, if the exact truth were known, fewer people
in San Francisco were shocked and op-
pressed by the murder of Biaggio Vil-
ardo than were merely interested and
alarmed. There is plenty of self-deception in such mat-
ters. It will be recalled how De Quincey contends
that there is no necessity (a murder having been com-
mitted and the detection of the murderer safely in the
hands of the duly accredited officers of the law) for the
mere individual longer to treat it morally; he
should consider it then from the aesthetic point of view.

"We dry up our tears," says De Quincey, "and have
the satisfaction, perhaps, to discover that a transaction
which, morally considered, was shocking, when tried
by principles of taste, turns out to be a very meritor-
ious performance. Virtue has had her day; and
henceforward virtue and common sense have leave
to provide for themselves." So the great British essay-
ist in "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine
Arts." And however much of irony there may be in
phrases, it is a fact quite undeniably that the
major part of the four hundred thousand people of
San Francisco have really looked upon the recent
crime strictly as De Quincey advised his readers to do
with regard to all affairs of the sort. If this be not
true, why then is it that ordinary murders, fatal stab-
bings in drunken brawl, for example, fail to evoke
the slightest ripple of excitement? Surely the grip
that murder has upon the popular imagination can
only be due to what may be called the dramatic inci-
dents that attend it. De Quincey would doubtless
be speaking from the point of view of aesthetics,
the murder of Biaggio Vilardo was a "meritorious
performance." It is really of little use to repine at the

existence of those deeply rooted instincts of human
nature which are stirred at such a time as this. Ro-
mance and poetry are in it. It is, perhaps, because life
is so great, wonderful, and mysterious a thing that
when it is taken, not trivially and impertinently, but
awfully, that the crowd, insusceptible to slighter emo-
tional stimuli, is profoundly disturbed. And it is,
perhaps, not too extravagant to say that in the brute
mind contemplation, in imagination, of such a thing
as a naked trunk, headless, armless, legless, wrapped
in a woman's garment, awakens emotions similar if
not identical to those inspired in minds of more deli-
cate fibre by poetry, painting, music, or sculpture. It
"touches the oldest nerve of awe." Death seldom oc-
curs with horrid pomp and circumstance commensu-
rate with its importance. Death is a supreme thing:
terrible violence, amazing terror really accord with it
better than quietness. This, perhaps, the crowd feels.
Besides, the "natural" death, when viewed in the
light of race-evolution, is most unnatural. No wild
animal died a natural death, nor man neither, till
within the last few thousand years. No wonder, then,
that so bloody a death as that of Biaggio Vilardo
should move man more. The savage persists; if it
were not true, nurses would never have invented for
the amusement of children such name for an ogre as
"Raw-head-and-bloody-bones," and "I smell the blood
of an Englishman" would not be chanted with such
ferocious emphasis in most nurseries of the land. Such
things as the gathering of a huge crowd to gaze at the
shabby building in which the murder was committed
(although nothing could be seen of seeming interest)
and the increase of the circulation of the daily news-
papers by some twenty thousand copies a day, are facts
which appeal, pointedly, to the philosophic speculator.

The Sacramento *Union* does the *Argonaut* the honor
to reprint in *extenso* a recent editorial
from these pages relating to the politi-
cal situation in San Francisco, and to
comment upon it at considerable length. The *Union*
vivaciously refers to this journal as one "which, in
addition to being always brilliant, is sometimes wise,"
but considers that there is not "the first element of
political sagacity or the first chance of practical suc-
cess" in the political programme whose execution has
been undertaken by the Committee of Two Hundred
—a body whose efforts have received our indorsement.

In this matter, the *Union* therefore differs *toto calo*
from the *Argonaut*. It thinks that, inasmuch as Mr.
Ruef has a tremendous initial advantage through his
control of the City Hall crowd, the police, the fire de-
partment, etc., "nothing short of a concerted and en-
thusiastic movement embracing all the other elements
of political strength, can possibly break him down."

The *Union* believes that the Dohrmann-Wheelan plan
is one which "ignores absolutely the necessity for con-
ciliation and harmony," and that its engineers betray a
"contempt of all ordinary political considerations." They
are "seeking to promote their movement by
methods directly calculated to rebuke and rebuff ele-
ments whose votes must be had if Ruef is to be beaten."
And, further, the *Union* says:

Now, let us ask, what is the natural effect of the Dohrmann-
Wheelan movement upon the organized political forces of
San Francisco? Is it a movement calculated to enlist the
sympathies of either the Republican or the Democratic or-
ganizations? Are men like Mr. Herrin, on the Republican
side, and Mr. McNab, on the Democratic side, likely to lie
down and let Mr. Dohrmann and Mr. Fairfax Wheelan walk
over their prostrate bodies? Are the followers of these
gentlemen likely to follow the banner of a movement which
frankly declares itself out of sympathy with all their normal
and habitual purposes, and aiming to overthrow and destroy
them? Are those who habitually busy themselves with po-
litical affairs going to abandon their natural leaders and take
up the cry of "Up with Dohrmann and Wheelan; down with
our friends"? The thing is preposterous; it is boyish and
ridiculous. It has, as above declared, not the first element of
political sagacity, nor the first chance of practical success.

This is a rather pessimistic and discouraging view
of affairs, and we are very pleased indeed to discover
that it is not shared by the San Francisco correspon-
dent of the *Union*, whose letters we have uniformly
found to contain reliable information, and who dis-
cusses the San Francisco political situation in his latest
letter. Indeed, when we compare the views so dog-
matically expressed in the editorial columns of the
Union with those set forth in its San Francisco cor-
respondence, we are moved to suggest that either the
editorial writer or the correspondent be severely dis-
ciplined. They contradict. The correspondent, writ-
ing from the field of political battle, in close touch
with the progress of the conflict, thinks that the "re-
form microbe is working in this town with whirlwind
energy." In all the largest clubs and business houses
he hears nothing but talk about ousting the grafters.
He believes that the reform sentiment will grow be-
tween now and August, and says that, if he were a
political boss operating hereabouts, he would imme-
diately go to Europe for his health. He is further-

more of the opinion that a reform hurricane is at
hand, and makes affirmation that his experience with
reform hurricanes is that "nothing can withstand
them."

This is as encouraging as the *Union's* editorial ut-
terance is discouraging. There must be some good in
a reform movement, however academic, which in a
few brief weeks has so stirred into life and activity
every decent voter. There must be some virtue in a
method of procedure whose primary results are so
unmistakably successful that such a trained political
observer as we know the *Union's* correspondent to be
should express the opinion that the political bosses
had better give up the struggle at once and take a va-
cation in Europe. If Mr. Fairfax Wheelan and his
confrères possess so little sagacity that they are al-
ready losing the battle by their "boyish and ridicu-
lous" course of action, then we might expect the
bosses to be full of joy and self-congratulation, in-
stead of in a state of panic, as the *Union's* San Fran-
cisco correspondent would have them be, for thus
far no political movement, except that which has be-
hind it the Committee of Two Hundred, has become
discernible.

It is clear that either the editor of our esteemed con-
temporary or its San Francisco correspondent must
be wrong. We hope and think that it is the former.

One of the assets that Admiral Togo is supposed to
have in his coming battle with Admiral
Rojestvensky is superior ability. Per-
haps he has it. But it should not be

REGARDING
ADMIRAL
TOGO.

overlooked that it was not Admiral Togo who de-
stroyed the Russian Port Arthur fleet. The war began
on February 8th, with an attack by night with torpedo-
boats on the Port Arthur fleet. It was effective to the
extent that a number of Russian battle-ships were dis-
abled. From February 8th till August 10th, Admiral
Togo continually made torpedo attacks and bombarded
the harbor and ships. Nevertheless, on August 10th,
every battle-ship that was at Port Arthur at the be-
ginning of the war, sallied forth in fighting trim. In
the naval engagement that followed, Admiral Togo's
fleet, which was superior to the Russian fleet, failed
to sink a single vessel. He, in league with darkness,
scattered it, however. The *Czarevitch* and *Novik*
reached Tsingchou. The *Diana* finally got to Saigon,
while the battle-ships *Retsivan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviet*,
Sevastopol, and *Poltava* got safely to Port Arthur.
The Port Arthur fleet was finally destroyed by guns
mounted on hills back of the city. Only three Russian
fighting ships were destroyed during a year of war by
the shells of Japanese vessels. Not a single vessel
of the Port Arthur fleet was so destroyed. We have
not yet been convinced, therefore, that Admiral Togo
is so great an admiral as the American press has re-
presented him to be. Of course, Admiral Rojestvensky,
half a world away from his base of supplies, in alien
waters, and after a long voyage, fights with a great
handicap; but since he has triumphantly outwitted
Admiral Togo by getting safely with his entire fleet
past Singapore, his chances are by no means quite
hopeless.

Sooner or later every man of achievement becomes
the object of the critical examination
of the student. We believe about
Homer exactly as much as a few
spectacled, unpoetical, unromantic scholars will let us
believe after a session with Greek roots. Solomon's
glory must bear the seal of the unmagnificent and fre-
quently ill-dressed philologist before we can give
credence to it. The time will come when the deeds
of Roosevelt will be censored rigorously by an his-
torian who never saw a coyote, a buffalo, or a cowboy.
Then, because the common people will persist in think-
ing it all true as written in books, the elect will turn
up the nose of scorn (if that useful feature is not
eliminated by evolution) and term the whole business
the Roosevelt Myth.

But the stages between President Roosevelt's cap-
turing a live coyote in Oklahoma, and the dissertation
which shall finally fix his place in history, may sink
the whole American people of the twentieth century
into his one personality. There is only one Ithacan.
The rest have faded from human knowledge as the
ripples from the bows of their galleys died away into
the azure of the Ionian sea.

Already one foresees the beginning of the Roose-
velt Myth. Ten years ago we knew our present execu-
tive as an office-holder with ideas. He bore none of
the insignia of magnificence. He was still in the
crowd. But now every boy knows him as a Rough
Rider, as cowboy, as a bear hunter, as a tracker of
mountain lions, as a capturer of wolves alive with his
bare hands. It is true that there are several small re-
publics in the region of the Equator who know him

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PUBLISHED
CONSIDERED.

somewhat inexorable Dutch Uncle. He is reputed in Europe as possibly the most powerful man in the Americas. But when one comes down to his real fame, to his real hold on the future, to that grasp he has on the imaginations of the people, to remember and make tradition, it is neither Panama nor San Juan Hill nor the New York police commissionership which give him his rights, but the fact that he has taken to himself the prestige of the hunter, the cowboy, the hunter, and the warrior. He has captured wolves with his hands and torn their skins asunder by his own strength. He has ridden unshakable horses and covered infinite distances without rest from the saddle.

Given a few years, and these feats of the President will become magnified by the duplicity of time. The throned wolf will grow. San Juan Hill assume the majesty of an infinite mountain, and the homely tales of Roosevelt, take to themselves the glamour and splendor of divinity. There will no longer be a crowd of 75,000,000 of people. Like the dwellers on the slopes of Ithaca, we shall fade back into a misty attendance on the hero—the tamer of lions, the slayer of enormous beasts, the conqueror of nations—Roosevelt of some centuries after belief has become fixed, the heroic time will emerge from his manuscripts and rest on a sage head. He will have counted the lions and tamed the wolves. He will have delved into the past and forgotten the spirit. He will say Pooh! and it will slowly be known as the Roosevelt Myth. The ejaculation will mark the consummation of another of the inevitable cycles of humanity. A woman as bold son, and from his loins springs a race. The race grows, prospers, battles and trafficks, loves and sings, until the man, including its virtues and vices—the developed characteristics of the first father—comes into being, seizes to himself the glory of the final achievement, and then in an instant the sons melt and merge into the one, and the last looks back at the first father—and they are alone with the critic. The history that lies between them is all Myth.

The district court of appeals has come actually into being with the appointment of the justices, called appellate justices, by the governor of the State. The nominees are as follows:

First district—Ralph C. Harrison, of San Francisco, presiding; Samuel P. Hall, of Oakland, and J. A. Cooper, of San Francisco.
Second district—Wheaton A. Gray, of Visalia, presiding; George H. Smith and M. T. Allen, of Los Angeles.
Third district—General N. P. Chipman, of Red Bluff, presiding; A. J. Buckles, of Solano, and C. E. McLaughlin, of Colusa.

This court has been created by virtue of a constitutional amendment, adopted by the people at the general election last November. The nine justices appointed will hold office until the first Monday in January, 1907. Their successors will be elected at the next general election in November, 1906. The rules provided are the same as those of the supreme court, and the judges have jurisdiction concurrent with that of the justices of the supreme court, but in specially provided cases. The supreme court may order any case pending before it to be tried in the new district court of appeals, and may take the case out of the hands of that tribunal and try it in the supreme court. Even when the case has been removed upon by the district court of appeals, the supreme court is endowed with the power to hear and determine it within thirty days after the rendition of judgment in the district court of appeals.

The board of health is pursuing an active and commendable campaign against adulterated wines in this city, and is showing a remarkable zeal in putting down a traffic which, if carried on to any great extent, will tend to destroy that high reputation for purity which our city now have. The action of the board is consequent upon a resolution of the public health commission to the effect that steps should be taken to insure freedom from adulteration in California wines. Nothing can accomplish this, the action of the board of health should do so. It has destroyed sixteen hundred gallons of red wine by taking it from the possession of the dealers and pouring it into the gutter. The destroyed wine was found to contain either sulphuric acid, benzoic acid, coal-tar dyes, or arsenic. If the wine is found to be impure, the brands are destroyed with a condemned tag, and destruction follows. Goldberg, Bowen & Co., however, refused to destroy 4,012 gallons of wine which has been condemned by the board of health to be destroyed, and claim that the board is not entitled to destroy their property without the assurance of the analyst that the

wine is adulterated. Thirty places have been visited, so far, by the board of health, and their action can not fail to have a stimulating effect upon honesty in the trade.

A cry has been made that the board of health is simply carrying out a scheme of graft by its activities in this matter, but in our opinion the charge will not stand. In this accusation we have an example of that hypocrisy which makes reform so difficult. Citizens will indulge in the most lavish and enthusiastic phrases in praise of reform in general. Everybody, in fact, is a reformer, until his own interests loom up before him, and then he promptly falls over them. People affected, therefore, naturally criticize the board of health, and as the crusade against impure wines is only part of a crusade against the sale of impure food, which has been carried on to a scandalous degree, criticisms upon the actions of the board are to be expected.

This investigation of the domestic wines does not imply that adulteration is practiced to any marked degree; in fact, there is little doubt that our wines are, on the whole, exceptionally pure, and there is much evidence on that score. They are too cheap to adulterate. But nothing could serve the purpose of keeping them so better than the present action of the board of health, for no dealer need be afraid of honest inspection.

EGYPTIAN JOURNALISM.

By Jerome Hart.

The newspapers of Egypt are not very daring sheets. In their birth and growth may have something to do with this timidity. Most American newspapers, like Topsy, "jest growed"; the Egyptian newspapers seem to have been born in financial incubators, and subsequently to have been "brought up by hand." This winter, the death of Halikalis Pasha, founder of *Le Phare d'Alexandrie*, brought forth in all the papers some columns of reminiscences concerning the deceased editor—all of the most kindly nature. They all agreed on one point—that Halikalis Pasha had founded his paper simply and solely because Khedive Ismail paid him for that purpose an annual subsidy of £7,000. There was no savor of satire in the comment—it had perhaps a slight tinge of envy—that was all. It was quite evident that in the opinion of the scribes of Egypt the jingling of the guineas healed the hurt honor of Halikalis Pasha. This subsidy he received for many years. But when the influence of the deposed Khedive ceased to have weight, Halikalis Pasha was told that he would have to run his paper without a subsidy. Confronted with this dreadful lot—menaced with the terrible task of meeting his expenditures with his receipts—what did Halikalis Pasha do? He ran his paper straight.

Probably this was the first time it was ever attempted in Egypt. The other papers looked on with awe and admiration. All of the editorial fraternity expressed the highest admiration for his nerve and pluck. One paper said he "lost several thousand pounds the first year." In fact, all spoke of Halikalis Pasha's continuing to run an old-established paper after the cessation of the subsidy in the same tone of admiring deprecation that we in America would adopt in speaking of the demented editor who would attempt to run a religious and temperance daily in any large American city.

With these traditions clinging to the Egyptian press, it is easy to understand that the Egyptian editors speak rather guardedly, not only of persons in power, but of the great hotel-keepers and of the rich shop-keepers. Their caution is so extreme, however, that at times it becomes very droll. As I have said, they are cautious even in talking about the weather, that non-committal topic so dear to us all; for in Egypt it is possible for a newspaper to injure itself with the great hotel-keepers and the rich shop-keepers by talking too freely about the weather when it is bad. In Egypt the weather during the past winter has been by no means all that the tourists' fancy painted it.

It is not only concerning subsidies that the Egyptian newspapers, from the American newspaper point of view, seem rather odd. I am speaking only of those printed in English and French; there are many journals printed in Arabic, but I know nothing of them. The newspapers published in European languages are mainly remarkable for excluding anything that could offend anybody. Not only do they taboo the weather, but other topics as well. As they depend largely for their income on the advertisements of a limited number of large hotel-companies and business houses, they naturally find it difficult to print any unpleasant news concerning them. Therefore they adopt the simple expedient of printing disagreeable personal news in a cryptic fashion without any names. Here is a sample item:

MELANCHOLY DEATH—Yesterday afternoon a clerk, who is very well known, and in the employ of a prominent merchant, committed suicide in the merchant's office by blowing out his brains with a revolver. His face was much disfigured.

It would be difficult for the most sensitive person to

find fault with that. Here is another in the same style:

PAINFUL AFFAIR—A gentleman prominent in the Italian colony discovered recently painful facts concerning the relations of his wife with a gentleman friend. Circumstances rendered it impossible for him to demand the satisfaction of the field of honor customary among gentlemen in such cases. He has therefore brought suit for a separation in the Italian consular court. The co-respondent is an equally prominent Greek gentleman, a member of the Hellenic magistrature.

This case, however, assumed such magnitude in the courts that the newspapers were forced to break through their barriers of reserve, and satisfy their shocked subscribers' demand for the disgusting details. One of them shrouded the "painful affair" as much as possible by printing the testimony in Italian, although the rest of the newspaper was usually printed in English.

This reserve over the peccadilloes of those in high station is, of course, not followed by the papers in discussing the misdoings of the lowly. But the editorial habit is hard to lay aside, and the *crim. con.* cases of the populace are told with a brevity which is startling. The following paragraphs (grouped under "Tantah Notes") from a Cairo paper are certainly remarkable:

TANTAH NOTES—At Tantah yesterday, George Kantikopoulos returned home unexpectedly to his wife and her paramour, and chopped both their heads off with an axe.

The Tantah authorities are enforcing the code of contraventions against natives who defile the streets.

After next Wednesday at Tantah ownerless dogs will be shot by the police.

The same brevity is extended to items not in the line of conjugal revenge, such as the following:

MURDER AND ROBBERY—Madame Galli and Madame Benetti were murdered by five ruffians night before last at Zagazig. The object was plunder. The murderers were arrested.

Here is an excellent four-column story for an American daily told in four lines:

GIRL'S BODY FOUND—Yesterday the body of a young native girl, daughter of Hassan Ali, was found floating in the Mahmoudieh Canal. Her parents say it was not suicide, as her rings had been torn from her ears.

The arrival of the famous squadron that went around the seas "seein' things" is thus briefly chronicled:

RUSSIAN FLEET—The division of the Baltic fleet commanded by Admiral Botrovsky arrived at Port Said yesterday afternoon at two-thirty, and leaves this morning.

A fire in the largest mercantile house in Egypt is thus set down:

BIG FIRE—The enormous Walker-Meinarchi stores were destroyed by fire yesterday. Two firemen were killed and many injured. Loss £50,000.

Imagine an American daily devoting a few lines only to a fatal fire involving the loss of a quarter of a million. Really, Egypt is not the place for a hustling American city editor to visit. To read such items as these and to think of the columns of "stories" and the acres of pictures they would make in America would drive such an editor into a highly nervous condition.

But let us present a few more of these startling items told in this matter-of-fact way:

THE MECCA PILGRIMS—Over three thousand persons have arrived since Wednesday from Algiers, Morocco, and Stamboul, en route to Mecca. Near Djeddah the last lot of pilgrims found a formidable force of Bedouins awaiting them for plunder. After the fight the pilgrims withdrew, leaving fifty-two of their number dead on the field.

This mild paragraph is calculated to give travelers pause:

ANNOYANCES TO TOURISTS—A party of twenty tourists went to Sakhara on Monday. The guardian of the ruins refused to recognize their tickets of admission. A heated debate followed, which was adjourned to Mariette's house. No satisfaction followed. On emerging the tourists found a horde of threatening Arabs waiting. Their donkey and camel drivers remained neutral, and the tourists fled amid a shower of stones. Some were seriously injured. The tourists were much annoyed.

This will interest students of vital statistics:

INFANT MORTALITY—From the report of Dr. Engel Bey we learn that the percentage of total deaths in Egypt of native children under five is forty-five per cent.; between five and ten, thirty-two per cent.; total under ten years of age, seventy-seven per cent.

That three-fourths of all the deaths in Egypt should be of children under ten years does not seem to excite anybody. But let us turn to more exciting themes:

MURDER AND SUICIDE—A Russian living in the Atbari quarter shot his wife with a revolver and afterward turned the weapon on himself, blowing out his brains.

Tourists pot-shooting at natives seems to cause but little surprise:

SHOT BY TOURISTS—The Mudir of Ghizen reports to the ministry of the interior that two American tourists on their way down the river, shooting at birds from a steamer, shot an inhabitant of Half, who has since died. The sportsman has been arrested.

Here is another ill-mated husband who settles disputes with murder:

KILLED HIS WIFE—A public scrivener, a native, living at Gabarri, had a conjugal discussion with his wife which ended by his striking her over the head with an iron bar, killing her instantly. He fled and has not been arrested.

The incidental way in which the robbery of \$40,000 is just alluded to at the end of this paragraph is altogether delicious:

The *Mahmal* (Holy Carpet) sailed from Suez this afternoon for Jeddah on its way to Mecca.

A theft of £8,000 took place from the *Mahmal* train at Abassieh. All search for the culprits has proved fruitless.

By committing suicide this young gentleman may have saved himself from committing uxoricide:

SUICIDE—A young native gentleman of Cairo committed

...suetic yesterday in order to avoid contracting a marriage which his family were bent upon.

Here is another item calculated to play havoc with an American city-editor's peace of mind:

GRAND DISCOVERY—The body of a woman with the head, hands, and feet cut off was found yesterday on the banks of the Mahmudieh Canal near Ramlieh.

This paragraph is not without singular phases:

SARAF MURDER—At Assout a saraf (money-changer) sent a dentist to have his false teeth repaired. The dentist's servant accidentally saw the contents of his purse, which contained £102. The dentist was obliged to go to the chemist for some drugs. The servant then strangled the dentist and threw his body into the well in the back yard. When the dentist returned, the disappearance of the saraf, the servant's confusion, and the saraf's shoes, which were on the window sill, excited his suspicions. He sent for the police. They searched the servant, and found on him the saraf's money and his false teeth. He was arrested.

Some of these items are rendered highly ambiguous by the strange pranks played with the types by polyglot compositors. Here is such an item:

TAILORS ATTACK CAFE—Yesterday three British tailors refused to pay their bill for wine and beer at the Cafe du Phare Alexandria. When Cesare Giolotti, the cafe-keeper, attempted to force them they assaulted him and his Arab waiters beat them severely, smashed chairs and tables, and wrecked the cafe. They then fled, pursued by the police, but reached the quay, and before they could be arrested the three tailors reached their ship, which was just leaving.

I had never associated such wild and reckless brawling with the manners of the gentlemen who wield the shears and goose. Therefore it was with a distinct shock that I read of some tailors—even British tailors—leaning out a cafe and beating the waiters. I could readily understand it if done by British lords or British navies. But British tailors!—it seemed incredible. Only the close of the item made me comprehend it—the tailors were sailors.

Appropos of native compositors, here is a "list of guests" from a Cairo journal which is the weirdest specimen of typography I ever saw in my life:

Visitors residing at Savoy Hotel Assouan.

- Graf Diéphone Dienerschaft, Rittmeister von Wersbe Dr E. Qurtz Colonel Mrs Yazo Barow Schillius von Banestadt, Sir Roberts Harvey Hble Lady Harvey, Hble Mrs Travillo General Yraher von Remevitz Oberbeteuakal Yraher von Remevitz, Hble G. G. Callhorpe Grafiv von der Osthow Lord becll, general Jyph Ajaw S. E. Jakhry Pasha, Mensteur H Barow Jhommas Malis Hlis, Dr Eug. Jrieke, Herr Dr Schlossinger, Herr qsbboy, Sanitätsrat, Dr Weber Frau Lady Artur Russel Mr and Mrs S. Nonagu Ma and Mrs Jradford, Mr and Mrs Ewaw, Mr and Mrs Babbeft, Baron Faul von Salisch Hble Mr and Mrs Griville Nugrat, General Jiorpze, Mrs William Steoces Mr and Mrs Wilfred Braupf, Bapt and Mrs Hugh Jraser Mrs Hugh Smith, Mr Beresford Mr C. B. Cuntiffe, Mr and Mrs A. C. Croutw and courrur Mr. and Mrs Holt Jhommas, Badt and Mra Sewlow Purley, Mr and Mrs H. G. Lekllemow Mr and Mrs chas. Hall and party, Mrs Ball Mrs Stevenson, Mr L. G. Bavis, Mr L. Roth, Mrs Sllpfer boopor Both Mr Chawuerts, Mr G. E. Roberts Mr and Mrs bochrw and courrur Mr B. J. Germaiaw, Dr med. George Lazaries and Jraw, Baron and Baronesse von Grunewaldt, Mrs Reid, Miss Sprout, Miss Jessie L. Muntz, Prof Dr Goldichmidt and Jraw, Dr Mr L. H. Myers, Mr Ladislav Niemecke, Mro and M. Maenufflo and Sow Herr and Frau Hitzig Mrs Max Seull, Herr Julius Blauser Mr Hoase, Mr Eng. E. Weuger, Mr I. Whelow Mrs M. L. Logaw Dr Max Jhosey, Mr Jroderle Dester Mr James Beej Mrs Lloyd Howard Mr Biebard Provis Mr and Mrs Spoteer.

During the winter just past items like this were by no means rare in the Cairo papers:

BURNED TO DEATH—Yesterday a native, Hassan Yussuf, was warming himself at a small fire he had made in the street, when his clothing caught fire, and, despite his frantic screams, he was burned to death.

That it should be so cold in Cairo as to cause the natives to make fires in the street may surprise many. It is a very common belief that the Egyptian winter is always hot. True, it is often hot during the winter in Lower Egypt, but it is also frequently cold, and sometimes bitterly cold. The wise traveler takes with him at all times and everywhere, in summer and in winter, both light and heavy clothing. He will find no fault for both during the Egyptian winter.

The first time I visited Egypt I shared the common opinion concerning the Egyptian winter climate; when we went ashore at Alexandria I put on the thickest garments I had, and took with me a palm-leaf fan and a Panama straw hat. At the last moment some faint gleam of lucidity pierced my darkened brain and I took with me a railway rug. This, however, was a scarcely realizing—it was probably automatic—"Rail rug; rug rail; gong rail—take rug." It was fortunate for me that I did so, for I verily believe that without it I would have frozen to death between Alexandria and Cairo. Lest this be considered exaggeration, let me add that the winter a train broke down between Alexandria and Cairo; that no relief train was sent out; that the passengers speedily hired all the spare blankets in the sleeping car; that the price rose from ten piastres to one hundred piastres per blanket; and that when morning brought a train along two or three of the richest men were wrapped in all the blankets, and the remainder of the passengers had to be thawed out by exhaust steam from the engine. Seriously, the poor wretches when found were stiff with cold and many of them were made seriously ill.

Another delusion entertained by many people is that

the climate of Cairo is the Egyptian climate—that Cairo is Egypt. This is far from the truth. The climate of the Delta of the Nile—at the apex of which triangle Cairo may be said measurably to lie—is entirely different from the climate of upper Egypt. The large cultivated area and the irrigation of the Delta have much modified the desert climate, and meteorological observers there all agree that it is rapidly changing still. Here are some temperature figures:

ALEXANDRIA.

Table with 2 columns: Temperature type and value. Mean winter temperature 60.7 degs. F., Maximum winter temperature 65.5 degs. F., Minimum winter temperature 56.0 degs. F.

CAIRO.

Table with 2 columns: Temperature type and value. Mean winter temperature 59.5 degs. F., Maximum winter temperature 70.4 degs. F., Minimum winter temperature 48.0 degs. F.

LUXOR.

Table with 2 columns: Temperature type and value. Mean January temperature 59.7 degs. F., Maximum winter temperature 78.0 degs. F., Minimum winter temperature 49.6 degs. F.

ASSOUAN.

Table with 2 columns: Temperature type and value. Mean winter temperature 68.3 degs. F., Maximum winter temperature 82.0 degs. F., Minimum winter temperature 54.5 degs. F.

Luxor is 547 miles south of Alexandria, Assouan 133 miles south of Luxor, and 680 miles south of Alexandria.

Another delusion entertained by many intending travelers to Egypt is that on the Nile trip travelers find it always warm, not to say hot. As a matter of fact, it is always colder on the Nile than it is away from the river. The alterations in temperature are also greater on the river than elsewhere.

People returning from donkey rides over the desert to their boats often experience severe chills. The ordinary precautions against "taking cold" must be changed into extraordinary precautions in Egypt, for the "colds" there are often serious matters, and the chills are frequently followed by dangerous illnesses. Inflammations, arthritic, pulmonary, visceral—these are some of the things to be feared from chills in Egypt, and particularly on the Nile boats. Not only is the difference marked between the temperature ashore and abroad, as returning excursionists find, but the nocturnal and diurnal changes are also very marked. For that matter, the different parts of the boats vary greatly. In a room on the upper deck, with only a thin roof between it and the tropical sun, the temperature will sometimes rise to 115 degrees; if the unfortunate occupant goes to the windward side of the boat, he may be exposed to a chilling wind at a temperature of about 50 degrees; then if he does not guard against this chilling wind, it will very probably lay him on his back. Many hundreds of travelers have learned these things through the bitter school of sudden illness, but the new-comers pay little heed to the experience of those who have gone before. It seems as if they were all obliged to learn the lesson all over again.

A recent instance of what often happens was experienced by a notable American politician a couple of seasons ago. Bourke Cochrane—congressman, Tammany leader, orator, and man of the world—was on his way up the Nile. He was the life and soul of a merry party. He did not heed the precautions he was warned to take. Yet before he knew it the merry party had faded from his ken. When he returned to earth from his delirium he found himself in a strange hotel on the river bank, with a doctor whom he had never seen and two strange nurses guarding him. Nothing but a superb physique pulled him through from a dangerous attack of pneumonia.

In Cairo, during the past winter, I noticed many deaths from pneumonia among prominent members of the European colony there. The natives make no bones of their fear of the climate. On a cold morning in Cairo you will see every carriage-driver, donkey-boy, peddler, dragoman, and natives generally so muffled up that you can see nothing of their heads but the eyes; they seem to be particularly afraid of "cold in the head," which with them frequently shades off into laryngeal and bronchial inflammations, and then into pneumonia.

It goes without saying that the Cairo papers talk little of low temperatures and bitter winds. Of late years these undesirable accompaniments of winter have driven thousands of profitable guests from the Riviera to Egypt. Hence there are more congenial topics for the Egyptian newspapers than these meteorological data which might scare off intending tourists. Nevertheless it is extremely amusing to note how the journals are forced to hint at the bad weather in their ordinary news columns. This winter, for example, a battle of flowers was in preparation for weeks. The papers were reluctantly forced to admit that bitter winds and raw cold rains on the appointed day made it a failure. The regular race meetings took place on the Ghezirch course, but the newspapers were forced to chronicle the fact that nearly every day the attendance was small on account of the inclement weather. When a terrific blizzard blew, the newspapers would have softened it into a small wind had it not blown down the trolley lines between the Pyramids and Cairo, and thereby suspended the operations of the Mena House tram-line, which fact the papers were forced to chronicle in justice to their readers who patronized that line. Not a few luckless natives, huddled over the pitiful fires they had kindled in the struggle to try to keep warm, burned themselves to death. The papers touched on these facts briefly. The death of an Arab or two is nothing in Egypt; but when they burn them-

selves to death in trying to keep warm it naturally cites the stranger's curiosity.

From the number of crimes chronicled by the dai in the items given above, it is natural to suppose t the criminal population is large. This is indisputa Still, under the Anglo-Egyptian rule, Cairo and Egypt are admirably policed. I have not the statis at hand, but I do not believe there are as many m ders per annum in Cairo as there are in San Fr cisco.

CAIRO, March, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

This is an Eastern writer's pen-picture of Missouri executive: "A rather small man with round, big head, black snapping eyes, and thin closing tightly over a wide, straight mouth is G ernor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri."

Preparations are being made in leading Europ capitals to receive Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, is going on a tour the coming summer. It is expect that Rome, Berlin, Paris, and London will vie one another in giving the dusky potentate the t of his life.

It is not generally known that Mr. Cleveland serves as consulting counsel in law cases, in wh his experience in the office of President may be s posed to have given him special qualifications as adviser. His fees in such cases are large, as those of Mr. Harrison as a legal adviser and a turer on constitutional law.

It is said in Washington that some time in the c ing summer this country will be visited by Somd Shah Chulalongkorn, King of Siam. The visit is garded as an event of considerable importance, as of it may come the possession by the United State a coaling station on the coast of Siam. The king two such places to dispose of, and it is understood he would be pleased to cede one of them to us.

To realize the age of Signor Manuel Garcia, v recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday, it n be remembered that his first singing-master, Giova Anzani, was alive in the days of Bach and Han that Schubert and Beethoven were still young w he was born; that Chopin and Mendelssohn were j just before him, and that at the time of his grea triumphs Wagner and Verdi were school-boys. Ev one of these musicians has been dead for years, Garcia survives.

President Castro's minister of foreign relati General Alejandro Ybarra, is almost American. has lived in the United States almost as long as in native country, and his wife is an American wo daughter of a former American minister at Cara Although he has held many high posts under Venezuelan Government, General Ybarra years sacrificed his immediate brilliant prospects for the of the woman whom he made his wife, and for n years he was a practical exile from Venezuela.

It has often been said of Dr. Richard Garnett the British Museum, that there is no question of search one can put to him that he can not ans "This fact," writes Harry Furniss, "was den strated to me by a friend of mine, who had spent y investigating an obscure subject, of which but few people have any knowledge at all. He sea for months in Continental libraries for some info tion on one particular point, without effect. Cor to London, he asked Dr. Garnett if he could put on the track. 'We have only one book in the seum,' replied the doctor, 'touching upon that. I send for it. You will find all you want on page 53

One of the most important services ever rend to mankind was the founding of the Red Cross m ment, which has done so much to mitigate the hor of battle-fields, particularly during the present flict in the Far East. The founder of this hun movement, Henri Dunant, is still alive at the ag seventy-six. He resides near Lake Constance, Sv erland, and is in poor health. His plan for aiding wounded was for years scoffed at in Europe as conception of a mere crank, and the credit of b the first ruler to consider it sympathetically an adopt it in his army is due to Napoleon the Thir France. Afterward, at the Geneva conference 1864, the nations of the world accepted M. Dun proposals.

James Farley, the famous strike-breaker, helped "break" the recent street-railway strik New York, is described as a man built on b springy lines. His hands are bony, yet well fashi and well kept. His lower jaw is firmly hinged runs as straight to the chin as the barrel of a C forty-five. The lips are thin, but a heavy l mustache, drooping low, covers the mouth. The is Roman and fitted well into the brow, which c out over two blue eyes of medium size. They been called "man-killer" eyes because of the of cold steel-gray which plays in them. The head is high, and runs full where it rounds into temples. The skin has an unvarying pallor. A don paper is responsible for the statement that v the strike threatened in San Francisco last year, ley asked a net sum of \$30,000 a month for him and a month's full wages for his men.

BILL MATHISON, MEDICINE-MAN.

How Magic and the Muse Befooled the Blackfeet.

Bill Mathison stood in the cabin doorway malevolently regarding the huddle of many-poled lodges across the river. Shriill yelps rose in a chorus as a copper-colored crane issued from a lodge and hurled maledictions and pieces of firewood at a pack of thieving mongrel dogs. On the flat beyond the tepees, a bunch of ponies, a thousand head or more, of mingled breeds in many colors, were being held together in a compact mass by mounted Indians, while scores on foot waded through the circling herd, catching trim little pieces and leading them to their tepees.

"Blast 'em!" growled Bill. "If they stay anither week, antelope 'll be nair plentiful than water on Mohave; an' there'll no be grass enoo' on yon bottom tae feed a healthy prairie-dog, mair less a bunch o' calves."

"If we was in God's country now," mourned Todd Wayne, as he wiped the last of the breakfast dishes. "I sech doin's was takin' place, there'd be a bunch o' Injuns hot-footin' it for the reservation, with their representatives uh Uncle Sammy givin' 'em a touch uh high life on the rear. These here Canadians more deliberate."

"Oh, ay! they'll be aroond." Bill caught a whiff of the rank odor that hangs like a halo about an Indian camp. He slammed the door viciously, and sat down with his feet cocked up on the stove front. "The red deevils 'll hae a' the hides an' jerked meat 'll want by that time. It's a cryin' shame tae see our puir beasties murdered be the hoodned."

"It shore is," Todd agreed, "but I don't see that you got any license t' enforce the game laws—them laws is somewhat numerous for two white men."

Over in the Blackfoot camp the hunters mounted on horseback rode north: fourscore greasy, bead-bedecked brigades, wrapped in the many-hued blankets furnished by a benevolent Indian Department, their post-er rifles looped to their saddle-horns.

Ten miles north of the Red Deer no soft-breathed look had touched the hills since the first fall of snow. Blizzards, bearing the chill of the ice-pack and the lying snows, swept up from the north and tore across the wilderness that lies between the North Saskatchewan and the Red Deer, driving the antelope her and farther south; for when the snow covers the grass on the hills, and buries the sagebrush in the snows, the prong-horns must seek fresh grazing lands. That was why the Blackfeet under Medicine Child jumped the reservation and hunted in the Red Deer country.

Their method was simple and, under the conditions, recently successful. They rode in a body until they came to the deep snow. Then they scattered east and west until there was a crescent-shaped line of braves, miles from end to end. In this formation they scouted the country, driving thousands of antelope before them to a bend in the river, across which, because of the glassy ice, the prong-horns could not go. When the frightened wild things surged to and fro, seeking to break through the ever-tightening lines, the Indians took off their mask of stolidity and fell to slaughtering, their flashing eyes and shrill whooping, until the last antelope had broken desperately through the line of firing guns or lay unheeding in the trampled snow. The popping of guns down the river and the sight of the squaws hastening away with skinning-knives and ponies to carry the meat, provoked Bill Mathison to the utterance of profane sentiments. As he and Todd Wayne surveyed the killing from the roof of the shed, and speculated on the length of time it would take to wipe out the antelope on the Red Deer at that rate, there came a jangle of bells, and a single-horse slipper slipped out of the mouth of the coulee down the hill ran the home ranch trail.

"Good enough! That's the wise gent that teaches of at Beaver Crossin'," Todd exclaimed. "I'm glad somebody's come along. Yuh're good comin', Scotty, but yuh've got t' broodin' over this Injun position, an' it's gettin' monotonous."

"Aw, whisht yer fule talk," commanded Bill. Then he houted hospitably to the new-comer, "Pit yer nag e stable an' gae richt in. We'll be wi' you as soon as we've feed these blattin' beasts o' calves."

When Bill and Todd finished taking care of their horses, they hastened to the cabin. The school-teacher built a roaring fire, and was interestedly watching the Indian camp through a space he had thawed on the frosted window pane. A box, about two feet square, stood in the centre of the floor. The lid was thrown back, exposing a queer-looking thing that immediately attracted the inquisitive Todd.

"Say, now, Howell," he queried, "what breed uh thing is this? Looks like a cross between a railway engine an' a blacksmith bellows."

"That?" laughed Howell. "That's a magic lantern, going down to the Forks to give a little entertainment. Pictures, you know, and a tableau or two—with the red fire."

"Never like t' monkey with machinery unless I see it's out uh gear an' harmless," Todd commented, calmly, as he deposited it in a corner.

"A mageek lantern, eh," observed Bill. And he opened the box with a good deal of interest.

During the preparation of supper, Bill and Todd turned to Howell what fashion of folk were the

dwellers in the lodge across the river, and dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that they were undesirable.

"It's no richt for the government tae allow the red deevils tae squat in a body's dooryard, as ye might say," Bill concluded, angrily; "tae say naethin' o' their killin' the puir antelope, till there'll no be anither bunch come tae the Red Deer for ten year."

"Bill has been a-wishin' he was a 'heap big medicine man,'" Todd, the irrepressible, confided to Howell, "so that he could get out an' scare these here Blackfeet off'n the face uh the earth."

After supper the three clustered round the stove, for the mercury was marking time around the "twenty-below" point, and the hoar frost hung thick on the window panes. Howell and Todd discussed the various phases of the Indian question, but Bill sat silent, puffing industriously at his pipe. He seemed to be studying over some matter, and at times his eyes rested speculatively on Frank Howell's lantern-case.

Suddenly Bill dropped his feet from the top of the oven door with a thump that brought a reproving look from Todd. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the stove front, and stowed it away in his pocket. Then he looked from one to the other, and spoke. "I hae a plan for scarin' these red bodies finely," he began, rather dubiously.

"Throw it out uh yuh, Scotty," cried Todd, enthusiastically. "I'm the darndest son-of-a-gun t' work out schemes yuh ever saw—only I never can think uh one t' work."

"It's no on ye I'll be dependin' tae wark oot the thing," retorted Bill. "Ye'll no hae a big part tae play. It's on Mr. Howell here ma plan depen's, an' maybe he'll no care tae tak a han'."

"Let's hear yuh plan, by all means," Howell said, impulsively. "If there's any sport in it I'll be richt with yuh."

Thus pressed, Bill voiced his idea, and when he had done Todd Wayne and the school-teacher were idically giggling.

"Yuh've shore got a vivid imagination," Todd assured him. "Yuh ought t' been one uh these here story-writin' sharps, Bill, with sech a noble set uh think-works—yuh shore had!"

"I prophecy that we startle the noble red man a little, anyway," Howell chuckled, gleefully, "even if it doesn't act as Bill thinks it will."

It was a cloudy night, and the ranch lay under a high bank which masked the cabin and stable, the corrals and calf-sheds with unbroken gloom. Bill and Todd bundled themselves in fur coats and caps; they put on extra socks and dry moccasins, and went outside. Their actions did not betray anything unusual. They simply secured an axe each, and split a good-sized pile of firewood.

They piled the wood forty or fifty yards from the cabin, almost on the river bank. While Todd whittled shavings to start a fire, Bill dived into the cabin, reappearing in a moment with a ten-foot square of white cotton. This he fastened securely to a line that ran from the wood-pile to the stable, placing blocks of wood on the lower edge to hold it taut.

When Bill had completed his task, Todd signified that he was ready to start the fire. Bill shouted to the cabin: "We're ready noo, if ye are."

The window lights were abruptly blotted out a second after he spoke. They fanned the fire a little, and as the flame shot up a nipping night breeze caught and blew it to a roaring blaze. From the blackness of the cabin wall a yellow glare of light shot forth, wavered a moment, then fastened fairly on the white cotton square, and disappeared.

"The old boy's got the proper focus, all right, all right," Todd remarked, jocularly. "Aint it about time t' begin the grand march? S'pose your copper-faced friends don't get curious?"

"Dinna ye fear," Bill replied, testily, "the red deevils 'll be here fast enoo'. Hae ye the concertina?"

"I shore have," said Todd, producing the instrument. "I aint no Paddyroosky, Bill, but I'll do the best I can."

He squatted in the snow by the fire, and, slipping his mitts into his coat pocket, stretched the bellows and ran his fingers over the keys of the antiquated affair. The squeaking notes shrilled wonderfully loud in the silence. While Todd indulged in a few preliminary flourishes, Bill heaped wood on the fire. Then he slipped out of his fur coat and straightened up with a six-shooter in his hand; the barking crack-crack of it went echoing far up and down the river.

The Blackfeet, peering out of their tepees at the report of the gun, noted the fire by the Gordon line camp. They looked with growing wonder at the figures of the two men vividly silhouetted in the glare, one huddled by the fire, the other capering before it with loud cries and strange contortions of his body; and as the squeaky trill of the concertina drifted over the frozen river, the Indian dogs voiced a canine protest that died away in an eerie, wolf-like howl. Hesitating between curiosity and superstitious fear, the Blackfeet listened and watched silently, until Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly, medicine-man, struck his inflated chest with the palm of his hand, and spoke.

"It may be that the white men have drank too much firewater," he shrilled. "Or they may make medicine against us; for they like us not. Shall fifty lodges of the Blackfeet stand in fear before two palefaces? Let us cross the river and behold the things they do! My medicine is stronger than theirs—and it is far to where dwell the red-coats, in their big tepees of wood."

By the time Bill Mathison had executed some thirty different steps of the Highland fling, great drops of sweat were standing out on his tanned cheeks, and it was with a feeling of thankfulness that he heard Todd growl encouragingly, "Go to it, old boy! Yuh got 'em a-comin'." As Bill balanced airily on the toes of one foot, pirouetting like a giddy chorus-girl, and yip-yipping in a manner that amazed even Todd, he heard the shuffling pat-pat of moccasins in the snow. He glimpsed a line of inscrutable bronze faces peering at him out of the dark. Closer they pressed, until the light of the fire touched their features with its glow, and their figures took on tangible shape. Then Bill faced them with hands outspread. Todd fingered the bass keys dolorously.

"Have the Blackfeet come to behold the strength of my medicine?" he asked, calmly. Bill spoke the Blackfoot tongue like a chief of the tribe, and wide knowledge of their customs and superstitions gave him a solid foundation to work upon.

"What medicine does the white man boast of?" Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly demanded, in a scornful tone. "Does he think the Blackfeet are little children to fear a fire and a thing that squeaks and groans with a strange voice?"

"Listen! For many days the Blackfeet have had good hunting on the Red Deer. Is it not so?" Bill made a gesture up and down the river.

"Our young men have had good hunting," responded Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly, spokesman by virtue of his position when medicine talk was made.

"Even so!" thundered Bill. "The hunting has been good—so good that the squaws could not dress the kill these many days—so good that the young men, having powder a-plenty, slaughtered the prong-horns for the joy of killing. And now the carcasses, stripped only of hide and tongue, lie on the river bottoms as close together as the cotn woods in the coulees; so that when the chinook comes the stink of them will drive even the gray badger to the high lands. Wherefore, O men of the Blackfoot nation! the Great Spirit is angry. And he has said to me this night, 'Make medicine, and I, the Great Spirit, will send a sign that the Blackfeet who hunt under Medicine Child may be warned and cease their wanton slaying of the deer.'"

Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly and Medicine Child exchanged guttural confidences for a minute. The younger Indians stood silent, but the gleam in their roving eyes betokened an uneasy spirit. All through this Todd Wayne with bowed head faithfully squeezed *pianissimo* strains out of the concertina, oblivious, seemingly, to his surroundings.

"We would see the sign," boldly declared Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly. "We are no coyotes, to be driven from our hunting by a white man who speaks loudly. Show our young men the sign, white medicine-maker."

Turning his back on the Indians, Bill Mathison threw his arms aloft and shouted invocation to the black masses of cloud-drift overhead. The strident tones of him went bellowing across the hills. What he said was Greek to the Indians, and even Todd Wayne, though he attended strictly to the orchestral part of the affair, racked his brains to make sense of the words. But Frank Howell, listening through a window, caught such fragments as

"They reeled, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies tae the wark,
And linket at it i' her sark,"

and again

"Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! Thou'll get thy fairin',
I' hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'."

and he leaned against the casement, holding hands to his shaking sides. Of a surety, Bill Mathison knew how to conjure up spirits.

Suddenly he ceased, and held both hands over the dying fire, palms down. There was a sputter, a brilliant flash of blood-red flame that died away instantly. Bill faced the cabin and, pointing into the gloom, shouted: "Behold the sign!"

As he spoke, a yellow glare showed fearfully bright on what seemed empty atmosphere. In a breath a group of Indians stood where the yellow beam had glared, then they were eclipsed by a squad of mounted police, the Riders of the North, their red coats standing out like splotches of scarlet paint. A brief space they lingered, startlingly life-like, then there was nothing but black night.

"Have the Blackfeet seen?" howled Bill. "Let them look again. Behold the sign!"

Bill delivered himself of more weird language as another scene flashed boldly out. It was a smoke-stained tepee, with a prostrate Indian and pony in the foreground—a grim picture, perfect in detail. Back from the bodies a gaunt, gray wolf squatted on his haunches, nose pointed skyward, as though he were calling his brethren to the grewsome feast.

Bill turned on his heel as the picture went out like a match in the wind, but there was no half-circle of glittering-eyed braves. There was nothing but the shuffling pat-pat of many moccasins in the crisp snow, and Todd Wayne, sitting by a few glowing embers, grinning foolishly up at him.

"They drifted," said Todd, tersely.

"Mon, mon!" Bill Mathison said, earnestly, when, next morning, there was no sign of the Blackfoot camp. "The puir antelope 'll be thankfu' for the night's wark. But wha wad a' thought the ignorant hodies wad flee frac a mageek lantern—an' a bit o' Bobbie Burns!"

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE.

A Spring Day's Journey to the Slums—Swarms of People The Yiddish Quarter—Among Russian Shops—Parks for the Poor—A Child's Tragedy

We had had some fine weather, those first, hesitating days of spring that come before the season is ready for them, and have a lost, strayed air amid the black, chill grayness that ends the winter. One of them was so fine, with a thin softness in the air and pale, clear sunshine falling warm and balmy on the just and musty, that I decided to dedicate it to an excursion to the East Side, which I had long been meditating.

It was Saturday, the day soft and warm as June, and that it was the Jewish sabbath may have accounted for the crowded condition of the streets, though the push cart market on Grand Street must have had something to do with it. The entire population seemed out of doors, sitting on the front steps, or hanging out of the windows. Everything was open—the doors, the windows, the entrances to incredibly filthy basements and cellars. It reminded me of Paris, which is the only other place I ever saw where the first warm day brings the whole world swarming out on the balconies and the sidewalks. Women were sitting by dark doorways sewing exactly as they do in the Paris streets; girls were embroidering or knitting squatted on the stone steps that had once been the approach to the doorways of fashionable homes.

We passed up Hester Street where the Jews live, and the signs are all in Yiddish, along Chrystie Street with its vista of old house-fronts, engrimed with dirt and soot, and harred with terraced lines of rusty fire-escapes. There was a fire down here, the other day, and nineteen people were burned because the fire-escapes were so choked with household goods that the firemen could not get up them or the dwellers in the houses get down them. There has been some agitation on the subject, and the fire-escapes—on the fronts of the houses, anyway—are empty and unencumbered. From windows on the street level and higher up, Hebraic female heads were protruded—dark young heads with the mysterious, midnight hair and the clear, fathomless eyes of the Jewish maiden, undimmed even in the modern captivity of a tenement in Hester Street, and old Jewish heads, covered with wigs, the faces beneath the false parted hair wrinkled as by the passage of a hundred years.

In Allen Street they sell brasses, candlesticks and bowls, and odd-shaped pitchers, and people come down from other parts of town to buy them. The shops are Russian, and the windows, small and sometimes below the street level, are set close with the pale-yellow brasses, and gleam like a piece of gold inlay work in the dim squalor of their surroundings. They also raise children in Allen Street. One of the city's "White Wings" was hosing off the pavement, and the sight and sound of water, always dear to the infant heart, had brought the entire juvenile population of that section to the scene of operations. The water was lying in the hollows of the cobbles, and the children were playing in it, as children in other and more favored localities play in brooks. They were by the hundreds, swarms of children, climbing over one another, screaming in hoarse, shrill voices, dabbling in the water and improvising aquatic games.

I asked my companion if he thought the families were larger in these localities, or simply looked larger because the children were all gathered together and grouped on the sidewalk in a formidable mass. He said with a pensive air that he thought they were larger. If you took the children from the houses on Fifth Avenue and sprinkled them along the sidewalk they would make but a poor showing beside the teeming infancy of Allen Street. They seemed to me bright, healthy looking children. Many of them were pretty, and all seemed comfortably and decently clad. Some of the mothers that held the babies in their arms were astonishingly young. I saw girls among them who looked as if they might have been fourteen or fifteen.

You can wander from Allen Street into Canal, one of the main arteries of that part of town, a wide, prosperous crowded thoroughfare, which, on this fair, beguiling Saturday afternoon was thronged thick with people. We walked slowly down, passing the mouths of many of the streets whose names are known, not almost invariably, in other parts of town. The sidewalks were edged with a line of push carts, mostly, it appeared, with a few for men, and crowds of men stood about them—laughing, quarreling, bargaining. By the open doorways of small shops all Jewesses sat, wigged and with their small eyes keen as ferrets, in their innocent faces. Young women, hatless and always dawdled in by their groups with linked arms, or alone and carrying the inevitable baby. It was noticeable that though their clothes looked neat and well-fitted, their heads were generally frowsy and uncombed, a sharp contrast to the batless women one sees in France and Italy whose glossy coiffures might have been executed by an expensive hair dresser.

Seward Park is close along here—a square that was opened to the public as a park not long ago. If any one wants evidence as to the need of small recreation grounds in the crowded districts of the city, all they need to do is go to Seward Park of a warm Saturday afternoon. The centre of the opening is a bare, terraced space shut in with an iron railing. In this

inclosure is an open-air gymnasium, ladders, vaulting-rings, a jumping-block, and at the two ends cleared spaces for ball games. In this corral there must have been hundreds of men and boys. They were as numerous as the children in Allen Street, and, as these little creatures, starved for legitimate amusement, dabbled and splashed in the dirty pools among the cobbles, feeling some of the joy of the seashore and the brookside, so the men and boys swarmed over the poles and ladders of the gymnasium, with a wild and avid energy. Four-fifths of them were looking on, while the last and most gifted fifth performed. Amid two breathless lines of staring admirers, a youth, with the face of a white negro and the body of a gladiator, leaped over the jumping-block. Others swung from ring to ring, envious comrades watching their contorted, aerial flight. At each of the open spaces at the ends hall games were in progress, accompanied by an amount of shouting that could not have been more frantic if the whole district had been on fire.

Back of the gymnasium stands what in Italy they call a *loggia*—a stately sort of covered veranda, commanding the scene through a series of arched openings, divided by pillars. A wide sweep of stone steps leads up to it. Large, airy, and high-roofed, it makes a background for the animated crowds of the gymnasium, like some piece of scenery from a classic play. This is the place where the women, especially mothers with babies, sit. I ascended the steps and found it, even at this season, comfortably filled with women. There were big rocking-chairs for them; and here they had come to escape from the close and sordid confinement of their own squalid homes. No woman could want a more sumptuous resting-place—a princely *loggia* in the heart of the crowded, cramped city. The breezes passed cool between its arches and along its shining floor. It was all of stone, fleckless, clean, unornamented. I read on a tablet inserted into the back wall that it had been built during the administration of Seth Low as mayor of New York. If nothing else was done, that was enough to make his administration memorable. Fancy what this place must be to the women of the quarter when the hot days come!

From Seward Park we went north circuitously by Ludlow and Orchard Streets, where again there were swarms of children. We passed a fierce-looking woman in a red sweater, who was furiously berating a man in some unknown tongue. Heads were hanging from all the windows listening to the fray, and the children of the neighborhood stood around rejoicing in it. At Grand Street we struck the tail-end of the push-cart market.

Judging by the throng that surrounded each cart which offered them for sale, the article most in demand was gloves. Cotton ones were the favorites, but a cheap form of kid also went like hot cakes. Vendors who offered a very thin, flimsy style of kimono jackets also did a thriving business. There were shirt-waist carts that were well patronized. The wares were striped and figured shirt-waists, some of thin white silk, trimmed with a cheap lace. Women with knotted hands and weather-beaten, heavily lined faces, fingered these waists longingly, studied them inside and out, scrutinized the lace and the finishing of the seams, and finally laid them down with a reluctant sigh. I noticed several carts with a brilliant millinery display of those hats made of crimped muslin that look as if they were intended for babies and that fashionable ladies wore last summer. They were of the most violent shades, but, all things considered, they were just about the same in style and make as those my dressy friends were buying in Paris last June.

We had reached that part of the street where the crowd was at its thickest, when the wails of a child caught our attention. In a little backwater of space, round which the throng eddied and passed, a little girl was standing, weeping with long, despairing wails, and surrounded by sympathetic women. One of these said something to me in a strange mixture of tongues, which I decided was the information that the child had lost her mother. She was certainly in a state of helpless misery. I could see her in the centre of a momentarily increasing circle, her face pink with the violence of her crying, all crumpled up and shining with tears. She was evidently of well-to-do people, being dressed quite smartly in a black silk coat and coarse lace collar. Her hat, a sailor of white beaver, hung on the back of her neck by its elastic, displaying a fringe of perfectly regular red curls. Standing thus she wept ceaselessly and piteously, her voice rising in a thin, regular cry like a little, reedy whistle.

A crowd collected in a moment. It was impossible to get near the child or find out what language she spoke. The people closed in so thickly upon her that we lost all sight of her, only could discern her whereabouts by the dense cluster of bent heads and the little piping wail that issued from among them. The greatest excitement seemed to be evoked by her predicament, and the crowd threw out long, agitated wings across the sidewalk into the street. Her chief protector was a large and shabby Jew, collarless and unkempt, who took his stand beside her and was silent amid the hubbub that prevailed round them. The child seemed to recognize him as a rock to which to cling. Once in a gap in the crowd I caught a glimpse of her, pinker than ever and glistening with tears, one small hand grasped tight in the great, grimy paw of her protector. Finally, amid a clamor that might have terrified any ordinary infant into a fit, the entire crowd moved up the street—to the police station,

some one said. As it departed, trailing long, d ends behind it, one could see the Jew's headdress, triarchal head with a rusty black Derby hat on back of it, and hear the thin, disconsolate cry of charge.

GERALDINE BONNE

NEW YORK, April 5, 1905.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"A Voice Crying in the Wilderness."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 12, 1905

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A week ago there was committed in our city a heinous murder, one that has been characterized as the most brutal crime of modern times.

On Wednesday, April 5th, just prior to midnight, naked trunk of a man, wrapped and tied in a red bed blanket and a shawl, was found on the public sidewalk near corner of Vallejo and Powell Streets. The body had been dismembered, and the head, arms, and legs were missing but were subsequently found by two children in the way of the bay. The remains being identified at the morgue I former acquaintance as those of a Sicilian named Bia Vilardo, the police readily learned through a half brother of the deceased the place at which he had been living; basement of a house at No. 736 1/2 Green Street. In place, it was learned, had lived Pietro Tortorici, with young wife and babe, and one boarder—the murdered man.

Three detectives searched the house, and finding no one at home, secreted themselves in the darkness and waited. After daylight there entered what was then "a pretty little, black-haired, black-eyed woman of about twenty years with the rich, warm complexion of Southern Italy in cheeks, and carrying in her arms a round-faced, cooing baby a little more than a year old." The woman, who does not speak or understand our language, was immediately taken into custody and sent to police headquarters, where, after questioning through an interpreter, she made a detailed, accurate statement of all that had happened on the night of the murder and subsequently, so far as she said she knew.

Her statement briefly was: that on Wednesday night she served dinner to Vilardo in his own room at his residence while she and her husband dined in an adjoining room; after dinner she told her husband she was going out for a while into Washington Square Park; that she accordingly went out and played in the park among the shrubbery and the benches with her little child; that in about two hours she returned to the house and immediately noticed something was wrong; and that upon asking her husband "Where is Vilardo?" he replied: "Woman, mind your business and ask no questions."

Then she said she went to her room without saying anything more, and with her baby, went to sleep, and added: "All I know is in the morning my husband was there, and I knew there was something terrible in the room."

From that day this woman has been kept in what in Hall of Justice is termed "a sweat-box," except when has been taken to the morgue, with her baby, and had sent to her vision the awful sight of the mangled body and except when she has been taken to the scene of murder and confronted with a dramatization of the crime including such stage business as a muffled chopping cart on in the next room by a brilliant hawkshaw. Under ordeal of these experiences the woman has paled, and pallor has been noticed by the detectives as evidence of it. She has grown haggard, and the detectives and newspaper have gloated in her "weakening," but she has tenaciously clung to her story.

She finally became so ill that she was unable to nurse her baby, and it was fed by the prison matron from a baby. She grew worse and the detectives called two physicians to attend her, and having been somewhat relieved by their ministrations, she was again taken in hand by the detectives and given what they term "the third degree."

The account of the ceremonies that took place at the scene of the crime, the dramatic effects suddenly sprung upon the little woman, would have been harrowing to a stranger to the surroundings. Consider what they must have been to her. When the chopping sound came from an inner room, the trial attorney, who accompanied the detectives, asked: "Do you hear that chopping sound?"

"Oh, Madre! yes, yes," the little woman screamed, seemed again about to relapse into hysterics, but there more yet. A door was suddenly thrown open, and she told to enter the room where the crime was committed. "She pulled back," says one of the witnesses, "with every feature, but finally, with some urging, entered." A ward, says the same witness, "gradually the color came to her cheeks, and she ceased to hold her baby with that sparring grasp." The reporter for a daily newspaper, was present, said: "The ordeal would have killed a woman of finer nerves."

To wring something further from the woman's lips police are said to be contemplating taking her child from her. And all this in a community that claims to be civilized. Where are the inquisitions of yesterday? They are the machines of torture that go with them were broken years ago, or are stored in museums, but the system effects and inventions to replace them are all here in modern San Francisco.

And with what is the woman charged? Nothing. To sue a friend who dared own friendship she could be held on *habeas-corpus* proceedings, but no one of her people knows her dares go near the police. The woman is held utterly without right—and why is she held? Not to procure evidence against her husband, for that is not lacking, enough to convict him twenty times over when he is a hanged. Not to procure her testimony against her husband because the California law says: "There are certain situations in which it is the policy of the law to encourage confidence and to preserve it inviolate; therefore, a person not be examined as a witness in the following cases: (1) husband can not be examined for or against his wife without her consent; nor a wife for or against her husband without his consent; nor can either during the marriage, or before, without the consent of the other, examined as to any communication made by one to the other during the marriage; nor yet can this inquisition be directed to the procuring of a confession to involve the woman herself in the case for the law says also that a confession to be admissible evidence against a person must be voluntary; if made in fear, or hope of reward, it can not, if objected to, be used as evidence against him.

The law does not permit a thing to be done indirectly which it does not allow to be done directly. We then have presented to us the spectacle of a police department open violation of the law, brutally persecuting a poor, woman, a foreigner to our country and its customs, without the knowledge and means to procure defense.

The daily press seems to gloat over and encourage the process, one paper boasting of an increased circulation of twenty-five thousand since the murder. In the hope of raising a single human voice in protest the public conscience may be awakened to a full realization of the inhumanity, the cowardly injustice of longer persecuting a woman, and that thus the persecution may be stopped, appeal to your weekly, a journal of strong influences.

Respectfully, BRUCE CORNWELL

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF HUGO'S MISTRESS

Ardent Epistles of Juliette Drouet See the Light for the First Time—Relation Extended Over Half a Century.

In the first chapter of "The Love-Letters of Juliette Drouet," the compiler, Henry Wellington Wack, writes as follows:

What Beatrice was to Dante, that and more was Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo. Did not some one make the cryptic assertion that the wrong which harms nobody is not a wrong? Mme. Hugo was wronged without doubt, but she was either oblivious of it or magnanimously feigned to be so. The annals of real life record few such cases of irregular domestic relations as Hugo's, and none, so far as I am aware, quite parallel with it. Of a mistress being fiercely jealous of other mistresses, as Juliette Drouet was, there are records in abundance; but for the legal wife to submit to a mistress being installed in a house a few hundred feet from her own, and even consent to visit her and permit her sons and daughters to do so throughout a long term of years, as did Mme. Hugo, all as a concession to the waywardness of genius, is an example of wisely self-abnegation which would have done credit to Chaucer's patient Griselda.

Juliette Drouet, we are told, was an orphan. Adopted by her granduncle, Jean Baptiste Drouet, at a tender age, she assumed his name. She was educated by the Sisters of the Bernardine Benedictines of Perpetual Adoration in Paris until her sixteenth year. Then she returned to her uncle, and for three years all record of her is lost. In 1825, she is heard of as an artist's model; in 1827 she turns to the stage. Her first meeting with Hugo took place in 1833, when the poet was thirty-one. She was then playing the rôle of Princess Negroni in his play, "Lucretia Borgia." Their intimacy lasted for half a century.

Mr. Wack devotes some space to an account of Hugo's life on the Island of Guernsey, but the letters themselves are chiefly interesting.

In February, 1841, eight years after he met her, Hugo wrote as follows in Mme. Drouet's birthday book:

Dost thou remember, my beloved, our first day? It was the time of carnival in 1833. There was being given at that time a ball to which we both were to go (I interrupt my writing to imprint a kiss on thy sweet mouth, and then I continue). Nothing, not even death, I am certain, can ever efface that recollection within me. . . . Poor angel! What beauty and love are thine! . . . Never forget, my angel, that mysterious hour which has changed thy life. . . . That day thou didst leave outside, far from thee, the tumult, the din, the false happiness, to enter mystery, solitude, and love. . . . During those eight years my heart has been full of thee, and nothing will change it, thou knowest, even should each of those years bring forth a century.

Mr. Wack speaks as follows of Juliette Drouet and her influence on Hugo:

It is as a lover and mistress, as a beautiful woman of tact and refinement, as a spirited hostess of great *savoir vivre*, as a friend and companion that she is most interesting. She was the regnant goddess of Victor Hugo's poetry after 1834, and their fellowship and her devotion endured for precisely fifty years and three months (1833-1883). In some phases of this remarkable relationship the sublimest ebbs of earthly existence are made to atone every shade of romantic song and feeling. She was the inspiration of much that widened his vision not only in his flights of fancy, but in what he met in the actual world around him. . . . His poems, from the "Chants du Crépuscule" down to the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," are full of Juliette Drouet, though he has not named her anywhere. . . . His verses had "a thousand ways—a single object."

The letters show Mme. Drouet's "ardent and warm devotion," her moods of jealous concern, her doubts and fears, her hopes and prayers, for the great man. The first epistle is dated January 12, 1836, and in it Juliette Drouet refers to Hugo's attempts to get her back to the Théâtre-Français. The second letter is dated five days later, and reads:

Oh! think of me, my sweet beloved, so that I may feel it, and so that thy joy amid thy delightful family, thy kind friends and admirers, may not be changed into bitterness and grief for me. Think of me, of whom thou art the life and the soul. Think of my love, so profound, so pure, and so devoted, and wish I were with thee. I am going to bed praying God for thee and thine. I trust my prayers will not be fruitless, as I am asking for their happiness and thine, should it be at the cost of my own life. If you knew how I need to know that you are happy, my beloved, almost as much as to know I am loved by you! I love you, love you, love you, more than anything in the world. Enjoy your success this evening, my Victor, your beauty, your genius, and be happy with your delightful family. I will be proud and happy myself, provided amid all this you do not forget me.

The morning following she writes again:

When I ask you so earnestly to give me all the moments you can spare, even the shortest, it is because I know, my sweet beloved, that I am asking you for my life. Whenever I am a day without seeing you it is as if a year of my life had passed away. I can not very well explain it to you, but my heart dies away when far from you. I do not hope to see you this evening because of

the weather, the late hour, and your toilet. I promise you to be very brave and resigned. For your part, my beloved, love me with all your heart and strength, as I have more need of it than ever.

She asks him not to be anxious when she lets fall some "tender expressions," and all she wants is to be "sure of being loved after my death." "Your love," she continues, "is the great, the sole, object of my life, the only joy and happiness of my soul." She shows, in these letters, as Mr. Wack points out, that the poet was her deity, her dream, and her only tangible reality.

Thursday, at 8:30 a. m., March 1, 1851, she writes:

My heart is full of you, my beloved! I can not go to bed without telling you of all the foolish, tender feelings that pass through my mind. Your smile awakens my love as the sunshine opens the flowers. Now my soul is like a bouquet of which your thought is the perfume. This is silly, like all I say, but that does not stop me. I am delirious with love, like others with fever. But this delirium is not painful but pleasant to me, and I try to prolong it as long as possible.

Following is a letter dated July 25, 1851, at 10:30 p. m., in which Mme. Drouet refers to Hugo's appointment with another woman which she happened to witness:

It would be foolish for me to bold you responsible for to-day's chance occurrence, and I should be afraid of offending you by supposing you capable of deceiving me after all that has taken place—after the offers I have made you, after the courage and resignation that I have displayed. However, my poor darling, I came back quite upset about that unexpected appearance at the door of the assembly, and your eagerness to enter the interior again without telling me anything or offering any explanation, and that with the most embarrassed and confused air in the world, like a man unpleasantly surprised to meet me. What I have suffered since that moment, and what I am suffering this instant, would be your condemnation before God if you were capable of another act of treason, and would draw down upon you the greatest misfortunes. It would now be more than treason; it would be sacrilege. Therefore I do not wish to believe it. I refuse to admit that semi-evidence, deny your pallor, your embarrassment, your fight. Alas, I would I could also deny my suffering, my jealousy, and my despair! My God! my God! what have I done that I should be stricken in the tenderest part of my heart? Is it a crime to love a man more than anything in the world, and to prefer him to Thee? If that is so, Thou hast punished me cruelly through my very fault: Thou has not spared me any torture. Oh, how I wish to die! How weary I am of this love, so painfully and fruitlessly laborious! Oh, how I long for eternal rest! My God! my God! have pity on me! Let those live who find happiness in this life, and take me who am suffering!

On July 31st, Juliette wrote three letters within two hours. In the first she says:

I return to you, my beloved, with that confidence and ardor that springs from mutual love; without any rancor for the past or anxiety for the future, with the sweet and delightful cohort of my illusions, with all my strength and all my soul, therefore be forewarned! I shall not speak to you again of what I suffered, but I will remember throughout eternity your ineffable kindness and divine meekness. I no longer see your fault, but only feel your love. I will not ask whether my image on your heart is mutilated, but I know that on mine you are complete, very living, beautiful, great, and sublime. I know not whether my happiness will ever resume its first form, but I am certain that I have no other belief, nor any other divinity than you.

An introduction has been written for the book by François Coppée, the well-known French poet. Among the anecdotes he relates is one that concerns Hugo and Schoelcher. One evening the latter, who did not believe in a future life, expressed his opinion forcibly, to which Hugo retorted:

You are right, Schoelcher; every one is not immortal. One day Dante, having written two verses on a sheet of paper, went out for a little walk. Then the first verse said to the second: "It is very nice to be a verse of Dante, for we are immortal." The second verse in return replied: "It is not at all sure; do you really believe we are both immortal?" Whereupon Dante returned, reread his two verses, found the second worthless, and erased it.

This goes to show, M. Coppée adds, that Hugo was not only a great poet, but a man of infinite wit.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon publish in two volumes "Notes from a Diary, 1896-January 23, 1901," by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. This is the seventh series of Sir Mountstuart's notes, which now cover the half-century preceding the reign of the present king. The author—who has been spoken of as a twentieth-century Pepys—by virtue of his birth, his diplomatic service, and his social life, has enjoyed an extraordinarily wide acquaintance. In his books he deals in gossiping memoirs of various sorts, but resolutely keeps out of politics. He tells stories and anecdotes of Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Cecil Rhodes, also of many lesser lights, wits, and men about town, with all of whom Sir Mountstuart has been heartily intimate.

A Depressing Play.

"Nachtasy!" ("The Night Refuge"), a play by Máxim Gorky, was produced in New York recently. Although it pleases the morbidly inclined, the majority of people find it far too depressing. The critics condemn it, calling it revolting, foul, ghastly—not a play, but a picture of conditions that should not have been presented. The "argument," which is printed on the programmes, gives a good idea of the play:

ACT I—The interior of a typical Russian night refuge, frequented by poor human waifs and strays. Some are victims of inevitable circumstances, others are criminals, others are both criminals and victims; all are miserable, most appear to be resigned. Among these unfortunates we find an impoverished and degenerate baron, a few mechanics, an actor who has been ruined by drink, and a lamentable consumptive named Anna, whose husband, Kletschtch, heats her, though she is dying. The landlord of the refuge is a degraded brute, called Kostylew, whose wife, Wassilissa, has become the mistress of Wasjka Pepel, a thief, skeptic, and Don Juan of the slums. Natscha, the sister of Wassilissa, has also attracted Pepel, and his neglected paramour has grown jealous. One of the strangest of the many strange inmates of the refuge is Nastja, a girl who revels in mock romance. Into the Kostylew inferno there comes an aged wanderer, named Luka, who preaches what to most seems a new gospel of peace, pity, and brotherly indulgence.

ACT II—Luka gradually wins the affection and trust of his companions in misery. Several are inclined to think he lies when he speaks to them of forgiveness for sin and rest beyond the grave; but all listen to him. The rivalry of Wassilissa and Natscha grows violent, and the uncle of the sisters—Metwedew, a corrupt police officer—quarrels with Pepel. The influence of Luka affects Pepel and Natscha. Luka exhorts Pepel to begin life anew in Siberia, and puts hope into the heart of the actor by telling him of a place where even drunkards may be cured. Wassilissa, pretending that she is willing to make way for Natscha, incites Pepel to kill Kostylew. The act ends with the death of Anna.

ACT III—The scene changes to the exterior of the refuge. Pepel is now honestly in love with Natscha. But, though she at times likes, she does not love him. Luka, still preaching, unobtrusively, his gospel of pity and resignation, touches them both deeply by telling them how two supposed burglars whom he had once caught turned out to be only poor devils in quest of bread to stay their hunger. Natscha at last yields, although reluctantly, to Pepel's suit. Just then they are surprised by Wassilissa. A riot soon after breaks out in the refuge, and in a fight with some of his lodgers inside the house Kostylew is killed. Wassilissa denounces Pepel falsely as the murderer, and Natscha, believing her, helps to have him arrested. In the uproar old Luka quietly departs, and no more is seen of him.

ACT IV—The interior of the refuge. Some time is supposed to have elapsed. Pepel is in prison; Natscha is in a hospital; and the remaining inmates of the refuge discuss Luka and his wise teachings. They remember, among other things, how, when he was once asked why men were born into the world, he had answered, "For the benefit of the ablest of them." The baron excites derision by recalling the days of his past prosperity. The actor suddenly leaves the others, imploring them to pray for him, and, a few minutes later, we hear that he has hanged himself.

John Murray will publish next week in London "A Mother of Tsars," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. Marie Feodorovna is the subject of this biography. She was the wife of ill-fated Paul, and mother of Alexander the First and Nicholas the First.

—NEAT EASTER GIFTS AT RADKE & CO., jewelers, 65 Geary and 118 Sutter Street—two stores.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Books by Californians.

FRY ANSTON'S "ISIDRO," reached its... the February number of the... and the fate of its pub...

Or take this passage which embodies not... a striking truth, but embodies it beauti...

All the splendid effects, it seems, are... saved for nature's own performances—sunset... glow, long thunder of the surf, loud thunder...

Just one more passage—one relating to a... girl who longs for her lover who is distant...

At times she fell sick with longing, lying... in bed and dumb; then it would be Marta...

"Isidro," it should be said, chiefly deals... with the fortunes of a young Spaniard who...

But withal, the book, good as it is, neither... starts to laughter nor moves to tears. It is...

Perhaps the most excellent thing about... "Isidro" is that it portrays well and...

It is a book that neither is successful... in the terms of the... by...

It is a book that neither is successful... in the terms of the... by...

sertation on the character of the production... by Raymond M. Alden; an essay contrasting...

Despite the generally unattractive appear-... of "The Gold Hunters of California,"...

Published by M. A. Donohue, Chicago: \$1.50.

"Good Things and Graces" (50 cents), by... Isabel Goodhue, is a prettily bound and...

"Love" (50 cents), compiled by Paul... Elder, is another beautifully printed brochure...

"The Blue Monday Book" (75 cents),... compiled by Jennie Day Haines, is a booklet...

"The Law of Theatre Tickets," by S. P... Elias, of the San Francisco bar, is a publica...

Published by W. A. Heister, San Francisco.

A Bowdlerized "De Profundis." In reading Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis"...

I had genius, a distinguished name, high... social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring...

of things. There was nothing I said or did... that did not make people wonder. I took...

I have said that to speak the truth is a... painful thing. To be forced to tell lies is...

The same writer in *Toten Topics* says that... to the following lines, referring to the death...

No one knew how deeply I loved and hon-... ored her. Her death was terrible to me;

In the prefatory letter Wilde says: "I... don't defend my conduct; I explain it."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A statue is to be erected to the late W. E. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey. It is the work of M. Rodin.

Fisher Unwin, a London publisher, promises shortly to publish a new Klondike book by Alexander Macdonald, a gentleman who says that he was personally acquainted with Jack London's famous dog that figured in the canine hero of his story. "The Call of the Wild."

The first book on the market by the new fishing house, Moffat, Yard & Co., will be Richard Barry's "Port Arthur." The author is the young San Francisco journalist who went to Port Arthur last autumn with two hundred dollars and no overcoat, and has, since he reached New York on December 6th last, made literally an international reputation by his vivid descriptions, sketches, and word-pictures in the reviews, magazines, and illustrated weeklies of many countries. His article in the current Century magazine created wide interest, as did his "War Is Hell" in the March 11th number of the Saturday Evening Post. An important article from him appears as the leader in Everybody's for April.

Andrew Lang takes a shot at Howells in a recent number of Longman's Magazine. "Mr. D. Howells," says Lang, "has been discussing the question, 'Do we think in words, or is there a mental precedent to them?' He is rather deep into psychology, and perhaps the readers of Harper's Magazine can do with him. Certainly, I can not do so without imminent peril of being suffocated."

Mrs. Humphry Ward guards her private life jealously, and is said to be the only woman of note who has never granted an interview. She is very reticent even among her friends as to her methods of composition, but the following extract from a speech given by her at a London settlement in which she is interested reveals something of her manner of working: "The story-teller does it in this way or that. You scribble down on your first sheet of paper such and such incidents your hero is to end badly or well. Marriage bells there shall certainly be—on that last far-off page. Or, if you are in a sterner mood, you see all the forces of the pit unchained about your puppets. A shipwreck, a railway accident, some new disease with a long name—write it down inexorably. But then you begin your work. And after a little while, your grip tightens, as your characters break out of the mist, they begin to make themselves, to shape their own story. Your remains if it had any virtue. Often you look back with a strange thrill to see how near the thought of the end has been to the thought of the beginning. But on this way it has taken to itself a score of forms and developments."

The correspondent of the Critic, who signs himself "Disgustahus," and professes to be a lover of hearing which are the best-selling ones, importunes the editor of that magazine to tell him which are the twelve recently published novels best worth reading. The editor discusses the matter with a group of intelligent men and women, and submits a report upon which they are agreed. She offers, in the following order: "The Secret Garden," by Eden Phillpotts; "The Golden Rule," by Henry James; "The Divine Fire," by May Sinclair; "The Undercurrent," by Robert Grant; "The Marriage of William Lord," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; and "The Relative Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart.

The first volume has just been published in the form of a final edition of Victor Hugo's works, edited by M. Paul Meurice, in forty volumes. For almost all his works Hugo wrote a number of pages which were eventually suppressed. He kept the manuscript, however, and the new edition comprises them, as also Hugo's original drawings. "Les Misérables" and "Les Travailleurs de la mer" have new chapters now, and the former book a new preface.

Charles Scribner's Sons are to bring out in this country this month "Songs of the Silent Voivode," by Hélène Vacaresco, author of "The Bard of the Dimbovitza." This is a volume of Roumanian folk-songs, which have now, for the first time, been collected from Roumanian peasants and set into English.

A volume of letters and poems by the late radio Hearn is shortly to appear from the Mintie Press of Covington, Ky., with the title "Letters from the Raven." The book contains a cycle of letters in which Hearn tells much of his life in the South, his views on the negro question and the negro, impressions of Memphis, pictures of New Orleans, verses, grave and gay, and translations from Creole and negro love-poets. In one of the letters Hearn refers to his first impression of New York City: "The houses, eleven stories high, that seem to climb into the moon; the tremulous streets and roads, the cascading thunder of an awful torrent of life, the sense of

wealth-force and mind-power that oppresses the stranger here—all these form so colossal a contrast with the inert and warmly colored Southern life that I know not how to express my impression."

What Roosevelt Reads.

It appears that President Roosevelt, like Macaulay, has "an omnivorous and insatiable appetite for books." According to an anonymous writer in the Century Magazine, he not only reads many newspapers, all the magazines, and the leading weeklies, but during the last two years has read "purely for enjoyment" nearly two hundred books, besides "ephemeral novels" not named. Gazing at the list, one can well believe that Mr. Roosevelt "has by nature or practice a faculty of extremely rapid reading"—is one of those "photographic readers who take almost instantly the impression of a whole paragraph, or nearly a whole page, the eye running along the line with lightning-like rapidity, and leaping to the more important phrases as by instinct." The Tribune's Washington correspondent also avers that the President's memory is as wonderful as his ability to read rapidly. "The President," says he, "holds fast all he reads, and is ready, if the need arises, to repeat almost any thought expressed by the author, years after his eye had traveled with lightning speed over the page."

In order to make every minute of his reading count, the President is in the habit of leaning upon a few friends whose literary judgment he has found to be trustworthy. Among these are James R. Garfield, Francis E. Leupp, Alfred W. Cooley, and Henry Cahot Lodge.

The fairly complete list of the President's reading for the two years ending November, 1903, is as follows:

Parts of Herodotus; the first and seventh books of Theophrastus; a little of Polybius; a little of Plutarch; Eschylus's Orestean trilogy; Sophocles's "Seven Against Thebes"; Euripides's "Hippolytus" and "Bacchae"; Aristophanes's "Frogs"; parts of the "Politics" of Aristotle (the foregoing in translation); Ridgeway's "The Early Age of Greece"; Wheeler's "Life of Alexander the Great," and some six volumes of Mahaffy's studies of the Greek world—of which only chapters here and there were read; two of Maspero's volumes of the early Syrian, Chaldean, and Egyptian civilizations—these read superficially; several chapters of Froissart's "Memoirs of Marguerite de Bavière"; "Charles XII"; Mahan's "Types of Naval Officers"; some of Macaulay's "Essays"; three or four volumes of Gibbon; and three or four chapters of Motley; the lives of Prince Eugene, of Admiral de Ruyter, of Turenne, and of Sobieski—all in French; the battles in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great"; Hay and Nicolay's "Lincoln," and the two volumes of the "Complete Works" of Abraham Lincoln—these were not only read through, but parts were read again and again; Bacon's "Essays"—curiously enough, he had not really read these until now; "Machbeth," "Twelfth Night"; "Henry the Fourth"; "Henry the Fifth"; "Richard the Second"; the first two cantos of "Paradise Lost"; some of Michael Drayton's poems—he cared for only three or four; portions of the "Nibelungenlied"; portions of J. A. Carlyle's prose translation of Dante's "Inferno"; "Beowulf"; Morris's translation of the "Heimskringla"; and Besant's translation of the sagas of Gisle and Burnt Njal; Lady Gregory's and Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga," together with "The Children of Lir," "The Children of Turaine," the tale of "Deirdre," etc.

Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules"; Beaumarchais's "Le Barbier de Séville"; most of Emilius Jussierand's books (among which he was most interested in his studies of the "King's Ouhair"); Holmes's "Over the Teacups"; Lounsbury's "Shakespeare and Voltaire"; various numbers of the Edinburgh Review from 1803 to 1850; Tolstoy's "Sebastopol"; and "The Cosacks"; Sienkiewicz's "With Fire and Sword"; and parts of his other volumes; Scott's "Guy Mannering"; "The Antiquary"; "Rob Roy"; "Waverley"; "Quentin Durward"; parts of "Marmion"; and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; Cooper's "The Pilot"; some of the earlier stories and some of the poems of Bret Harte; Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer"; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; "Pendennis"; "The Newcomes"; "Adventures of Philip"; Conan Doyle's "The White Company"; Lever's "Charles O'Malley"; the romances of Charles Brockden Brown (from motives of curiosity, but without real enjoyment, when he was confined to his room with an injured leg); an occasional half-hour's reading in Keats, Browning, Poe, Tennyson, Longfellow, Kipling, Bliss Carman; also in Poe's tales and Lowell's essays; some of Stevenson's stories, and of Allingham's "British Ballads"; and Wagner's "The Simple Life." He read aloud to his children, and often finished afterward to himself, Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring"; Hans Andersen's stories, some of Grimm's, some Norse folk-tales, and stories by Howard Pyle; "Uncle Remus" and the rest of Joel Chandler Harris's stories (he is known, by the way, to have said, "I should be willing to rest all that I have done in the South, as regards the negro, on his story, 'Free Joe'"); two or three books by Jacob Riis; also Mrs. Van Vorss's "The Woman Who Toils"; and one or two smaller volumes; the nonsense verses of Carolyn Wells, first to the children, and afterward for Mrs. Roosevelt and himself; Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age";

what he has called "those two delightful books" by Somerville and Ross, "All On the Irish Shore" and "Experiences of an Irish R. M."; Townsend's "Europe and Asia"; Conrad's "Youth"; "Phoenicia"; Artemus Ward; Octave Thanet's stories—he especially liked those that deal with labor problems; various books on the Boer War, of which he liked best Viljoen's, Steevens's, and studies by the writer signing himself "Linessman"; Pike's "Through the Subarctic Forest"; and Peet's "Cross Country with Horse and Hound"; together with a number of books on game-hunting, mostly in Africa; several volumes on American outdoor life and natural history, including the re-reading of much of John Burroughs; Snellendam's "The Real Malay"; David Gray's "Gallops"; Mrs. Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson"; Janvier's "The Passing of Thomas, and Other Stories"; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; "The People of the Whirlpool," by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife"; London's "The Call of the Wild"; Fox's "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"; Garland's "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"; Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana"; Churchill's "The Crisis"; Remington's "John Ermine of the Yellowstone"; Wisler's "The Virginian"; "Red Men and White"; "Philosophy Four"; and "Lin McLean"; White's "The Blazed Trail"; "Conjuror's House," and "The Claim Jumpers"; Mrs. Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs"; and "Lovey Mary"; and Trevelyan's "The American Revolution."

For Jamesomaniacs.

In the first of three papers on "New England: An Autumn Impression," Mr. Henry James, in the North American Review, really outdoes himself for strange waywardness of style. His impressions begin with New York, and the following is an account of what appears to be a trip to Long Branch:

There was gold dust in the air, no doubt—which would have been again an element of glamour if it had not rather lighted the scene with too crude a confidence. It was one of the phases, full of its own marks and signs, of New York, the immense, in village-giatura—and, presently, with little room left for doubt of what particular phase it might be. The huge new houses, up and down, looked over their smart, short lawns as with a certain familiar prominence in their profiles, which was horned out by the accent, loud, assertive, yet benevolent withal with which they confessed to their extreme expensiveness. "Oh, yes; we were awfully dear, for what we are and for what we do"—it was proud, but it was rather rueful; with the odd appearance everywhere as of florid creations waiting, a little bewilderingly, for their justification, waiting for the next clause in the sequence; waiting, in short, for life, for time, for interest, for character, for identity itself to come to them, quite as large spread tables or superfluous shops may wait for guests and customers. The scene overflowed with curious suggestion; it comes back to me with the afternoon air, and the amiable flatness, the note of the sea in a drowsy mood; and I thus somehow think of the great white boxes as standing there with the silvered ghostliness (for all the silver involved) of a series of candid new moons. It could only be the occupants, moreover, who were driving on the vast, featureless highway, to and fro in front of their ingenious palaces.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics, Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

- MECHANICS' LIBRARY.
1. "In the Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.
2. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel S. Gardenhire.
3. "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn.
4. "The Opening of Thihet," by Perceval Landon.
5. "The Long Ago and Later On," by George Bromley.

- MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. "The Bell in the Fog," by Gertrude Atherton.
4. "The Opening of Thihet," by Perceval Landon.
5. "The Color Line," by W. B. Smith.

- PUBLIC LIBRARY.
1. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
2. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "The Opening of Thihet," by Perceval Landon.
5. "Parsifal," by Richard Wagner.

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The first night of a really notable season of grand opera is always attended by an audience that is openly, eagerly, absorbingly interested in itself. Everybody that is anybody wants to see everybody else, and it is a matter of the profoundest importance to be seen in return. The social magnates are very much to the fore in their gladdest togery and the nobodies are all eyes and operaglassy stares. This is doubtless partly the reason why the excitement in the air was more social than operatic on the opening night of the Conried opera season. Caruso, with his comparatively fresh renown, was, of course the leading attraction. This famous tenor has, in a comparatively brief space of time, attained to the position of becoming the first tenor of the day, and one prepares one's ears for marvels. It is rarely, however, that a great singer is able to indicate the scope of his ability in one scene or act. It required singing through nearly four acts to arouse the audience to the pitch of enthusiasm it expected to reach, and even then Caruso's almost unparalleled vocalism in "La donna e mobile" did not evoke the spontaneous electric bravos that rent the air at the matinee performance during his most dramatic scene in "I Pagliacci."

Caruso's fame is founded on the beautiful quality of his tone and his spontaneously brilliant execution, rather than on extraordinary vocal volume or any spectacular effect as a singer. He abstains from all exaggeration of gesture, or any of those naively sensational effects to which the smaller fry in the world of opera are prone. Temperament he has to a degree, but how richly endowed he is in that respect we did not discover until his Canio revealed that he is an actor of extraordinary dramatic power, able, while retaining the full beauty of his singing tones, to throw into them that complete surrender to passionate feeling which a great actor expresses by means of speech and gesture. Few will forget that moment of discovery when Canio was struck by the pallid stillness that precedes the bursting of the storm. And when the frenzy was on him, then came that moment, rare in opera, when histrionism and music combine to form a force that moves and thrills. The duke in "Rigoletto" was an impassioned wooer, and in his love scenes Caruso, with unflinching instinct, delicately discriminated in the kind of homage offered successively to Gilda and to Madalena. Yet, splendidly done as were both the musical and the dramatic side of the impersonation, I do not believe that his duke that night attained the full stature that Caruso can give him. Versatility and a sense of comedy he has in abundance. That was proved by his animated entrance in the donkey-cart in "I Pagliacci," during which he tossed off a bit of buffo work that was charged with that spontaneous humor which the American taste so often finds lacking in the Italian buffo. But "I Pagliacci" seemed all too brief, and left us hungry for more of the beautiful voice with its golden notes and its lavish wealth of wonderful expression.

Sembrich, "the coloratura queen," appeared as Gilda on the opening night, on which occasion she sang with her customary virtuosity, but scarcely with the full-orbed power and brilliancy that she displayed during her season here under Grau's management. Although its first freshness and brilliancy are dimmed, her voice is still exquisitely sweet and the unparalleled art with which she guides it through channels that avoid the dangers of strained notes or a blurred and faintly tone have served to make her one of the true marvels of her time. The art is still there, but the notes in her upper range show a lack of elasticity. Her Marguerite in "The Huguenots" a part which she has pronounced to be her pet version was less brilliant in consequence. Such music as Marguerite's is as little expressive of human emotions as the trills of the curlew and it makes demands that can only be properly met by a voice in the full bloom of physical freshness.

"The Huguenots" enabled us to hear Scotti again and he sang with almost his customary brilliancy. Dippel made his

first appearance on Saturday afternoon as Turiddu, but his voice sounded light and ineffective, and was easily drowned by Mme. de Macchi. This singer is not one of the great ones, but her fresh and powerful voice is strongly dramatic, and, though her Santuzza lacks in pathos, its melodramatic force makes it quite striking in other aspects. Mme. de Jacoby is a coquettishly pretty woman of the Latin type, sufficiently equipped vocally to present a very acceptable Lola. The leading contralto of the company, Mme. Louise Homer, has developed greatly since her first visit to San Francisco. This handsome young woman, whose great regret it is that her contralto voice compels her to sing almost invariably the rôles of designing or light-minded women, presented in "Rigoletto" a Madalena of dark-browed, gypsy beauty and compelling charm of vocal expression. Her Urbain also, brief as are the page's appearances in "The Huguenots," gave to the performance, in its general blending of rich vocal variety, that artistic complement which is to the ear what the deepening shades of beautiful color are to the eye. Nordica was the high light in that performance. She always shines particularly as Valentine. Her abounding energy of temperament counts in those exacting scenes in which Valentine figures, and one does not miss in Valentine's music the soft, sensuous strain which is lacking in Nordica's big, dominating voice.

Conried's company is so abundantly provided with fine artists that it is difficult in reviewing several performances to bring in mention of all who made particularly successful bids for the favor of the audience. One was Goritz, who, added to the fine effect of his Klingsor, made an excellent impression, both vocally and dramatically, as Tonio in "I Pagliacci"; and in that same opera Miss Marguerite Lemmon, a pretty American girl, who is young enough to indulge in the luxury of a waist line, charmed her audience by her youth, her grace, the intelligence of her acting, and by the rippling sweetness of her voice. "I Pagliacci," indeed, as it turns out, offered within its brief compass more thrills than any of the Italian operas.

The elect have for some time been letting off "Parsifal" steam in advance, and the atmosphere has been heavily charged with all kinds of profundities concerning the intermingled pagan and Christian origins of the myths whose salient points have been adapted to the making of Wagner's spiritual drama. There are whole libraries of books bearing on the subject, the authors of which have delved deeply into legends which form part of the folk-lore of the Aryan people. Old tales have been sought out from Buddhistic sources and from the records of the ancient Celts, the Hebrews, and the devout Christians of mediæval times. Wagner himself has spoken at length in his voluminous papers and letters. So the enthusiasts who seek to plunge into the depths of the spiritual symbolism of "Parsifal" may find a world in print awaiting their leisure.

But let us pass that all by, and ask each other, "What has 'Parsifal' to offer to the every-day, light-hearted, beef-eating, pleasure-seeking, music-loving public?"—the public that, engrossed in business or pleasure, knows next to nothing of the technicalities of music? For no genius can afford to compose music for musicians only, or poetry for poets. "Parsifal" was composed for the opera-loving public. So were all of Wagner's works. The public then finds "Parsifal" a very beautiful legend, too much in the spirit of mediæval asceticism for human nature's daily food, but making so tremendous an appeal to the spiritual sensibilities as to profoundly impress all who are responsive to influences of that nature.

The music-drama abounds in pictures of striking beauty. Wagner was a poet with a highly developed instinct, and an eye for the picturesque that was wonderfully backed by a brain that could plan every detail to create it. In "Parsifal" we are always gazing on beauty. It is hard to choose the most beautiful, but the leafy recesses of Montsalvat are ever a background for pictures of antique simplicity and beauty that linger long in the mind: Gurnemanz and Parsifal pacing through a rocky defile that Gustave Doré might have imagined; the flower-girls in Klingsor's enchanted bowers, striving, "with wovon paces and with waving hands," to cast their spell of seductive beauty over the guileless youth; the Biblical-looking group at the fountain; Amfortas in the temple, writhing under his kingly crown, his features fixed in a look of agony. There was, strangely enough something Christ-like in the countenance of Amfortas, a superficial resemblance born of flowing hair and an auburn beard, framing a rapt, upturned face, whose brows were set in tragic lines of spiritual and bodily anguish, the whole in general

outline suggesting the countenance which, for nearly two thousand years, has been established as the type of the martyr. And the orchestration is always like a great, solemn, surging tide of prayer and aspiration. The temptation comes as a fascinating earthly interlude, but even in Klingsor's garden, after the soft, sensuous strains of the flower-maidens' song have died away, and Kundry's charm is working, we hear the solemn, exalted note which recalls the agony of Amfortas in the temple, and the glowing of the ruby tide in the Grail.

But let us walk in the Palace of Truth and invite our souls to candor. Let us abjure hyperbole, eschew self-deceit, and be not afraid to tell our dark and blasphemous thoughts. Well, then, "Parsifal" is too long, too ascetic in spirit, and the music is, figuratively speaking, too much in one key. Aside from the expense and other difficulties attendant on its production, I doubt if there would ever be a general public demand among opera-goers for it to figure in the usual repertoire of opera-houses. Wagner's difficulty always was to know when to stop. Even his partisans acknowledged that, while insisting that his music was too beautiful to be sacrificed. And in "Parsifal" the scenes run at such length that before the performance is concluded the faculty of enjoyment is so overtaxed as to threaten to give out. With some it collapsed utterly, and dark and dreadful tales are told of sleepers here and there in the auditorium who betrayed their shameful secret by mid-nod-nodding. Many, upborne by the consciousness that they are enjoying a privilege which not so very long ago could only be obtained by a pilgrimage to Beyreuth, enjoy to the end. Musicians and people with natural or acquired enthusiasms held out. The audience, indeed, remain absolutely still through the final temple scene—some, no doubt, in reverence; but even the utterly weary are held in thrall by the strange and solemn beauty of the conception, and find themselves listening with freshened enjoyment to the haunting harmonies through which are heard the throbbing of a harp like a soul in prayer.

Miss Fremstad's appearance as Kundry in the second and third performances excited much interest. The young Swedish-American is a woman of attractive appearance and fine form, but not of positive beauty. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, rich and dramatic in tone, but the higher notes in Kundry's music put it, so to speak, on tiptoe. Miss Fremstad was something of a disappointment in the scene of incantation. Her singing was tame, and failed to convey an idea of the loathing and passionate rebellion with which Kundry obeyed the dictates of her demonic master. But in the scene of temptation, her voice gathered warmth and meaning, and richly enhanced the sense of physical seduction. As yet, however, Miss Fremstad's powers, both vocal and histrionic, are not fully matured. Her voice is noticeably uneven, and occasionally threatens to break. She is not yet able to supplement action and gesture with the facial expression to correspond, so that Kundry seemed almost indifferent while lying on her couch in the garden scene. Burgstaller, like Miss Fremstad, is physically well equipped for his rôle. He is a tall, athletic young man, with a fine stage presence, and an honest, but not beautiful, countenance. His robust tenor is well adapted to the Wagnerian music, and he acts with sympathy and intelligence. He is not a great singer, but he is a very fine one, and has few rivals in the rôle of Parsifal.

The general cast is well disposed, and the choruses sing with exceptional finish. The flower-maidens are altogether ravishing, and their frivolity is the means of introducing a note of color and light which refreshes a spirit somewhat too chastened by the religious solemnity of the first act. But the theme of the opera thus elaborated is too vast for our finite minds to absorb in one evening. The music is too beautiful to allow one to be satisfied with one hearing; but who would want to live through the garrulities of Gurnemanz a second time?

Wagner's powers as a virtuoso were at their prime when he composed "Parsifal," but his musical fecundity and the freshness of his inspiration were lessening. It is as impossible to apprehend in one hearing all that is conveyed in that wonderful score, which is like a great musical mosaic, as it is to absorb in one reading of the book of "Parsifal" all its religious symbolism and its spiritual philosophy.

But an almost purely religious work pitched in one monotonously spiritual key, and continuing four hours, has too subduing an effect, and "Parsifal" may yet be destined to return to its shrine at Beyreuth, there to become again the objective point of marvel-seekers and musical pilgrims.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Comic Opera at the Columbia.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening will be the end of Lionel Barrymore's engagement at the Columbia Theatre in "The Other Girl." To follow, beginning Monday evening, Grace Van Studdiford will be heard for two weeks in "Red Feather," a comic opera new here. The music is the most ambitious composed by Reginald de Koven since "Robin Hood," and the lyrics, by Charles Emerson Cook, are said to contain exceptionally clever verses. The libretto, which is the work of Charles Klein, tells the story of Hilda Von Draga, who is concerned in the downfall of the Kingdom of Romancia, conspires to restore the rightful heir to the throne, and masquerades as Red Feather, a hold, had highwayman, and in that capacity holds up her lover, Captain Travers, of the King's Guard. He is taunted with his misfortune, and finally offered the choice of capturing the notorious handit or suffering the penalty of his office. He accepts the challenge, and follows Red Feather to the countess's palace, and to save her lover, she reappears in cavalier garb and confesses. In the nick of time the insurrection breaks out, and the rightful monarch is restored to his own.

Next Week at the California.

Margaret Anglin will present "The Crossways" at the California next week. This play is by J. Hartley Manners, author of "Zira," and was used by Mrs. Langtry upon her last starring tour. Mr. Manners will appear in the part he wrote for himself, and which he played with Mrs. Langtry. "The Crossways" tells the story of a duchess who, having quarreled with her husband, consents to a midnight meeting with an eminent lawyer and prospective cabinet minister, who has long been her secret lover. The duchess has planned to elope with him, but at the last moment thinks better of it, and dismisses him. The lawyer, who is near to financial ruin, takes the opportunity to pocket a valuable pearl necklace, a family heirloom, in order to raise a little ready money. The trick by which the duchess is enabled to escape from her predicament with flying colors is particularly effective, and gives a new and unexpected turn to a familiar situation. Margaret Anglin's Easter offering will be "The Eternal Feminine."

Virginia Calhoun at the Grand Opera House.

Virginia Calhoun will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House at tomorrow (Sunday's) matinee in her own dramatization of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." Special scenery has been painted for the play, and special music written. Some of Miss Calhoun's costumes have been imported from Mexico. Miss Calhoun is a native daughter of California, but her stage career began in London, where she played Jessica in the Ben Greet production of "The Merchant of Venice." She was also leading woman at the New York Lyceum, and subsequently starred through the Southern States in Sardou's play, "Theodora." Foremost in the supporting company are Lawrence Griffith, who plays Alessandro, and Lee Willard, who appears as Felipe. Easter Sunday matinee, April 23d, Florence Stone and the Ferris company will open the summer season.

The Orpheum's Offerings.

Louis Simon and Grace Gardner and company will present their comedy, "The New Coachman," at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. It is a farce in which Mr. Simon plays the part of a drunken college youth whose antics as well as lines evoke the best of original good humor. "Christmas on Blackwell's Island" is the title of a sketch to be presented by Sydney Deane and company. The setting is a prison scene, and behind the bars can be seen three merry jailbirds who sing ballads and crack jokes. The Busch-Devere trio will offer an illustrated musical novelty.

The Columbians—three children and two adults—have a number of specialties, ranging from a wax-doll eccentricity to piano imitations. Herbert Brooks will also be new to this city. He is a card manipulator and the exhibitor of a trunk mystery. Paul Conchas, the "Military Hercules," will make his farewell appearances. Jack Mason's "Society Belles" will have something new to offer, and Winona Shannon in her character creation, "His Long Lost Child," and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

At the Tivoli.

"Florodora," with its catchy songs, its bright music, and, above all, its sextet, with "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," enters, Sunday evening, upon its second week at the Tivoli Opera House. This opera introduces several new people to the San Francisco public, and also provides suitable rôles for the regular Tivoli favorites.

Farce at the Alcazar.

"The Man From Mexico," which has not been seen here for over two years, will be presented at the Alcazar Theatre next week. In this farce the sheerest absurdity characterizes the adventures of the gay and mendacious young New Yorker, who is captured in a raid upon "The Cleopatra," a bohemian supper-room, and is made to spend a month at Blackwell's Island Penitentiary in convict stripes. He accounts to his wife with a plausible fiction that he has been suddenly summoned to Mexico, and narrowly escapes detection when she visits the prison with the ladies of a flower mission. Upon his return from exile he is plunged into deeper embarrassment by trying to dance boleros, wear Mexican costumes, and describe hull-fights and other imaginary sights. John Craig has the title-rôle, and Lillian Lawrence plays the feather-brained wife. John Maher will be the crazy German poet. To follow comes an elaborate Easter week production, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Comedy at the Central Theatre.

On Monday evening "The Corner Grocery," the comedy success, will be put on at the Central Theatre. Shumer and Corrigan will have the leading rôles, and it is expected that they will get all the fun possible out of the parts. Myrtle Vane will have the saucy hoy rôle.

The Stanford English Club is to present Ben Jonson's comedy, "Every Man in His Humour," at the university on the evening of April 27th. A second performance will be given on the morning of the twenty-eighth to accommodate people from San Francisco. The play was to have been given on March 8th, but was postponed on account of Mrs. Stanford's death. The students have the honor of staging this famous comedy for the first time in America, and its last performance in England dates back forty years. An especially designed Elizabethan stage is to be used, and the costumes have been copied from models of 1598.

This delightful spring weather makes Mt. Tamalpais the objective point of crowds of tourists and others who wish to obtain one of the most magnificent views in California—that afforded from the top of the mountain. The Tavern of Tamalpais is also a great attraction.

The San Francisco Conservatory of Music will give a juvenile exhibition at the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday evening, April 19th.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stent has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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VANITY FAIR.

So far as the women's clubs of the interesting type that have sprung up in London clubs modeled on men's clubs, and providing a meeting place at all hours and seasons. But even these London clubs are not yet very old. The first of women's social clubs is not yet fifteen years old. But within a few years one institution after another has been founded to follow the lead of the Pioneer, then the Sandringham, the New County, the Ladies' Army and Navy, the Empress, the Ladies' Athenaeum, the Grosvenor Crescent, the New Victorian, and the Lyceum. Besides these says Clarence Rook who writes in the London Chronicle "which all aggregate about Dover Street, the centre of woman's clubland, there is the Writers' in Norfolk Street, Strand, which is designed primarily for authors and journalists. On the whole, the women's club has been built up on the masculine model, usually with somewhat flimsier and cheaper furniture than is quite satisfactory to a man. But no one any longer wonders at the presence of a smoking room, for whether it is called by that name or simply labeled 'Tea Room,' the evidence of cigarettes is abundant. Lately, too, the billiard-room has gained a footing. For a time the Sandringham was the pioneer in this matter. It was soon imitated by the Ladies' Army and Navy, the Grosvenor Crescent, the New County, and the Lyceum, the last of which has engaged a fully qualified lady billiard marker, who will give lessons in the mornings to ambitious wives, sisters, cousins, aunts, and daughters who want to give their male folks a decent hundred up after dinner. For in this respect the women's clubs have gone beyond their masculine exemplars, from which women are excluded as rigorously as men are forbidden entry to the harem of a Turkish sultan. I do not know of a single woman's club to which male guests are denied at least occasional admittance."

For many years the Argonaut's New York correspondent annually sent this journal a vivacious description of the French ball in New York. This year there was none. New Yorkers, it appears, are too stolid now to respond properly to such gay and light-some affairs, and they have been discontinued. The Sun, commenting on this strange state of affairs in an editorial headed "The Passing of the Masked Ball," has this to say: "The entertainments were never so reprehensible as they were said to be, although it is certain that their earlier license would not be tolerated to-day. It was probably the moderation in their gaiety that deprived these balls of all interest for the public. Although such wickedness as became visible was largely the result of a little animation on the part of very young New Yorkers or visitors from the rural districts, there were always persons who remained to witness any quaint incidents that the last hours of the dance might produce. The soberer visitors were supposed to depart earlier. After a time it came about that all who went to the balls were waiting to see what might happen at the end. Americans are accused of being self-conscious and unwilling to reveal their emotions in public. What was their hesitation to display the least vivacity when several thousand pairs of eyes were watching the half hundred guests who might be expected to provide amusement for so many? The balls became after a while the resort of spectators who were not to be a part of any of the gaiety, but wanted to see it all. Third dancers were called in to supply the entertainment but the pretense was too obvious."

When the police wanted to make a show of zeal to distract attention from lack of earnestness in more important directions, they stationed battalions of men about the Madison Square Garden and gave the last touch of ghastly humor to the whole proceedings. Then the public halls began to decline in interest, until to-day they have all but disappeared."

Henry Labouchere, member of Parliament and editor of Truth, has been telling tales out of school in his paper—a tale that must give the wives of some M. P.'s a thoughtful moment. This is what this indiscreet editor says: "I remember, some years ago, the government suddenly found itself in a minority at about three o'clock A. M. Men were put up to talk, and messengers were sent to the houses of the absentees, urging them to get up and come at once to the House. The wives replied that their husbands were not at home, and that probably they were in the House, and then a good many of them came themselves, fearing that their husbands had been run over, or something of that kind. In the meantime most of the absentees had been discovered and had made their appearance. One of them said to me: 'You know my wife; pray manage to throw yourself in her way, and tell her that you and I had been talking about some business in the library since midnight.' I did not hesitate a moment to secure the threatened domestic bliss of a Conservative, although at the expense of entire veracity, for I had not seen my friend during the entire sitting."

Letters from Russia in some of the Vienna newspapers draw a vivid picture of the anxieties of the unlucky Czarina in the present national crisis. She is represented as exposed to a constant strain by day and night. Much of her time is occupied in consoling her husband, and in inspiring him with courage. She prepares food for him, as he is in constant fear of poison, and assists at every detail of his toilet, since he mistrusts every act of his servants; she superintends the tailor and the laundress, as well as the barber, and attends to every want of her infant son, whom she rears herself. Formerly she left but little for the nurses to do; now, it is said, she scarcely allows the female attendants to approach the child's cradle. The Czar is reported to have a greater fear for his son than for himself. He fears that the loss of his heir, whom he so long vainly expected, would cause the outbreak of a revolution in every corner of the empire, even among conservatives, and on this account every one in any way connected with the imperial family is surrounded by hosts of spies, who are watched in their turn. Suspicion is followed not by investigation of the suspect, but by his prompt removal. A similar condition, it is said, prevails in the palaces of the grand dukes. All such stories, of course, may be mere inventions, but they tell nothing that is not entirely credible.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, the chief of the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, according to the Salt Lake Tribune, was asked, the other day, by a reporter, why he did not investigate rouge. "Rouge," the reporter said, "may be very harmful, very poisonous, sir. Don't you think that it requires investigation?" Dr. Wiley smiled. "No," he answered; "I can't say I do. If rouge were poisonous unnumbered women would have died of it long ago. By the way, I'll tell you a queer thing about rouge. It is something that I came upon one day in a pharmacy, and I think it illustrates an odd phase of human nature. A young girl was buying a pot of rouge, and I heard her murmur to the clerk, 'You guarantee that this will not rub off?' 'I do,' the clerk answered; 'this, like all our rouges, is warranted to stand the hardest kiss of investigation that any of your women friends will try on it.'"

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn (who was Louisa Jane Russell, daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford), who died at Coates Castle, Sussex, recently, was an extremely interesting personage. The "Mother of the Hamiltons," as she was called, bore the same relation to the British peerage through her family connections as did Queen Victoria to the royal families of Europe. In direct number of descendants, as in a longer term of life, she surpassed the queen, of whom she was the most illustrious of subjects and oldest friend. At the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra seven of her descendants of the third and fourth generations acted as court pages. She was born July 8, 1812, and was consequently in her ninety-third year. Last year on her birthday she received the congratulations of one hundred and forty-six of her two hundred and five direct descendants, and she has seen her great-grandson, the infant son of Lord Douglas. She was married in 1832 to the first Duke of Abercorn, whose Irish estates at Newton Stewart County Tyrone, are among the most in Ireland. She had fourteen children, of whom ten survive, the Marquess of Lansdowne being one of the

daughters. Among her sixty-five grandchildren are the Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Marquis of Hamilton, and the Earls of Durham, Dalkeith, Liebfeld, and Kerry. She herself was a Russell, the second daughter of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, who was born in 1766. The family gatherings on her birthdays were interesting occasions, as more than once the duchess's descendants assembled to offer their congratulations to the venerable lady, many traveling from distant parts of the globe to file before her, headed by her eldest daughter, the Dowager Duchess of Liebfeld, with thirteen children and thirteen grandchildren, followed by the thirteen children and fifteen grandchildren of the late Countess of Durham.

"And you promised me you would never speculate again" "I know it, but it was such a temptation. I bought Steel at 60 and sold at 68." "Oh, Algernon, how could you? It went to 73!"—Brooklyn Life.

—HOT CROSS BUNS FOR GOOD FRIDAY, VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdee, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for April 6th through 12th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 12, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Bay Co. Power, Cal. E. Cen., Hawaiian C. S., etc.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was strong, and advanced five points to 61 on sales of 1,850 shares, but at the close sold off to 60 on small sales, closing at 60 1/2, 60 3/4 asked.

The sugars were in better demand, making fractional gains on sales of 1,740 shares. Spring Valley Water kept steady, with no change in price; this company will pay a quarterly dividend of sixty-three cents per share on April 20, 1905. Alaska Packers Association sold off seven-eighths of a point to 87 1/2, on sales of 275 shares. Giant Powder was steady at 66-66 1/2.

INVESTMENTS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Johnny was at the opera for the first time, and the celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo, when he said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "He is not hitting at her," replied his mother: "keep quiet." "Well, then, what is she howling for?"

England's future king, Prince Edward of Wales, now eleven years old, possesses a child's habit of saying the unexpected thing. When visiting King Edward, the other day, the king asked him what he was studying, and the little prince said: "All about Perkin Warbeck." Asked who Warbeck was, the prince replied: "He pretended he was the son of the king, but he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."

W. S. Gilbert was lately requested by an Australian amateur composer to furnish the libretto of an opera. His score, the amateur remarked, was perfectly certain to be satisfactory, for "he was a born musician, though he had been educated as a chemist." Mr. Gilbert, in answering to express his regret at not being able to comply, said he "should have preferred a born chemist who had been educated as a musician."

Captain Alfred Rice, a noted owner of fishing craft on the Delaware River, is remarkable for neatness of personal attire, and liked to see his men as natty as possible. One of his employees always seemed to wear a dirty shirt that once had been white. Captain Rice stood the man's slovenliness for a while, but one day he burst out: "Look here, Sam; who the deuce is it that you always get to wear your shirts the first week for you?"

An Englishman had occasion for a doctor while staying in Pekin. "Sing Loo, greatest doctor," said his servant: "he save my life once." "Really?" queried the Englishman. "Yes, me tellible awful," was the reply: "me callee in another doctor. He give me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He save my life."

One night Sir Henry Irving, on getting into a cab, gave the driver a fine Havana cigar. By the time the end of the journey was reached, the cabby was putting on airs. His hat was on one side, and sitting bolt up-

right he was smoking with keen enjoyment—an enjoyment that rejoiced the heart of the actor, who told him he was glad he liked the cigar. "Yes, I do. I never dreamed of such tobacco!" Thereupon Irving gave the Jehu another cigar of the same brand, with the injunction to smoke it after supper. "No, sir, I won't, for the very smell of such a cigar as this in my house would make the landlord double my rent."

In a London theatre the names given to the various seats are a little puzzling to an American. During a recent trip abroad, Richard Mansfield sent his coachman to a theatre to buy "stalls." The man, who is at home in the stables but not in the theatre, returned in due time. "Did you get the stalls?" inquired the actor. "No, sir," said the coachman, "the stalls were all gone, sir; but they told me they could give me a—well, that they could put you in a loose box, sir."

Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty" and worker in the New York slums, sat next to a rather insipid young lady at a recent dinner-party. After an irksome lull in the conversation, Mr. Hunter asked abruptly: "Are you interested in the settlement movement?" "Oh, immensely!" gushed the young lady. "Any particular settlement?" inquired Mr. Hunter. The young lady seemed at a loss for a moment. Then she replied: "Oh, I think the Jamestown settlement was just grand, don't you?" And Mr. Hunter admitted he did.

Drury Underwood, press-agent for the Savage production of "Parsifal," tells the following: "I had to lay over in a little town in Wisconsin recently, and for lack of something better to do strayed over to the 'opry-house.' There was a 'shine' opera troupe playing a matinee. Seven people in the chorus and seven dollars in the house. The manager was standing out in front, and I asked, 'Is business poor?' 'Yes,' he replied, dolefully; 'I think it's the fault of the advance man. When he gets to a big town he gets rattled, and doesn't know what to do.'"

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OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

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Her Majesty QUEEN EDITH
in a glass coach drawn by eight cream-colored steeds.

Miss Isabelle Hagner,
Her Majesty's social secretary, on a white elephant.

Toadies marching four abreast.
Senators Platt and Dewey,
in classical Greek costume, wreathed with roses and dancing a can-can while they play banjos.

Herd of Buffalo.

Bands of Cowboys.
Secretary Hay,
bearing His Majesty's arbitration treaties on red plush cushion.

Senator Cabot Lodge,
bearing His Majesty's silk hat on cushion of cloth of gold.

Tame grizzlies, with leaders.
Mountain lions rampant.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
on Governor Vardman's back.

The Rough Riders.
Steam calliope
playing "God Save the King."

Float representing San Juan Hill, up which is charging

HIS MAJESTY KING THEODORE.

Heavily chained to the sides of the float, the Presidents of the Central and South American Republics and the Governor-General of Canada.

Dutch, Irish, German, Huguenot, Roman Catholic, Scotch, English, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Northern and Southern and other ancestors of His Majesty.

Philippine, Porto Rican, Panamanian, Dominican, and other captives in chains.
—London Truth.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Before and After.
What changes in a pair we see
When they are wed, alas!
For what has once been "repartee"
Degenerates to "sass."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Gentler Sex.
She was in summer costume:
A shirt-waist all of lace
And openwork was wearing—
A thing of dainty grace.

"I just looked in a moment"—
Began he: when she said,
"How dare you, sir?" eyes flashing
And cheeks indignant red!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Course of True Love.
A youth of lofty birth
(A peerless person verily)
Extremely long on worth.
But short pecuniarily.
Unto a maid one day
The question pops misguidedly,
And gets the frosted "no."
Quite promptly and decidedly.

He cries: "Worth doesn't pay!
(At least, not necessarily)
I'll put the thing away
At once—(just temporarily.)"
Love beats his conscience—ah—
And as he can not stem it, he
Becomes a despera-
Do in the far Yosemite.

With grief and shame untold
He talks to tourists pleadingly:
"Excuse me, sir—your gold."
"This pains me, ma'am, exceedingly."
Audaciously he robs—
Immense is his cupidity—
But, ah! what mournful sighs:
What awful bumiduity!

When rich, that maid seeks he
Who treated him so shabbily.
He murmurs: "Marry me!"
Quite softly, nay cantabile,
She sighs: "I love but you,"
And, wedded in tranquility,
He dies a martyr to
Acute respectability.
—Thomas R. Ybarra in the Sun.

Strange, Indeed.
A woman from Sault Ste. Marie
Said: "Painters who dault pte the sie
Don't tint the waves blue,
As I think they should do;
They use green, or they seem tault tault
mie."—Ez.

Lhosing in Lhassa.
A lhasse was hlost down in Lhassa,
A cowboy just tried to walk phassa.
She snatched all his cash
And was off with a dash
But he lhassoed the lhasse hlost in Lhassa.
—New York Evening Sun.

"Is he a finished musician?" "Not quite;
he has half a meal ticket left."—Judge.

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Arabic May 25, June 21, July 13
Republic June 1, July 6, Aug. 10

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Romanic July 6

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC AND ROCK ISLAND

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Lally, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Lally, to Mr. Arthur Kelley of Piedmont.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Allen, of Ross Valley, to Mr. J. Bryant Grimwood, of San Mateo.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Hastings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Hastings, of Port Townsend, Wash., to Lieutenant Harry G. Hamlet, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adelaide Theresa Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jones, of Mameda, to Dr. Harry N. Kierulff, Medical Department, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Emily L. Rathbun, of Pethlehem, Pa., to Mr. R. Porter Ashie.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Shelton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Shelton, of Sonoma, to Mr. C. E. Budschu.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Kittle, daughter of Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, to Mr. Benjamin H. Dibblee, will take place in the Episcopal Chapel at Ross Valley on Thursday, April 27th. The ceremony will be performed at noon.

The wedding of Miss Eugene Hawes, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, to Rev. David M. Craltree, will take place at Grace Church on Tuesday evening, April 25th. Miss Fletia Robinson will be bridesmaid.

The wedding of Miss Susan Le Count, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Palmer Le Count, to Rev. David Evans, will take place at Grace Church on Wednesday, April 26th. The ceremony will be performed at noon.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening.

Mr. W. J. Arkell, of New York, gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel to members of the Stock Exchange.

Mr. H. H. Bancroft gave a dinner at St. Dunstan's on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Henry James. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft and Mr. Philip Bancroft.

Mrs. William Thomas, assisted by Mrs. Frederick Wilson Kimble and Mrs. Latham McMullin, gave a bridge-party at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman gave a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Jennie McMillan.

Miss California Cluff gave a tea on Thursday.

Mr. W. A. Sheldon gave a dinner on Wednesday in the Green Room of The Buckingham. Covers were laid for twenty-six.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten gave a dinner on Wednesday evening. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann gave a dinner on Thursday evening.

Lecture on "The Passion Play."

A most interesting lecture on "The Passion Play" at Oberammergau, illustrated by stereopticon views, is to be given in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Monday evening by Mrs. Edward Xavier Rolker. In addition to the lecture, there will be an organ interpretation of the play by Professor A. L. Artigues, as well as vocal music by Mrs. Henry Ohlandt, Mrs. Louis L. Jones, Miss Hedwig Polhman, Mrs. W. L. Rothschild, Mrs. Ernest Hunter, and Mrs. Rolker. This lecture is for the benefit of the Youths' Directory, a most worthy non-sectarian institution, which is under the charge of Father Crowley, and which has as its object the care of street boys. They are educated here, then taken to the Rutherford ranch, near Napa, where they are given training calculated to make them useful citizens. There is still an indebtedness against the ranch, which, it is hoped, will be materially reduced as a result of this lecture.

Admission is \$1.00, and tickets may be procured from Paul Elder & Co., 238 Post Street, Sherman Clay & Co., the Academy of the Sacred Heart, 925 Franklin Street, or any of the streets and patronesses, who are as follows:

Mrs. Richard Lohm, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. William G. Irwin,

Mrs. John M. Burnett, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Alexander H. Loughborough, Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, Mrs. Margaret Dean, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Oscar Sutro, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Judge F. J. Mursky, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Francis J. Sullivan, Mr. Thomas I. Bergin, Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, and Mr. James R. Kelley.

Rapid Sale of Music Festival Tickets.

Seats for the May Musical Festivals, in the shape of family coupon books, went on sale this week, and from the demand manifested they will not last long. Only a limited number were issued, and they have gone at a very lively rate. They ought to, as \$2.50 is saved on every one, for the coupons in each cover that much more in value than their cost. A \$5.00 book, for instance, admits to fifteen festivals, making tickets thirty-three and a third cents apiece, instead of the fifty cent flat rate. Books at \$7.50 and \$10.00 are in the same proportion, as the added charge is for reserved seats. The books are a great convenience, as well as money-savers, for one may reserve his same seat for the season three days ahead of the general public, or April 20th. The books are at the music-houses, and may be also obtained at Room 356, City Hall, festival headquarters. For those who do not care for books, single advance tickets for reserved seats are similarly provided at no additional cost, and both may be obtained through school-children and teachers if desired.

New features for the events are added almost daily. Naval militia is now assured for the military pageant, as well as the First Regiment and the G. A. R., while local music is to be well represented in compositions of Mayor Schmitz and Alfred Roncovieri, both of whom have written new marches which they will conduct. Dr. H. J. Stewart will also conduct his suite from "Montezuma," and Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson will be one of the soloists for "The Hymn of Praise." The adult chorus is now working on "Parsifal," and the children's chorus is doing well with its part in patriotic airs. The soloists have all been secured, and the whole affair is growing far beyond its original scope.

Coming Musical Event.

Late in April a musical event of interest and importance will be the first appearance of Maurice Leon Driver, pianist and composer, who has received high honors in England, France, and Australia. His programme will be made up entirely of selections from his own compositions. Mr. Driver is described as a pianist of unusual brilliancy of execution, and a composer of distinctive originality. He has written etudes, caprices, nocturnes, waltzes, a sonata, polonaises, and many smaller numbers. According to the musical critics, his Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1, and his Andante Caprice are both compositions of great tone color, and never fail to create great enthusiasm when he performs them.

The ceremony connected with the unveiling of the statue of the late Hall McAllister will take place this (Saturday) morning at eleven o'clock on the lawn of the City Hall, at the junction of McAllister Street and City Hall Avenue, and in front of the Hall of Records. An address will be delivered by D. M. Delmas.

The San Francisco Golf and Country Club has decided to have its membership include, as well as adults, minors from fifteen to twenty-one years of age. No entrance fee will be charged, and they will not be allowed the use of the links on Saturday afternoons, Sundays, holidays, or during tournaments.

Frederick A. Stock has been appointed director of the Chicago Orchestra to succeed the late Theodore Thomas. The orchestra's name has been changed to the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. Mr. Stock was formerly assistant conductor of the orchestra.

Ysaye, the great violin virtuoso, is coming here for a series of grand concerts under the management of R. E. Johnston. Ysaye is to appear at the Alhambra Theatre, and an orchestra of fifty will serve to add special interest to the concerts.

YOSEMITE WATERFALLS.

Finest Early in the Season.

The first part of the season is the best time to see the wonderful waterfalls of Yosemite, when the streams are running high. Daily service is now given to the Valley by the Southern Pacific, comfortable sleeper leaving San Francisco 3:30 p. m. The scenic and worth while way via famous Mariposa Big Trees and Inspiration Point. Folder and full particulars at 613 Market Street, San Francisco.

EASTER EGGS, EASTER RABBITS, EASTER CANDIES, Easter candy-boxes, the finest assortment is at the Geo. A. Heas & Sons' candy stores in the Phelan and James Flood Buildings.

HOT CROSS BUNS FOR GOOD FRIDAY, VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., Mrs. Moore, and Miss Jessie Moore are sojourning in Southern California, and will soon depart for the East.

General Alfred C. Girard, U. S. A., has been retired. General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., Mrs. Graham, and Miss Graham arrived from the Philippines last week.

Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry departed on Monday for Washington, D. C., which will be their future home.

Lieutenant H. L. Landers, U. S. A., and Mrs. Landers were among last week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Lieutenant Harry Bankhead, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bankhead arrived from Japan last week, and went East. Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, U. S. A., has been sojourning in Southern California, and will return to San Francisco before departing for his new station at Des Moines, Ia.

Lieutenant W. G. Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller departed on Saturday for the East.

Mrs. Robinson has gone to Fort Snelling, Minn., where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Edward W. Robinson, U. S. A. Paymaster John Irwin, Jr., U. S. N., has returned from the Philippines, and is at Mare Island on waiting orders.

Autolists and Others at Del Monte.

Several automobile-parties arrived at the Hotel del Monte from San Francisco Saturday and Sunday. Among others were Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Samuel Hopkins, Miss F. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Harry W. Stetson, Miss Virginia Joliffe, and Miss Ethel Dean. Among other visitors to Del Monte were Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. J. O. Tobin, and Miss Mary Phelan.

The California Northwestern Railway has hit upon an advertising scheme that combines usefulness with novelty. It is in the form of a "vacation" drinking-cup, which is in every way unique. It consists at first glance of a slip of paper containing a large amount of information about the attractions of the country along the road. Yet it can easily be converted into a cup holding half a pint—one of the handiest things imaginable for an outing or picnic. The cups are distributed free at the railway company's offices.

The following is the regular ticket to be voted upon at the Pacific-Union Club at the election to be held on Tuesday: Wakefield Baker, W. S. Tevis, J. C. Angsbury, T. Brien Berry, Edgar J. DePue, Joseph S. Tobin, Carter P. Pomeroy, and Thomas Binny.

A handicap race of a mile and a sixteenth, for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$1,000, is to be the chief contest at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday).

— WEDDING SILVER IN LATEST PATTERNS, VERY nominal in price, at Radke & Co., 118 Sutter Street and 65 Geary Street—two stores.

— MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

A. Hirschman.

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

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WHEN ABOUT TO
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Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

Sold in town and village

Face Development

is the natural and therefore the only rational way to bring out the full beauty of contour and texture. Wrinkles, baggy chins, puffs under the eyes, poor complexion—all are signs of lax, unhealthy facial muscles which need invigorating and developing.

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- \$125,000 Choice down-town business property; new brick and steel building; stores and select apartments above leased and rent secured; on principal street; 50-foot lot; an unusually fine 8 1/2 per cent. net investment. Investigation solicited.
- \$ 55,000 Ellis street, east of Polk; new modern apartments; complete in every detail; leased for a term of years; cash security; pays over seven per cent. net; large lot to rear street; this should appeal to investors for both its present and future features; a choice safe investment and speculation.
- \$ 30,000 Ideal residence; 12 rooms; select neighborhood Pacific Heights; built for a home; elegant and perfect in appointments; extra large lot; magnificent marine view.
- \$ 10,000 Very desirable well-built modern 12-room residence on Scott Street; refined neighborhood; lot 25 x 105.3 feet.

CHOICEST LIST OF RESIDENCES, INCOME PROPERTY, AND LOTS IN BEST PORTIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

VACATION 1905

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"VACATION" is issued annually by the California Northwestern Railway as the Picturesque Route of California and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

GENERAL SPRING RESORTS, COUNTRY HOMES AND FARMS WHERE SUMMER ORDERS ARE TAKEN, AND SELECT TRAVELING SPOTS.

This year's edition "VACATION 1905" contains 200 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, etc., with terms from \$7.00 per week up.

Obtainable at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Hotel Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; General Office, Mutual Life Building, of Sausage and California Streets, San Francisco.

Applications by mail will receive immediate response. S. FRAZIER, Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

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Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Swimming alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application. J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

BEST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the spring and summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

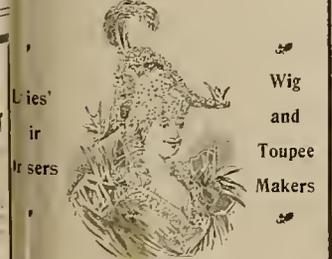
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THE VANCE MODERN APARTMENTS

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have postponed their trip abroad until the fall. They had expected to sail for Europe in May, but owing to Mrs. Blair's continued good health, they have decided to spend the summer in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhhs left for Colusa on Wednesday. They expect to be away for about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins depart soon for New York, and from there will go to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Miss Jean Reid, who have been at Milbrae for some weeks past, have returned to New York, and from there will sail for Europe.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin expect to sail during May for Honolulu, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Homer King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler expect to depart within a short time for their country place on the McCloud River, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. John Johnston has returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dutton and Miss Mollie Dutton have departed for Europe, where they will spend six months.

Miss Eugenie Hawes is the guest of Mrs. Crahtree, of Pasadena.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard departed on Monday for the East.

Mr. D. O. Mills and Dr. W. Seward Webb and party departed for the East on Monday.

Colonel John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling have arrived from the East, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore have returned from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have returned from Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhhs expect to close their town house the latter part of April, when they will go to Burlingame for the spring and summer months.

Mr. Henry James, who spent part of last week at the Hotel del Monte, is a guest at St. Dunstan's.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard has taken apartments at 1230 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant expect to depart on Tuesday for the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lyman, of New York, have been the guests recently of General Austin Coolidge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Coolidge, at their residence on Van Ness Avenue, near Lombard Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie James and party, of London, arrived from the East on Saturday, and on Sunday departed for the Yosemite Valley, where they are spending a week.

Mrs. William B. Collier departed on Monday for Clear Lake, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Thomas Watson and Miss Watson have departed for London.

Mrs. William Huie is spending a few days in San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Bessie Bedell returned last week from Cavite, where she has been a guest of Mrs. Milton and Miss Mattie Milton.

Miss Miriam Michelsen was a recent visitor to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Gump, who departed for the East a fortnight ago, expect to visit their daughters in Wheeling, W. Va., and New York City before returning.

Miss Gertrude Voorhies, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, has returned to Sutter Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greer, Mr. George Greer, Mr. and Mrs. George Lowther, Miss Lowther, and Mr. Christ Lowther, of New York City, were recent guests at the Palace Hotel. They departed for New York on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas Driscoll has returned from Southern California.

Mr. Robert Macleay, of Portland, Or., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at Burlingame.

Mr. J. M. Rohh, of Chicago, has taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mabel Toy depart to-morrow (Sunday) for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann, Jr. (né Plagemann) have returned from Honolulu.

Miss Frances Haskins, of Boston, is a guest of Mrs. E. M. Larahee at The Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby and Miss Armsby, of Chicago, are sojourning at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt and Mrs. Clement depart to-morrow (Sunday) for a trip through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Moody have departed for New York, and later will sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis have taken a residence at San Rafael for the summer.

Among last week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Lynch,

Mr. E. Warde Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kaufman, and Mrs. B. Lathrop.

Miss Agnes Buchanan has departed for New York.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. Vanderveer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Britton, Miss Britton, and Miss I. Vanderveer, of New York. Mrs. F. W. Chandler, Miss Chandler, and Miss A. B. Crowell, of Boston, Miss S. W. Shepard and Dr. T. Shepard, of Salem, Miss B. Wetherby and Mr. W. M. Wetherby, of Woodstown, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. L. R. Rogers, Miss Moss, Miss Yost, Mr. H. R. Baker, and Mr. H. A. Cook.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Dann, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. M. Wegener, Miss Brigham, Miss Gladys Brigham, Miss Hyde, Dr. C. H. Whitman, Mr. N. Blaisdell, Mr. J. E. Maple, Mr. Frank R. Dann, Mr. George Kelly, Senator Edward J. Wolfe, Mr. B. B. Galland, Mr. J. Samuels, Mr. John Sloan, Mr. S. Glaser, Mr. W. H. Hartwell, Mr. Albert G. Weiland, and Mr. Bert Benedict.

The San Rafael Improvement Club is planning the most ambitious entertainment ever undertaken by the club—a "Carnival of Nations," to be held on the afternoon and evening of May 20th. Many of the patronesses are women prominent socially and in club life on both sides of the bay, and from all indications the carnival will be the success that those planning it hope for.

At the election held at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday, the following officers were elected: President, Willard T. Barton; vice-president, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels; secretary, Alfred R. Grim; directors: Louis Lisser, Charles J. Dickman, H. A. Melvin, and John McNaught.

Admiral F. Grenet and Lieutenant T. Scapin, of the Italian navy, arrived last week from the Asiatic coast on their way to Naples.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 745 MARKET STREET.

— STRANGER CREATURES EVEN THAN THOSE seen by "Alice in Wonderland"—the Easter rabbits, chicks, and ducklings in grotesque costume at the Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores, Phelan and James Flood Buildings. Take the children to see them.

— CONFIRMATION PRESENTS FOR EASTER AT Radke & Co., 118 Sutter Street and 65 Geary Street—two stores.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats, Spring styles, now open. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street. Telephone Main 3185.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE.

\$15,000—A beautiful country home and income place; delightfully situated in the mountains, near Santa Cruz; only three miles from station and three hours from San Francisco; location, neighborhood, and surroundings are the best; 85 acres; well timbered and watered; about 40 acres choice vineyard; modern furnished house, 11 rooms; barn and outbuildings; large winery with cooperage, including 10,000 gallons wine; six horses, cows, chickens, and everything complete; delightful climate; a rare bargain; easy terms.

CHATFIELD & VINZENT 228 Montgomery St., S. F.

May Musical Festivals MECHANICS' PAVILION

APRIL 30th TO MAY 7th

SEASON COUPON TICKETS

Good for all 15 performances Are on sale NOW at Music Houses and Room 356, City Hall

Prices, \$10.00, \$7.50, and \$5.00 Three days advance choice of seats. SAVE \$2.50 ON EACH BOOK

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A few high-class apartments will be available for summer months. Forty minutes, via Key Route, to San Francisco. One block from Euclid Ave. electric car-hue. Marine view—away from winds and fogs. JAMES M. PIERCE, Manager

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The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV. PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

HOTEL RICHELIEU

Van Ness Avenue. HOTEL GRANADA N. W. cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The two leading family hotels in San Francisco. Residence for select and discriminating people.

There is not a feature in appointments, equipment, service, and furnishing in which they do not excel. Steam heated. All night elevator service. Special rates by the week or month, also to large families for the summer. Correspondence invited.

HOTELS RICHELIEU AND GRANADA San Francisco, California

Hotel St. Francis

The White and Gold Room of the Hotel St. Francis presents the most brilliant scene in San Francisco during the Grand Opera Season.

Tables can be reserved for dinner or supper parties by telephone (Exchange 94) or by letter to

JAS. WOODS, Manager

America's Model Hotel

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway NEW YORK CITY New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.



Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. FROM APRIL 2, 1905. FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street)

Table of train schedules for Southern Pacific, including Main Line, Coast Line, and Oakland Harbor Ferry. Columns include time, destination, and arrival.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The prudish girl is always looking for something to shock her.—Ex.

Mrs. Jenks—You acted awfully silly when you proposed to me." Mr. Jenks—"Well, I was!"—Cleveland Leader.

"Oh, papa, the duke has proposed to me!" "He has?" "Yes, papa. And he says I can wear a coronet! Here's the pawn-ticket for it!"—Cleveland Leader.

He—"As I sat there alone, Hilda came along and offered me a penny for my thoughts." She—"The extravagant creature!"—Boston Transcript.

Duffer—"I've been figuring on the expenses of an automobile, and I find the greatest cost is the operation." Puffer—"Mechanical or surgical?"—Indianapolis Star.

The maid—"I suppose a loving wife suffers as much as her husband when he happens to be ill?" The wife—"Yes; and he usually sees to it that she suffers more."—Chicago Daily News.

Jim—"Say, Bill, would yer do if yer had a million dollars?" Bill—"Oh, I s'pose I'd blow about half uv it makin' meself sick an' de other half tryin' ter find out wot wuz de matter wid me."—Ex.

"It's bad enough for you to come home intoxicated," said Mrs. Luschman, "but why so late?" "Well, you shee, m' dear, my frien's foolishly shent me home by mesheger-boy."—Philadelphia Press.

There is a story of a dour old Scots road-mender who responded to the salutation "It's a fine day!" with the grim comment on superfluous information—"Man, wha's dootin'?"—Glasgow Evening Times.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is the meaning of 'noblesse oblige'?" Pa—"I don't know, my son, unless it has some connection with those foreign nobles who are obliged to marry for money."—Chicago News.

"What does the first expert say?" "He says the prisoner is guilty." "And the second expert?" "Not guilty." "There's a third expert, isn't there?" "Yes; he says both the other experts are liars."—Houston Chronicle.

Miss Fitz-Jones (to Smithers, who has claimed first dance)—"You're quite an early bird, Mr. Smithers!" Smithers (making big attempt at something gallant)—"Ah, yes, bah Jove! and I've caught the worm, too!"—New Yorker.

The teacher was describing her encounter with an impertinent tramp. "And then," said she, "I fainted." "Wit' yer lett or wit' yer right, m'am?" promptly inquired little Johnny Jimmies, the pugilist's son.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"And now, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, "is there anything you don't understand about Eve and the serpent?" "Yes'm." "Well, what?" "How'd Eve keep on havin' a fit when she seen it comin'?"—Detroit Tribune.

The customer brought the parrot back to the dealer's. "I want a bird of correct habits, of course," he said, "but I didn't want one that had been raised in a Boston family. It doesn't do anything but spout lben at us. Have you got one that swears?"—Chicago Tribune.

"This here Beef Trust," vociferated the violent citizen, "is just exactly like a highway robbery, aint it now?" "I can't say that it is," responded Mr. Housekeeper, mildly; "a highway robber doesn't continue to hold up the same people day after day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office-boy, gathering them all into a large waste-basket, did so.—Washington Life.

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Old gent—"My poor child! Did not your parents leave you anything when they died?" "Poor child—" Yep! Dey left me an orphan!"—Boston Transcript.

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It profoundly amazes us that a man of the years and wisdom of John P. Irish (whose letter we print in another column); a man who knows history in whose pages is recorded the story of the conflicts between race and race which have stained them red from the beginning; a man who knows well how terrible and sanguinary is the history of the one Asiatic race—the Jews—during the centuries it has endeavored but to live peacefully in European lands; a man whose own memory extends back to the time when our land was torn asunder because an alien and unassimilable race existed in slavery in a part of it—it profoundly amazes us, we say, that such a man seriously should utter such a sentiment as: "If we need imported

labor, the highest wisdom dictates that it be of aliens who can not assimilate and can not vote."

Shades of Jamestown, in the Colony of Virginia, and the first slave-ship that sailed up the James River! A remark of just such fat and complacent tenor might have been made by a chaffering planter on the Jamestown quay as he thriftily talked of his tobacco fields, and with a wise air felt the muscles of a cowering black. Do we learn nothing at all from history? Do men of Mr. Irish's stamp still adhere to the belief that the white man and the yellow or black man and white can dwell together on the same soil in peace and amity? Are there those who lack the imagination to see how the whole face of the world is changed since the yellow man shattered into irrecoverable fragments the prestige of the white man in Asia, and made his name a byword and a hissing among all her teeming millions? Are there those who fail utterly to apprehend that instead of Japanese immigration being a trifling parochial issue, to be decided by debate about comparative "morals," "cleanliness," "efficiency," "reliability," and other microscopic considerations, it is in fact a phase of one of the world's great problems—the problem of earth-domination, of the preservation of our civilization, of our racial integrity?

How petty and inconsequent is all this talk of the comparative "honesty" and "reliability" of Japanese and Chinese laborers when we look at events with philosophic eye, measuring by no yardstick of petty interest, but by the obelisk of cosmic destiny. Reconstruct, for a moment, the Western world's history—a race of white men, close bound by ties of blood, painfully emerging some twelve hundred years ago from barbarism, enthroning for themselves a single diety, becoming through religious wars—the Crusades—a unit against Asia; developing, then, swiftly, commerce and the arts; discovering new continents; binding all together by trade and the printed word; inventing a multiplicity of devices which transformed the earth, till finally the ships of the white race had penetrated every corner of it, her hand was laid heavily upon every land, her strength was felt and acknowledged by all the world, her supremacy unchallenged, she herself believing the earth and the fulness thereof to be her inheritance. Till a day ago Asia was but a land where the merchant of the favored and God-chosen race might enrich himself; never had doubt for the shadow of an instant entered the soul of the white race but that it should, in the end, rule every sea and every land upon which the sun in its circuit shone.

How changed is now the spirit of the dream to those whose eyes are not holden! Suddenly now we see that while we, the white race, were achieving all these spectacular material results, the great yellow race, seemingly inert, had in reality been developing itself *individually* into a human type even better fitted for the sheer struggle of existence than are we ourselves. We perceive that the people of two yellow nations, isolated, have through the centuries, by study of the arts and the philosophy, and under the rigorous pressure of the struggle for material existence in circumscribed lands, evolved a type of mind and body that needs only to be *deflected* from its ancient course into channels such as those that we pursue, when at once we are distanced. White men can not enter upon a struggle for existence with yellow except in certainty of defeat.

The whole question resolves itself, now that the yellow race has mastered the machines that we have invented or developed, into a struggle between two types of the human animal. The yellow race is enormously fertile—capable, in a century, of populating the whole earth from its loins; the white, and especially

in the countries of France, Germany, England, and the United States, shows marked evidence of lack of fecundity, so that, conceivably, we may within a few decades behold a decrease, rather than an increase, of population in all these lands, as already in one of them. The yellow race possesses amazing health, a firm grip on life, great ability to withstand extremes of heat and cold, a perfect capacity for doing the severest labor, even close to the Equator; the white has exhibited no capacity for existing and reproducing itself except in the narrow strip that constitutes the North Temperate Zone. The hold England has on India, Holland on Java, America on the Philippines and Hawaii, France on Indo-China, is, speaking largely, of the slightest. At a touch, the white man's grasp on tropic lands will be shaken off. Already Australia's population is decreasing. Dr. Carl Peters says truly that in the end Africa will be a black man's country. But to return to the comparison—the yellow race is capable of subsistence upon less food than is necessary to the white race; the yellow man lives where the white man would starve; his wants in other directions are fewer, his needs less; he is economically superior. Were we not so puffed up in our own conceit we should, as a race, be disquieted to behold these facts. As it is, we utterly fail to perceive that these three things simply mean that the next half century will see a sweeping yellow tide pressing resistlessly, driven by its economic necessity, past its present boundaries into and through Manchuria, down through Formosa and the Philippines to the islands of the East Indies and to Australia, across the Pacific to Hawaii, and to our shores. *Room! room! room!* will be the cry of the swarming millions whose isolation of centuries—isolation that brought such fierce internal struggle that poverty, as in Japan, is of a nature beyond our understanding—past decades have seen ended and ended forever, and who in response to imperative impulse, now begin a conquering and expanding career. It will not be altogether a conflict man to man, as where the Japanese endeavors individually to gain foothold, as here, in Occidental countries, but a struggle between the manufactures of the Orient and the manufactures of the West. In a few years we shall no longer export manufactured goods to Japan, but she will flood our markets with vast quantities of manufactures of her own, and China will do likewise. Such fierce competition for the world's trade the world will have never seen. It will no longer be a question of exploiting, but of being exploited. High tariff barriers will scarcely save us from the flood of goods of all sorts, made with penny-a-day labor, which the new industrial Japan and China will endeavor to sell us, thereby lowering our own standard of living to the level of the Asiatic, and engendering between yellow and white the bitterest animosity.

It is only in such light from the future that the present rather insignificant Japanese immigration can be rightly viewed. It is the first wavelet of a tremendous flood, the almost sporadic forerunner of such an army of clamorers to our land or our markets as we shall hardly be able to restrain. And if Japan beats Russia and gets from her such an indemnity as will permit Japan to build an enormous fleet, the conflict economic may engender wars sanguinary sooner than we think. Perhaps the ultimate conflict can by no means be avoided. The world is too small to hold in peace two strong, militant, by nature antagonistic, competing races. The Pacific is too narrow a sea to permit of amicable and long-enduring peace between two antagonistic races, each imperialistic, each expanding, each jealous of prestige, each lustful for power. We do not speak of to-day or to-morrow, of next year or the year after. The mills of the god

grind slowly. Indeed, we only sketch such sinister future at all because only by so doing is it possible rightly to get the bearing of our own little problem of Japanese immigration into California.

It may very properly be asked by our readers how it is that we speak with such confidence about remote and great events. Precisely because they are so. As Dr. Pearson very clearly points out in his great book on "National Life and Character," great events have often been foreseen while small ones almost always escaped calculation. The little swirls and eddies and cross-currents of history no one may foresee; but the flood itself, the huge tide, whose causes lie deep in the nature of things, gives warning of its coming long before. When the snows he overdeep in the Sierras, all know that with spring will come the floods, though none know just when, how, with what variations, or with what disasters. So it is here. Just how or when or in what manner the racial conflict will be waged is a thing that lies upon the knees of the gods; that such a conflict ultimately will be waged it is not dangerous to prophesy.

It amazes even those of us who have long been directing the attention of the public to the growing menace of socialism to see how Chicago's action in the matter of the municipal ownership of her railways has set the whole country aflame. In New York, as soon as the people woke up to what had happened in Chicago, the agitation began for the taking over of the gas trust by the city. In San Francisco, as soon as Mr. Hearst's editorial writers recovered from their surprise, they began an agitation not only for the operation of the Geary Street line as a municipal railway, but against the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, with the obvious purpose of paving the way for the acquisition of these municipal utilities some time in the not far distant future. But the agitation is not confined to municipalities. As we have many times pointed out would be the case, the refusal of Congress to enact an adequate measure for the regulation of railway rates proved a tremendous spur to socialistic sentiment. Mr. Bryan, who still has great influence in the Middle West, has been loudly rejoicing at the result in Chicago, and suggesting the extension of the principle from street railways to national railways. The result of it all is that predictions are already being made that the issue in the national campaign four years hence will be the public ownership of railways, telegraphs, and express companies. One of the prominent Republicans of the Middle West, Joseph Medill Patterson, began a campaign speech, the other day, with the statement: "I am not a Democrat—yet." He went on to say that if the Democratic party took a stand for public ownership of public utilities while the Republican party opposed a measure so grossly socialistic, he should be a Democrat, and that he thought there were many Republicans like himself. Confirmatory evidence of the reality of the drift of sentiment toward socialism of this type is the alarm which ultra-conservative papers, like the *New York Financial Chronicle* and the *New York Journal of Commerce*, display. In accents of genuine distress they call upon corporations to remedy the evils which are now so glaring and so provocative of revolutionary feeling, and thus head off the movement which may conceivably carry everything before it. Other conservative journals scoff at the present extravagant talk about the governmental operation of railways as a mere midsummer madness which will be cured ere another Presidential election occurs. Such an event is certainly to be hoped for. When (to take an immediate and familiar example) one sees with what speed new skyscrapers, under private construction, fling themselves aloft, and then contemplates the imperceptible progress that is being made toward the completion by the United States Government of the San Francisco post office, which was begun in 1897, and is far from finished yet, the idea of more such governmental operation strikes one as a highly impractical proceeding even if it were not true, as it is, that every step toward extension of governmental power is a step toward arrant and unmitigated socialism.

Dissolution looms ever nearer in Great Britain, and dissolution, moreover, under circumstances which can not inspire any confidence in the government. For three years past events have gone steadily against the ministry. The revelations concerning the conduct of the Boer war, the wretched controversy over Buller, the sudden and almost nervous rush into protection, the twisted and unattractive Education Act, the institution of a Chinese port in South Africa, have all had their effect upon the constituencies, and by election after election must have convinced the supporters of the country that retention of office is impossible. Still

Mr. Balfour holds on with a persistency which draws complaints from his opponents that his action is unconstitutional, but which at the same time shows that the premier is in possession of the same bland insouciance which marked his career in the days when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. In addition to the troubles in the constituencies, differences of opinion on the everlasting tariff question are rending the ministry. There is an unmistakable feeling that it may not be long before the Chamberlainites and the Cecil following may be at swords' points. Already, indeed, the present Lord Salisbury has written to show that his famous father did not hold the views in favor of protection with which Mr. Chamberlain had credited him. Even these amenities are received in sullen silence, however, and Austen Chamberlain holds on to his seat as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his father does not use his following to precipitate the dissolution which he must be so desirous of seeing. Like a cunning fighter, Mr. Chamberlain has modified his idea of imposing a tax upon raw products and food stuffs. This will undoubtedly improve his position in the industrial centres, but how far it will affect colonial sentiment, upon which he counts so much, is by no means so clear. An imperial scheme, which still leaves the colonials to compete with other nations in supplying food to the inhabitants of the British Isles, can not be altogether satisfactory to the raisers of wheat and other food stuffs within the Empire.

Thus all the odds appear to be in favor of the Liberals going into power. But they are perhaps in a worse plight than even the Unionists, for if the Liberal majority can not operate without Irish support there will soon be an end of its existence. And yet there is enough work for a competent Liberal ministry to accomplish. Free trade will be placed on a secure footing if it has its way; the Education Act, which gives such offense to non-conformists, will be modified into a measure of real national import. Moreover, there are a number of social reforms for which public opinion now seems to be prepared, and some attention will have to be paid to the question of unemployment, which now seems to be chronic and threatens the very stability of the state. But whatever policy the Liberals may adopt, the old Little Englandism seems to be dead, and an imperialism of a temperate sort, together with internal economy, must be guiding principles of the Liberals. But even while the promise of victory and work urges the leaders of the Liberal party to prepare themselves, there is imminent risk that the always more or less latent feud between the two sections of the party presided over, respectively, by Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Rosebery, may lock horns.

Those who thought that Admiral Togo was spoiling for a fight and would sail in and demolish the Russian fleet immediately that it got within range, were evidently wrong. Admiral Rojestvensky, with his fighting ships, has been in East Asiatic waters now for two weeks, and nothing has happened. While all predictions are dangerous, it would really seem that it is Admiral Togo's intention to avoid giving battle until he gets the opposing fleet up into the China Sea, near his own base of supplies and near domestic ports, to which he can escape in the event of defeat, or into which he can tow captured prizes in event of victory. A defeat for Togo would be an irredeemable disaster for Japan, and the situation counsels him, therefore, to exhibit all caution. He must not only defeat Rojestvensky, but he must do so without too great loss to himself. These facts are those which inspire naval strategists the world over to wonder if the Japanese admiral will not avoid direct conflict and merely use torpedo-boats and destroyers to harass and damage the Russian vessels. Rojestvensky's objective is, of course, Vladivostok, which, during the past year, has been fortified and its harbor mined, until it is said to be really impregnable. At Vladivostok are Russia's two huge cruisers, the *Rossia* and *Gromoboi*—the ships which have acquitted themselves better than any other in this war—together with the *Bogatyr* (if she is seaworthy after her adventure with a sunken rock in Vladivostok harbor). If Rojestvensky, after being joined by Nebogatoff's small squadron, which left the Red Sea about April 10th, and which was vaguely reported to have reached the Sunda Straits, between Sumatra and Java, on April 20th, contrives to get north, either by the China and Yellow Seas, or through the Bashi Island passage and the open Pacific, to Vladivostok, twenty-five hundred miles away, he will have achieved a victory in naval strategy worth untold millions of money to his country. Russia would then be markedly stronger than Japan on the sea, and raiding ships would be a menace to traffic between the Island Kingdom and Corea and Manchuria, as was Admiral Skrydeloff's squadron early in the war. Even

if no immediate victory was achieved by the Russians, communication between Japan and the mainland would be so effectively interrupted that the land campaign would proceed thenceforward under a tremendous handicap.

A complication of the gravest character is brought about by the use, on the part of Admiral Rojestvensky, of the French Bay of Kamranh, north-east of Saigon, on the coast of Indo-China, for the purpose of coaling and distributing supplies to the fighting ships. It is said that Japanese opinion is greatly aroused by what is regarded as a violation by France of the elementary principles of neutrality, and that a formal protest has been delivered by the Japanese Government to the French Government. That is the status of the affair at the hour when we write, no reply having been made by the French Government; but it is clear that, assuming the facts to be as stated, the situation may develop to a point where the Anglo-Japanese alliance will be strained to the breaking point. If England supports her ally and gives France to understand that a continuance or repetition of this alleged violation of neutrality will mean war at once, then, doubtless, France will take care not to offend Japan again. If, on the contrary, England is laggard in this business, Japan's angered protest may be disregarded. The test of the alliance between the Island Empire of the West and the Island Empire of the East lies in the attitude of England in such emergencies as these.

It develops now that Mrs. Tortorici, wife of the murderer of Biaggio Vilardo, has not been tortured, "sweated," or given the "third degree" by the police and detectives; but that she is "happy and contented"—in jail. Mrs. Tortorici says so, the police say so, and the *Chronicle* says so. In the face of all this, what matter a few facts: that the detectives forced Mrs. Tortorici into the room where the dismembered body of Vilardo lay; that they suddenly waved before her the gory blanket that had wrapped the torso of the dead man; that they flung into her face his blood-soaked underclothing; that they took her to the house where the murder was done, and, while she was in one room, simulated, in another, the sounds made by chopping a cadaver; that they flashed before her eyes the reddened cleaver with which the horrible deed was done, and exhibited to her frightened gaze a bottled shred of Vilardo's flesh? What proof is it of inquisitorial torture that she went from one fit of hysterics into another at the ordeal—an ordeal which, the *Chronicle* says, would have "killed a woman of finer sensibilities"? For Mrs. Tortorici says she is "happy and contented." And the *Chronicle*, too, which last week shuddered at the deeds that were done to her, and described them in terms that made its readers and shudder, speaks touchingly now of the innate happiness that has come to Mrs. Tortorici and her babe.

And so the thing stands: Vilardo has been pieced together and buried, and his murderer is at large, the inspiration for strange, weird, will-o'-the-wisp clews; while the wife is in jail, visited daily by gentle, soft-spoken policemen, who soothingly assure her that she is "happy and content," and that the shadow of the charge of murder that hangs over her but adds to the fullness of her serenity.

Two public meetings have given quite an air of vivacity to things political in San Francisco during the past week. At one of them, Abraham Ruef defended the administration of Mayor Schmitz by attacking the personal characters of the editors of the newspapers of San Francisco and affirming his own virtue. Mr. Ruef said that he never in his life had smoked a cigar; did not wear "loud jewelry," such as pictures in the newspapers represented him as wearing; never gambled in his life; never was on a race-track in his life; never was drunk in his life; and never had stayed out from his home all night. In contrast with his own virtue he placed the alleged failings of Fremont Older and M. H. de Young. Ruef said that the reason the *Chronicle* attacked the administration was because it had failed to give a place to William A. Deane, Mr. de Young's brother-in-law. The reason the *Bulletin* attacked the administration was because Mayor Schmitz discovered and broke up an agreement between the *Post* and the *Bulletin*, whereby the *Bulletin* abstained from bidding on the city printing, so that the city paid double what it now pays. There were other matters of interest—of interest if not strictly veracious—accounts of which are published only in the *Examiner*.

The other meeting of political interest was that at which the Committee of Three Hundred organized itself into the San Francisco Republican League, and formally inaugurated the campaign to wrest the control

of the Republican party from Mr. Ruef. The meeting was called to order by Frederick W. Dohrmann. George D. Clark was made chairman, and speeches were made by Fairfax H. Wheelan and others. The formal address to the voters of San Francisco calls upon them to join the movement in "the interests of a clean city, clean politics, and a clean administration." A list of the members of the Committee of Three Hundred, which has been published, shows that practical politicians—men of sagacity and horse-sense—have been included together with those who are essentially amateur reformers. This is interesting. The movement now takes on the appearance of a real fight, and, as the seemingly impartial *Examiner* remarks, "the combination between the new reformers and the followers of Lynch, Crimmins, Burns, and Kelley will, if it sticks, be too much for Ruef." The organization committee has sent letters to old members of the league, urging immediate attention to registration. These appeals the committee will follow up with hard, practical work, looking toward the listing of every voter. That is what counts. The time between now and the August primaries is short. What must be done is to find out through personal interviews and solicitation who are the men on the league's side, whether they are registered or not; if they are not, get them registered; and on the day of the primary election, see that they go to the polls and vote. So and not otherwise will the forces of reform achieve a victory.

There has been a great deal of satisfaction expressed at the outcome of a match in New York between George Bothner, the American light-weight champion wrestler, and Professor Katsukuma Higashi, in which the American was awarded three falls out of three. It has been explained triumphantly that this puts *jiu-jitsu* out of the running and called "another Japanese bluff."

The story of the match does not seem to bear this out. It is true that the American got three falls, though there is some doubt whether the last two were strictly within the rules. It is also true that the Japanese did not hold Bothner to the mat for the required five seconds, but it is worth noting that Higashi got two flying falls in which he flung Bothner over his head and to the floor with such force that he was stunned. Neither of these was allowed, but it looks as if it were a pretty good trick, and when practiced twice on an American champion might be used a third time.

The patriotic assertion that *jiu-jitsu* is now proved inferior to wrestling is not sound. No one knows the difficulty and the physical strain of the art of wrestling. Good wrestlers are very rare, their physique is a matter of years of training, and when they are at their best, a moment will make vain all that has gone before. But the *jiu-jitsu* expert is an ordinary, good-natured, slim, and contented individual, who does not have to practice hours every day to keep in condition, and who has not to watch his diet as he would his life. And then there is not a Jeffries or a Bothner around every corner. Our best trained athletes find it hard to combat successfully with the Japanese *jiu-jitsu* man, and as a consequence we may well take a few lessons in what a New York paper calls "the humiliating and blameworthy art of strangling a man with his own shirt." It may be a "kind of legitimized garroting," but we still carry guns, spite of the bad form of killing burglars. In the Bothner-Higashi contest all serious tricks were barred. It is the mortal falls we are interested in.

E. H. Harriman has retired from the board of directors of the Northern Securities, and it is reported that he has sold to J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill \$20,000,000 of securities at \$175 per share. There is little question that the scandal in the Equitable contributed largely to this end. Harriman is known to have been indebted to the Equitable in large sums, \$2,700,000, so it is said, having been obtained from the company by him as a personal loan. These facts go far to explain the recent attacks made upon young Hyde, and would seem to imply that they were instigated under the direction of Morgan, who took this means of hitting at Harriman. The society is said, moreover, to have invested nearly \$18,000,000 in bonds of the Harriman roads in 1903.

James H. Hyde is the owner of a majority of the stock, and therefore virtually owner of the society. He has shown much ostentation in his mode of life. Naturally, the extravagances in which rich young men are apt to indulge—Hyde is under thirty—have been criticised in one holding a position of such importance. It has been broadly stated that his ostentatious luxury is a detriment to the society and imperils the interests of the 600,000 policy-holders. The president of the society, James W. Alexander, has been one of the most

vigorous attackers of Hyde. All these attacks, however, lose their ethical significance in face of the Northern Securities deal, and an economic motive, which has hitherto remained far in the background, stands revealed.

But while financiers work out their schemes and pursue the control of millions by devious routes, the affairs of a great insurance company, to which many thousands of people look for security, have been thrown into confusion, and the tangle grows more involved. The stockholders have commenced suit to enjoin mutualization upon the ground that to turn the management over to the policy-holders would work an irremediable injury to the stockholders. This has raised the question as to the rights of the stockholders in the surplus, and it is contended that they are not entitled to any of the \$80,000,000 of that fund, of which \$70,000,000 would be required to meet contingencies if the society were to liquidate.

The charter has been amended so as to provide for a mutualization plan, which will be adopted if the superintendent of the State insurance department approves of it. The mutualization policy, to which such strenuous objection is being made, contemplates the permission of policy-holders to vote by proxy at the election of delegates to the society. The directors of the society are also ordered to show cause why they should not be enjoined from carrying into effect any other proposed plan which has not been submitted and approved by at least three-fifths of the stockholders of the company.

The controversy has led to a wide-spread distrust of insurance companies, and has raised the question whether the funds of large companies are employed for purely speculative purposes, a contingency the very hint of which must necessarily cause apprehension in the great numbers of people who, painfully and with much self-denial, invest their money in insurance. In perhaps the majority of cases, insurance represents the entire savings of a frugal life. It is very evident that this condition is exceedingly unsatisfactory, and should, as a matter of fact, be rendered impossible. The chaos in the affairs of the Equitable will not have been in vain if some plan is discovered to prevent its repetition.

It appears to be generally understood that we have seen the last of John Hay as Secretary of State. The condition of his health will have prepared the public for the loss of one of the very greatest diplomats which America has ever possessed—one who, indeed, is to be ranked among the most astute of modern statesmen. But ill health is, in all probability, not the real reason for his departure from public life. On the contrary, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, who is exceptionally well informed, says that the Secretary of State has retired from public life, profoundly depressed over the action taken by the Senate in the matter of the arbitration treaties. He has succumbed to the disappointment over the destruction of his cherished hopes and broad-minded efforts on behalf of those measures, and we are bound to say that we do not consider the loss of so talented a public servant any credit to our present method of transacting business with foreign powers.

John Hay brought to his office an acute and refined literary instinct, as well as a breadth of view and a knowledge of affairs unfortunately none too common a possession of American diplomats. His method, while free from the intricate artifices of the traditional diplomatic European school, was direct without being abrupt. He brushed aside the inconsequential ceremonialism of the stilted European courts, and at the same time made friends wherever he had occasion to work.

Keen and broad as was his mind, it is doubtful if his power of winning friends did not stand this country in better stead than the resources of his intellect. Among his great triumphs must be reckoned the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which made the construction of the Isthmian Canal a possibility, the consent to which was won from Great Britain perhaps more on account of the high personal esteem in which the Secretary was held than for any other reason. He thus paved the way for the earnest coöperation of Great Britain with this country at the time of the Spanish war, and was enabled to obtain the assistance of that country in looking after the interests of American private citizens in Spain, and finally, as a result of his efforts, the consent of Great Britain to the amendment of the canal treaty. It is owing to the efforts of John Hay that American influence is greater to-day than ever before.

As to his successor—Whitelaw Reid, Senator Lodge, Senator John C. Spooner, and Judge Taft have all been suggested. The first has been disposed of by his appointment to the Court of St. James, and the last

is understood to have aspirations to the Supreme Court. Senator John C. Spooner appears to be the most satisfactory candidate. He is naturally a very able and acute diplomat, who has had much useful service on the Foreign Relations Committee. He has much influence, and is popular. He may be able to solve the difficulty between the State Department and the Senate, which is so great an impediment to the satisfactory conduct of diplomatic business with foreign powers.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Japanese, Chinese, and Other Immigrants.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having said my share of what was not so about Asiatic immigration, may I be permitted to say now something that I believe is so?

I grant that Japanese are less desirable here than Chinese, for the reason that Japanese are more like white men in their unreliability in keeping contracts. The reason for this difference is explained by Dr. Jordan, and need not be repeated here. The Chinese shame all Christendom in keeping faith and performing contracts, even to their own loss. It is the fidelity of their labor and not its cheapness that makes it desirable. It is not cheap by comparison with the wages of other labor, but it is the most reliable of all. The intelligence and industry of the Japanese are not questioned. Their reliability is. But the crusade of the *Argonaut* and the *Chronicle* against the Japanese is not based on their infidelity to their contracts. It is put upon the fact that they can not assimilate with us Caucasian Americans, and that they can not become citizens.

Why should we always go on saying things about national policy because they have been said before? Why should we go on doing things because they have been done before? Why should we condemn without examination a non-assimilating and non-voting immigration because other aliens that can assimilate and vote assume the right to exclude it?

We receive sometimes in one month as great a number of immigrants from Southern Europe at the total of Chinese and Japanese immigration from the beginning. Ninety per cent. of this "horde" from Southern Europe recruits the ranks of the avowed enemies of our public-school system. They outlaw American boys from apprenticeship to handicrafts. They bring the "Maña," the "Black Hand," the "Camorra," and the vendetta. What has our blood to gain by assimilating the moral and physical degeneration they bring? Why tax our national digestion with such a task? Against what national disease can we safeguard by vaccination with this virus? It is a fine old romance that we get vigor and virtue in the process, but the hypothesis has been permitted to become axiomatic without being proved. We go on repeating it because somebody said it before us. Why not examine the matter before giving judgment? Why not treat all immigration alike, restrict all alike, and give the country a chance to digest the mess that is already ingested?

If we need imported labor, the highest wisdom dictates that it be of aliens who can not assimilate and can not vote. Restrict the number, make their stay probationary, get out of them what they can give to production and construction, and when we are done with them send them home. They will leave our blood untainted, our politics uncorrupted, and our public-school system unimpaired. They will not kill an American for working without their license, and will not demand the repeal of an ordinance which protects a funeral ceremony and procession in that peace which belongs to the dead and the mourner. Jno. P. IRISH.

Questions by an Anxious Correspondent.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to the lately organized "San Francisco Republican League," whose avowed purpose is to effect "reform" in municipal affairs by depositing from authority at the next city election the Schmitz-Ruef combination, reform is always in order and much to be desired; but, if it be true, as charged, that this reform league will have the active aid of such "political purists" as Kelly, Crimmins, et al., to wrest control of the city government from the present administration, what guaranty have the voters and citizens generally that the new administration would be anything in the nature of "reform," except that a new set of officials elected by the same influences as the present would be installed in office?

And if Mr. Fairfax Wheelan shall have been made mayor by these influences, is it reasonable to expect that he would by his administration antagonize the interests of those who were instrumental in clothing him with authority?

No man has been, or can be, elected mayor of San Francisco without the support of the saloon and sporting elements. There can be no real "reform" in the affairs of this city unless these elements are antagonized.

Query: If the reform league can not get control of the city government without the active aid of these elements, how may it be expected that the needed antagonism after election would materialize? J. A. J.

Again the Canadian Boat-Song.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 12, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your paper of April 10th (*in re* the "Canadian Boat Song") prints a piece which speaks of the forty-sixth night of September, 1829—"Noctes Ambrosianæ." Now I am the happy possessor of the Edinburgh edition of that famous work, and I can find no forty-sixth night and no "Canadian Boat Song." Is it possible mine is an expurgated edition, or has there been an error in the article? Your kind attention will oblige.

ONE OF THE FRIENDS OF THE ARGONAUT.

[It must be that our correspondent's book is indeed "expurgated," for the twenty-sixth volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* lies before us, and in the forty-sixth night of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," on page 400, the "Canadian Boat Song" is printed right enough.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

Savage Knows Not Mrs. Pepper.

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 4, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of March 27th last there is an injustice done to me which I know you will gladly correct.

You refer to me as "strenuously upholding the genuineness of the materializations of Mrs. Pepper." Though I have been interested in psychical study for some years, I do not strenuously uphold Mrs. Pepper, for I never saw her in my life, and know nothing about her except what the newspapers report.

May I suggest that the newspapers could do a great deal to help sane and scientific study in regard to these important matters if they would treat certain things with a little more seriousness, and not try to turn them all indiscriminately into a sensation.

I will be greatly obliged to you if you will kindly publish this note. Sincerely yours M. J. SAVAGE.

BY THE STRAGGLING CYPRESS.

Where Fame, the Laggard, Found the Poet.

The last day of August was mourning itself out. Doleful streams fell into the *patio* from the stone waterspouts overhead. Alvarado de Mendoza, the poet, sitting by an unpainted wooden table littered with books, manuscripts, and greasy corn-husks, the envelopes of devoured tamales, was wishing the wish of all bards since the tribe abandoned wandering minstrelsy—that landlords would accept verse in lieu of coin. He glanced contemptuously about the room for which on the morrow he must pay a fortnight's hire. He scowled at its walls of sickly blue with a yellow flower stenciled on at exasperating intervals, neither regular nor irregular, the damp brick floor shaken by earthquakes to a billowy conformation, the gabled bedstead with wooden mattress, covered by a coarse red blanket, and the rickety wardrobe, whose doors most unkindly insisted on falling open, revealing secrets of scantiness and poverty.

By conning out on the *corridor* and leaning over the sagging iron railing, as the poet did now in his restlessness, one could look past the wrinkled *portera* crouched in the doorway staring out into the rain, and get a glimpse of the street beyond. This was a scant satisfaction when obtained, for there is no drearier by-way in the Mexican capital than the dark, narrow, muddy street of Padre Lecuona, devoted so largely to the charcoal trade as to be a study in grime.

Nothing could be drearier than the prospect, unless it were the dreary tale of how the street received its name. A long time ago, on just such a night as would soon settle over the city, one Padre Lecuona, summoned thither in haste, found that a soul in agony had returned to its mummified unburied body for shriving. The brilliant young prelate was reduced by the shock to a simple little brother of the church, with barely wit enough to perform its humblest offices.

"Bah!" exclaimed the poet in disgust. "I really must move, or I shall become as witless as Padre Lecuona."

Alvarado de Mendoza was handsome, after a certain delicate, undersized student type, common in Mexico, a product of the struggling genteel, who wear shoes without stockings and starve on six-course dinners, each course a highly spiced dab of nothing. Yet Alvarado recalled regretfully the dinners in his father's house, now that he commonly dined on a *medio's* worth of coarse sidewalk cooking. He was waiting for fame and fortune to seek him out in the street of Padre Lecuona.

He returned to his desk and studied with calculating eye a penny taper in a saucer-shaped brass candlestick. Hearing sandaled footfalls in the *corredor*, he turned to greet an Indian girl with a flat basket on her head. Her unconfined hair, moist and half-curling, fell each side of her face in abundant blackness. Her great dark eyes and smooth light-brown skin, with chocolate shadows about the brows and drooping mouth, would have made her a beauty in the days of Montezuma. Even one so critical of feminine charm as the poet found her comely.

Placing her basket on the floor, she removed the blue *rebozo* that protected the laundered garments from the rain, and spread it carefully across the foot of the bed to dry. As she lifted out the clothes, two silver dollars fell from their folds and rang cheerily upon the brick floor.

"Your trade pays better than mine, Alejandra," laughed the youth. "Evidently, however, your other patrons are not poets."

"It is the rent, señor. I—I did not mean—I wanted you to find it when I was gone."

"But, woman!" he exclaimed. "I owe you three months' rent already."

"It is no matter."

"Think how you have toiled for this. I accept it, but only as a loan, I hope to pay you back tenfold."

"I am happy to serve the señor."

Little streams trickled from her dragged pink calico skirt. The poet lighted the taper.

"Sit down, Alejandra."

"Thank you, señor." She rested herself deprecatingly on the edge of the bed.

"Some day we must give ourselves a holiday together, you and I—a whole, long, beautiful day in the country."

"With me, señor! But your friends—"

"My friends!" he echoed with some bitterness. "Where have I a better friend than you?"

"The señor is too kind," she murmured, confusedly.

"We will seek a green hillside, and while you pluck flowers I shall compose a song to you, the queen of *lavanderas*. Familiarity is a blind to conceal beauty. I delight in a public laundry, built like a Greek temple, its columns hung with flowers, a stream of mountain water lavng the stones where kneel the brown-armed Nanceas. But I will await our *dia de fiesta* before inditing the poem."

"They say that the saints give each person just one perfect day. That will be mine."

"Mine," he answered, "will be the day when I first see the woman I am to love for all time. There will be other days, but none so free from dross as that first."

"No," she said, "it must be sweet to be loved, but being is very sad. Pray against it, señor."

"Aye, love is too often sad for such as you," he murmured, compassionately.

During the ensuing silence, the poet turned over thoughtfully the manuscripts on the table. The *lavandera's* humble presence humanized the cheerless room and changed into a happy lilt the doleful trickle of the waterspouts.

"I believe I stay here by myself too much," he began. "I write of life, death, and the universe as far-away abstractions when they are all contained in the heart of a simple Indita like yourself. I must share human experience and emotions. To-morrow I shall sit in the Alameda and be a harp for the breezes of humanity to play upon."

"The señor is very wise and it is not for me to understand. I must go now or my motner will worry. She is blind and has only me."

"I do not know how to thank you, *amiga*." He rose and held her shapely brown hands with careless affection, unconscious how they thrilled and quivered in his clasp. "In thee do I salute the spirit of our humanity, which is, after all, a pure flame of love and good-will." With whimsical solemnity he kissed Alejandra's fingers as he released them.

The *lavandera* darted out into the rain, her whole self one throb of pain and joy. The love that gives all, craves all, asks nothing, is so bitter that no one lifts the cup voluntarily, and yet, if the sweetness of it could be distilled, prosperous love would regard it enviously and kings seek it on foot.

Long tree-shadows still lay athwart the flower-beds when the poet kept tryst with himself in the Alameda the following morning. Pale, seedy students paced the walks, muttering from black tomes and ignoring the early babies. The bright-feathered foreigners in the bird-house screeched cheerfully, while bronze Neptune grasped his trident as if he had a mind to spear the barelegged *peones* filling the birds' drinking-cups in the fountain pool about his throne.

The portico of the fanciful octagonal Moorish pavilion was strewn with fluttering white paper, worthless after comparison with the prize-drawing numbers in the lottery bulletin beside the arched entrance.

"Ah!" exclaimed the poet beneath his breath, "in the endless cycle of death and life, what human dust may not be mingled in these fallen leaves of hope—perhaps Midas and the beggarly poet singing unheeded at his gate, both still tossed hither and yon by the breezes of destiny."

Within the pavilion another drawing was in progress; the tree of hope knows as many springs as autumns. The light from stained-glass windows fell in mosaics on the untidy floor. A great blue globe adorned with gilded stars creaked and rattled as it was turned by a dirty, shambling Indian. Small numbered cylinders, imprisoned by some mechanism within the globe, were handed to a shabby clerk in rusty black, who read them aloud.

"Fortune's wheel is a stupid affair when one is near enough to count the spokes," the poet mused.

Dazzled by the transition from the subdued, particularized atmosphere within to the sunshine without, Mendoza beheld what seemed a vision. Past the statue of Venus she paced slowly, a heavy white veil framing her face without concealing it, a girdle of celestial blue confining her close white draperies. The face was beautiful, with brown eyes and exquisite coloring. Behind her hobbled a bent old family servant, with black shawl shadowing her wrinkled face. Into her hand the poet slipped the *medio* with which he had intended to buy himself a breakfast.

"Who is she?" he breathed to the old woman.

"Doña Josefa de Nuñez," she muttered as Mendoza kept pace with her.

"And why—"

"Her dress? It is a vow. She had the smallpox. She prayed the Virgin of Lourdes to spare her beauty. The disease left her without a blemish, as you see. Now she goes to give thanks at Our Lady's shrine."

"The Virgin of Lourdes is French," said the poet.

"She understands Spanish prayers," sharply retorted the old servant.

To the right of the door, as one enters the church of San Diego, in a rock grotto hung with paper morning-glories, stands an image of the Virgin of Lourdes. Josefa de Nuñez, kneeling there, might have been this image translated into living, breathing, glowing flesh. The poet on his knees at a respectful distance drank in the beauty of her upturned face, rapt and saint-like in the dim, musty light.

True to the code of Mexican lovers, Alvarado de Mendoza shadowed his lady on her homeward progress. Just as she was about to vanish into the doorway of a handsome stone house on Avenida Morelos, she swept the street with a farewell glance that just for a second rested on the poet with coquettish recognition of his infatuation.

"My angel is yet a woman!" he exclaimed.

He found out later for his sorrow and undoing that the feminine in her composition was in excess of the angelic.

Once more it was the eve of rent-day with the poet, and neither wealth nor fame had overtaken him in the street of Padre Lecuona. Sad laggards they were, and rent-day an excellent traveler. Mendoza strode wildly back and forth across the billowy brick floor, unshaven, shivering, racked by hunger and insomnia. On the floor lay a crumpled letter from a famous

critic. As the poet's songs were new, the critic heard no music in them, and so stated with polite brutality

That was not the worst. In letters of blood a over the sickly blue walls, he read the words of th old servant, his go-between with his lady love.

"Doña Josefa says she wants no more of your tire some verses. She can not weave them in her hair. If you really love her, send her jewels."

To this message, old Petra had added kindly enough for many *medios*, each a poet's meal, had passed int her withered palm: "If the señor, when he stands be neath her balcony, would wear better clothes—m lady, who is fair as her French grandmother, is als proud as her Spanish grandfather, and hates povert as she does the devil."

The next morning Alejandra entered hastily fro the street. She had ironed all night for the rent, an now hoped that she was earlier than the landlord.

"Don't go in, girl!" shrilly cried the *portera*. "Your poet shot himself last night, and they hav taken the body away."

"It is well!" breathed the woman.

"Aye, it is well," echoed the *portera*, voicing th fatalism of her race.

Alejandra experienced just this one moment of exalted selfless consciousness before her throat choke with the cry of love for the one beloved. She turne and stumbled away, her face buried in her *rebozo*.

It was the Day of the Dead. Alejandra, bearing flimsy black wooden cross, four little candles, and a bunch of marigolds, made her way through the crowd about the gates of Dolores Cemetery.

Her eyes were dull, her cheeks sunken, and lie movements without spring. She wore a scant, shapeless black calico gown and a black shawl lent her by a kindly neighbor, to whom also her feet owed the unaccustomed sensation of shoes.

She passed by the stately tombs laden with porcelain wreaths where huge candles flickered palely in the sunlight. Higher up the hill, the path wound among neat, black, substantial crosses. Here smaller candles burned in cheap vases, but proudly, too, for these graves were the permanent possession of their tenants.

On the very top of the hill, nearest heaven of all were the rented *peon* graves, ill-defined mound marked by numbered tin tags, the rent receipts of their occupants. Alejandra put down her load beside one of these numbered mounds at the foot of an unkempt straggling cypress.

All about her the humble dead were having their notable social day of the year. The wreath of dried grass encircled the earthen bowl of *frijoles con chile*, or a loaf of pink-incrusted bread, surmounted by rudely doughy skull and crossbones. The brown pitcher of foaming *pulque* made the round of the relatives, an friends seated about. He who lay below heard his name still spoken in the air with the friendly wish that the earth be light upon him.

Wearily Alejandra dug and prodded until the black cross stood upright. She braced the candles with little heaps of earth; the marigolds stared up at the sun.

Two well-dressed men climbed the hill, the elde and stouter panting from the exertion.

"We will find it somewhere near here, Don Pancho. I am sure," said the younger encouragingly.

"I hope it is not much further, Don Ricardo, gasped the other.

"This answers the description of the tree—yes, her is his name on this insignificant cross."

Alejandra confronted them as they stood with bare heads beside the mound.

"Does the poet, Alvarado de Mendoza, lie here?" inquired Don Ricardo.

"He does, señor," she responded, defiantly.

"Who erected this cross?"

"I did, señor."

"And who are you?"

"I am his *lavandera*, señor."

"Woman, you have done nobly," spoke up Do Pancho with impressive pauses, partly due to shortness of breath. "You will rejoice to be informed that the National Academy, in recognition of his great merit, has decided to dedicate a suitable tomb to his memory, with life-size statue. It will be placed at the foot of the hill near the great gate that all who enter may do him honor."

Not for any injustice to herself would her India heart, disciplined by centuries of submission, have questioned the ways of the *gente decente*, but through her the poet's wrongs cried out.

"Why did you not come sooner, señores? Why do you wait for him to die in poverty and despair?"

The representatives of the National Academy looked uncomfortable, particularly Don Pancho, for he was the author of the crumpled letter.

"Señores," she continued with sorrowful dignity, "throw away this little cross that was all I could give him, and make his grave where you will, but this day is ours, his and mine, that he promised me. We should spend together. I beg you to leave us alone."

Don Pancho looked back once as they descended the rocky path and saw her, a lonely, majestic figure standing by the forlorn evergreen; but when his companion turned for the last time, she had thrown herself down by the mound and lay with her cheek against the marigolds.

AMANDA MATHEWS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1905.

PET DOGS AND POVERTY.

Low New York Women Pamper Their Poodles—Contrasts Seen on Fifth Avenue—Shivering Men Watch Befurred Dogs—Foolish Parade of Riches.

There has been a good deal of writing and talking his winter about the sufferings of the New York poor and the extravagances of the New York rich. Robert Hunter's statement that seventy thousand underfed children attended school every morning was passing from mouth to mouth, when a writer in a magazine came out with a broadside about fashionable women who spent thirty-eight thousand dollars a year on dress and fed their pet dogs on gold dishes.

One of the most remarkable things about these two extremes of metropolitan life is that they seem to be so close together. The pendulum has not far to swing to pass from the bitterest poverty to the most sensational wealth. By a series of short cuts and cross-streets you can walk from the heart of the Darkest East Side to the brightest stretch of Fifth Avenue in twenty minutes. In an afternoon's stroll that begins at four and ends at five, you can see the East Side mothers sitting on their dirty doorsteps, crooning over their babies, and the Fifth Avenue matrons driving past the Waldorf with their pet dogs. And yet they say there are denizens of the poor districts along the Sound who have never been farther north than Fourteenth Street. And there are undoubtedly dwellers along "The Mile of Millionaires" who have never penetrated either on foot or in a carriage east of the Bowery.

Whether it is due to the exceptionally severe winter, or to the energy of publications searching for timely and sensational matter, the extravagance of "the criminally rich" has been brought prominently into the limelight this season. Perhaps one hears more about it, and thinks more about it, because several books on the condition of the poor in New York have recently made their appearance and people have been reading them. The papers, too, in the long and bitter spell of cold that held the middle of the winter in an iron grip, were full of tragic stories of suffering among those who buy their coal by the pail full, and to whom each added week of zero weather is a heavy calamity.

Contrasted to this the mad money-spending of the rich was a thing those who had never noticed it before began to talk about. Last year there was a "let up" in it, as times were pronounced hard, and one heard of such economies as Mary having her sable coat done over and John being only able to keep one footman. But this winter we have heard but little talk of hard times. The world that drives up and down Fifth Avenue from four till six, shops on Twenty-Third Street, and takes tea at Sherry's, has apparently enjoyed a very full purse. Certainly it looks as if it did. There has been nothing second-hand about the sable coats, or any noticeable diminution in the ranks of the footmen.

I should think that the most maddening sight to the New York poor, when they gaze upon the glories of the New York rich, would be the pet dogs. There is something about these pampered brutes—so far removed from the healthy, outdoor comrade that Landseer painted and all good men and true love—that must be particularly enraging to the looker-on with an empty stomach. I am writing to the West, where the taste of the people—save in a few cases of abject imitativeness—is still simple and plain, where the madness of such money has not yet eaten into the fibre of the national character, and where a desolating *ennui* has not enticed its victims searching for any sort of folly that will give them a moment of amusement.

To the real, natural, unspoiled Westerner, what would the pet dogs of fashionable New York seem like? One sees them by the dozens every afternoon driving down Fifth Avenue. They sit on the back seats beside their owners, or sometimes, when there are two people on the back seat, they sit opposite. If they are small they sit on the lap of a lady and survey her passing through from this coign of vantage.

They have their own coats, sometimes with fur collars and linings. The savage head of a bull-terrier, protruding from a circle of silky fur and lapped about by fur rugs, is a familiar sight. Some wear jeweled collars and overcoats of tan cloth, with large white buttons, like a man's covert-coat. Big French poodles, the hair hanging off their heads like a shower of slate pencils, sit solemnly on the back seats of automobiles, enwrapped in swathings of Alaska sable and mink. Brown Pomeranians, which are small, generally sit on the knees of an adoring owner. The Pomeranian wears no coat; nature has given him one of thick, long hair; but he wears a very fine collar, which is not infrequently studded with stones that go well with his brown pelt. Turquoises are the favorites.

Up and down the Avenue and round and round the park goes the afternoon parade of carriages, every other one furnished with a pet dog. When there are dogs in the traffic, as there often are at such crowded points as Forty-Second Street and Thirty-Fourth, the foot passengers go more slowly that they may gaze, not alone at the beautiful ladies lolliing back with anguished elegance amid their furs, but at the dogs. They often laugh at the bull-terriers with collars of carlet leather studded with brass knobs; at the fox-terriers in tan-colored covert-coats, with pockets from one of which the corner of a tiny handkerchief pro-

trudes; at the spaniels craning their heads from their jeweled neck-bands; at the pompous and melancholy dignity of the black poodles.

But everybody does not laugh. Just after the blizzard I was walking on Fifth Avenue at that part where gangs of snow-shovelers were at work. There had been a great number of unemployed men in the city, and many of these had joined the ranks of the snow-shovelers. Some of them would shovel for an hour or two to make money enough to get a meal or a drink or a night's lodging. I mentioned before in one of my letters of having been greatly struck this winter by the variety of classes represented in these gangs. One often noticed men who were obviously of a refined and educated type. Many handled their shovels like amateurs. Now and then one noticed a man who seemed not to have sufficient strength for the work, a sunken-cheeked, hollow-eyed wreck of a human being.

Among these men there were not many who laughed at the dogs. The piles of snow made the carriage-way very narrow. The shovelers worked close to the wheels of the slow file of showy vehicles, and every now and then, at a shouted command from the leader of the gang, drew back, and, leaning on their shovels, stood at ease for a breathing space, almost brushed by the passing wheels. Dressed in a motley assortment of ragged overcoats and caps, many of them with their feet tied up in gunny-sacks, their hands blue with the cold, and their brows perspiring with the violence of their labor, they looked at the dogs, squatting on the back seats of these luxurious equipages, with eyes in which there was little humor. It was a curious juxtaposition of opposites: the degraded man in the abjectness of his poverty; the elevated beast in the contentment of his luxury.

I heard some people, the other day, talking of the friction between rich and poor in New York. One of them took a pessimistic, not to say tragic, view of the situation. He prophesied disastrous happenings, unless the condition of the poor was alleviated, or the extravagance of the rich made less open; taken from the public's direct observation, which it was enraging and afflicting. He spoke of revolution, and said that it was within the bonds of possibility that some day the Vanderbilt and Astor palaces would be sacked by mobs. To hear a person talking this way of our peaceful and generous land was, to put it mildly, startling, and yet, thinking it over afterward, the memory of the snow-shovelers' faces, as they looked at the pet dogs, came like a sort of confirmatory foot-note on the remarks of the pessimist.

Where the New York rich are so stupid, are so lacking in what one might call good taste, is in the way they rub their riches in. The intrusive impudence of their "slumming parties" is only part of it. Some girls and men I know told me of going across town to a picturesque East Side restaurant in automobiles, the girls dressed as they would go to dinner at Delmonico's. Then they were surprised and enraged because the small boys of the neighborhood jeered at them, and adventurous ones threw stones from safe distances. They could not understand why this should be; why their automobiles and gay plumage should evoke resentment rather than the awed admiration they had probably expected.

But most enraging of all to the poor must be those wretched pet dogs. Fortunately the very poor don't see them, for the canines' public peregrinations are confined to localities where the obscure and lowly are not in evidence. But what must be the feelings of the East Side mother who knows her children to be half clad and half fed, when she looks at a squat, grim-visaged bulldog surveying life from the back seat of an automobile? Her children in rags that hardly cover their bodies, while the bulldog, to whom nature has already given a hairy covering, wears a fur-lined coat made by a dog's tailor. Her children go with half-empty stomachs, while the bulldog has its appetites tempted with all manner of dog's dainties. Her children are to become the future men and women of the country, yet they are ill cared for, not wanted, and get little affection; while the bulldog is a domestic treasure, admired by troops of friends, exercised by obsequious servants, and worshiped by an adoring mistress.

If the East Side mother ever thought it all out and had a gift of lurid oratory, what a sensation she would make promulgating her views at a Socialist meeting or haranguing her sister East Side mothers from a soap-box on the street corner. That the rich child can have all and the poor child nothing, is an edict as old as the world; centuries have broken in the poor child's mother to an uncomplaining recognition of it. But when it comes to the dog having it all, with gold dishes and jeweled collars thrown in, it must be hard to bear. The thought that your baby may be dying from mal-nutrition and bad air, while another woman's dog is being pampered in every canine whim, should breed the passions that make anarchists and revolutions.

And apart from everything else, those women in their carriages do look such fools with their dogs. A dog is essentially an outdoor animal, a thing that runs and walks, the best companion in the world for a promenade. And to divert it from its normal life and ways, wrap it in foolish coverings, deck it with absurd ornaments, and make it sit up on the back seat of a carriage, is to render it as ridiculous as a self-respecting beast can be made. The dogs often look as if they

felt it and were keenly mortified. Their owners are the only ones who really appear to regard the presence and get-up of the canine as a serious and creditable thing. They look solemnly complacent as they lean back on their cushions and survey the passing through with vague, indifferent eyes. Sometimes they are those wonderful old ladies, with bright pink cheeks, ripply red-brown hair, and improbably white noses. To see one of these lounging superbly back in a sumptuous victoria, with a shame-faced bull-terrier on the seat beside her trying to look indifferent to his checked overcoat and his gold collar, is to see a sight that would be delightfully funny if it were not also exceedingly exasperating and a little pitiful.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The rank of knighthood in the French Legion of Honor has been conferred upon Adelina Patti.

General Jacob S. Coxey, of commonwealth fame, was declared a bankrupt in the United States court at Columbus, O., Friday. His liabilities are placed at \$285,000.

General John Palmer, formerly commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, died last Saturday at his home in Albany. His death resulted from a wound at the spine which he received in the Civil War, and from which he suffered since that conflict.

Daniel Flickinger Wilberforce, who was educated at great expense by the United Brethren Church of this country and sent twenty-five years ago to labor in the mission fields in Africa, has become a savage again, chief of a West African tribe of devil worshippers. Wilberforce, the church announces, has been dropped from the roll of membership.

The untold friends of Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel")—friends because they have read "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," "My Farm at Edgewood," and his other works—will learn with pleasure that the aged author is still passing his days in enjoyment of life on his quiet Edgewood, Conn., farm, and in the full possession of his vigorous intellect.

It is remarkable that Julia Ward Howe, now in her eighty-sixth year, remains so decidedly a figure of the present. She still is active in the movement for the legal and political rights of women, at whose birth she assisted and whose growth she fostered and championed; for the rest she is "remembered" by the mass of Americans only as the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Rev. John Hutchins, a Congregational minister who has been visiting John D. Rockefeller at his home, says that "each morning after the breakfast there were family prayers with reading from the Bible. As a minister, with an experience in many charges [he continues] one comes to know something of this function. Of the observance in this particular family I can say that none in any place ever impressed me more with its loving earnestness and simplicity. The entire atmosphere of the family life was the atmosphere of love."

In the person of James F. Hyde, city treasurer, Lincoln, Neb., has probably the oldest municipal officer in the United States who is engaged each day in the performance of his duties. Mr. Hyde is ninety-two years old, yet each day he appears at the City Hall, works during office hours, and then departs to take up other work which utilizes his time until six o'clock. Mr. Hyde eats only two meals each day—breakfast, and dinner at six o'clock. He rarely retires before midnight, and arises at an early hour. For breakfast he indulges in pancakes, hard boiled eggs, and coffee. He is an inveterate smoker. He scorns the use of a cane, and alights from street cars while in motion.

Sir Francis Jeune, or, to give him his proper title, Lord St. Heliers, died in London the other day. He was a former divorce-court judge. T. P. O'Conner once said of him: "Very kindly, very dispassionate, very indulgent, very broad-minded, he was eminently suited to deal with those domestic tragedies which often puzzle even the keenest intellects and the most experienced men of the world. It may be that he was inclined to take too favorable a view of the woman's side of the quarrel; it is certain that this readiness and breadth of sympathy as well as his openness of mind, led him to largely extend and to largely humanize the law of marriage and of divorce."

Grover Cleveland, in a recent magazine article in defense of hunting and fishing, speaks of his contempt of those who have seen in his excursions merely dishonest devices to cover scandalous revelry, but another charge brought against him he sonorously and scquipedalianly admits—thus: "Not many years ago I found that considerable indignation had been aroused among good neighbors and friends because it had been said of me that I was willing to associate in the field with any loafer who was the owner of a dog and a gun. I am sure I did not in the least undervalue the extreme friendliness of those inclined to intervene in my defense, and yet at the risk of doing an apparently ungracious thing I felt inexorably constrained to check their kindly efforts by promptly conceding that the charge was too nearly true to be denied."

GOOD STORIES OF THE PIONEERS.

T. E. Farish's Many Vivacious Anecdotes of Early Californians—
Sutter, Lawrence, Judge Field, Colonel McKibben,
"Jack" Hayes, Henry Miller, and Fair.

"The Gold-Hunters of California," by Thomas E. Farish, has already received a brief notice in these columns; but the stories the author tells are so good, his manner so vivacious, and his sense of humor so keen that, despite the volume's total lack of literary distinction and (since it is frankly written from memory) of truly historical value, a few extracts may not fail of interest. Some of the stories will be familiar to old Californians; others appear to be new; very few of them will fail to amuse the younger generation.

Mr. Farish was born in Macon, Tenn., in the late thirties; he was therefore quite a youngster when, in 1852, he accompanied the family on the journey to California by way of Panama. He has a good deal to say of early San Francisco that is fairly familiar, and he tells numerous anecdotes of odd experiences, of which the following is a sample:

Hens' eggs were worth almost their weight in gold. I remember a couple of young men recently landed from Tennessee, dropped into Aldrich's for breakfast one morning. Not being aware of the rarity and consequent prices of eggs in California, and having five dollars still left with which to pay for breakfast for two they calmly ordered their usual breakfast of eggs and toast. When the bill was presented the young gentlemen saw, to their consternation, that the amount was ten dollars. They had only five; what was to be done?

After a consultation together, it was decided that one of them should remain while the other should go out to look for Colonel Gift, an old-time friend whom they knew to be in the city.

The colonel was soon found, who, after hearing the story of his young friend and asking who was with him, inquired what they had had for breakfast.

"Eggs," was the reply.
"Eggs! Eggs!" exclaimed the colonel. "Did you not know, you blankety-blank fool, that hens lay gold in California?"

"I did not, but I do," said our young friend.
"Well," continued the colonel, kindly handing over a fifty-dollar gold slug, "take this and remember, after this, that you are not in Tennessee, where eggs are given away."

Mr. Farish devotes several pages to accounts of gambling in old San Francisco, when games were unlimited, and bets from one thousand to five thousand dollars, on a single card, were not infrequent. He tells the following story of the largest bet of which he ever heard:

A man by the name of Moore had been betting and lost over and over sums aggregating several thousand dollars on the game of faro. Finally, as he turned to leave, the dealer asked: "Are you through?"

Moore halted, hesitated, then turning and taking from his pocket a key, held it up, and said: "I will bet you everything in my safe, which this key unlocks, on the ten."

"How much is in your safe?" inquired the dealer.
"I do not know; but it is a large sum. If you win take the key, open the safe, and secure all the money you find there. If I win, we will go to the safe together, count the money, and you must cover the amount," was the answer.

The challenge was accepted, the bet made, and Moore won something over forty-seven thousand dollars.

Among the author's character sketches of the prominent citizens of San Francisco in the early fifties is one of a Mr. Lawrence, the attorney for Palmer, Cooke & Co., a most able lawyer, but very eccentric, as the following anecdote of his life will go to show:

At one time, after a night of drinking and gambling, he one afternoon called on Palmer at the bank, dressed in gray flannel shirt and overalls, a broad-brimmed hat, a belt containing two six-shooters and a bowie-knife around his waist, and informed Palmer that he intended to leave on the afternoon boat for Sacramento and the mines.

"Why do you do that?" inquired Palmer.
"Because I have spent all my money and must earn more," said Lawrence, who never kept any account of how he stood at the bank.

"Why," said Palmer, "you have not spent all your money, surely. Let me see." And turning to the book of daily accounts, he continued: "You have a credit here of \$5,000."

"Have I?" asked Lawrence, incredulously.
"Yes, so the books show."

Well, then, I will not go," decided Lawrence, who returned to his office and his practice of law.

Many stories are told of John A. Sutter, illustrating his fealty to his friends. One anecdote will suffice here:

During the winter of 1852, when Sacramento was a marsh, and drainage ditches had just been dug, one evening after a tremor and he had been indulging a little too freely in the cup they were taking a stroll before retiring for the night, when the friend inadvertently fell into one of the newly dug canals.

"I can not pull you out," said Sutter, regretfully, as he looked down at his less lucky friend, "but I can come down and sit with you," which he did.

Stephen J. Field was the leading lawyer of the time at Marysville. He enjoyed a very large and lucrative practice of the law. In 1859, he was elected to the supreme bench of the State of California. At that time he had two or three suits in which Mr. Farish was a party, and he gives this account of an interview:

Two days before he left to take his seat upon the bench, having some business with him in reference to these suits, I called to see him. After some conversation, Mr. Field said to me: "Tom, do you know I am paying the people of California over \$10,000 a year for the privilege of serving them up on the supreme bench of the State?"

Then he went on to say that the year previous he had received in taxes some \$47,000.

Then he placed his hands over his face as he solemnly swore by the name of "Ambition! Ambition! Glory! Glory!" Then looking up, he cheerfully said: "Well, well, I suppose it will touch me economy to live on \$6,000 a year!"

At this time in California's history, Mexicans of the lower class were the especial *bête noir* of that early, pioneer society; and, to be a Mexican of the *peon*

class, was to be an object of suspicion on general principles. "The following incident," says Mr. Farish, "will better illustrate this state of affairs than any description":

It was in 1850, when the Mexican laws were in force, and the stealing of an animal was punishable by death.

A man by the name of Moore, who afterward became a noted criminal lawyer, was *alcalde* at San José. Before him was arraigned a Mexican, charged with stealing a horse. Moore listened to all the evidence adduced, and after hearing the statement of the Mexican, questioned him as follows:

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"
"Si, señor," came the reply.
"Do you roll them, pouring the tobacco in your hand so?" illustrating.

"Si, señor," answered the prisoner.
"Do you re-roll the cigarettes, bend them in the middle, and when smoking blow the smoke through the nose?" pursued the judge.

"Si, señor," again responded the Mexican.
"Take the fellow out and shoot him. He stole the horse, sure," relentlessly decided the judge in conclusion.

Speaking of "Artemus Ward," Mr. Farish tells this anecdote:

He visited San Francisco in 1862, and delivered there his famous lecture, "The Babes in the Woods."

While there, Artemus received a dispatch from an Eastern manager relative to that lecture, that read like this: "What will you take for one hundred nights?"

The answer was sent back: "Brandy and water."

In the pages of the volume there is rather an extended notice of J. C. McKibben, a Californian, who enlisted in the Union army, and served throughout the war:

After the Battle of Gettysburg, McKibben was detailed to convey a lot of Confederate prisoners to Camp Lookout, among the rest a colonel. They were covered with smoke and dust of battle, and were objects of great curiosity to the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers who, up to that time, had never seen a real live "Reb."

At one of their halting places an old farmer interviewed the colonel, asking him if he did not think he was doing very wrong in fighting to break up the best government the world ever saw. The colonel replied they were fighting for their homes, their friends, and all that they held most dear. Altogether, the farmer was worsted in the argument, and finally said: "I wish you would answer me one question."

"All right, certainly; and is it?" was the courteous response.

"Are all rebels as dirty and ragged as you fellows?"
"This was too much for our colonel, a Virginian, to accept complacently, and the response came: "Do you think Southern gentlemen put on their Sunday clothes to butcher hogs?"

It is of this same McKibben that Mr. Farish writes:

When I last saw McKibben he told me he had \$100,000, was still a bachelor, that he was educating five young ladies so they could take care of themselves, and that his only desire was that he could have sixty days' notice before his demise in which to spend all his earnings before he passed away.

An incident of an early legislative session is thus detailed:

Tom Fowler, of Tulare County, was an illiterate, voluble Irishman. He arose, he began his speech, talked railway subsidies, no fence law, stock-raising, and almost everything else. About every five minutes he would pause and take a drink of water. So frequent did this irrigation act become, that James Green, of Marin County, raised a point of order. "State your point of order," said President Holden.

"I object," said James Green, "to seeing a windmill run by water."

Here is another choice bit of legislative wit:

Horace Hawes conceived a great animosity to his colleague, Senator Dodge, which he made no effort to conceal, either in public or private. In a debate upon some measure where, as usual, they opposed each other, Hawes once said: "Mr. President, I have traveled a great deal during my life, not only in my own country, but in the British Isles and Europe. Among other places, I have visited the 'Eternal City.' While in Rome I saw the art gallery of the Vatican, and I was delighted with the many beautiful paintings of the old masters there exhibited. One in particular commanded my attention. It was Christ and His Disciples at the Last Supper; and had I not known, Mr. President, from the antiquity of the picture, that such a thing was impossible, I should have thought that Senator Dodge sat for the portrait of Judas Iscariot."

Of Colonel John C. Hayes, who served with distinction under Scott in the Mexican War, Mr. Farish tells an amusing story. It appears that Hayes, with his command, had been out scouting, but on his return Hayes made no report to General Scott, who sent for him. It should be borne in mind that General Scott was a veritable martinet in enforcing military discipline. After Hayes was seated in the commander's headquarters, Scott said:

"Colonel Hayes, I have received no report of your expedition against the padre."

"I did not think it worth while," said Hayes.

"Every officer of the army is required to make a full report of everything to his superior officer. Please make your report verbally."

Hayes began by saying that he struck the padre's trail on a certain day, followed it for two days, and on the third day, while his command was resting at noon and taking their *siesta*, the old padre came down on them. That the boys gathered themselves together and whipped the Mexicans off, killing quite a number of the padre's command. His own loss being insignificant: one killed and three wounded.

"Surprised you, eh?" queried Scott.

"Yes; we were not expecting him."

"Where were your pickets?"

"Did not have any."

"What! A colonel in the regular army of the United States go into camp in the heart of the enemy's country and never place a picket on guard? What would you do if surprised when asleep?"

"Shoot the first man that waked me up," was the cool reply.

Another story of this redoubtable fighter, who was the first sheriff of San Francisco:

Hayes never drilled his command; with him it was "Come on, boys," and they followed where he led.

After the Battle of Monterey, in which his gallantry was conspicuous, a number of young lieutenants, graduates of West Point, visited his camp to pay their compliments to "Fighting Jack." They found him frying bacon, surrounded by soldiers, with nothing to distinguish him from those about him.

"Where can we find Colonel Hayes?" inquired the spokes-

"I think you will find him over yonder," pointing to a group of men about a hundred yards away.

Riding over to the group indicated, the young men made the same inquiry. To their surprise and chagrin they were informed that the man with the frying-pan was the officer they were in search of.

They rode back to their headquarters without further effort to make his acquaintance.

Still another of Hayes:

Hayes said that on entering the City of Mexico very strict orders had been issued against pillaging, but that he discovered one of his men—John Garvin—coming out of a church with a gold crucifix in his hand.

"I ordered him to take it back," said Hayes in the relation to me. "The man hesitated, and replied: 'Now, colonel, I have got a wife and three children back in Texas, and this little Jesus will do us a power of good.'"

"I reiterated my command, peremptorily, to take it back, and rode away," continued Hayes, "but I am satisfied that for the first and perhaps the last time in his life John stuck to his Jesus."

Speaking of Henry Miller, the cattle king, Mr. Farish says that none knew better than he the value of a reliable, efficient man, and he always rewarded such. He tells this story, apropos:

Once, on one of his Kern County ranches, he had a foreman with whom he quarreled. The foreman said: "If it were not that you are a smaller man than I, I would beat you half to death."

At this Miller threw off his coat and went for the man. The foreman succeeded in giving him a good trouncing; then demanded a settlement, which was made. That all over with, Miller apologized and hired the man over again, with an advance in wages. He knew he had a good man.

Another story of Miller:

I remember meeting Miller once at Firebaugh's Ferry, on the San Joaquin River, when he was buying so much land. It was at breakfast, and a man called "Hog" Johnson began to criticize Miller's purchases, when Miller turned to him, and said: "Hog, you knows dere iss more peoples born into de world efferly year dan dies out of it, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Hog.

"Vell, dey all haf to lif off de land, and dere iss no more land borned efferly year."

"A wise maxim," says the author, "which, if I had followed in early life in California, I might now be a millionaire instead of having spent most of my days in running through drifts, tunnels, and shafts."

A very good story this, of James D. Fair:

Mr. Fair had a servant-girl who had earned a considerable amount in wages. She was taken with the speculative fever, so common among all classes of people in California at that time. She went to "Uncle Jimmie" and solicited pointers.

"Well, well," said he, "so you want to speculate? Don't do it. You know, my girl, you might lose your money. It is a dangerous game."

"But," said the girl, "everybody is making money. I have \$400, and I want to invest."

Fair would not listen to her then, but after much urging he finally yielded, and said: "You must not tell anybody living what I am advising you to do."

"Oh, no, Mr. Fair, I won't," replied the unsophisticated maid.

"Well, well, I believe you won't," said Fair, hesitatingly, and looking in her face. "Go and buy 'Ophir.'"

The girl explained that she did not know how to buy, and handed her money over to Fair—\$400.

As soon as the evening meal was over, the servant-girl, in her best dress, strolled over to Mrs. O'Sullivan's, Miss Finnigan's, and the others of her set, and confidentially gave away the information that Mr. Fair had given her on the matter of "Ophir," and that "Uncle Jimmie" had told her that "Ophir" was going up.

All the Irish in Virginia City and the Catholics in general began to buy "Ophir" stock.

It is supposed that "Uncle Jimmie" had sold it "short." In a few weeks "Ophir" began to slump. It went down, down, as rapidly as it had gone up.

The servant-girl went to her employer in much trepidation, and said: "Mr. Fair, I suppose I have lost my money."

"Lost your money!" echoed Fair, apparently surprised.

"Yes," moaned the girl. "You told me to buy 'Ophir,' and I gave you my money to invest in it."

"Well, well," replied "Foxy Grandpa," "buy 'Ophir'—perhaps I did, Mary. I had forgotten all about it. Here is your money, Mary, and take my advice and don't buy any stocks. What you should do is to get a big Mick to protect you."

Published by M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago.

The London *Tatler* tells why no hymn under thirty-seven is sung at the English church at Monte Carlo. A member of the congregation, a certain English peer, once went to the rooms on Sunday immediately after the morning service and put the maximum on thirty-two, the number of the last hymn. It turned up and the "inspiration" was widely talked about, as such things are in the frivolous society of the principality.

The next Sunday the little church was crowded, and the last hymn being again a low number an unseemly rush to the rooms took place directly it was announced.

Curiously enough the number again turned up and the bank was badly hit. On the following Sunday the church would not hold all the would-be worshippers, but their ungodly intent was frustrated, as all the hymns were "off the board" and have been so ever since. The highest number on the roulette table is thirty-six.

No relatives, no friends, were at Victoria Station, London, the other day, to receive the coffin containing the remains of the late Marquis of Anglesey. It was in the hands of the insurance men, who demanded the identification of the body, for about a quarter of a million sterling was involved in the insurance on the life of the late marquis.

"Yes, that's the late Marquis of Anglesey," were the only words spoken in the dimly lit room in Baker Street, to which the coffin had been conveyed to be opened. Then, the form of identification over, the lid was screwed down again, and the coffin was carried by strangers, unattended by mourners, to the train which was to convey it to Wales.

At the funeral, there were only two mourners—the new marquis and Lord Ingestre, the late marquis's brother-in-law.

A COMEDY IN COURT.

Extraordinary Legal Fight in London Over the Authorship of "The Cingalee"—Playwrights' Methods.

Mr. Justice Darling's court-room in the Royal Courts of Justice might all this last week have been a theatre, and the proceedings a musical comedy—without the music, of course. Yet ranged about in full sight of the large audience which daily thronged the court were the men who could have improvised airs and choruses for the talk that went on, had such been required. Such a band of the popular composers and lyric writers of the day—to say nothing of the librettists—has never been grouped together before. For there sat Lionel Monckton, Paul Rubens, Ivan Caryll, Percy Greenbank, and Adrian Ross (whose songs are known all over the world, and have been sung and whistled in the streets of every town in civilization for the past ten or fifteen years—certainly since "The Geisha" set the fashion of our present-day musical comedy and dethroned so completely Gilhert and Sullivan).

With these gentlemen (accommodated with seats wherever they could find them) were all the musical-comedy actors of the day, including the three Grossmiths and Huntley Wright. And the actresses. Dear me! After the first day, it got about among the service clubs and other West End retreats, where London's gilded youth of the Guards do mostly congregate, and then the court ushers must have made a fortune in tips, for sure never did court-room before contain so many swell and titled "Johnnies" as came day after day and sat through the proceedings from morning start till evening finish. Not even the famous Tranby Croft baccharat case, or the later Hartopp divorce suit drew such big houses of young men. And the reason of this, as I have forshadowed, was because all the pretty creatures, whom one could pay to see every night at the different theatres, were there to be seen for nothing.

For there—some together in twos and threes, and others dotted here and there singly—were Marie Studholme, Agnes Fraser, Ellaline Terriss, Maudie Darrell, Gabrielle Ray, Isabel Tav, Bertie Millar, Coralie Blithe, and last, but not least by any means, Connie Ediss. There were, of course, many others of less note. As musical-play actresses, I mean, not as beauties, and I am bound to say that the latter qualification was the more attractive to the youths who sat and gazed at them through single eye-glasses. Indeed, altogether these ladies formed a galaxy of enchanting female loveliness seldom seen anywhere, and least of all in a sombre court of law. The flutter of feather boas and stoles, the nodding of plumed and beflowered hats, the frou-frou of new crinolined skirts, the swish of lace petticoats, and, over all, the atmosphere of crushed violets, made one feel—especially as one looked from face to face of the divinities themselves—that one had dropped into fairyland by mistake. However, a glance at the grav-wigged and black-gowned bar quickly brought one back to the realities of life.

The case which brought out all these people has been a very sensational one, for it has exhibited in a clear light the crooked ways of the popular librettist of modern musical comedy, and shown up his methods to obtain original ideas. To be as brief as possible, this is what it was all about: A certain Captain Fraser, of the Indian army (whose officers are British army-officers lent by the English Government), wrote the libretto, the dialogue, and the lyrics for a musical play to be called "The Lotus Girl"—the scene to be laid in Cashmir. This he put before Mr. George Edwardes, the great patron, proprietor, and manager of musical plays in London. Edwardes liked Fraser's play, and paid him a hundred pounds for the option of it, finally agreeing to get a composer to write the music for it, and to produce it in two years' time or forfeit three hundred pounds' penalty. Pleased as Punch, Fraser went back to India. But time dragged on. Nothing was done. Fraser got impatient, and came to England again to see about it. Edwardes hummed and hawed, suggested alterations, made difficulties, vacillated, and delayed, ending up by proposing that Fraser rewrite the play in collaboration with a certain Tanner.

Now, this Tanner is a retained writer of Edwardes, a chap who writes plays to order for him. Fraser reluctantly consented, and had an interview with this man Tanner, the upshot of which was that they couldn't agree. Tanner abused the play, and Fraser walked off in a huff. Then he went back to India again. Still, nothing was done with "The Lotus Girl"; but a few months later on a new musical play by Tanner, called "The Cingalee," was produced under Edwardes's management at Daly's Theatre in London, Lionel Monckton having composed the music for it.

It was soon apparent, and quickly reached the ears of Captain Fraser, that Tanner, who, of course, had free access as Edwardes's servant to the manuscript of "The Lotus Girl," had merely changed the scene from

Cashmir to Ceylon, altered the names of the characters, and given it a new name, taking credit for having written an original play. This was a little too much for Fraser; so back to England again he came and brought action for damages against Edwardes for bagging the flesh and blood of his "Lotus Girl," and stuffing them into the dry skeleton furnished to order by Mr. Tanner. Well, of course, there has been a big fight over it. Captain Fraser, a neat, dapper, well-groomed, youngish-looking man, with the tan of an Indian sun on his face, had secured the services of Eldon Bankes, K. C., one of the most tenacious, pugnacious, not to say loquacious, men at the bar, as his leading counsel; while George Edwardes, not to be outdone, and up to date in everything, as well as his musical plays, retained the new legal luminary, Rufus Isaacs, K. C., the man whom every one admits convicted Whittaker Wright, and drove him to a suicide's grave. He is a Jew, of course, as regular a "S'elp me gracious" in looks as Lord Dalmony, but of a more delicate, refined, and intellectual type. He is also no end of a swell socially—now that the king walked about with him arm in arm at a smoking concert the other night—and lives in Eaton or Belgrave Square, no less, where they say his papa keeps out of sight. Isaacs, however, became ill, and had to go home, and a Mr. Gill—a fat, well-fed, glossy-faced Irishman, with not so much brogue as Sir Edward Carson, but with all the fight of Donnybrook Fair in his overwhelming voice—took his place. The judge, Sir Charles Darling, is the most up-to-date judge on the English bench. He has a clear head, a quick, incisive manner; is a sound jurist. Besides this, he is a man of much humor: so that there was one burst of laughter after another in the court throughout the trial at his sallies and witticisms, and those he unconsciously drew from others in answer to his questions. From the start you could see that he understood there had been some "hocus pocus" going on, and that he meant to have it shown up. Edwardes in his evidence said that there was not the least likeness between "The Lotus Girl" and "The Cingalee," and had previously said he always alternated his productions with plays as much unlike each other as possible. "Then why don't you bring out the plaintiff's play as soon as the run of 'The Cingalee' is over? Will you?" asked the judge. There was such a roar of laughter, in which the jury heartily joined, that Edwardes's answer, if he made any, wasn't heard. The whole thing was, however, so plain that it seemed absurd to drag the trial over five days. However, it gave the young lordlings and honorables and others a chance to gaze longingly at Gabrielle Ray, the young lady who, in "The Orchid," as a novelty, turns a complete somersault in her ordinary female attire before the face and eyes of the audience. It would have been quite in order, with all the fun there was going on, to have her repeat the performance there.

When Tanner, Edwardes's scribe and convict, went into the witness-box and swore not only that he did not take one idea for "The Cingalee" from "The Lotus Girl," but that the whole scheme of plot and dialogue was in his head for months before he ever read Fraser's manuscript, even the judge and jury burst out into a loud guffaw. Looking back at those days in court, for they were over on Wednesday, I don't think I ever laughed so much in all my life during the same length of time.

Well, of course the jury found for the plaintiff. There was nothing else they could do after they had seen and heard Tanner. And the judge instructed them in that direction. He was fairness itself, but that was where it was. So Captain Fraser was given three thousand pounds' damages and costs (which means all of a thousand more) against Edwardes, and there was loud applause in court at the verdict. Edwardes's face looked like a rainbow, or a bad hand at bridge, and the flash he gave poor Tanner didn't bode well for that lackadaisical gentleman's peace in the near future. Mr. Gill nearly had a fit, but Gedon Bankes smiled serenely. I need not say that the result pleases everybody except "the gang." By whom I mean a set of writers of librettos and their music, who have seemed to acquire a monopoly in their production. If it wasn't one, it was the other who did the work. No outsider had a look in. And these men—idealess themselves for the most part—were only too glad to crib any they could get their hands on, by fair means or foul. The latest dodge has been to advertise a prize competition for plots. Hundreds are sent in, read, the novelties therein noted for future use: witty hits, puns, jokes, songs, colloquial hits—in fact, all the new ideas—are appropriated. Then the manuscripts, expensively typewritten, are politely returned and declined with thanks, while one of the gang gets the "prize." The decision in this case will, it is hoped, put a stop to this scandalous piracy.

LONDON, April 1, 1905. COCKAIGNE.

The principal race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) is a handicap, one mile and three-sixteenths, for four-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$1,000.

EASTER RHYMES.

Anthem.

SOPRANO—Behold my new hat.
 QUARTET—Her new hat, her new hat, her new hat.
 ALTO—It is a fright, a fright, a fright!
 SOPRANO—It is a joy unto the sight.
 BASSO—You are a peach in your new hat.
 TENOR—I've got my own thoughts as to that.
 ALTO—O thank you, thank you, thank you.
 SOPRANO—It cost me more than any here.
 ALTO—That's very queer; that's very queer.
 QUARTET—O hear, O hear, O hear!
 ALTO—I priced it myself
 When it lay on the shelf,
 And I know, and I know
 That the price was quite low—
 Much lower than mine, indeed.
 SOPRANO—Indeed! INDEED!
 ALTO—Yes, yes, indeed!
 SOPRANO—You hateful old thing!
 ALTO—It's the style of last spring.
 BASSO—Hush, hush.
 TENOR—Tush, tush!
 SOPRANO—O very well, then I'll resign
 If her hat is as nice as mine.
 ALTO—Alas, I grieve to see you go—
 But my hat was the highest, though.
 QUARTET—Now all is joy; now all is peace!
 Ring out ye bells and glad the air!
 ALTO—Such hats as yours are five apiece!
 SOPRANO—It's no such thing at all. So there!
 BASSO—Hush, hush.
 TENOR—Tush, tush.
 QUARTET—And now let stillness soothe the air
 While silver bells in gladness ring;
 Our hearts are free from hate or care—
 SOPRANO AND ALTO—I think you are a hateful thing!
 QUARTET—(Crescendo)
 As it was in the beginning,
 Is now and ever shall be,
 World without end!—Life.

The Rhyme of an Easter Bonnet.

A maid there was, who her wealth would spend
 (Even as you and I!)
 On an Easter bonnet, that to this end
 She might rival the hat of her dearest friend—
 For at Easter to head-gear one's thoughts always tend.
 (Nobody need deny!)
 Oh, the wear on the brain and the hard, hard strain
 In choosing one's Easter bonnet!
 For it must be at once bewitching, unique,
 Endowed with the smartness of Parisian "chic."
 To show for the price spent upon it.
 At length she espies a regular prize,
 (Even as you did, and I!)
 And the saleslady tells her her choice is wise—
 'Tis the latest chapeau from Poree advertised—
 Not another in stock of its trimmings and size,
 (You heard that, too, and I!)
 On Easter the maid with self-gratulation
 (Even as you and I!)
 Set out for church in her Paris creation,
 Hoping to dazzle the whole congregation,
 And to give the young rector a heart palpitation,
 (Even as you and I!)
 But ever pride must take a fall in the dust!
 Her sense of exclusive possession
 Was marred by the very enraging fact
 That though she still wore the original hat
 That modiste had made scores just like it—the cat!
 (Thus endeth this sad Easter lesson!)
 —Mazie Caruthers in New York Times.

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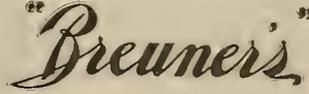
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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Books by Californians.

"The First Wardens," the poem which gives it name to a volume of a hundred pages, by William J. Neidig, was first printed in the columns of the *Argonaut* while Mr. Neidig was a member of its staff. That fact shall not restrain us, however, from saying without equivocation that the poem is a very noble and beautiful one, and that this thin book at once places the name of Mr. Neidig definitely on the brief list of men of the West who are poets. But, despite that "The First Wardens" contains such lovely lines as "Down the still lanes of peace will walk away," and

"... For beauty hath no bell
To toll her legions into beds of ease."

"The First Wardens" is not the best of this poet's achievement. It is in "Mission Carmel" that we find a poem so full of beauty that it is no falsehood to call it Keatsian, and no profanation to say that it remotely approaches in spirit of beauty the incomparable "Eve of Saint Agnes." As witness this verse:

"It was the dawn. A stain crept up the sky;
The night had not yet brushed her eyes of dew;
Round the cool earth the cloak was gathered high
Of sleep, and not a dream-thought showing through;
With drowsy gems and star-heat tears of rue
The yucca's nodding spires were mounted bright;
And cactus regiments stood where they grew,
Confederate and armed, to guard all night
The beautiful silent desert till the morning light."

Though they contain not so much poetry, it is to be suspected that a series of twelve sonnets, called "A Woman's Ring," will attract more attention than anything else in the volume. They have intense "human interest" (which has little to do with poetry) and display a Browningesque insight into the heart of woman. "Alvah and Azubah" is a finely dramatic poem, absolute in its veracity. "The Prince of Paupers" is another well-made narrative poem, and no poem that we note is unworthy of inclusion in a volume that as a whole is distinguished, indeed. In conclusion, we quote one of the slighter but very charming lyrics:

PROMISE OF HAWTHORNS.

A laugh of hawthorn buds for me?
To-morrow they will be in bloom.
The life and fragrance of the tree!
Aye, they already change the room!

But why for me, who have not earned
Blessing of hawthorn from your hand?
Whose lighted forge-fires have not burned?
Whose fields still fail of harvest-stand?

Who scarce have added color-ode
To meagerest canvas, good or bad?
No; nor achievement freed my soul
Of any vision that I had?

You say, it is the hawthorn's need
To bear May-hissons? You esteem
As precious as the ripened deed
The scent and beauty of the dream?

Sure dawn hath touched them on the brow!
White daylight trembles on their eyes!
And oh, t' bless your hawthorn bough!
To-morrow shall be fragrant skies!

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.00.

It is only within the past few years that much has been done in a literary line bearing upon Japan and the Japanese in history and art, though for more than a quarter of a century Japan's subtle influence upon the art expression of the West has been vital and far-reaching.

War, practical and lurid, has drawn the attention of the world to the Orient. Books are flooding the reviewer's desk. All that is Japanese is now becoming popular, the arts of Japan are being recognized, and some understanding of the art of the Orient and its motive is spreading beyond the narrow circle of the hyper-artistic.

"Impressions of Ukiyo-ye," by Dora Amisden, is a timely and valuable addition to the field of literature. This little book has unusual qualities, for it not only reaches obscure places in the minds of cultivated aesthetes, but it is so simply and sincerely written that those who seek in hopes of learning will return from her book's realm with abundant gleanings of new knowledge.

The best essay is a lucid story of the early influences that developed the wonderful art of print-making of the "popular school" (Ukiyo-ye), an unusual chapter which contains material that is necessary to an adequate comprehension of all art expression developed through the later work of the Japanese artist, not only in painting and illustrating, but also in every branch of art, for the basic motive of this art was felt alike by artist and artisan. The author shows knowledge of her subject, which is doubtless due to a personal familiarity with Japan and the Japanese, and also to a careful study of the best authorities. And she carries the reader into a place of peculiar personal sympathy with the artist, as men human and earthly real.

The chapters of this book upon Hokusai

and Utamaro are notable. We are given in these essays a delightful sense of intimate acquaintance with those characters in Japan's art history. Hokusai—the man of indomitable purpose, humor, poetry, and many moods; Hokusai—friend of the people, with the soul of the elect. Utamaro we find a contrast in details of temperament and yet with many points of curious similarity. Utamaro—the impressionist; the artist crowning his art expression with the actual, sensual quality; the mechanical worker of magical dexterity; the poet ever turning his lines to express passions, cloaked seductively in a finished art; and finally, Utamaro, the man of a ribald world steeped in sensual indulgences. Many fine distinctions are drawn by the author in describing the work of the artists of this school which shed new light upon the subject heretofore comparatively obscure. Those interested in Japanese prints will find more than words to help them to gain a familiarity with the work of the masters of the school of Ukiyo-ye. The book is interestingly produced, and in beautiful harmony with its subject. The publishers are to be congratulated upon the general make up of "Impressions of Ukiyo-ye."

Published by Paul Elder, San Francisco.

"For To-Day," by Frances Margaret Milne, is an interesting volume of popular verse. The word "Poems," which appears on the title-page, is an incorrect description of the contents of the book, since nothing there reaches the poetic level. As verse, however, the lyrics have a good deal of interest. Very many were written to or about Henry George, in whom the author devoutly believes, and most have didactic purpose. A couple of verses from a welcome to Henry George on his return from a journey around the world will give an idea of the quality of the lyrics in "For To-Day":

"From heart to heart, the tidings sped;
From lip to lip, the message rang.
Oh, never Hope, since time began,
A sweeter, gladder psalm sang!
Earth smiled upon her Prophet's way:
The skies of winter softer shone;
And balmy were the ocean gales
That gently urged his fleet barque on."

"The listening air hushed silence kept,
Then thrilled with answering bugles clear,
While o'er the swelling Austral seas
We heard our brothers' welcoming cheer!
Oh, heart to heart, we felt your joy,
Dear brothers! whom we may not see;
And, soul to soul, with you we pledge
The glorious truth that maketh free."

Published by the James H. Barry Company, San Francisco; \$1.50.

Jack London has collected into a volume, entitled "War of the Classes," a half-dozen lectures and essays that he has made or written in the past six or seven years. The theme of them all is, of course, socialism in various phases. The first, entitled "The Class Struggle," demonstrates (what few deny) that there is a class struggle, and puts the question, "What will be its outcome?" "The Tramp" is an endeavor to prove that the phenomenon of the workless is inevitable under present social and economic conditions. It follows, therefore, according to London, that society should no longer emit such platitudes as "The tramp should go to work." Says London: "We know there is no work for him. As the scapegoat to our economic and industrial sinning, or to the plan of things, if you will, we should give him credit. Let us be just. He is so made, Society made him. He did not make himself."

Another phase of the same question is touched upon in "The Scab." Perhaps the most interesting of all the essays is that entitled "How I Became a Socialist," which has in it a personal passion that makes it emotionally convincing. A little more attention to his English would not be a misdirection of energy in London's case. In one place we read: "I am afraid that neither I nor I are any longer respectable." We rather think a transformation into: "I am afraid that neither is it nor am I any longer respectable" would be an improvement.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's last book of verse, "Music and Other Poems," has reached the twelve thousand mark, and is still in demand.

Various Views of Henry James.

Now that Henry James is with us, sought after by people of literary pretensions, bored by reporters, and entertained—or is "entertained" the word?—by the Bohemian Club, it may be interesting to read some of the views expressed about James and his work by various "distinguished critics" who rushed into print coincidentally with James's arrival in America after so long an absence.

Joseph Conrad, the acknowledged master of tales of the sea, had a long article in the *North American Review*, in the course of which he said:

In one of his critical studies, published some fifteen years ago, Mr. Henry James claims for the novelist the standing of the historian as the only adequate one, as for himself and before his audience. I think that the claim can not be contested, and that the position is unassailable. Fiction is history, human history, or it is nothing. But it is also more than that; it stands on firmer ground, being based on the reality of forms and the observation of social phenomena, whereas history is based on documents and the reading of print and handwriting—on second-hand impression. Thus fiction is nearer truth. But let that pass. A historian may be an artist, too, and a novelist is a historian, the preserver, the keeper, the expounder, of human experience. As is meet for a man of his descent and tradition, Mr. Henry James is the historian of fine consciences.

Mr. Brownell, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, ventures the following conclusions in one paragraph:

Mr. James has carried the famous watch-word, "disinterested curiosity," so far, in a word, that his curiosity is not merely impartial, but excessive. It is "disinterested" enough in the sense hitherto intended by the epithet, but in its own exercise it is ferociously egoistic. He is not merely detached; his detachment is enthusiastic. One may say he is ardently frigid. The result, I think, is the detachment of his readers; certainly the elimination from the field of interest of those characters and that part of every character which, too fundamental and general to reward mere curiosity, nevertheless constitute the most real, the most attaching, and the most substantial elements of human life.

Henry James as a lecturer is the theme of Wilmer Cave France in the *Bookman*:

To hear Mr. James lecture is an excellent lesson in reading him aloud, that exercise so taxing to one's attention. He speaks in a monotonous, agreeable voice, paying out the carefully chosen words like the links of a chain that is obviously hand-made. The adverbs, for which he has a fondness amounting to mania, fall into the places that only he would have prepared for them: the long period with its heaped-up images closes with a snap, a click as though the joint were in place again at last. You could almost feel the audience breath their relief. Mr. James would then give them a straight look, reminding one a little how a certain sophist in the later days of Greece, the days when public lectures had supplanted all other forms of eloquence and the drama itself, used to smile at his hearers at the close of each long and twisted period, to show them how painlessly it was done.

In the *Outlook* an anonymous writer says:

He has made himself what the French would call a little master in the art of social and spiritual portraiture. He has rarely chosen to take an impression of a temperament which has followed its own line of development without the recognition of a qualifying environment. His choice has uniformly been, and his skill has curiously fitted his choice, to record the most elusive changes wrought in temperament by juxtaposition with other temperaments. He rarely portrays the absolute character; it is the relative character, so to speak, which engages him; the character in process of disintegration or of integration in response to a new group of influences. He will be recognized years hence as one of the most skillful artists of his time in detecting and preserving the more delicate impressions of a period in which the provincial, not only in America, but in Europe, passed over into something which simulated, if it did not really secure, cosmopolitanism.

It was Professor Phelps, of Yale, speaking of Mr. James in a recent lecture, who frankly admitted his own inaptitude for following the tortuous windings of the novelist's thought, and said that reading a James novel was "like looking out of a tenement-house window when nothing at all was happening."

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TWO NOTABLE PERFORMANCES.

Conried Singers at Their Best.

During the opera season just closed, Mr. Conried has had repeated here the experiment of successfully tried in New York of having his grand-opera artists sing Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus." This light and sparkling opera, for a presentation suitable to its merits, requires not only a highly trained soprano for a Rosina, but comedy talent of a high order in the other performers. The immense resources of Mr. Conried's company were proved by the superior style in which the piece was staged, and by the extraordinary completeness with which the German members of the company met the acting requirements of the "Die Fledermaus" roles. Mme. Sembrich already had an established reputation as a comedienne. But no one was prepared for the discovery that the ever versatile Dippel is a first-rate light comedian, able to evoke appreciative laughter with every sally; that Bella Alten, besides being a pure and brightly flexible soprano, can present a light and merry impersonation of Adele, the maid, in expert soubrette style; and that Muhlmann, Reiss, Goritz, and Blass are almost equally competent comedians in performance full of brilliancy, lightness, and poise.

Probably there has never been on a San Francisco stage a performance of that nature so complete in all details. Particularly was this so in the famous ball-room scene of the second act, which, beginning with a scattering arrival of guests, exhibits their gradual elevation of rollicking spirits, and culminates in a Bacchanalian outburst of revelry, to the tune of one of Strauss's headiest waltzes. In this scene the chorus participated almost with such joyous ebullience of spirit as the principals. There was not the usual stiffness, none of the sheep-like herding which is so destructive to illusion in stage scenes of rollicking pleasure.

As for the vocalization, it was a Sembrich sight. Mme. Sembrich has not been in better spirits or better voice during the entire season, and when, during the supper scene, she became a fountain of scintillant song, she delighted the audience—which, by the way, included a large and beaming German element—clasped her, figuratively speaking, to its heart of hearts.

Part of the surprise of the performance lay in the discovery that the dialogue of the piece was practically all retained. In the rating fire of witty dialogue, to whose acting the company responded so admirably, Mme. Sembrich was perhaps less mistress of the art of colloquial comedy than of fitting with smiling ease into her novel surroundings. This artist has said of herself that she finds it a constant effort to contend against hereditary melancholy of the Slav temperament. Yet in "Die Fledermaus" her features seemed to fall by instinct into the lines of archness and merriment.

The closing night of the season saw an exceedingly effective presentation of "La Gioconda." This opera of Ponchielli's, with its heavy atmosphere of gloom and crime, is easily capable of becoming a magnificentiasco. But as given under Mr. Conried's management, all its scenic possibilities were fully exploited, and the very utmost was made of a score which, although composed more than two-score years ago, shows a musicianship in its composer somewhat in advance of his time. Boito, one of the ablest of librettists, has helped the opera to live. His strong dramatic instinct has led him to pass his canvas somewhat too heavily, perhaps; but with the scenic investiture the opera received, the stage pictures, while lacking in originality, were very striking.

The story has many old-fashioned features. It breathes of intrigue, of hot Italian love, and black Italian hate. In it figure the bowl, the dagger, and the secret door. But with such a setting of mellowed stone palaces, of lately stairways and moonlit waters, with such a picturesque horde of gayly clad Italian sherfolk and Venetian magnificos intermingled, and with a fine cast to express the dark and devious passions of its characters, the story gained in romantic, if melodramatic, dignity.

The role of Enzo is a favorite one of aruso's, and well may it be. In no other part has the almost perfect quality of his voice been so beautifully displayed. Perhaps it grew upon his hearers by repetition, but even the most trivial passages, such as the bit of recitative which opened his scene in the second act, seemed to exhibit its purely physical perfection. In all the arias and duets with which the tenor rôle in "La Gioconda" abounds, the ear drank in with intensest pleasure the smoothness, the lyric sweetness, the lovely tone production which, in all our tenor memories, we have never yet heard equaled. Caruso's method of emission is under such perfect control that his hearers are always possessed by a certainty that he will never fail them. He is a man of moods, and his singing has lacked fire at times, but even on such occasions it is vocally above approach.

On the closing night of the season, Norica practically bade us farewell, as she expresses a determination to go no more on

tour. Her voice, while showing the approach of the metallic quality which heralds decay, is still capable of attaining to great heights of dramatic expression. Although her maturity of appearance ill accords with the rôle of the street singer, she sang the music delightfully, and with a thorough appreciation of its varying phases of emotion. Homer's richly beautiful contralto, added to her fine appearance, gave the part of Laura a sympathy and vocal value hitherto totally lacking in local presentations of the rôle. Journet was a handsome and imposing Alvisé, and sang superbly; Mme. Jacoby, as La Cieca, the blind woman, decorated a dismal rôle with some fine and expressive singing; and Scotti, although his voice showed that he had not yet totally recovered from the indisposition which caused him to withdraw on the opening night, was a finely dramatic and vocally imposing Barnaba.

During this well-handled season of a dozen performances, there has been but one small-sized audience—that of the first matinee, when "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" were billed. And, as it turned out that Caruso on that occasion soared to Olympian heights of passionate inspiration, opera-goers, on the first repetition of this bill, tumbled over themselves to rectify the previous omission. And so, after this brilliant and profitable season, we may hug to our souls the flattering assurance that San Francisco still holds its own as a town of first-class operatic patronage. Our record runs ahead of Chicago's. "Parsifal" had banner audiences. The season was so short that the interest kept up. Excitement there was not, as in the hallowed past, but the well-to-do patronized freely, and there were few families of the better class but had one or more representatives in the "Parsifal" audiences. We have been "good," and in future extensive tours, Conried the Great will mark us for his own.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the young and brilliant English critic, whose new book, "The Club of Queer Trades," will be published by Harpers this month, began his literary work by reviewing books on art for the London *Bookman* and afterward for the *Spectator*. Since then he has been a frequent contributor to prominent periodicals, and has published several books which promise to establish his place as essayist, biographer, and literary critic. Personally he is in stature a giant, unconventional in dress, unconcerned in regard to the approval of professional men of letters, but by those who know him best he is said to be a staunch idealist, an optimist, and an opportunist in the best sense of the word, with a keen sense of humor and versatile literary ability.

The minor poet is always wailing that he is not sufficiently appreciated. But witness the experience of Henry Newbolt. His "Admirals All" was published only about eight years ago, yet it has already run through twenty-one editions, and a twenty-second is presently to be issued by Elkin Mathews. It will contain some additional lines.

Maurice Hewlett will have a new volume out this month—"Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World." It contains four stories, two of them historical, being laid in the days of Jack Cade and in the thirteenth-century France, respectively.

Warren Cheney, author of "The Way of the North," is an ex-newspaper man, who is now in business at Berkeley, Cal. His first story was published under rather interesting circumstances, and, fortunately for him, under a signature other than his own. It was a tale of the mining-camps, in which he gave the correct name of the town about which it was written, and assigned to each of the characters the real name and true personality. The story made a great sensation, for everybody in the upper Sacramento Valley felt called upon to tell the people libeled how true to life the characterization had been. Then the people began to inquire about the author, but he was not eager to claim his literary laurels.

Charles Warren Stoddard, besides planning to write a work on the missions, is preparing to get together for publication a number of his notable sketches, which will be published in book-form under the title of "The Dream Lady," the principal one of the collection.

If Joaquin Miller is an iconoclast, he at least sets up new gods when he overthrows the old. In a recent magazine article he makes the statement, which, of course, settles the matter for good, that "there is more real poetry in Thomas Bailey Aldrich than in Milton, Dante, and Homer all put together."

Let the unimportant worms who have supposed that they ruled the world tremble in their shoes! "The Truth About Man, by a Spinster," is the title of a forthcoming book.

Among French literary landmarks which are marked for destruction is the house in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs in which Victor Hugo wrote "Hernani," and from which he was evicted because of the disturbance made by the many friends who called

to congratulate him on the success of the famous play which launched the romantic movement. "I am very sorry. I shall miss you," said the proprietress, who herself occupied a flat in the building, to Mme. Hugo; "but what am I to do? I came here for tranquility, and there is always this coming and going on the stairs. How sorry I feel for you, my dear lady! What a hard trade it is that your poor husband follows!"

In a delightful volume, "Adventures Among My Books," Andrew Lang has a chapter on "Boy," in which he amusingly refers to the "awful infancy" of John Stuart Mill and of Bishop Thirlwall, who, at the age of ten, composed a sermon, in which he said: "I confess when I look upon the present and past state of our public morals, and when I contrast our present luxury, dissipation, and depravity with past frugality and virtue, I feel not merely a sensation of regret but also of terror for the result of the change."

Some little pleasantries of Lamh, which W. C. Hazlitt has not heretofore seen in type, are set down by that writer in the March *Harpers*. He notes that on one occasion there was a dispute about some question of chronology "A fig for your date," said Lamh. He "was dining at a friend's, and in an adjoining room were some noisy children. Lamb filled his glass, and, lifting it, said: 'Here's to the health of good King Herod!'"

It is said that Haldane Macfall, in his new "Whistler," has tried to penetrate below the sardonic, conscious pose, and to show us what Whistler really was—a great artist with a generous, noble heart, and intense sensitiveness. "He was of the breed of conquerors. He had to discover to the world a new world. As must all who would reach majesty and dominion, he had to break the tables of the laws. He took the risks—if he had failed, he had had to pay. But while he stooped he conquered."

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

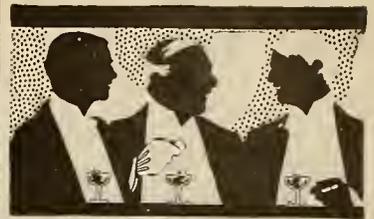
1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
3. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.
4. "The Opening of Thibet," by Perceval Landon.
5. "The Wonders of Life," by Ernst Haeckel.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Slanderers," by Warwick Deeping.
2. "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn.
3. "For the White Christ," by Robert Ames Bennet.
4. "The Opening of Thibet," by Perceval Landon.
5. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel S. Gardenhire.
2. "The Princess Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
3. "The Way of the North," by Warren Cheney.
4. "Under the Care of the Japanese War Office," by Ethel McCaul.
5. "The Opening of Thibet," by Perceval Landon.



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SOUTHERN PACIFIC AND ROCK ISLAND



Reginald de Koven had dignified ambitions when he composed "Red Feather," which he planned should be a return, in part, to the earlier and more legitimate forms of comic opera.

The music shows that De Koven's fount of inspiration was full and bubbling when the opera was composed, for it abounds in melodious lyrics and choruses, and while suggestive of "Robin Hood," which resembles, indeed, the composer planned, is not so to the point of unduly utilizing ideas from the latter work.

"Red Feather," as I have said, has a coherent story upon which to hang its many charming lyrics and tuneful choruses, but the company has been acting in it so long that in the spoken lines, all, except the three comedians, have fallen into that mechanical gabble that banishes intelligibility. Miss Van Studdiford is not the least of the sinners in this respect, although I fancy the accusation would surprise one whose every word and deed and note on the stage is animated by artistic conscientiousness.

When I last saw Miss Van Studdiford, I thought her, although handsome and dowered with an unusually good voice, rather stiff and pokerish as an actress. This defect, however, has been long since remedied, and the lady now enacts vivacity with such redundancy of furious energy as to give the beholder a slight sense of fatigue.

This automatic activity she carries into all her gestures, many of which are mere motion without expression. What, for instance, is the meaning of those vehement circles that Miss Van Studdiford repeatedly carves in the air with an emphatic forefinger, which emerges from the whirl of spirals with a darting motion as if seeking to stab an adversary in the breast-bone?

Why does she fold and unfold her arms with such an unnecessary waste of muscular force? Her very laugh sounds dynamic. All this suggests what? Too much "Red Feather," perhaps, for an energetic and ambitious temperament. These long, monotonous runs are not conducive to a calm, well-balanced, nervous system.

Vocally, Miss Van Studdiford is far, far above the average of what we are accustomed to in comic-opera prima donnas. Her voice is a powerful, ringing, and carefully trained organ, and she sings with as much energy as she acts.

ladies in the second act. Miss Van Studdiford must have been hard put to outdo them with her own gown, a magnificent affair in which white lace, diamonds, and serried ranks of orchids play their part toward adding to its general opulence of effect.

What with hers for the central figure, and a band of stage warriors with winged helmets and glittering corselets that make you wink with their brightness, with a pert, little, plump little dancer sheathed in gilded scales, as the centre of the gold and silver hoidered beauty brigade; and with a trio of comedians who succeed in amusing you with a lot of very funny business, and not forgetting the exceptionally good music, "Red Feather" is an entertainment considerably above the average in shows of this class.

Poor little Virginia Calhoun and her poor little play; although little is scarcely the word for a five-act drama divided up into eight scenes. "Ramona," adapted from the well-known novel of the name, was probably written by Miss Calhoun with high hopes and a conviction that it would appeal to the patriotic historic interest of Californians. The subject, however, is too lugubrious to affect popular interest. Before the Gringo came was a time rich doubtless in dramatic and picturesque possibilities. But with Lo, the poor Indian, that is a different proposition. Translated to the stage he must of necessity either be realistic and grotesque, or artificial and absurd. Alessandro was the latter. He made love in an experienced Caucasian manner; he danced with civilized grace, knelt during his love avowal, and did other chivalrous things that Indians would think themselves shamed to practice toward their womankind; and the only racial characteristic he showed was in consistently remaining out of a job during four out of the five acts. Ramona herself, or "Ramoner," as she was called by the blue-blooded Señora Morena, was played by Miss Calhoun, who made one think of a pathetic, faded little pressed rose taken out of an old book of Beauty. The little woman worked hard, but it would be cruel to prophesy success for a thing that is doomed to failure.

No one in the company knows how to act, and Miss Calhoun herself does not know how to write a play. She should have called in a professional, who would at least have pointed the path to economy by cutting out some of the twenty-nine speaking parts. In her naive synopsis of scenes, Miss Calhoun has innocently outlined events which should develop of themselves in the course of the play in terms that show her practical inexperience with the *a b c* of dramatic literature. Nor was it always accurate. There was an alarming possibility that did not materialize indicated by the words, "Death of Señora Morena." Ma Morena was a terrible old lady with a phonographic voice, whose decease, happily spared to the audience's view, suggested a relapse into elocutionary dissipation that would be a thing to fly from.

But all the acting, like the costumes and the play, had a sort of home-made stamp. Felipe—or "Faylee-pav," as he was called in the Morena household—was, like the maternal Morena, a sort of human gramophone, and the actors all adopted a long, dismal, monotonous cadence, which is always heard in plays whose dialogue is "bookish," as thus: "The giant pines chant a requiem for his soul."

Miss Calhoun, presumably an actress of some experience, impresses one as an unworldly, stage-struck amateur. She might be the heroine of some Mary Wilkins Freeman story—one of those gentle, romantic ladies who had long lived in some secluded rural town until, lured by a wild dream of romantic enterprise, which sometimes seizes on the soberest and most conventional, she had ventured forth to excitement and catastrophe. There is scarcely a suggestion of the theatre about her. Her untrained voice, her lack of facial flexibility, her constrained attitudes, her paucity of gesture, all suggest a life away from the footlights.

backwards. He should follow Hamlet's advice to his mother, "Oh, throw away the worse part of it," and out of the leavings of "The Crossways" construct, with an assiduous eye on the probabilities, a brand new play. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The eighty-seventh birthday of "Uncle" George Bromley was celebrated on Friday evening of last week by a dinner at the Bohemian Club. Others at table were Willard T. Barton, Charles Warren Stoddard, Dr. G. Chismore, Dr. Sherman, H. M. Bosworth, Warren Payne, N. J. Brittan, David Bush, H. K. Field, Dr. B. R. Swan, Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, Thomas B. Bishop, Reuben H. Lloyd, R. B. Wallace, Louis Rosenthal, John Landers, H. R. Bloomer, Isadore Gutte, Captain Robert H. Fletcher, and Joseph D. Redding.

Captain Thomas H. Darrah, U. S. A., who arrived from Manila this week on the United States transport *Sherman*, brought with him a collection of native weapons, sent to President Roosevelt by Datto Piang, a Moro chief of the Island of Mindanao.

The Maurice Leon Driver Recital.

Mr. Maurice Leon Driver, who will give his first piano recital here Monday evening, April 24th, at Seimway Hall, is a musical composer of originality, with one hundred compositions already to his credit. The numbers selected by Mr. Driver for his recital are all his own: "Les Hirondelles," op. 35 ("The Swallows"); etude in D-flat (Caprice Brilliant), op. 45; herceuse in A-flat, op. 38; Moods, op. 30; "Chant sans paroles," No. 6, "Forget Me Not," No. 5, "Meditation," No. 3, gavotte in B-flat major, nocturne in F-minor ("The Musician's Dream"), No. 2; nocturne in E-flat, op. 32; andante, Caprice, op. 75.

In speaking of his work, the *Times* of Dunedin, N. Z., says: "Quite recently we have been visited by a succession of distinguished pianists. We have had by turns this great player and that great pianist: we



Maurice Leon Driver.

have been treated to the smooth, the splendid, the brilliant, the sentimental, the severe in style, and the pseudo-classicist on 'pedalism.'

But no pianist who has ever visited these colonies could infuse into his playing to so high a degree the nature and spirit of the composition played as could Mr. Leon Driver, while his execution was wonderful, and his individuality and power of dramatic expression of the highest order.

In playing his own compositions he displayed such a marvelous variety of expression that one was spellbound at the effects he produced from the piano.

Born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, Mr. Driver comes from a family of artists. At eight years of age he began the study of music under Signor A. Zellman, of the Milan Conservatory of Music. He also studied theory, harmony, and counterpoint from Alsouves Zerhini, of the Brussels Conservatory of Music. He has made solo work of the piano a life study, and for the last twenty-five years has been actively engaged in teaching and playing in concert in all parts of the world. Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt are his favorite composers.

Mr. Driver's own compositions include nocturnes, caprices, waltzes, impromptus, and etudes. His andante, Caprice, op. 75, has been pronounced one of the most beautiful studies in musical literature.

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M. L. DRIVER Piano Recital of Original Composition STEINWAY HALL Monday evening, April 24th Box plan at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

ASSEMBLY HALL, STANFORD UNIVERSITY THE ENGLISH CLUB presents Ben Jonson's Comedy of Manners -- EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR -- Saturday, April 29th, at 10:30 a. m. Seats reserved at Paul Elder's Tuesday. Admiss. 50 and 75 cents. Reduced railroad rates. Lea on 9 A. M. train. "Elizabethan Humours," illustrated, 50 cents.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE Corner Eddy and Mason Streets Better than the original. Third week begins to-morrow night of the delight musical comedy, -- FLORODORA -- Only matinee Saturday. First time at popular prices 25c, 50c, and 75c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE. Nightly, including Sundays—matinée Saturday This and next week. Grace Van Studdiford De Koven's latest comic opera, RED FEATHER Prices—\$1.50 to 25c. May 1st—E. H. Sothern at Julia Marlowe.

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager Monday night—Easter offering—Frank L. Perley presents Margaret Anglin, supported by Frai Worthing, in the greatest comedy novelty of the decade.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE Adapted from the German of Robert Misch. Most beautiful scenic and costume production ever seen here. The big dramatic sensation of the season

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar" BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr. Easter week, commencing Monday, April 24 Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcaz stock company in the first Western stock production Julia Marlowe's greatest success.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER Dramatized by Paul Kester from Charles Major favorite romance of chivalry. Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Next—Bronson Howard's America play, The Banker's Daughter.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Opening of the summer season. To-morrow (East Sunday) matinee, Florence Stone and the Fen company in the successful dramatization of Geor Barr McCutcheon's romantic story. -- GRAUSTARK -- Summer prices—15c, 25c, 50c. Bargain matinee Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Best seats theatre, 25c.

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall. Week beginning April 24th, Matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Irish festival, -- ROBERT EMMET -- Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c

Orpheum Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, April 23d. Easter Attractions. Lydia Veamans Titus; Jack Norworth; Louie Dresser; Sydney Deane and Company; Busch-Deve Trio; the Columbians; Herbert Brooks; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Simon, Gardin and Company. Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

ROCK SALT VERY PURE

STAGE GOSSIP.

Women's Rights in Comedy.

Margaret Anglin's Easter offering at the California Theatre, commencing Monday night, will be "The Eternal Feminine." This is a fantastic comedy adapted from the German of Robert Misch. "The Eternal Feminine" presents woman in the full endowment of masculine rights and privileges—the right to bear arms, to govern and rule, and, in her relation to man, in the possession of her completely emancipated sovereignty. To this end the author casts a shipwrecked crew of Greek warriors, under command of their leader, Lysander, upon a mythical island, where they are made captives by an army of Amazons. Antiope, the Amazonian queen, is one of the best things that Miss Anglin does. Frank Worthing has the rôle of Lysander. Miss Anglin's costumes in this play are unusually elaborate.

Sothern and Marlowe Coming.

Grace Van Studdiford enters upon the last week of her engagement in "Red Feather" at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The only matinee of "Red Feather" takes place to-day (Saturday). To follow this production, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will appear at the Columbia on Monday evening, May 1st, in "Much Ado About Nothing." They will also appear, during their engagement, "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." The management promises complete and unusually elaborate productions. The sale of seats for these performances will begin on Thursday.

Romantic Play at the Alcazar.

For its Easter offering next week, the Alcazar has the first Western stock presentation of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," dramatized by Paul Kester from Charles Maor's romance of chivalry. Julia Marlowe achieved a success in this play at the Critteron Theatre, New York, where it ran for an entire season. The story combines the clash of steel, the glitter of quaintly picturesque costume, and the imposing grandeur of royal court. Lillian Lawrence has the rôle of the charming and capricious Mary Tudor, first princess of the realm. John Craig will appear as Charles Brandon, the dashing young captain of the king's guard. The production will mark the début of Florence Gerald in the rôle of Queen Katherine. Next comes Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter."

Florence Stone at the Grand Opera House.

The summer season at the Grand Opera House will open at to-morrow's (Easter Sunday) matinee, with Florence Stone and the Ferris company in the dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's romantic story, "Graumark; or, Love Behind a Throne." Miss Stone will be remembered for the portrayals she gave here four years ago of Cleopatra, Gismonda, Theodora, and other Sardou rôles. On this occasion she will appear as Princess Yevie, and Mr. Ferris will play the rôle of the American hero, Grenfell Lorry. During this season, summer prices—15 cents, 25 cents, and 50 cents—will prevail, and there will be bargain matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at which the best seats in the theatre can be obtained at twenty-five cents.

Good Cast, Costumes, and Scenery.

"Florodora" begins its third week at the Fivoli Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The management has put on this opera with excellent scenic effects and appropriate costumes, and the cast is an excellent one, embracing such people as Grace Parlotta, Aida Hemmi, Dora de Philippe, Willard Simms, Teddy Wehh, J. Walter Wallerstadt, Walter Shannon, and William Schuster. The California Beauty Sextet is a great attraction.

Old Favorites at the Orpheum.

Lydia Yeamans Titus, noted for her baby songs, will make her first appearance in this city since her return from Australia and New Zealand at the Orpheum to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon. Assisted by Frederick J. Titus, she will present a musical potpourri, "Jack Norworth, known as "the life of every party," is a monologist and singing comedian, and was last here some seasons ago with the Orpheum Road Show. He brings along a lot of new parodies and stories. Louise Dresser, who has not been seen here for some time, will appear.

Irish Play at the Central.

"Robert Emmet" will be the play at the Central Theatre next week. It is not a new drama, but it is always popular. Special arrangements will be taken by the management as to costumes, and the cast will embrace all the Central stock company favorites.

On Thursday evening, at the Alhambra Theatre, an exhibition of colored lantern slides and moving pictures, illustrating life in the plantation of the La Zaalpa Rubber Company, will be given. There will be a musical programme.

Music at Hopkins Institute.

The following musical programme was rendered on Thursday evening, under the direction of Henry Heyman, at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, where the annual spring exhibition of pictures is being held:

Organ, "Wedding Music," West, Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal, "A Rose Fable" and "A Song of Life," Hawley, Mr. Garner S. Stenhouse; violin, "Romance in F," Beethoven, Miss Edna H. Schweitzer (Miss Lewis at the piano); "Doris," Nevin, with violin obligato; Mr. S. Augenblick, violoncello; Mr. F. Hartwig (Mr. Louis Eaton at the piano); organ, "Gavotte," Eddy-Thomas, Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal, "My Dreams," Tosti, Mr. Garner S. Stenhouse; violin, "Romance," D'Amrosio, Miss Edna H. Schweitzer (Miss Lewis at the piano); vocal, "A Japanese Serenade," True, "At Parting," Rodgers, Miss Rose J. Simon (Mr. Louis Eaton at the piano); organ, "Easter March," Merkel, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

The last concert will be given next Thursday evening.

The Bohemian Club's annual report for 1904-05 shows that the membership is complete, with a waiting list of one hundred and thirty names. During the year the purchase of a new club-house site, at Taylor and Post Streets, was consummated, the price paid being \$125,000. James D. Phelan was selected as trustee of the property.

Summer weather causes a great increase of travel to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, from which the grandest view in California can be obtained. The trip up the mountain is well worth while, and the Tavern of Tamalpais offers ideal hospitality.

The New Hotel Hamilton.

A cut-stone and steel structure, fire-proof, sound-proof, and a dozen stories high, is the new hotel on Ellis Street, between Powell and Mason Streets, just opened to the public. On high ground and towering above surrounding buildings all the upper rooms command a splendid view—on one side over business-portion and bay; on the other side over the city out toward the Golden Gate. Owing to the peculiar construction, every room is an outside one, insuring light, air, and outlook.

On entering the hotel, one is impressed by the mahogany beam-ceiling and marble of the large entrance. The offices are commodious and fitted in mission style. There are two electric elevators, making all parts of the house readily accessible. The rooms are arranged en suite, consisting of parlor, bedroom, and bath-room. They may be rented thus, in pairs or singly. The furnishings are all the finest: velvet carpets and furniture of the most approved elegance in bird's-eye maple and mahogany are used throughout. The hotel is on the European plan; meals may be had in the restaurant and grill, which alone will cost \$175,000, no expense being spared to make it the most luxuriously appointed in the country. This feature will add much to the popularity of the new caravansary. Rates for rooms are: Single room, without bath, \$1.00 per day and upward; single room, with bath, \$2.00 per day and upward; suites with bath, \$2.50 per day and upward. For the use of guests a billiard-room is provided; besides there are many other features which deserve mention.

The genial hosts are the proprietors, F. L. Turpin and his sons, who have made the Royal House such a pronounced success. Old and new patrons are welcomed by them to the handsome Hotel Hamilton, 125 Ellis Street, just across the way from the Royal House, which place they will continue to conduct.

News Comes from Hawaii.

"that the volcano of Kilauea has become active again. The activity, like the outbreaks of the past, is in Halemaumau, the House of Fire, the inner crater of the volcano. Great fountains of molten lava are playing in the centre, and cones are forming." Reduced first-class ticket to Honolulu, sailing of May 6th, \$125, round trip. Full information, Oceanic Steamship Co., 653 Market Street.

— WEDDING SILVER IN LATEST PATTERNS, VERY nominal in price, at Radke & Co., 113 Sutter Street and 65 Geary Street—two stores.

Tickets Selling Rapidly.

One of the pleasing features connected with the school-children's musical festival, which is to take place at Mechanics' Pavilion from April 30th to May 7th, inclusive, is that the railways are to give special rates for out-of-town visitors; also that the railway tickets are each to have attached a coupon of admission to the festival, thus obviating delay at the box-office. Meantime, the tickets that are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s are going rapidly—especially the season hooks, which are a great saving to those who want to attend all the performances. And nearly everybody will wish to do that, for on every afternoon and evening there is something well worth while. The programme as arranged promises one of the greatest music festivals ever held here.

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VANITY FAIR.

Probably no other young woman ever took such a trip as that which has been planned for Miss Alice Roosevelt. Certainly no other American young woman ever had such honors showered upon her as will be accorded the President's daughter when she visits the Philippine Islands and touches both going and returning, at ports in China and Japan. It will be a "grand tour," such as princes of the blood royal take through the continent of Europe and to the outlying possessions of their respective crowns. Primarily (says the Washington correspondent of the Portland Oregonian), Miss Roosevelt is going on the long journey to please her father, who intends himself making the trip when his tenure of office is at an end. It is not to be supposed, however, that the opportunity for such a journey under such flattering circumstances is unwelcome to her. She is intensely patriotic, and more than once has been heard to declare that she never will travel in Europe until she has visited every land where floats the Stars and Stripes. Already she has traveled extensively for a young woman of her years. She has visited Cuba and Porto Rico, and has journeyed to nearly every part of the United States proper, from the rocky, barren heights of Mt. Desert to the sunny resorts on the Gulf Coast and Southern California. Knowing the President's deep interest in all things pertaining to their welfare, the islanders are preparing to give his daughter and the distinguished official party which will accompany the Secretary of War a series of fiestas and receptions such as have not been seen since the Spanish flag was hauled down at Manila and Castilian rule in the islands ended.

The party, to consist of nearly fifty people, will sail from San Francisco on the Pacific Mail liner *Manchuria* on July 1st. Miss Roosevelt will leave Washington about the middle of June, and will spend ten days on the Pacific Coast, viewing the sights and accepting the hospitality of friends. She will be the guest of Mrs. Metcalf, wife of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, for several days before the sailing of the *Manchuria*. As Mrs. Taft, for a multitude of reasons, can not take this long journey, Miss Roosevelt's special companion will be Miss Mabel T. Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Boardman, of Washington. Miss Amy McMillin, daughter of the late senator from Michigan, also will be one of her companions. Mrs. Dubois, wife of the Idaho senator, is the official chaperon of the President's daughter, and, with Miss Boardman and Miss McMillin, will participate in all the entertainments planned in her honor. Several other women well known in the official and social world will add *clat* to the party. Among these is Mrs. Stone, wife of the Missouri senator; Mrs. Sereno Payne, of New York; Mrs. de Armond, of Missouri, and Mrs. Clark, her daughter; Mrs. Austin Wadsworth, of Boston, wife of Major Wadsworth, of the army; Mrs. Hepburn, of Iowa; Mrs. Hill, of Connecticut; Mrs. Smith, of Illinois, and Mrs. Jones, of Virginia, nearly all of whom are the wives of representatives in Congress. The ladies, like Miss Roosevelt, are going for the experience and benefit of foreign travel. They must pay all their own expenses. Miss Roosevelt's trip is one of the many gifts of her father to celebrate her twenty-first birthday. He gave her choice between visiting the family of Whitelaw Reid in London and going to the Philippines. He was more than gratified when she elected to visit the Eastern Islands. Secretary of War Taft, ex-Secretary Root, and the offi-

cialists accompanying them, go at the invitation and expense of the Philippine Government. The two parties will be kept entirely distinct, so far as the honors intended solely for Miss Roosevelt are concerned.

Miss Roosevelt and the ladies in her train are bound only for pleasure. For good and sufficient reasons, the President has been compelled to refuse a pressing invitation from the Mikado that Miss Alice and her friends leave Secretary Taft and his party to become guests at the Summer Palace, near Tokio. Likewise the flowery-worded invitation from the Dowager Empress, conveyed to the White House not long ago by the Chinese minister, had to be declined. The *Manchuria* will make its usual stop at Honolulu. Miss Roosevelt will be entertained at the Hotel Ingheltra. Native dancing and the celebrated Honolulu stringed mandolins will give a unique entertainment. The first glimpse of the land of the Mikado will be at Yokohama, which is within a few hours of Tokio. The preparations there will be on the most ambitious plan. An envoy from the Mikado and the official who corresponds with Secretary Taft in rank will meet the vessel at the dock. Miss Roosevelt and the ladies will be taken from the steamer in a flower-bedecked transport and conveyed to a point nearest the viceroy's palace. Here a delegation of the most highly decorated and gallant-looking subjects of the Mikado will greet Miss Roosevelt, and a concert, a luncheon, and a drive around the city in strange, flower-decked *rickshaws* is planned. The steamer will remain but four or five hours at Yokohama, too short a time to permit the hospitable Japanese to honor the American President's daughter and the distinguished officials accompanying Secretary Taft as they would like to honor them. From Yokohama the ship sails for Kobe, where a programme of the same order is to be repeated, except, of course, the governor of the port will be the principal personage in the pageant of honor. At Nagasaki the general in command of the army division will order a drill for Judge Taft and to amuse the ladies.

Two points of Chinese territory will be touched—Shanghai and Hong Kong. At the first-named the viceroy has orders to present the freedom of the city to the illustrious travelers, and entertain them as gorgeously as the limited time will permit. At Hong Kong, which is an English possession, Miss Roosevelt and the ladies will be the guests of Sir Matthew Nathan, who governs in King Edward's name, and as much feasting and sightseeing as can be crowded in less than six hours will be the programme. The ladies will be the guests of the governor while they remain off the vessel, and on their return trip they will entertain him and his official household.

It is now thought that the party should reach Manila about August 1st. The trip out will require a full month, and the same time will be given the return voyage. One month is to be passed in the Philippines, and of this, ten days will be spent in Manila. Governor Wright will not neglect an opportunity to make the old city the scene of brilliant fetes and flower carnivals and lake illuminations, not seen since the Spaniards set sail for Madrid. The natives are already laying in supplies of colored candles and getting ready for a regular ten days' celebration, such as formerly were held when a new governor or an envoy from the king or Pope visited the islands. August is a delightful month to spend at Manila. The cool, rainy season is at hand, and the glorious vegetation is at its most perfect stage. Miss Roosevelt will have something to remember, so the letters from Philippine officials to the Insular Bureau proudly state.

But the most interesting part of the journey, the trip into the interior, will doubtless furnish episodes even more worthy of remembrance. Miss Roosevelt will meet her old friends, the Moros, and they will dive for her and get her choice corals, and they will show how they use their curious weapons and give her a collection of each kind to take to her brothers, all according to the promise made in St. Louis by the Moros there. The Secretary of War was for discouraging Miss Roosevelt in her desire to see the Moros of Mindanao on their native heath, or rather in their *wipa* huts. The garments, or rather the lack of them, is somewhat embarrassing for mixed companies, but Miss Alice is sure that they will behave up to the standard. The Igorrotes she will also visit, and perhaps she may go down in the extreme south, where the dwarf nations are. The return trip will begin September 1st on the mail liner *Korea*.

Gouverneur Morris, whose position certainly entitles him to speak with some slight authority, has a few paragraphs relating to "the duty of a gentleman" in a recent magazine story of his. "On another occasion," we read, "having returned from playing poker at the club, my grandfather said: 'When a man is hard up he should borrow; but he must devote his energies to paying back and remaining the equal of the man

from whom he has borrowed. If he can not pay back, let him be frank about it; for it is better to steal than to cheat.'" And again: "To ride straight and to shoot straight, to win money cheerfully and to lose it cheerfully, never to be boorishly in debt or swinishly drunk, to enjoy flowers and music, and if possible to be in love with at least one good woman, is half the duty of a gentleman." "What's the other half, grandpa?" I had asked him. "Why, to be a gentleman, of course."

Changes Brought by Spring.

The voice of harmony, which addresses us through nature, we all by innate impulse obey. Spring brings out her clearest, brightest tints, and man, following in her footsteps, throws off the dull, dark raiment of the past season to seek brighter, more fitting covering in accord with nature. This season has been more favored in this respect than any of recent years. Silver grays in very light shades are favorites; from these they shade down to the dark steel tints, varied by self plaids, checks and stripes. Enough variance is thus established to avoid monotony, especially as there are some mixtures of exquisite heather and brown, with a suggestion of coming green. But should the season deliver itself over entirely to one shade, the tailor's art has developed to such a degree that the beautiful and varied curves in the new styles of rather long sacks, with swelled lapels and colonial frocks with sweeping lines, give them elegance such as can only be gained by designs from sartorial artists in their diverse branches. Club checks and broad stripes in flannels are sought by the initiated for bright days, while the ever-increasing popularity in fancy waistcoats preserves their usefulness as a change in the swell dresser's wardrobe. As in past seasons, Jacobi Brothers, at 413 Montgomery Street, can show you the correct designs, fabrics, and shades, while their fame as artistic drapers is well established. They display only such patterns as are carried by them alone, and that are approved by the best makers and designers.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 19, 1905, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%.	28,000	@ 93- 95	93 3/4	94 1/4
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	31,000	@ 104 1/2-104 3/4	104 1/2	104 3/4
Los Angeles Ry. 5%	15,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2	115 3/4
Market St. Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2	114 3/4
N. R. of Cal. 5%.	1,000	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2	118 3/4
Oakland Gas 5%.	1,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2	108 3/4
Oakland Water 5%	10,000	@ 90	89 1/2	91
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	3,000	@ 120 1/2	120	121
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.	5,000	@ 110 1/2	110 1/2	110 3/4
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.	2,000	@ 119	119	
S. F. Oak. & S. J. Ry. 5%.	10,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2	109
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	21,000	@ 100- 109 1/2	108 1/2	109 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	57,000	@ 110- 110 1/2	109 1/2	110 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1912	40,000	@ 113	113	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd	28,000	@ 109 1/2	109 1/2	110
S. V. Water 6%.	3,000	@ 103 1/2	103	103 1/2
S. V. Water Gen. 4%.	25,000	@ 99		
United R. R. of S. F. 4%.	228,000	@ 88 1/2- 89 1/2	88 1/2	89
STOCKS.				
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water	415	@ 38 1/2- 39 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2
Powders.				
Giant Con.	340	@ 67- 69 1/2	68	69
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.	480	@ 86- 89	86	
Honokaa S. Co.	125	@ 21	20 1/2	21 1/2
Hutchinson	85	@ 17 1/2- 17 3/4	17 1/2	
Kilauea Sugar Co.	50	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	5
Pauahau Sugar Co.	705	@ 25- 25 1/2	25	25 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric	110	@ 13 1/2- 13 3/4	13 1/2	14
S. F. Gas & Electric	906	@ 57 1/2- 60 1/2	57 1/2	58
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers	305	@ 86 1/2- 87 1/2	87	
Cal. F. Cannery	135	@ 100- 101 1/2	100	100 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn.	215	@ 78- 78 1/2	78 1/2	
Pacific States Tel.	550	@ 105	106	107 1/2

Giant Powder was in better demand, 340 shares changing hands at an advance of two and a half points, closing at 69 bid, 69 asked.

The sugars were weaker, about 1,445 shares of all kinds changing hands at fractional declines, with the exception of Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold off three points to 86.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold off two and three-quarter points to 57 1/2 on sales of 900 shares, closing at 57 1/2 bid, 58 asked.

Spring Valley Water was steady at 38 1/2-39 1/2.

The Stock and Bond Exchange will adjourn from Thursday, April 20th until Monday, April 24th at 10.30 A. M. call.

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Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

James McNeil Whistler, the artist, stopped to question a particularly ragged and dirty newshy in London. "How old are you?" said Whistler. "Seven, sir." "Oh, you must be more than that." "No, sir, I aint." Turning to a friend who was with him, the artist said, reflectively: "I don't think he could get that dirty in seven years, do you?"

"May the saints preserve ye," said an old woman who had been given a quarter by Representative Cooper, of Wisconsin, "an' may every hair o' your head be a candle to light your way to glory!" "Well, it won't be such a dod-gasted torchlight procession at that," Mr. Cooper answered, as a gust of wind took off his hat, showing a shining crown.

Two little girls became involved in a quarrel, the other day, which culminated in physical violence. One of the mothers took her little daughter to task very severely. Wishing to emphasize the enormity of her offense, the mother said: "It's the devil who tells you to do such naughty things." The little girl replied between sobs: "He may have told me to pull her hair, but I thought of kicking her shins all by myself."

A British officer, in his expense list on government service, put down, "Porter, 2d." The war office, in a verbose and high-falutin' letter, pointed out that refreshments, while in the execution of public duty, were not chargeable to the nation. The officer replied that the item did not represent refreshments, but a fee to a carrier. The officer replied: "You should have put 'Porterage.'" The officer treasured the hint. Next time he had occasion to take a hackney coach he put down in his accounts, "Cabbage, 2s."

The late Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, was fond of his gun, and spent much of his time hunting, says Representative Adamson. One day the hishop was out with his dog and gun, and met a member of his parish, whom he reproved for his inattention to his religious duties. "You should attend church and read your Bible," said the hishop. "I do read my Bible, hishop," was the answer, "and I don't find any mention of the Apostles going a-shooting." "No," replied the hishop, "the shooting was very had in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

When Mascagni last visited this country one day chanced to hear an organ-grinder who was grunting out, in the most mechanical manner, the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mascagni impatiently grabbed the crank, and saying, "I'll show you how to play that," finished the selection in what he thought the proper manner. The organ-grinder was not much impressed until he was told the identity of his instructor. Immediately he put on his organ a placard bearing the following legend: "Pupil of Mascagni."

The tribulations of pioneer Western journalists are illustrated by the following, which appeared in a journal published at Dodge City in the early eighties: "In view of the fact that we can not pay the road tax of \$10 assessed against us this year, we have been sentenced to a certain period of confinement by the judicial authorities of this state. Consequently, there will be no issue of this paper for the next three weeks; but as the State will, of course, have to be heard, we figure that we shall come out some 20 ahead."

An Irishman had received employment as freight brakeman upon a railway in a mountainous section of Pennsylvania, and was to receive so many cents for each mile he traveled. Upon one of his first trips the engineer lost control of his train, and at a dangerous rate it was speeding down the steep grades. Suddenly the conductor saw an Irish companion standing up not far ahead. "Don't jump! You'll be killed!" he shouted. "And do you think I'd be after jumpin' when I'm makin' money as fast as I can now?" replied the Irishman.

A vaudeville ventriloquist who had a worthless dog and no money, hit upon a lever scheme to convert the former into a lever later. Going into a restaurant he took a seat, the dog sitting on the floor beside the chair. When the waiter came the ventriloquist turned to the dog with the query: "Well, Jack, what will you have?" The waiter nearly collapsed when he apparently heard the dog answer: "A roast-beef sandwich." Then he hastened to the proprietor. "Say," he exclaimed, wildly, "there's a dog over there that can talk." It immediately struck the proprietor that such a dog could draw custom, so, after hearing the animal "talk," he began bargaining for him. The dog, during the haggling over the price, begged in so realistic a manner not to be sold that the restaurant man became the more determined to have him, and at last agreed

to the ventriloquist's price—one hundred dollars. As the ventriloquist started for the door with his money, the dog inquired: "Did you really sell me?" "Yes, Jack I sold you," was the reply. "Well," said the dog, "just for that I'll never speak again."

It is evident that in Shehoygan, Wis., the editor is also the preacher, for recently the following combination of news and admonition appeared in the Shehoygan Herald: "Henry Glass is nursing a very sore arm the result of a malignant caruncle these ailments seem to be quite prevalent in this locality this year nearly every person has had them in some form of another, perhaps we are not living the righteous lives we had ought to, and are becoming lax in our observance of the divine law Moses raised his wand called down on the haughty Egyptians upon a time plagues one of which was a terrible epidemic of boils and which are nearly the same things as caruncles of course we don't want to presume that we are as bad as those people were but nevertheless, if only for our physical good, it would be advisable for us to pay a little attention to the admonitions of sacred write."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Further Facts. Truth, crushed to earth, Will rise again— And get another Throw-down then.—Puck.

Different Now. In Shakespeare's day The stage was bare, But actor folk Had clothes to wear. —Chicago Chronicle.

The New "America." My country, 'tis of thee, Land of fecundity, Of thee I sing; Land where our fathers vied, Land of the patriarch's pride, From every cradle-side Let "Goo-goo" ring. Let "Da-da" swell the breeze From every pair of knees, All, all day long, Let infant tongues awake Throughout the night, and make This life, without mistake, One grand, sweet song.

"Auntor" that is to be, Father of family, In thee we trust; Let every groom and bride Fling the brave slogan wide: "Anti-Race Suicide! Pike's Peak or bust!" —Bert L. Taylor in Puck.

Precaution. The gun Pop looked in wasn't loaded, And yet in Willy's hands exploded! "What can't be cured must be endured," Said Willy, "Pop was well insured." —Life.

Thoughts on the New York Spring. Now I rejoice that spring at last has come, And, faithful to my craft, I pen these lines, Inspired by babbling brooks and bock-beer signs, So cheering to the epigastrium. The staid commuter looks no longer glum, For summer soon shall robe in green the pines, And sweet notes echo from his cottage vines— The skelter's blithe epithalamium. The farmer dons his sky-blue overalls— Scatters fresh fertilizer o'er the plain And, like Anteus, draws strength from the sward. Yes, spring is here; the bullfrog sweetly calls. The trains now run on schedule time again, And summer's bargeing, the goat, stands guard.—Eugene Geary in Judge.

"Is young Sissykins as effeminate as people say he is?" "Is he? Say, he sits on the floor to put on his stockings in the morning." —Cleveland Leader.

High Authority. Dr. Robert Hutchison, Hospital for Sick Children, London, says: "Condensed milk is more easily digested than that of ordinary cow's milk." For this reason the demand for Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, for infant feeding, is constantly increasing. Use it also for tea, coffee, and cocoa.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER. From Official Report of Alexander G. McAde, District Forecaster. Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather.

George Ade on Football. George Ade has come to the assistance of the rules committee on football with some suggestions that conform, in part, to the ideas of President Eliot. The lady-like code is as follows:

Selection of players—The players shall be selected by the faculty, and the student who has received the highest grade in Greek anthology shall be captain. No student shall be eligible unless he has an established reputation for piety.

Weather—In case of rain, snow, high wind, or extreme heat, a contest may be postponed or transferred to a class-room.

Prerequisites—When a team appears on the field of contest it shall be greeted with the Chautauqua salute, which consists of waving the handkerchief. After this a few minutes of social intercourse shall follow, with friendly chats concerning hooks and writers.

The toss—Instead of tossing a coin to decide which team gets the ball, the two captains shall be called upon to extract the cube root of a number given by the professor of mathematics.

Advancing the ball—The ball having been put in the centre of the field, the umpire, who must be a professor of geology, exhibits to the team having the ball a specimen of a fossil. All the members of the team who think they can name the geological period to which it belongs hold up their hands. Any player may be chosen, and if he answers correctly his side gets two yards. If he also knows the scientific name of the fossil he can take five yards more.

Conduct—No pushing, scuffling, or hoisterous conversation will be permitted. Both players and spectators must maintain absolute silence during the mental tests.

Penalties—Any player who makes a grammatical error, mispronounces a word, or seeks assistance from a fellow-player, shall be deemed guilty of an outside play, and his side shall be penalized five yards.

Resuming play—On resuming play after a touch-down, one of the players known as "it" is hindfolded, and the other players join hands and circle round him, singing:

"London bridge is falling down, Falling down, falling down, London bridge is falling down, So farewell, 'my ladies."

While the players are circling round, the player known as "it" touches one of the players in a gentlemanly manner, and asks him three questions, which must be answered. Then he tries to guess the name of the player. If he succeeds, he advances the ball five yards.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE. NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT. Table with columns: Destination, Date, Time.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE. NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOLLOGNE. Table with columns: Destination, Date, Time.

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WHITE STAR LINE. NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL. Table with columns: Destination, Date, Time.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT. TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA THE GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA, ALEXANDRIA. Table with columns: Destination, Date, Time.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1905 S. S. Coptic (Calling at Manila) Friday, May 12 S. S. Doric " " Saturday, July 1 S. S. Coptic " " Wednesday, Aug. 2

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons. S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 27, at 2 P. M. S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, May 6, at 11 A. M. S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, May 26, at 11 A. M. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 320 Market St., San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary F. Kohl, of San Mateo, daughter of the late Captain William Kohl, to Mr. Evans S. Pillsbury. No date for the wedding has yet been fixed, but it is expected to take place before the end of the year.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nina Hurrell, of Warren, Pa., to Mr. Philip Bancroft. The wedding will take place on June 30th at Coronado.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dale Hartley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hartley, of Auburn, Placer County, to Mr. Rives Baker of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Margery Gibbons, daughter of Dr. Henry Gibbons, Jr., to Lieutenant Edward M. Shinkle, U. S. A., will take place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, 920 Polk Street. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. George W. Stone. Miss Ida Gibbons will be maid of honor.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Voorhies, daughter of ex Senator and Mrs. E. E. Voorhies, of Sutter Creek, Amador County, to Mr. Baylis Coleman Clark, will take place at the Episcopal Church, Sutter Creek, on Wednesday. The ceremony will be performed by Bishop William Moreland, and will be followed by a wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents. Miss Mollie Mathes will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Meta Schlesinger and Miss Emilie Chickering, of Oakland. Mr. F. Morton Clark will act as best man, and Mr. Grantland Voorhies and Mr. Roger Chickering, of Oakland, will be ushers. Mr and Mrs. Clark will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Florence Senger, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Henry Senger, to Mr. Dudley V. Saeltzer, of Redding, will take place at the First Unitarian Church of Berkeley on Wednesday evening.

The wedding of Miss Mary Turnbull, daughter of General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull, to Mr. George R. Murphy, will take place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, 3168 Washington Street. The bridesmaids will be Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Isabel Lathrop, and Miss White. Mr. Arthur Murphy will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Martha Pratt, daughter of Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt, to Mr. John D. Donnellan, of Goldfield, Nev., took place on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock at the residence of Mr. Henry Conger, 1313 Hyde Street. Miss Jane Swieger was maid of honor.

Mrs. Walter Scott Hale will be "at home" at her residence, 2580 Washington Street, on Friday, April 28th, from three to five o'clock.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., gave a luncheon at the Claremont Club, Oakland, on Thursday, in honor of Mrs. A. W. Foster, of San Rafael.

Miss Edna Davis gave a dinner on Monday evening. Covers were laid for ten.

Mr. Baylis Coleman Clark was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Cosmos Club on Wednesday evening.

Golf at San Rafael.

The fifth annual competition for the golf championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association will be played on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club on April 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th. On the first day the qualifying round, thirty-six holes, medal play, will be held. The first match play round, eighteen holes, will be held in the morning, and the second match play round, eighteen holes, in the afternoon of the second day. On the third day the third match play round, semi final, eighteen holes, will be played in the afternoon. On the last day the first eighteen holes of the final match play round will be contested in the morning, and the second eighteen holes in the afternoon.

The receipts of the Grand Opera Company during its season here were \$120,000. The largest days' receipts came from the third performance of "Parsifal," being nearly \$14,000.

A musical and tea for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies Home will be given on Saturday, April 29th, at the residence of Mr. William Evans, 1419 Taylor Street.

Revival of an Old Comedy.

The English Club of Stanford University, which two years ago successfully revived Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," will next week present "Every Man in His Humour," the play with which Ben Jonson made his reputation. From the time that Will Shakespeare played Knowell, in 1598, until the middle of last century, when Dickens played Bobadil, the comedy was one of the most popular on the English stage, but so far as records go its first production in America will be at Stanford.

The play is a realistic and lively sketch of London characters and manners at the time of Elizabeth. It is full of exuberant fun, and with its dozen individualized characters of about equal importance, it gives opportunity for good acting. J. K. Bonnell as Captain Bohadil, E. O. James as Justice Clement, Paul Edwards as Cob, and E. V. Henley as Cash, are actors who will be remembered for their parts in the "Knight." Among the others are several who will make great hits in the interpretation of their parts.

The cast has been selected and the play is produced under the direction of L. E. Bassett, instructor in vocal expression in the university. The Elizabethan stage owned by the club will be used, old music will be played, and every effort will be made to make the play representative of the theatre in the time of Shakespeare. There will be two performances—the first next Thursday evening, and the second, arranged especially for the convenience of San Francisco and other visitors, at ten-thirty on Saturday morning, April 20th.

In connection with the performance, the English Club has had published an illustrated book, "Elizabethan Humors," containing articles by Professors Alden and Anderson, and various reprints and pictures that will add to an appreciation of the play.

The Automobile Club of California.

The executive committee has decided to hold the first automobile run for the season of 1905 to San José, and Saturday and Sunday, April 29th and 30th, have been selected as the dates for the run. There will be no regular time of departure, members of the club going at such times and by such routes as best suit their convenience. The headquarters of the club will be at the Hotel Vendôme, and members are requested to rendezvous at that place on Saturday evening.

Sunday morning will be devoted to touring in and around San José, there being numerous short trips which can be pleasantly taken, and members will return home at their convenience. The executive committee hopes to provide some form of amusement for Saturday evening, of which announcement will be made later, and, as there is sure to be a large attendance, it will be well to secure rooms in advance, which should be done by communicating with the hotel management direct. The run will be in charge of the executive committee, and inquiries relative to the same should be sent to the committee.

A Strong National Bank.

A deal of great interest to financiers is the consolidation of the Nevada National Bank with the Wells Fargo & Co. Bank. The first-named institution was organized in 1870 by California men who had made their money here on the Coast and in the mines, and has always been looked upon as a typical Pacific Coast institution. Its amalgamation with the Wells Fargo & Co. Bank, which has also been identified with the Pacific Coast ever since the old days, will make it the largest national bank on the Pacific Coast. There are only five national banks in the United States which are larger. Three of these are in New York, one in Chicago, and one in St. Louis; so this puts San Francisco pretty well to the front in the list of national banks. Both the Nevada National and the Wells Fargo & Co. have always enjoyed the full confidence of the public, and now that they have merged, an increased prestige will be the result.

Ysaye, who reappears here on May 15th, after an absence of seven years, will give to San Francisco the same programmes he gave recently in New York, where he appeared in nineteen concerts. An orchestra has been engaged for the concerts in this city, but Ysaye will bring his own conductor, Jules de Befve, who is the conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Liege, Belgium.

Fashion in Champagne.

Our New York correspondent writes that the pre-eminence of Moët & Chandon White Seal at all fashionable functions is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and is said to agree best with a constitution taxed to the utmost by a strenuous society life. *The Caterer*.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved Schussler Bros., 110 Geary Street.

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Fine Portraits by an English Artist.

Quite the best exhibit of portraits seen here recently is that shown by Mr. Walter Cox at his studio, 1835 Sacramento Street. If merit counts, the success that Mr. Cox achieved in England should be repeated here. In fact, he has already done two portraits since his arrival that have been attracting no end of favorable comment. One of these is of His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Patrick Riordan, and the other is of Archbishop George Montgomery. In both of these not only have striking likenesses been obtained, but the coloring, drawing, and harmony of colors are particularly pleasing. His portrait of Cardinal Vaughn, of England, is a fine example of Mr. Cox's happy faculty of obtaining a likeness without in any way sacrificing artistic effect. The full-length portrait of Mrs. Cox, a striking work, has the same characteristics to a marked degree.

Mr. Cox has several portraits of children that show a deep sympathy with and insight into child nature. His double portrait (a profile and a full face of a girl on the same canvas) is exquisitely beautiful in its soft tone, the sweetness of expression, and in the life-light that shines from the eyes. He has another of a little French model, a golden-haired, delicately featured child, that is appealing in its wistful tenderness and beauty. Yet, where strength and ruggedness are needed, Mr. Cox is not lacking. His portrait of Judge Macaulay, of Canada, shows a vigorous, virile man. And—most difficult task of all—Mr. Cox has painted a remarkably good portrait of himself. In another mood, and notable for its life and movement, is the portrait of a lady going up a flight of steps.

Among the many who have viewed the exhibit this week were Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, of London, Sir Edgar Bohm, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Miss Alice Sullivan, Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, Mrs. J. S. Angus, Miss Angus, Mrs. H. W. Ellicott, Miss J. M. Carlson, Mrs. James Shea, and Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown.

Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Yates Sterling, U. S. N., Mrs. Sterling, Lieutenant Yates Sterling, Jr., U. S. N., and Miss Sterling arrived from the Asiatic station on Thursday morning.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chamberlain have returned from the Philippines, and are at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Major Timothy Keleher, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to Burlington, Vt., where he will take station not later than May 7th.

Captain William R. Smedberg, U. S. N., will sail for his station at Mindanao, P. I., within a few days.

Captain William Winder, U. S. N., has arrived from Boston to take command of the United States training-ship *Lawton*, which went into commission this week.

Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Jr., is a guest of Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, at Mare Island.

Mrs. Hamlet, wife of Captain O. C. Hamlet, U. S. N., arrived from Honolulu on Sunday.

Dr. Edmund Shortlidge, U. S. A., departs next week for his new station at Hot Springs, Ark.

Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, U. S. A., departed on Tuesday for his new station at Fort Des Moines, Ia.

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These floor coverings are noted for their rich, deep tones and admirable wearing qualities, and may be obtained in widths up to and including 12 feet. Their sale in America is controlled by Sloane.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. John A. Darling, accompanied by Miss Hastings, has been sojourning for the past fortnight at her old home near Rutherford, now the property of Mrs. Charles E. Maud. She will spend three months in California during the absence abroad of Mr. and Mrs. Maud.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and her mother, Mrs. C. A. McNulty, who have been spending the winter in Southern California, have left Santa Barbara and at present are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook (née Spreckels) have returned from their wedding journey. They will reside on Van Ness Avenue, near Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mohr (née Bailey) are residing at the Hargrave apartment hotel, in New York.

Mr. Claus Spreckels sailed on Saturday for Honolulu.

Governor and Mrs. George C. Pardee were among the recent visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, who are in Paris, will leave there shortly for Egypt, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. George Ade arrived here from Japan on Thursday morning.

Mr. James D. Phelan and Miss Phelan so-journed at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson are spending the week at Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have gone East for a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer (née Ellinwood) have taken a residence in Sausalito.

Mrs. John I. Sahin has been sojourning in San José during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Ghirardelli were recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hammer and Miss Jennie McMillan sailed on Tuesday for the Orient.

Mr. Robert I. Aitken expects to depart on Tuesday for Paris, where he will remain for two years.

Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick was a recent guest at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and Mr. Bradley Wallace are spending the week in Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Caglieri, Mrs. John Robinson, and Mrs. James Smith sailed from New York last week for an extended trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Liehmann have sailed for Europe.

Miss Edith Hecht, Miss Adelheid Hecht, Mr. Joel K. Hecht, and Mr. Elias M. Hecht departed for the East on Thursday. They will sail from New York for Europe on May 18th, and expect to be absent six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Cale Young Rice sailed on Tuesday for Yokohama.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Maury were among the recent guests at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mr. Peter McG. McBean was among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte. Princess Cantucuzene, of Russia, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Lord and Lady Ennismore arrived from Auckland on the Oceanic steamship Ventura Monday, on their way to London.

Miss Helen Hyde will arrive in San Francisco from the Orient next month. She expects to return to Japan in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Young are occupying their new residence, 2727 Vallejo Street.

Mr. Harry Gillig sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Dorr were among the recent guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel depart next week for their country residence at San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and family will depart within the next few weeks for London and the Continent, where they will spend several months.

Mr. John D. Spreckels is spending a few days at San Diego.

Mrs. E. D. Jarhoe, of Burlingame, was among the recent guests at the Hotel Rafael. Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Belford, of the British army, is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Henry James was in Portland early this week, and departed from there on Tuesday for the East.

Miss J. Mary Carlson, who has been quite ill, is convalescing at the Hotel Rafael, where she is to remain for about three weeks. The Misses Morrison, of San José, spent last week in town, attending the opera.

Among the recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. Charles Henry Metzger, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Everett, of Del Monte, and Mr. John Perry, Jr.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel del Monte were Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cottier and Mrs. C. Cottier, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Rea, Mrs. W. W. Oliver, Miss Chapman and Miss Loader, of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo R. Johnson, of Massachusetts, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kerr, of

Portland, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Fee, Mrs. W. E. Crist, Mrs. E. N. Short, Miss May E. Wood, Miss Eleanor Gordon, Colonel George H. Pippy, and Mr. William Greenbaum.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Chambers, Jr., and Miss Chambers, of New York, Mrs. P. W. Knowles, of East Liverpool, Mr. C. A. Houpt, of Norristown, Mr. A. D. Warren, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Henning, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, were Mr. and Mrs. Horace V. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Marton, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Denson, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Gassaway, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Nason, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hale, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Sill, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. B. Huhhard, Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Miss Elsie Schilling, Mr. R. Schilling, and Mr. A. Schilling.

Death of a Noted Lawyer.

Edgar Frank Preston, one of the best-known lawyers of this city, died at his country residence, "Portola," near Redwood City, on Sunday evening. Mr. Preston was born on January 15, 1849, in New Orleans. He came to San Francisco when a boy, and later went to Nevada, where he became interested in mining. He returned to California in 1870, and was admitted to the bar. In 1872, he married Julia McDavid, who died in 1878. In 1880, he married Josephine E. Baldwin, who survives him. He leaves five children—Rudolph Preston, Frank Preston (who is at Columbia University), Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. L. D. Owens, and Mrs. Worthington Ames.

Ben Greet is to occupy the newly established chair of drama at the University of California.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. FROM APRIL 16, 1905. FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street.)

Table of train schedules with columns for LEAVE, MAIN LINE, and ARRIVE. Includes routes to Richmond, Vallejo, Sacramento, and various coastal lines.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Friend—"Is the duke a K. C. B.?" Father-in-law—"Dunno; I found him C. O. D."—New York Mail.

"She told me she was unmarried, and now I find that she is a divorcee." "Well, isn't a divorcee unmarried?"—Houston Post.

"Did he ever figure in the divorce court?" "No; his lawyers did all that for him. He simply paid the bills."—Yankers Herald.

"She—"How do you like my new coat?" The friend—"Do you want an honest opinion?" She—"Of course not."—Fliegende Blätter.

"The equator," wrote an English school-boy in his examination paper, "is a menagerie lion running 'round the centre of the earth."—E.V.

Clementine—"Arabella, would you run after a man?" Arabella—"Yes, I would; if a man's worth having he is worth running after."—Brooklyn Life.

"You don't agree then that 'seeing is believing'?" "Not much! I see some people every day that I never could believe."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pampous waiter—"Have you ordered, miss?" Timid little girl (taking her first meal at a restaurant)—"N-no, sir; but I've requested."—Chicago Tribune.

"Can a man marry comfortably on five hundred dollars a year?" "Oh, yes. But he can't stay married comfortably on any such sum."—Cleveland Leader.

"We can't have everything in this life," said the philosopher. "No," answered Dustin Stax; "the ideal but impossible combination is a millionaire menu with a deck-hand appetite."—Washington Star.

"Bliggins puts a great deal of thought into his work." "Yes," said the sarcastic person; "he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."—Washington Star.

Wigwag—"Why do you insist upon carrying your shirt home from the laundry instead of having it sent?" Harduppe—"So that folks will know that I have two."—Philadelphia Record.

"Suppose," said he, feeling his way, "your father should ask me what my expectations are in—this direction. What shall I say?" "Speak the truth," replied the sweet girl; "tell him you don't know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I reckon Bill must have been cut out for one of these geniuses that writes for the magazines," said the old Georgia farmer, "because he can't make cash enough to have his hair cut, and would rather watch a star than dig a well!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Ah," said Mrs. Oldcastle; "so you're reading Mrs. Binkleton's new story? Don't you think her style is almost too idiomatic?" "I hadn't noticed it," replied her hostess, "but I wouldn't be surprised if it was. You know it runs in their family. She had a niece that was only half-witted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Jabez," growled old man Hardfyst, "what in tarnation are you carryin' that thermometer outdoors an' back so often fer?" "I jest want to see the difference in the temperature, pa," explained Jabez. "Well, you let it alone. Keep the mercury runnin' up an' down in that tube an' first thing we know the thermometer 'll be wore out, an' there'll be twenty-five cents thrown away."—Judge.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steedman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

She—"Look, dear! Papa's check will pay for our wedding trip." The duke—"But what are we going to do afterward?"—Life.

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Mt. Tamalpais Railway schedule table with columns for Tr. San Francisco, Wk. Days, and Arr. San Francisco.

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Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect Oct. 2, 1904, Arrive San Francisco. Lists destinations like Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Fultoni, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Hopland, Ukiah, W. and S. Ferrovio, Guerneville, Sonoma, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Springs, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Halfway House, Comtebe, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Sowers; at Sherwood for Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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DEPART SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS AT 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45, A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15 (7.45, 8.15 Sausalito only), 9.00, 10.15, 11.35 P. M.

DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7.45 A. M., 3.15 and 5.15 P. M., Sundays and holidays at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 10.15, 11.45 A. M., 1.15 P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS. 7.45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 9.15 A. M., Sunday and holidays, Point Reyes, etc. 3.15 P. M., Saturdays only, for Cazadero, etc. 5.15 P. M., daily, except Sunday, for Point Reyes, etc. 8.15 P. M., Sundays and holidays, Cazadero, etc.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 1, 1905

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irrevocable decision of the people of Chicago to acquire and operate the street railways of that city has had a resounding echo out here in San Francisco. Scarcely had the news of the Chicago election reached us when (very evidently) the supervisors of this municipality began to consider in what manner San Francisco might emulate the striking example of the big town on the shores of Lake Michigan. They have succeeded handsomely. On Monday, despite the refusal on two previous occasions of the people of San Francisco to authorize, by the required majorities, the issue of bonds for the acquisition of a street railway, our supervisors voted to construct and operate, municipally, the Geary Street road, if sufficient funds could be diverted from schools, streets, sewers, fire and police departments, and hospitals, so to do. Their decision was unanimous. Not a single vote was cast against the authorizing ordinance offered by Supervisor Braunhart. Republicans, Democrats, Labor

Party men, it makes no difference—they all appear to be convinced municipalists.

The action of the supervisors may seem a matter of no vast importance. The amount proposed to be expended in the conversion of the present cable line into an underground-conduit electric system is not large—only some five hundred thousand dollars. If the sum be divided between two years, it will constitute, in each, only about one twenty-eighth of the total municipal budget. It is further quite properly pointed out that, should the city fail, during the first two or three years, economically to operate the railway, the rolling stock and franchise might be disposed of to private persons at a fair price, so that, in the worst case, no great loss would be sustained. "Let us try it, anyhow," says the easy-going citizen; "no great harm can come of it, and there may come good."

So reason the superficial. But when the thing is viewed in the light of broad political tendencies, and as a phase of a national movement, it assumes, in truth, a slightly different aspect. The acquisition by the City of San Francisco of these four miles of street railway is something that can not and ought not to be viewed as a thing detached, isolate, and separate. It is the first step on a long political road, the end of which nobody sees; it is pushing a light craft out into a swiftly running stream, whose currents are unknown and whose rocks are uncharted; it is permitting the socialist camel to thrust his ugly head into the governmental window.

The astute and vociferous partisans of the Geary Street scheme see this well enough. They frankly admit it. The *Examiner* says without a blush: "This is to be San Francisco's first step toward a general ownership by the municipality of all public utilities." It foresees the time—a time not far distant—when water plants, light plants, telephone systems, and all the street railways will be run by the city. It beholds, in imagination, an illimitable vista of municipal operations. Nor do the partisans of municipal ownership of public utilities stop at urban boundaries. They most of them are already convinced that the issue in the national campaign of 1908 will be the nationalization of the railway, telegraph, and express companies.

Without strictly committing ourselves to such an opinion, it can not be denied that there is much evidence to support such a view of affairs political. "William Jennings Bryan is the national leader of the Democratic party to-day," said Norman E. Mack, and he is not far wrong. About Bryan, Hearst, Folk, Dunne, Watson, and men of their type and degree of radicalism—all semi-Socialists—a host is gathering. The eyes of millions are turned to them for a sign, the ears of millions listen to their slightest word. The man who does not see that the conservative Democracy, represented by Parker, Cleveland, Gorman, and others, is dead beyond any miracle of resurrection, is blind indeed. The man who does not see that the candidate for President in 1908 will be one of those we name or one of the same sort, is fast asleep. It is only a question whether events will march so swiftly that the political contest of 1908 will be between a radical Democracy frankly demanding immediate nationalization of the railways of the United States, and a progressive but sane Republican party which shall propose proper remedial measures for evils which are undoubted, or whether the Democracy will partially recover from its present extremity of madness and wage a campaign on a platform somewhat less radical.

At the present moment, certainly, the views enunciated by men of light and leading who denominate themselves Jeffersonian Democrats are nothing short of startling. Take Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, as an

example. In his speech at the Jefferson Club banquet in Chicago, he spoke of the private capitalists who "have seized and taken possession of the railroads, the telegraphs, and the express transportation of the nation, of the telephones, electric-light plants, water-works, gas plants, and the street-car systems of our city."

"Seized and taken possession of!" There you have the doctrine in all its nakedness. As the *New York Times* very properly points out, "a title based upon seizure and taking possession is, of course, invalid, and the true remedy is re-seizure and occupation by the municipality." Let those who own stock in any railway, telephone company, or other public-service corporation, ponder the proposition that their ownership was a "seizure" of something that belonged to the public, and therefore invalid and subject to summary confiscation. And if this be true of corporations that furnish a city such a necessary commodity as water, then why is it not true of corporations which furnish such necessary commodities as milk, meat, vegetables? Why is it not true of department-stores? If it is proper to confiscate the rolling stock of a street railway, why not the cabs of a cab company? If the cabs of a cab company, why not anything whatsoever? "When once it is entered upon, this theory has no limits," says the *Times*; "every form of property becomes robbery."

We do not for a moment suppose, of course, that a majority of the sixteen supervisors who voted in favor of the operation of the Geary Street railway by the city, would give their indorsement to any such principle of confiscation as that enunciated by Mayor Dunne, of Chicago. We do not suppose our supervisors contemplate the seizure of any private property whatsoever, whether it be that of a street railway or that of a telephone company. But any one not afflicted with inveterate political blindness can readily see into what bottomless bogs of socialism an innocent-appearing proposition like the one here under consideration very quickly leads. It may not be possible now to avoid the municipal operation of the Geary Street road, but if the city is going into such an enterprise, those men who are favoring it ought to be candid enough with themselves to recognize that thereby they perceptibly aid the revolutionary Socialist in his propaganda for the confiscation and operation by the State of all private productive enterprises whatsoever.

You can not start a boulder down a rocky steep in the pleasant expectation that it will bring up innocently against a tree-trunk somewhere, and then deny responsibility if, on the contrary, it gathers to itself as it goes a Titanic company that sets the mountain side a-roar, shears forests clean, and brings destruction to the valley.

For six months Surgeon-Major Louis Livingston Seaman has been laying facts as to the sanitary work of the Japanese Medical Department before the American public, and appealing for an immediate reform in our own army. The *Argonaut* has already explained Major Seaman's stand in the matter, but it is never out of place to make the American citizen think, if only for a moment, of the tremendous meaning of the facts upon which Major Seaman bases his conclusions and appeals.

In the Spanish-American War the number of those killed in battle or dying from wounds was exactly 268 in the six weeks' campaign. The number dying from disease was 3,852—about 14 to 1 in favor of disease. Out of the 250,000 men enlisted during this short war, over 100,000 have filed pension claims. Major Seaman says it comes of poor food, poor san-

itation, and criminal carelessness. He says we fed the private beans when rice was what he should have had, and pork when pork was poison. He remarks that the men who filled Camp Alger were the flower of American youth, the pick of the world so far as health and spirit and breeding go, and yet a good half of them were permanently injured in health in a six weeks' campaign, all because a War Department did not know how to feed them or clothe them or keep their camps clean.

On the other hand, he says of his experience with the Japanese army: "I was in Hiroshima last summer when 9,680 wounded men were brought from the front. Of that entire number only 34 died. There were 1,100 brought to Tokio, and of that number not a single one died, although they were shot in every possible way. Six of them had bullets through the brain in different directions. Nine had bullets through their chests. Six had bullets through the abdomen, the point of exit and of entrance being discernible in all cases. And they all got well. That was principally because they were fed on a ration that is a rational ration, and they did not have their systems loaded with uric acid and other elements that excite inflammation after injury and cause death."

The remedy for the present condition of affairs Major Scaman places in a total reorganization of the present medical department. He asserts that no good can come of a department which has not absolute authority in matters of army sanitation. He says that the medical director must be of equal rank with the line officers, responsible solely to the President and the Secretary of War. He points out that the Japanese have attained their wonderful efficiency by having the sanitary branch under a lieutenant-general, six major-generals, and a brigadier-general to every 20,000 men. Major Scaman has returned to Japan to follow out more in detail the work of the Japanese medical service, believing that all the world may learn from it.

From the point of view of the literary artist, the Smith affair could hardly be more satisfactory than it is. The story without embellishment only needs proper telling to constitute a Moral Novel for the Instruction of the Young. The playwright of the Central Theatre has only to dramatize pages 1 and 2 of the *Examiner* for Thursday, April 27th, and we guarantee him a tremendous success. For consider the actors in this melodrama. First, Smith himself, with his profuse mustache, dark eyes, brown hair, and derby hat—the very picture of a stage villain. Even the facts that he "never drank a drop," was "big-hearted," and "gave money liberally to the unfortunate," are characteristic—all first-class villains have these little eccentricities. Then consider what a striking figure on the stage of the Central or between yellow covers the dizzy blonde, properly described as "the beautiful Lillian Leslie," would make. A typical adventuress. Think what glorious "material" for the popular novelist would be descriptions of her "jewels worth thousands of dollars" (vide the *Examiner*); her "ten-thousand-dollar gown"; the "costly presents" that Smith gave her; her "entertainments on a regal scale"; her "private victoria and service befitting a queen!" Then in dramatic contrast with the bejeweled woman is the neglected wife who, as one of the accounts sets forth, "is one of the most economical wives in the world." The pity of it! Again, in sharp contrast to the defaulting Smith is the heroic, hard-working brother—the world-old story of Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau. The novelist or the melodramatist who failed to make a hit with a pen-picture of James R. Smith getting up at four o'clock in the morning in order himself to do work he had previously hired done, and thus recover from the blow to his fortunes caused by making good his brother's previous shortage of \$165,000, would indeed be a failure. And, besides all this, a tearful scene, such as that between the mayor and John B. Smith, when the latter with tears unfolds the whole sad story, a scene such as the meeting of the jaunty villain and the glorious adventuress in Paris; a scene such as the appearance at some blissful moment of the number of the law, and the hustling of the handcuffed Smith to jail, while the adventuress weeps, or, better still, falls into the arms of another lover who appears opportunely around the corner—such scenes as these would make the fortune of any melodramatist.

To be quite serious, we sincerely hope that the handcuff scene will in fact be enacted. If it is not—if the man gets away—San Francisco will be the laughing stock of all the cities. San Franciscans will be thought the "castiest marks" of all. It is reproach enough for San Francisco to elect a man with such a career to office for its city experts not to have discovered the first shortage of \$165,000 last year, which Smith's brother, upon being acquainted with the facts by the

defaulter, secretly made up; for other defalcations leading up to this one and extending over months not to have been found out; for nearly a week to have elapsed between Smith's collection of \$39,113.28 from the Southern Pacific and discovery of the fact that it had not been turned in; for the man thus to have been allowed to get a start of nearly a week; and for the city treasurer's office to have been independently bunkoed out of \$15,590.08 on a worthless check—all this is bad enough. But it will be worse still if the man gets clean away to enjoy his stolen fortune in the company of the "lovely Lillian Leslie," or, as later accounts of the affair suggest, some other fair charmer. Fortunately, the surety companies and the treasurer, personally, will have to make good the loss. The people do not suffer it. But that fact does not remove the stain on a city which permits such ridiculously bare-faced thieving to go on in its tax-collector's office.

Two careful men, both soundly versed in history and politics, both well acquainted with Asia and its peculiar conditions, have lately spoken their minds freely about the outcome of the Japanese and Russian war. General James H. Wilson, a veteran of two wars and the commander of the American forces during the advance of the allied forces upon Peking, says that the time is coming when Japan will shut the European out of the Orient and make Asia for the Asiatics. Arnold White, a well-known student and writer, harks back to Jenghiz Khan, and asserts that the conditions are come again when a great Asiatic irruption into Europe is to be expected. Both say the key to the situation is China, that China is the tool with which Japan is to try for the sovereignty of the continent.

General Wilson says he had always held that "the yellow peril" was a myth to be ignored, and that this was a reasonable view so long as the yellow races remained separate and without a leader. "But the triumph of the Japanese in 1895 settled that. Their present triumph over the Russians confirms and emphasizes it. It makes Japan the hegemon—the ruling people of the Asiatic races—and will surely turn every element of discontent in Asia toward her for instruction and guidance." He is sure that this means the awakening of China, and that the European will be ousted from there as he has been from Japan. He calls attention to the fact that Europe is helping the Japanese with money and supplies on a course "the end of which no man can foresee."

On the question, Will the East overrun the West? Mr. Arnold White begins by saying that Russia has always been the breakwater athwart the stream of Eastern invasion, and that every irruption from Asia has been due to overpopulation—desire for food—the necessities of self-survival. "The struggle on between Russia and Japan, though nominally for Corea, is really for the overlordship of China. Whoever has the teaching of the Chinese people during the next three years will be master of Asia; whoever controls China for ten years will be master of the Pacific."

Mastery of the Pacific, Mr. White believes, means that Australia, the richest European possession in that ocean, will be attacked and may fall a prey to the Japanese. He asserts that expansion is necessary for both the Chinese Empire and for Japan, and that cupidity will be the guide of invasion. He admits that this can not be accomplished until Europe and America are brought to their knees, but evidently feels that this may be the final struggle. "That Japan will suffer the competition of British and American trade in the Far East a day after she feels herself strong enough to exclude it, is incredible." And Mr. White ends his story with the grimmest of veiled prophecies: "Probably great success in war, the prestige of victory, and the commercialism that will ensue, will plant in the Japanese the microbe of luxury, and she, too, will succumb to the inexorable laws that govern the rise and fall of living nations—the period of blossom, the flower of maturity, and the certainty of decay."

The articles which are daily being published with reference to the management and methods of the Equitable Life Assurance Company are awakening to a greater degree than ever before the public interest in the life insurance business in general. That a business of such magnitude should be so little understood by the average person seems incredible; and yet it is a fact that the vast majority of policy-holders know little of the company or companies in which they are insured, and still less of the manner in which their premium payments are used. The insurance companies are considered to be among the most stable of institutions, and apparently it has been sufficient for the average layman to feel assured that, in the event of his death, his heirs would receive the amount guaranteed. Be-

CHINA,
THE INSTRUMENT
OF EMPIRE.

LIFE INSURANCE
EVILS AND
A REMEDY.

yond that he does not go, and of the fact that he is not receiving full value for his payments, he is, in many instances, unaware.

Life insurance is a necessity. That grave evils of management exist, that policy-holders' moneys are being used improperly, has been amply illustrated in the case of the Equitable Life. Personal fortunes have been gained by officers through the manipulation of the funds under their control, and the individual policy-holder is the loser.

That there are some companies which are conservatively and honestly managed is well known. These companies do not accumulate huge surpluses, and, in fact, the accumulation of large surplus funds is unnecessary. Some companies return the profits derived from the business to the policy-holders at the end of every year, and accumulate only a sufficient fund to provide for any slight depreciation which may occur in the value of their securities. It has been suggested that a remedy for the evils in the business that exist to-day lies in legislation which will compel all companies to disburse their earnings among the policy-holders annually. There are many companies which do this, and it has been proved conclusively that the net cost of policies issued on this plan has been less than of others. In order that satisfactory results may be attained by the annual dividend company, the management must be conservative, and all channels of unnecessary and dishonest expenditure eliminated. The policies issued by the New York companies provide in the great majority of cases, that the surplus earnings shall not be paid until the end of the twentieth year, and then only in the event of the holder living out that period and having made all payments on account of his contract. As a matter of fact, only about one-quarter of the persons who insure are persistent in their payments, and the forfeitures of profits which the other three-quarters are compelled to make go to increase the surplus, which is already larger in amount than is necessary for the safe conduct of the business. It is an outgrowth of the old tontine methods, and manifestly unfair. The policy-holder who dies at the one who, through adverse circumstances, is compelled to permit his policy to lapse before twenty years have expired, should receive the benefits of the profit made from their payments. The amounts paid in dividends by the New York companies on the accumulation policies in recent years have been absurdly small and have been exceeded by the returns made by annual dividend companies on policies of similar kind at amount, and in the latter institutions every member has received his just due, whether he survived the twenty-year period or not. The conclusion is unavoidable that where surpluses are permitted to accumulate and are not so disbursed they are misused. The evils of the business are directly traceable to the accumulation and control of these large surplus funds. It is well known to those familiar with conditions as they exist, and if the deferred-dividend companies were compelled by law to divide their earnings among the body of policy-holders every year they would be forced to pursue different practices in order to compete with the honestly managed institutions which are being run for the benefit of the policy-holders and not the officers, and which are attaining better results.

Talk about the political situation in San Francisco, the progress of the Republican League, its beneficent endeavors, and the chance of its success, is to be heard on every hand. Gossip about political affiliations and alignments is afloat. It is indeed mostly gossip, but some of it is interesting, despite its possible inaccuracy. One of the persistent rumors is that Arthur G. Fisk, postmaster of San Francisco, is an aspirant to the governorship, and will join enthusiastically in the present Republican League movement in order that the San Francisco delegation may be for him when the State convention is called to nominate a governor next year. Evidence to support this view is discoverable in the fact that George D. Clark, chairman of the league organizing committee, is president of the Fisk Republican Club in the latter's assembly district, and therefore a natural ally. Some political wiseacres, however, still seem to doubt the reality of the alliance between the Wheelan-Clark forces and Mr. Fisk. "The Knave," a well-informed San Francisco newspaper man, writes for the *Oakland Tribune*, appears to be of this opinion. It is this authority, also, who makes himself responsible for the statement that Fairfax Wheelan does not care particularly to be the nominee for mayor, though most of the Republican League members think he is just the man for the place. Thomas Andrew foreman of the grand jury, is among the new names suggested for the mayoralty honor in case Wheelan can not be made to take it.

Considerable uncertainty still exists about the course the Democratic party will take; if it fails to indo-

LOCAL
POLITICAL
GOSSIP.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

By Jerome Hart.

On my first visit to this country, I was more interested in its ancient history and ancient ruins than in more modern things. On subsequent visits the life in Cairo, the amusements of foreigners and Egyptians, the voyagers on the Nile, the irrigation systems, ancient and modern, the gigantic dams or "barrages"—these things engrossed my mind.

It is only on this visit, when our stay has been much longer than before, that my attention has turned on the English occupation of Egypt. I have learned what I could by reading, by conversation, and by observation. I have thus been led to conclusions differing from the vague and general impressions I had held before.

These impressions I shared with most Americans and many Englishmen—to wit: that *England's occupation of Egypt has been a long-considered and deliberate plan; that from the first England had the settled end of permanently occupying the country and of making it an imperial colony.*

I have now come to the conclusion that this belief is an erroneous one, and that it has no foundation in fact. The further conclusion is forced upon me that the British occupation of Egypt has been entirely undesigned; that it has been largely the result of accident; that it has been against the wish of successive British cabinets; that it has not been the desire of the British people; and that the British occupation today is almost entirely the result of chance rather than of design.

Let me summarize briefly the curious chain of circumstances which led the British Government unwillingly to follow the path of occupation and conquest. Omitting the long story of the promoting of the Suez Canal; of Khedive Ismail's magnificent and Micawber-like financing; of the touching confidence with which the usurers of Europe hastened to lend him money at high interest on low security; of the floating of loan after loan by the Egyptian Government; of the final fears of the European usurers as to the security of their loans; of the tightening of their nets around the Khedive; of his struggle against impending bankruptcy; of the danger of Egypt repudiating her bonds; of his forced loans from bankers and wealthy tradesmen in Egypt; of the desperate straits which forced him to offer his Suez Canal shares to England; of the quick decision of Lord Beaconsfield to borrow £4,000,000 from Rothschild; of the sagacity which led that financier to lend it on an hour's notice to the minister on no security except his word; of this canal purchase, leading the financial world to believe that Great Britain was about to finance Egypt; of the Khedive's request for an English financial adviser; of the sending of Mr. Cave, a member of the ministry, on a mission of financial investigation to Egypt—these were the simple yet fateful circumstances which first led Great Britain into the Egyptian tangle.

Shortly after this time Ismail attempted to consolidate the vast Egyptian debt, bonded and floating, into a single seven per cent. loan. English bondholders opposed this scheme; French bondholders were in favor of it. The Khedive requested France, Italy, Austria, and England to nominate Commissioners of the Public Debt. *England refused.*

Here was *Attempt Number One* to evade Egyptian entanglements.

However, the Khedive appointed on his own initiative Major Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, as a British member of the commission. This commission was succeeded by another, which was succeeded by two Permanent Controllers, to be nominated by the French and English Governments. The British Government again declined to appoint, which constituted *Attempt Number Two.*

Thereupon the British controller was nominated without the approval of the British Government. The floating debt creditors, being ignored by the new controllers, brought suits against the Egyptian Government before the International Egyptian Tribunals.

This threatened the interests of the European bondholders, as the creditors of the floating debt were principally Egyptians and Levantines. The danger to the European bondholders led to the proposing of a Commission of Inquiry by France. Lord Derby at first refused to cooperate.

Attempt Number Three.

At last, under pressure from British bondholders, he gave way, and the Khedive appointed a commission consisting of a French president, one Egyptian, and one British vice-president, and Italian and Austrian members. This commission endeavored to unravel the tangle between the Khedive's individual debts and those of the state; also to account for the whereabouts of some £50,000,000 borrowed from European creditors, of which there was no trace. The Khedive, in order to baffle inquiry, threatened to default on the current interest on the bonds; but this he finally reluctantly consented to permit to be paid. The commission at last discovered that the missing moneys were invested in over one million acres, which Ismail had purchased and improved as cotton and sugar plantations and otherwise. They demanded that he hand over these ill-gotten goods to the Egyptian Government, which was done.

At this time an Anglo-French ministry was urged on the Khedive's premier, Nubar Pasha. Mr. Rivers Wilson was suggested as the English candidate. The British Government consented reluctantly only on the stipulation that the French minister was to have equal authority and thus render English intervention in Egypt less conspicuous. It must be understood that Mr. Rivers Wilson was appointed not by the English Government but by the Egyptian Government, and that the British cabinet contented itself merely with "raising no serious objection to Mr. Wilson's appointment."

Matters continued under this Anglo-French ministry for some time, until the holders of floating debt claims, who had secured judgment before the International Tribunals at Cairo, attempted to levy execution upon property already mortgaged as security for bonds. This brought about a financial crisis, and the Khedive, for lack of funds, was forced to dismiss a number of officers in the Egyptian army. A mob of some four hundred of these officers assembled in front of the Ministry of Finance, hustled Mr. Rivers Wilson and the Minister of Finance, insulted them, and shouted "Death to the Christians!" The English and French ministers sent requests to their governments to protect them and other Christians from the mutinous officers, but the British Government declined to land any forces, and merely sent a naval vessel to Alexandria.

Thereupon the Khedive, emboldened by British inaction, dismissed Mr. Rivers Wilson. Yet the British Government did not enforce his restoration.

A totally unexpected move now brought about important developments. Germany, hitherto entirely aloof, suddenly threatened intervention. Some German subjects, creditors of Egypt, had obtained judgment against the treasury before the International Egyptian Tribunals. The Khedive refused to execute these judgments.

As Germany was a party to the international agreement by which these tribunals were established, she therefore threatened that if her subjects' judgments were not executed she would take action to enforce them. Bismarck was at that time head of the German Empire, and England was forced to join in intervention lest the Iron Chancellor should conduct matters alone. Thereupon England, France, and Germany demanded that the Sultan depose Khedive Ismail. This was done, and Tewfik, his son, was nominated in his stead.

Such was the financial crisis in Egypt at this time—an empty treasury, European bondholders pressing for their interest, Egyptian creditors clamoring for their principal. Some drastic measure was needed. France therefore urged England to join with her in demanding the appointment of two controllers, with the right to be present at cabinet meetings, the controllers to be nominated directly by their own governments. This was the beginning of the Dual Control. Far-reaching as were its functions, its beginning was, as I have pointed out, due to the threatened intervention of Germany, seconded by the demands of the French bondholders through their governments for the regulation of Egyptian finances. It was only indirectly due to the British Government. The British controller was Major Baring. Under the Dual Control a Commission of Liquidation was theoretically appointed by the Khedive, but in fact selected by England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. This commission after some months effected a settlement between Egypt, the European bondholders, and the creditors to whom the floating debt was owed. This arrangement involved placing the various revenue-producing departments of Egypt under certain bureaus of Dual Control. The railway earnings, the telegraph earnings, and the customs dues of Alexandria went to pay the Preferred Debt. Other customs dues, the tobacco tax, the revenue of some of the fertile Delta provinces, went to pay the Unified Debt. A special Anglo-French commission was placed in charge of the enormous estates which Ismail had been forced to disgorge. Their revenues went to pay the Khedive's portions of the loan which the commission had succeeded in disentangling from the purely state debts.

I will not go further into this complicated subject, and only mention it to show that this financial arrangement forced Great Britain and France to rule Egypt comprehensively and in detail. How comprehensively, may be understood if we were to imagine some foreign power ruling the United States so absolutely as to take in every dollar paid for taxes, customs dues, railway charges, and telegraph tolls. Here again, as will be seen, this was forced upon Great Britain. Her reluctance to enter on the task was shown by the fact that the two Anglo-French controllers at once appointed a Commission of the Public Debt to share their functions, which commissioners were nominated by England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy.

Up to this time a peaceful country confronted Great Britain. But the Dual Control insisted on economy. Therefore Ismail's army of 45,000 men was reduced to 18,000. This involved the retirement of two officers out of three. There existed great jealousy between the Egyptian and Circassian officers, and one Achmed Araby—a fellah officer who was dismissed to give place to a Circassian—organized a wide-spread conspiracy against the Khedive. To placate these officers, Araby and a number of others were reinstated and promoted. But this evidence of weakness on the part of the Khedive emboldened them, and they demanded

the reform candidate, the name of Francis J. Heney is suggested as its nominee. In the camp of the labor unionists there seems to be some discontent with Schmitz and Ruef, as evidenced by the formation of the Union Labor League to "take active and united measures to rescue the voters of the wage-earning masses from the domination of a political boss who has no affiliation with trades unionism and misleads union men to further his selfish ends." A meeting of this league has been called for Sunday afternoon next. The *Examiner*, whose position in local politics is ambiguous, but which conceivably may support Mr. Schmitz if he takes up its fight for municipal ownership of public utilities, has discovered a mare's nest in the circumstance that Henry J. Crocker, Republican candidate for mayor at the last election and now State harbor commissioner, has declared his opposition to Fairfax Wheelan for mayor because, as he is said to allege, Wheelan did not properly support him, but threw the weight of his influence to Franklin K. Lane. The *Examiner* is also of the opinion that Kiskadee and Wheelan are not yet working together harmoniously. That it is necessary to the success of the forces of reform at the next election that all the factions in the Republican party be harmonized and that they fight as a unit against Ruef and his cohorts, goes without saying. We are confident that such a consummation will be achieved by the earnest and politically well-informed men who form the active committee of the league. This committee, by the way, has already entered vigorously upon practical work. Headquarters have been opened at 636 Market Street. Circulars outlining the league's position are shortly to be sent to each of the 84,000 qualified electors in San Francisco, together with return postal-cards upon which the elector may express his political preferences. "Hard work and lots of it" is the motto of the committee.

When the British geographer deals with American places and names, he becomes an exponent of the science of Genteel Vicinity, or, Every Place Known by Its Neighbor. An illustrated English weekly has this explanation under a design of President Roosevelt hunting garb killing deer with a magazine rifle:

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS IS HIS: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HOLIDAY-MAKING ON GLACIER POINT, IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, THE RETREAT WHENCE HE SAYS HE DRAWS MOST OF HIS INSPIRATION.

On April 2d the President of the United States started on the longest holiday he has enjoyed during his term of office. He will camp for two months in the Rocky Mountains and the Wilderness. His secretary alone will know of his whereabouts, and that official lives on a private railway train sidetracked somewhere near Colorado.

What could more definitely express the position of Secretary Loeb than the phrase, "sidetracked somewhere near Colorado?" Glacier Point . . . Yosemite . . . Rocky Mountains . . . Wilderness . . . near Colorado . . . What's missing in this chaplet of barbaric neighbors? . . . Can it be that the British geographer has forgotten Chicago? Which is near Illinois?

Richard H. Little, war-correspondent for the Chicago *News*, arrived in this city from Manchuria a few days ago. Singularly enough, however, he knows less, after spending a whole year in company with Russian officers, than we do about them. Everybody, or nearly everybody, in San Francisco knows well enough that the Russian officer never tells the truth and steals everything he can lay his hands on. But this Mr. Little hasn't discovered. Just listen:

Generally speaking, I found the Russians fine fellows. It is true many of them are not strictly honest, but the principal reason for there being more graft in the Russian army than in our own and the armies of some other lands is that the Russian army is larger, the business system looser, and the opportunity for dishonesty greater. Give the officers of any other nation an equal chance to "knock down," and there would be found just as much crookedness as uncovered in the Russian army. The history of our own wars shows that under the star-spangled banner are many men only too ready to line their own nests where Uncle Sam's system of accounting leaves a hole in the granary wall. Not all, not the majority, of Russian officers are dishonest.

SPRING LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, all-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain an extended illustrated article by Jerome Hart, entitled "Along the Nile"; literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and from the Far East. In addition it will contain the usual miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy coated paper, and will consist of forty pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers would do well to send their orders in advance.

that the Minister of War be dismissed and replaced by a native Egyptian. Araby with three regiments marched to the Khedive's palace, and the emute ended by the Khedive's yielding to their demands.

Following this, various intrigues resulted in the making of Araby assistant secretary of war. He then led a movement called "Egypt for the Egyptians." The end sought was the expulsion of foreigners. He availed himself of his power to have some fifty officers of the Egyptian army arrested on the charge of a conspiracy to assassinate him. He had them all deported.

The movement against foreigners was gaining such strength that it alarmed many Europeans, and appeals were made to Great Britain for protection. But Mr. Gladstone was at the head of the government, and he strongly disliked any foreign intervention, and was particularly opposed to intervention in Egypt. France, however, urged Great Britain to join her in armed intervention, which that power finally consented to do, but expressly reserved the right to say that she "did not commit herself to any particular mode of action."

In order to avoid even this feeble indorsement of intervention, Great Britain tried to foist upon Turkey the disagreeable task, and suggested that Turkey land a Turkish army to restore order in Egypt. But to this France positively refused to consent. Therefore Great Britain resigned herself to the inevitable. An English ironclad accompanied a French warship to Alexandria, but the British admiral was ordered only "to protect British subjects and Europeans," and was authorized only "to land a force if required; such force not to leave the protection of ship's guns without instructions from home."

Attempt Number Four.

The rumors as to threatened attacks on Christians, and the open encouragement of these attacks by Araby and his co-conspirators, impelled the English and the French consuls-general to demand the resignation of the Araby ministerial clique and the withdrawal of Araby himself from Egypt. The Khedive yielded, and dismissed the Araby clique, but, under fear of their threats, reinstated them the same day. This weakness emboldened the Araby conspirators, and there suddenly broke out in Alexandria a riot which resulted in the brutal murder of some scores of Europeans. While Englishmen were being murdered in the streets of Alexandria, the British naval officers in the harbor there were prevented by their orders from landing forces to defend their countrymen. But the fierce outburst of popular indignation in England when the news reached there forced Mr. Gladstone to give way. He was compelled to consent to armed intervention on Egyptian soil. But with the curious tortuous turn of Gladstone's mind, this object was veiled under the guise of "obtaining compensation for losses sustained by British subjects." Driven by the importunities of his ministerial colleagues, and goaded on by the popular wrath, Mr. Gladstone ordered the Channel squadron to be dispatched to Alexandria.

Again the stars in their courses conspired to force England to occupy Egypt. The French cabinet believed that Araby's National Egyptian Party was much stronger than it proved to be; that its suppression would tax the resources of Great Britain's small army; that at the psychological moment France could intervene between England and Egypt with great profit to herself. So believing, the French Government ordered its admiral to abstain from any share with Great Britain in armed intervention. Therefore on the morrow of the Alexandria massacres and on the eve of the fateful bombardment of June, 1881, the French fleet hoisted anchor and sailed from Alexandria, leaving the English admiral alone.

Araby immediately began manning the fortresses of Alexandria. Admiral Seymour ordered the forts to be abandoned and their guns dismantled. This was refused. Thereupon the bombardment began. The subsequent attempts of Araby to cut off Alexandria's water supply forced the British Government to land an army to protect British subjects. This was preceded by a protocol in which Great Britain bound herself "not to seek any territorial advantage in Egypt." Here was another attempt on the part of England to prevent occupation developing into annexation.

Attempt Number Five.

Araby now threatened the Suez Canal. England, instead of defending it alone, requested a conference of all the powers to determine how it should be defended. On all the powers refusing, Great Britain proposed to France a joint expedition to protect the Suez Canal. France refused to join. Great Britain then was forced to defend the canal herself, being justified in so doing as being the largest stockholder.

The first military use of the canal was made by Great Britain when she landed a British army at Ismailia. From there the troops advanced on Cairo. Araby's forces first made a stand at Tel-el-Kebir, but were routed. Araby next attempted to hold Cairo, but the British took the city without difficulty. With the surrender of Araby, the national Egyptian movement collapsed.

Two days after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Lord Dufferin was ordered by the British Government to inform the Sultan that, as the insurrection was now over, the British Government intended to bring about an early withdrawal of the British troops. Considering Mr. Gladstone's strong reluctance to military occupation, there can be no doubt of the good faith of this assurance.

But note the inevitable chain of circumstances. The Commission of Liquidation could not carry out its financial measures unless Egyptian credit was restored; Egypt's credit could not be restored if the British troops were withdrawn, unless some other military force were provided to maintain order, as the Egyptian army had been in open mutiny. There could be no such force to rely on unless it came from some other European power; therefore Great Britain was forced to remain until the Egyptian Government was able to maintain order alone. An agreement was therefore drawn up by which Great Britain consented to reduce her army of occupation to 12,000 men, and to bear the expense of the campaign. In this document England not only agreed to reduce her army in numbers, but to withdraw these troops as soon as possible.

About the time of the Araby mutiny the British Government urged the Khedive to abolish slavery in Egypt. Most of the slaves in Egypt came from the Soudan. General Gordon had already attempted to abolish slave-trading there before his first incumbency as governor terminated. At once there appeared in the Soudan a "Mahdi"—a holy man who (the Mohammedans believed) would lead them to victory over the infidels. He proclaimed himself the Messiah, and was at once believed. Gordon's successor as governor attempted to suppress him and his followers, but his military expeditions against the Mahdi were all defeated. The governor demanded 15,000 men from Cairo, saying that if they were not sent he would be forced to evacuate the Soudan. The Khedive requested assistance from the British army then in Egypt. The British Government peremptorily refused. They feared being further drawn into permanent occupation of Egyptian territory.

Attempt Number Six.

The Egyptian Government then sent 10,000 men to the Soudan under the command of Hicks Pasha, an English officer, but no longer in the British army. Hicks Pasha set out against the Mahdi. His army was wiped out. His 10,000 men, with their officers, guns, and ammunition, disappeared utterly from the face of the earth. They have never been heard of again.

Just before this time the British Government had again assured the great powers in a circular note that "its forces remained in Egypt only for the preservation of order, and that the British Government wished to withdraw its troops as soon as the authority of the Khedive could be properly protected." It might be thought that the disaster to Hicks Pasha's army would fire Great Britain with a desire to revenge him. Not so. On the contrary, Great Britain refused to help Egypt in the Soudan; announced that the British army of occupation would be reduced to 3,000, and removed from Cairo to Alexandria. Further, the British Government intimated that Egypt must abandon the idea of retaining the Soudan, and must prepare to withdraw her garrisons. This move was evidently inspired by the idea of avoiding the slightest possibility of Great Britain being entangled in these Egyptian-Soudanese complications.

Attempt Number Seven.

The Egyptian Government, panic-stricken by the British action, at once ordered its garrisons to evacuate the Soudan. This emboldened the Mahdi and his lieutenant, Osman Digma, and they invested the Egyptian garrisons so actively that evacuation was impossible. The Egyptian Government sent to the Soudan a military force under another English officer, Valentine Baker, formerly of the British army. Like the army of Hicks Pasha, the army of Baker Pasha was destroyed at the Battle of El-Teb.

About this time the British Government decided to send General Gordon as envoy to the Soudan, to bring about the evacuation of the Egyptian garrisons. This move was heartily approved by the Egyptian Government, as they hoped that Gordon's mission would ultimately bring about armed intervention by the British Government. In this they were right. On the way to Egypt, Gordon changed his mind about acting as the envoy of Great Britain, and telegraphed ahead, suggesting that he should be nominated by the Khedive as governor-general of the Soudan. This was done. Note the result: By this appointment, Gordon ceased to be under the orders of the British Government; it gave him a free hand; it resulted in forcing the British Government to send a relief force to Khartoum.

It is needless to relate here the various expeditions against the dervishes and the gradual investment by them of Khartoum. The position of Gordon in the beleaguered city excited the sympathies of the British public to such an extent that the Gladstone government was most reluctantly forced to send a British army to rescue him. The attempted relief by this expedition under Lord Wolseley, and the arrival at Khartoum only a few hours after Gordon had been brutally murdered—these facts are fresh in the memory of most men. Gordon's long defense and gallant death made a profound impression in England. The government was forced by public opinion to prepare to send armies both up the Nile and by the Suakin-Berber route to destroy the powers of the Mahdi. The trouble on the Indian frontier with Russia temporarily diverted the public mind, and Mr. Gladstone made haste to take advantage of this to withdraw all British troops from the Soudan.

With the advent of a conservative ministry under Lord Salisbury, a further attempt was made to with-

draw the British army from Egypt. A convention was begun with Turkey to replace the British army with a large force of Turkish troops in Egypt. Before these negotiations were finished, there was a change of ministry in Great Britain, but even under the new ministry this convention was concluded, and by its terms England bound herself to withdraw her army of occupation within three years. But the French bondholders became alarmed, and pressure was brought to bear in influencing the Sultan to quash the Anglo-Turkish convention. Again was England baffled in her attempt to withdraw from Egypt.

Attempt Number Eight.

An insurrection led by the Khalifa, after the death of the Mahdi, again forced the British troops to go south into the Soudan. To-day there are forts standing around Assuan which were then erected by the English and Egyptian army. Starting from Wad-Halfa, they made raids which crushed the dervishes under the Khalifa.

That by this time Great Britain considered herself more than an adviser to the Egyptian Government was shown when Nubar Pasha, the premier, attempted to transfer the police from British to Egyptian officials. This Lord Salisbury vetoed. The Khedive felt mortified by this rebuff, and Nubar Pasha was forced to resign. With the close of his administration the attempt to govern Egypt by native officials was practically abandoned by Great Britain. This was in 1888.

The last attempt of the Egyptian Government to assert its freedom of action was under the present Khedive, Abbas the Second, about ten years ago. A review of troops was held by the Khedive at Wad-Halfa. The troops were commanded by the Sirdar (the title of the commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army), who was then Sir Herbert Kitchener. After the review the Khedive expressed his dissatisfaction with the maneuvering. The Sirdar immediately set in his resignation. Thereupon Lord Cromer, British plenipotentiary, at once informed the Khedive that the censure upon the Sirdar and the British officer under him must be retracted, and the Sirdar induced to withdraw his resignation. This was done. Since that time it may be considered that the Khedive at the Egyptian Government are not free agents.

In 1896, General Kitchener headed a British Egyptian army against the Mahdists, who had again become active after having been unmolested since the defeat of Baker Pasha. In two years' time the dervish armies were driven out of Khartoum, and their capital Omdurmann, was taken. It was during this campaign that the dreadful slaughter of the dervishes took place when they were mowed down by the British army machine-guns. Nearly 11,000 dead dervishes were counted on the field of battle, and 28,000 were four wounded. The casualties of the English and Egyptian troops were 48 killed and 382 wounded. It was after this campaign that Sir Herbert Kitchener was made Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

It was only three days after the capture of Khartoum that General Kitchener learned that Major Marchal had hoisted the French flag at Fashoda, a town on the White Nile, three hundred miles to the south. He at once hastened there and hauled down the French flag, hoisting the Egyptian. This caused great feeling in France, and for a time the friendly relations of England and France were endangered. But the incident served to prove plainly the fact that Great Britain now was in the Soudan to stay.

Since then the Soudan has been ruled jointly under the convention of 1899 by the British and the Egyptian Governments. Its governor-general by this convention must be Sirdar of the Egyptian army and a British officer. The Soudan is under military law, and there are no civil tribunals there. This condition of things will endure until the various European powers will have large colonies of their subjects in Soudanese towns demand the erection of international courts at the reception of consular officers.

To recapitulate—It may be seen that the British Government encountered the following curious chain of circumstances: Ismail's bankruptcy; European bondholders' demands; consequent intervention with France; threatened repudiation of bonded debt; Germany's utterly unforeseen threat of intervention; military mutiny of Araby, caused by war-office economic Alexandria riots; massacre of Europeans; suppression of Araby; Mahdi insurrection; sending of Gordon to Khartoum; his sudden determination to cease to be the British envoy and to become a free agent; his refusal to obey British orders; public opinion in England forcing a relief expedition; Kitchener's capture of Khartoum; sudden appearance of the French flag at Fashoda on the Nile; hauling down of the French flag by Kitchener—of all these events not one could have been foreseen by Great Britain.

Another matter, concerning which I have been forced to change opinions based on reports in the English newspapers at the time, is the defense of Khartoum by Gordon. Like many men who have read these ministerially colored statements, I believed that Gordon was a brave soldier but a fanatic; there are those who believe that his mind was perhaps slightly affected. Recently, however, while going up the Nile above the first Cataract, with the names of Soudanese battle-fields and camping-grounds, of islands and benches in the river daily sounding in my ears, I read Gordon's journals of the siege of Khartoum. I withdrew my previous opinion of Gordon, based on garbled testimony, and I apologize to the shade of that brave s-

er. In his journals Gordon says repeatedly that he would not leave the Sudan and abandon the soldiers and civilians who trusted him, leaving them at the mercy of the countless hordes of bloodthirsty dervishes; that even if the British Government refused to rescue them he could not leave them without being scolded as a soldier and dishonored as a man. Enthusiastic Gladstonites may retort to me that a statue was erected to Gordon by his admiring countrymen. I know there is a statue of Charles Gordon in London, but it stands with bowed head as if it were looking over the way in which he was allowed to die. I know that the Gladstone government which left Gordon to die was endorsed by a popular majority in the House of Commons, succeeding his death, and by a still larger one in the subsequent autumn. When it comes to fathoming the public conscience, popular majorities speak louder than statues. Furthermore, it is probable that a majority of the British people considered Gordon "peculiar," to put it mildly. He was. He voluntarily reduced his own salary one-half because he thought it twice too much. To the commercial mind this means madness, and Great Britain is a commercial country.

What goes before is the narrative of some thirty years of effort on the part of Great Britain to avoid tangling herself in Egypt—efforts which have resulted, in my opinion, in fixing her so firmly in that country that she never will leave it. Our occupation of the Philippines was quite as accidental, but much more sudden. Since it began there has been no attempt at all by the government to evacuate the islands. A minority of both the great political parties there has been a movement in favor of evacuation, but the government and the people of the United States have never shown any such desire. Even had they made an attempt, it is probable, with Great Britain's experience staring us in the face, that it would have failed. Now, however, this may be considered settled: Great Britain will never evacuate Egypt; the United States will never evacuate the Philippines.

There are some among us who believe that republics do not govern colonies; that the world's history shows plainly that republics attempting colonial rule inevitably gravitate toward a monarchical form; that when a country occupied the Philippines it meant the end of the republic—not next year or in a generation, but not many generations, in not many decades of years. Believing, we regret the annexation of tropical colonies by the great republic which we love. But as the fate we fear for our country is yet distant, let us hope that she may now follow the example of Great Britain in ruling this land of Egypt; that our public may give to her tropical colonies peace, justice, order, law, even as Britain has done in this fertile valley of the Nile.

I am told that the British troops in Egypt are, generally speaking, sober; that affrays and quarrels among them are rare, and assaults upon the natives rare; that their conduct toward the women of the country is above reproach.

I hope that in our Philippine experiment in tropical colonial government, the relations between the American soldiers and the Philippine natives are also amicable. I hope that intoxication and assaults upon natives on the part of American soldiers are as rare as they are in Egypt on the part of British soldiers. I hope so I am sure. I never have been in the Philippine Islands, and I have no reason to believe otherwise.

But this admirable administration has cost Great Britain much in money and men. True, the cost is ultimately borne by the Egyptian Government, but he would be a bold man who maintained that the Egyptian civilization has cost England nothing. It is probable that in the years to come the great natural wealth of Egypt, her fertile soil, her sugar and cotton fields, and above all the great reservoirs in which the waters of the mighty Niles are stored, devised and built by British energy and English money—that all these things will lead to paying back to England what she has spent in Egypt.

Still, our people must remember that colossal experiments mean colossal outlays; that our Philippine colonies must be defended both by land and sea; that troops must be kept in garrison there; that coast fortifications must be built; that a large navy must be maintained for the protection and patrol of our island coasts and our inter-island channels.

Like Egypt, the Philippines have enormous natural resources. If we develop them as wisely as England developed those of Egypt, some day the Philippines may pay us back our advances as Egypt is paying back her advances to England.

But we must not be niggardly with our money now. ON THE NILE, March, 1905.

According to the new London paper, the *Evening Standard*, the great Cullinan diamond, valued at over 10 millions of dollars, was recently sent by registered post from South Africa to London for three shillings. It was quite an ordinary-looking packet. Nobody but the directors of the company in South Africa knew the contents. There were no special precautions for its safe transit. The postal authorities being unaware of the nature of the consignment, bestowed upon it no special care than upon any other packet.

BIG BEN HEPPLE'S JEN.

The Price That She Paid at the Faggot-Pile.

"Hangin's too good for him. A well-conducted hangin' is a credit to any man. I say, burn his ornery carcass!" "Red" Walsh spoke decisively, and the others murmured a fierce assent.

Jen shrank close to the wall and strained her listening ears. The blood surged to her wildly beating heart and her bare feet grew icy.

"I aint hankerin' fer to meet Sheriff Thompson at the getherin'," drawled a lank, leathery-faced cowboy. "And I aint no coward, neither," he finished, a little defiantly, as if expecting what followed.

"Look a-her!" cried Red, "all of you claim to be Frenchy's friends and ef you are, prove it! I never seen sich a lot of white-livered old wimmin." Red ground out a disgusted oath.

"Now, Red," broke in Jim Mitchell, "what's the use of gittin' riled thataway? We're goin' to do the right thing. Haint we, boys? Ef all of you wants a burnin', I want it, too. But, fer the Lord's sake, don't give old Thompson a chance at us. I haint no hankerin' fer a ontimely grave."

"Thompson's up to Yellow Lick, so you fellers what's scared of him kin brace up. All we've got to do is to burst in that door and git out our man."

"Renny Lewis is a-guardin' of him," ventured one of the men.

Red laughed. "Don't you worry that noggin of yours over Renny," he said, "he won't do no interferin'! He knows me, and he haint no more love fer a sneak than we have. Now, listen! Out to old One-Limb is a nice secluded spot fer a bonfire. Bring your trimmin's and meet here at eight o'clock. Somebody's comin'. Let's scatter." The group broke up, and soon the last man had disappeared.

Jen drew a deep breath, and stretched her cramped arms and legs. She looked furtively about, and seeing no one, sneaked around the building, and ran down a little side path. She soon reached the ramshackle building that answered the purpose of a jail.

Back in its dark, ill-smelling depths sat "Big Ben" Hepple. He had a lean face and little, restless eyes that convinced you of his treachery. Jen had felt his heavy hand more than once, when the "red-eye" from the Money's Worth saloon had made him unusually irritable. But she loved him as the children born of such men love but once in a lifetime.

Big Ben had few friends, and when he shot down Frenchy, the white-handed, gentle gambler, whom Canon City adored, he lost those few. Only the sheriff, who was gaining a reputation for meting out swift justice, would cling to him for that reputation's sake.

Jen was just like her father, the men declared. "Big Ben Hepple's 'Jen,'" they called her. Born with the instincts of a sneak, she slipped about on her cat-like feet, appearing suddenly where she was least expected. She hated Red Walsh because he once took her, kicking and struggling, out of the saloon during the progress of a fight. "I'll get even with you, big bully, you," she screamed, digging him in the face with the claws of an angry cat. The hate born in that moment never died from her heart.

Now she threw her little body against the rickety doors of the old jail. She beat upon them with her grimy fists, but no one answered. She tried again, with the same result. Despair swept over her face, and she bent her thin body, hugging herself as she rocked back and forth. Her homely features writhed with fear as she murmured, over and over, gaspingly, "O, Lordy, what'll I do! O, my Lordy! O-o-o-o!"

Dusk was already falling lightly on the distant hills and nearer cabins. She heard the flying feet of a horse in the distance and, shrinking behind a bunch of mesquite, she watched the form of Red Walsh pass, riding erect and easy.

Breaking into a run, she soon reached the rude cabin where the few years of her narrow life had been spent. In the darkness she groped and found a knife, keen-edged. In another moment she grasped a "gun," whose handle was a large but familiar fit for her small hand. Jen had made no plans, but her life had taught her that these two articles were the only ones to cling to at such a time.

She went out and untied her father's bronco. She had forgotten to feed him for two days, and he nosed her hopefully, but she slipped to his back unheeding, and they were soon speeding toward the open. Here and there bunches of mesquite broke the stretch of prairie, and near some of these stood One-Limb, a tall, white, lightning-stricken tree, boasting but one long ragged branch. Many a dark and fateful scene had been enacted there.

Jen staked Panfoot out to graze, trusting to his hunger to keep him quiet. She wondered what she should do if he should recognize the others, when they came through the dark, in snorts of welcome. If she had ever heard of prayer, Jen might have prayed earnestly for providential aid to keep Panfoot still. As it was, she hugged him convulsively, whispering his name many times, and then crawled behind a nearby bush to wait.

Time dragged and it seemed as if they would never come. Alert and trying to catch every sound, Jen did not know what she intended doing when they came, but she felt that an opportunity would come and that she would grasp it.

It was quite dark now. In the distance she heard them approaching. Oaths, bits of hoarse laughter, and coarse voices breaking into song came over to her eager ears. She guessed that frequent "wettin's of red-eye" were responsible for the hilarity.

She heard Red say, "Better keep that trap door o' yours shut over there. Wouldn't surprise me if Thompson's a-layin' fer us. He hates to be kept out o' these here sassiety events."

Loud guffaws of laughter greeted this sally, and some one said: "Why don't you laugh, Ben?" The question was answered by a groan, and as Jen heard it, her blood leaped and she rose softly to her feet.

They dismounted at the tree, and dragged the wretched captive from his seat. One of the men exclaimed with an oath that it was too dark. Red growled, "We'll have a light for you in the next five minutes." Hepple groaned again, and began something in his whining drawl. Red silenced him with a kick.

"We're a-goin' to see if your miserable hide'll burn. You hear? You shot a gentleman in the back, you low-down, dirty sneak. We hang white men as get too handy with a gun, but we're a-goin' to set a pattern to show how to handle sneakin' skunks."

With many oaths Red dragged him to the tree. In the darkness they bound him to it roughly. Jen heard them piling something around him, and she slipped forward on her cat-like feet, until she could have touched them.

"Who's a-goin' to light the first match," cried one of them.

"Me! Me!" answered several voices eagerly. "Here, boys," called a man holding a horse a few feet away. "Everybody take a drink with me on this here suspicious occasion. I've been owin' Big Ben one fer quite a while."

They flocked to the man with the bottle, and the liquor gurgled down satisfied throats. They were disposed to make it an occasion for jollity, and were not inclined to hurry. Not a man remained at the tree.

"Pappy," whispered Jen, with her hand pressed tightly over his mouth.

With the keen knife she quickly sawed through the ropes that bound him. Thrusting the gun into his seeking hand, she whispered: "Panfoot staked straight east. Hustle!"

Something in her head was surging; her little heart seemed ready to burst. She could have screamed aloud her joy at her success and her hate and defiance of Red Walsh. She meant to run now, if only her heart would quit leaping and choking her so.

"Now, boys," cried Red, "as I was the 'riginator of this here little celebration, I think I orter light the first match and start the bonfire."

Whiz!—a bullet came zipping, then another, and the sound of a horse's flying feet, followed by another bullet.

"Thompson, by God!" screamed Mitchell, as he leaped for his horse. "I told you so!"

"Don't give up the sneak, boys," shouted Red. "Shoot!" A volley of bullets sped toward the dark blotch at the tree, and in another second every man was thundering to the hills.

It was morning when Sheriff Thompson reached One-Limb. The dew glistened lightly on every spear of grass, and the sun touched the distant hills with silver fingers.

The sheriff rode straight to the foot of the tree. Across the line of brush partly surrounding it, lay a still figure, face downward. He raised it gently with a pitying exclamation.

It was Big Ben Hepple's Jen. Across her shrunken lips had strayed a thin crimson stream, but the weak little heart that sent it forth had ceased to beat.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1905. C. CUNNINGHAM.

An intensely practical plan for beautifying the streets of a city is that adopted by the municipal council of Paris to encourage the ornamentation of the fronts of buildings. A committee appointed for the purpose has just completed its inspection of the buildings erected in that capital last year, and selected the six having the handsomest façades. The architect of each one of these will receive a medal and the owner will be exempted from certain taxation.

The New York board of health estimates the population of the city as of July 1, 1905, at 3,948,191. That is, the population of New York will have increased in five years by more than 510,000 persons, a number greater than the entire population of any one of nine of the States in the Union. In all the United States there are only five cities that in 1900 contained populations as great as that which has added itself to New York since the Federal census.

According to ancient writers, the simple game of jackstones was played in Greece with the knucklebones of sheep, and Aristophanes (444-388 B. C.) described it as a girls' game. It is popular in all parts of the world.

During the past three years the Japanese in three big centres of Japanese population—San Francisco, Seattle, and Honolulu—have contributed to the war fund a total of \$5,015,482.

BELASCO AND THE SYNDICATE.

Fight in New York Between Belasco and Klaw & Erlanger—A Fifty Per Cent. Episode—Baiting of Erlanger.

When Mrs. Leslie Carter had finished testifying, on Monday, in the Joseph Brooks-David Belasco-Klaw & Erlanger suit, the latter gentlemen must have been sorry that their power to keep her from appearing before the public does not extend to court-rooms as well as to theatres. Mrs. Carter's testimony did not amount to much, but she created a favorable impression that was of help to Belasco, who contends that Klaw & Erlanger charged him fifty per cent of the net profits for allowing him to play "The Auctioneer," with David Warfield in the title-role, in syndicate playhouses.

Mrs. Carter, who wore a walking suit of black and white check, and over this a full-length Persian lamb cloak lined with white brocaded silk, expressed her deep distaste for Klaw & Erlanger, and her gratitude ("I am grateful from the bottom of my heart," she said) to Belasco. She also related that she told Samuel Nixon, of Nixon and Zimmerman, another syndicate firm, of the fifty per cent agreement between Klaw & Erlanger and Belasco. Nixon was angry at what he termed double-dealing on Erlanger's part—for, so its opponents say, the syndicate is supposed to divide all profits arising from "booking" plays. Then Mrs. Carter was asked if any profane language was used. She hesitated, and finally blurted out: "Yes, Mr. Nixon said there would be hell to pay. He did! He did!" Then the actress wiped her lips, for, though she hadn't really said the naughty word, she had implied it—which was pretty bad, before a big room full of men.

But Mr. Belasco's attorney wanted particulars. "Did Mr. Nixon say 'hell'?" he inquired.

"Yes, he did," said Mrs. Carter, hobbing her white-bonneted head emphatically.

Then she launched into a history of how the syndicate had tried to keep Belasco from presenting "Adrea" in Washington, and how he had spent \$25,000 in transforming a public hall into a play-house. Colonel Gruber, attorney for Klaw & Erlanger, sought to silence her by sarcastically remarking: "I love to hear you talk." Mrs. Carter took him at his word, sweetly said "Thank you"—and talked a lot more. Then when she had finished, she stirred up envy among a crowd of reporters by giving one of them her cloak to throw over her shoulders, and, with the help of a policeman, made her way through the mob to the street.

The profits arising out of the presentation of "The Auctioneer" in 1900 started this suit. Joseph Brooks, who has office room with Klaw & Erlanger, sued Belasco for an accounting. Belasco denies any partnership with Brooks, but seeks to prove that Klaw & Erlanger were his partners, and that Brooks was used by them merely as a dummy to keep the other members of the syndicate from knowing of the deal, in which the latter, according to syndicate rules, should have shared. Belasco tells of calling at Erlanger's house, and of trying to have Warfield appear at syndicate houses on a small percentage. But Erlanger, Belasco says, told him that he must have fifty per cent of the profits. "I will drive you out of the business—crush you! I am a mogul! I am a king!" Erlanger is alleged to have said. So "The Auctioneer" went out, and half the profits went to the mogul.

But the syndicate (or the Klaw & Erlanger part of it) denies most of this. Mr. Erlanger denies any such interview with Belasco as is reported, but said that they had a friendly talk, although he rebuked Belasco for saying harsh things of Frohman, who had also managed Belasco attractions. But he didn't want anything to do with "The Auctioneer," for he had lost confidence in David Warfield. Then he suggested Belasco having Brooks for a partner. So, Erlanger says, this arrangement was made. Belasco admits the contract with Brooks, but says that Klaw & Erlanger were the real partners.

Erlanger's testimony to the contrary does not carry much weight in the face of the evidence. The firm's ledger was produced in court, and this had entries showing that during the tour of "The Auctioneer" many thousands of dollars were received by Klaw & Erlanger from Belasco. But there was nothing to indicate that Brooks, Belasco's alleged partner, received any money. Yet Brooks testifies that he was the one who received the fifty per cent, and that he turned two-thirds of it over to Klaw & Erlanger. He says that they were his bankers. Erlanger, his bookkeeper and others had vague explanations of why Brooks paid over the two-thirds of his share, telling, but in a very hazy way, of other "deals" he had with Klaw & Erlanger. Friendship was one of the reasons given. But none of them seem able to explain why Belasco should pay Brooks, who controls no theatres, fifty per cent.

To offset the entries in the ledger, several payments are shown in relation to the account between Belasco and his enemies.

One of these was marked at the bottom, "Fifty per cent. to Brooks." But the bookkeeper admitted that this was not the original statement—merely a copy—and that the line regarding Brooks was not on the original. He admitted, too, that none of the statements were originals—that they were prepared only a few weeks ago, and that he did not know where the originals were.

Belasco has two objects in his present fight. He wants to show that the syndicate has pretty thorough control of the theatrical situation, and abuses its power; let alone revealing to other members of the syndicate that Klaw & Erlanger had played them false in compelling him to pay ten times the regular price for the use of their theatres, then keeping the lion's share of the money thus gained, instead of dividing with their partners. Further, he is trying to demonstrate that the syndicate is an unlawful combination. He has come pretty close to it. Klaw admitted on the stand that he and his partner, Nixon & Zimmerman, Charles Frohman, Al Hayman, and others, had an "understanding." What was admitted to be a copy of the syndicate agreement was produced. One of the clauses in it provides that the firms interested shall play in conjunction with each other in the theatres they own, and that no attraction shall be booked which insists in playing in opposition (or independent) theatres. The original agreement could not be produced, but the introduction of the copy was enough to excite Belasco, who, throwing his hat and overcoat on a table, rushed over to Klaw, who was standing with his partner, and, shaking his finger under his nose, exclaimed:

"Now I've got you where I want you. I will have you in jail. I'll have you indicted for criminal conspiracy before I get through with you. This is the evidence I have been waiting for."

The partners bestowed a melodrama villain's stare on the excited Belasco, and walked out.

The trial has furnished plenty of amusement for the spectators. The baiting of Erlanger by Untermyer has been something very nearly cruel; but Erlanger has laid himself open by contradictory testimony. I don't remember ever seeing a witness in a case of any importance who had his evidence so poorly in hand. He attempted, for instance, to prove that an independent manager could easily find enough independent theatres to provide for a thirty weeks' tour. Yet in a few moments he was in a tangle, and forced to admit that nearly every theatre he mentioned was controlled wholly or in part by some member of the syndicate. He testified one day that he had told Belasco that Warfield would not be a success, then said the next day that he had not made any such remark to Belasco. He said that he refused, on the occasion of his interview with Belasco, and without consulting his partner, to have anything to do with Warfield. When confronted with an affidavit in which he had sworn that his decision was reached after seeing Klaw, he said: "You will have to figure that out for yourself." "My best recollection is that I don't remember," was one of his favorite expressions, and another was, "I admit I swore to it, but I won't admit it's true."

When he first took the stand, he declared it his intention to answer questions in his own way. "You will answer as the court directs," said Judge Fitzgerald, sternly.

Erlanger admitted that his firm received between \$5,000 and \$7,000 from Hackett, although he had said that they did not charge for "booking" a play. When pressed as to what the charge was made for, he said that Klaw & Erlanger managed Hackett. "We sent a manager with him," he said.

"Who paid the manager?" asked Untermyer.

"Hackett did," admitted Mr. Erlanger.

Klaw was more composed on the stand, and was ready to give and take.

"Don't you know you were skating on pretty thin ice when you signed this agreement?" asked Untermyer, referring to the syndicate agreement.

"Well, I am a pretty good skater," was the reply.

The trial is enlivened by constant tilts between the attorneys, who are playing to the gallery and posing as humorists. Once in a while something bright is said.

"There he goes, punctuating my remarks again," said Gruber, angered at Untermyer's constant interruptions.

"Punctured" would be a better word," said Untermyer.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1905.

When tired of the stress of city life, take a ride to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, where you may delight the eye by the incomparable view, invigorate the body by breathing the bracing air, and satisfy the appetite thus induced at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

The benefit to Mme. Modjeska, to be held in New York next week, promises to be one of the greatest ever given. Paderewski will play, Ada Rehan will appear, and Mme. Modjeska will enact scenes from "Mary Stuart" and "Macbeth."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York Herald, together with a few friends on his yacht, the *Lysistrata*, is cruising along the Spanish coast, bound for the West Indies.

The young King of Spain will arrive in London on June 5th, and will be the guest of King Edward at Buckingham Palace. A state banquet will be given in his honor, and there will also be a luncheon at the Guildhall and a gala opera performance at Covent Garden.

David Moffatt, of Denver, is the wealthiest man in Colorado, which outranks all other States in per capita wealth. There are 108 resident millionaires in Colorado, their total wealth being about \$260,000,000. Mr. Moffatt is worth from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. About 100 men worth seven or more figures made their money in the State and reside elsewhere.

There is said to be a strong probability that the body of Lord Francis Douglas will be delivered up by the Zmat glacier, Switzerland, this summer. Forty years ago Lord Douglas lost his life during the ascent of the Matterhorn. During these forty years the glacier has been descending regularly according to natural laws. The portion where the Alpinist fell should reach the valley this year. It is believed that the body will be in a perfect state of preservation.

The greatest and most successful Arctic explorer in modern days, Fridtjof Nansen, has been visiting England. Nansen is said to be a splendid-looking man. Over six feet tall, he is that rare thing, a scientist who is also an athlete. He wears his fair hair tossed. Viking-wise, back from his forehead. Nansen has many close friends in England, and he and his beautiful, gifted wife—she is one of the most successful of Swedish singers—often entertain English travelers in their delightful house on the Christiania fjord.

Reports from Iowa make it clear that ex-Speaker Henderson is a much-broken man, physically and mentally, although only sixty-five years old. He has been in California during the winter with his wife and daughter, and has passed much of the time in a wheelchair. His memory is poor, and his interest in the public questions over which his position was once so controlling is slight. "I guess the boys down there will do about what is right," was his remark last winter to a reporter who tried to get from him some opinion as to the policies which should prevail.

To what a point the British love of golf may extend is indicated by the fact that the premier of England, Mr. Balfour, recently participated on the Royal St. George's links at Sandwich in a match in which a House of Commons team met a team of fishermen from Inverallochy, in Aberdeenshire. The parliamentarians won by eight matches to three. Mr. Balfour and C. E. Hambro played against James Buchan and George Buchan, to whom they lost their morning match by one down, but beat them in the afternoon by six up and five to play. The fishermen wore their blue guernseys, and looked like their calling.

William Allen White, author-editor, the President's friend, is what Artemus Ward might have called "an amosin' cuss." In a recent number of the *Emporia Gazette*, which he edits, White writes: "The editor has been accused of keeping liquor in his cellar. This is a malicious and unspeakable falsehood. The liquor is kept in the pantry, between the dining-room and the kitchen. Why not tell the truth? It is also alleged that the editor of the *Gazette* has the gout, caused by high living. Yesterday for dinner he had home-picked sourdock, mustard, dandelion, horseradish, and beet-top greens, boiled bacon and potatoes, corn bread and onions. Would you call that high living?"

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"THE YELLOW WAR," by "O."

Kamimoto, Lieutenant—Kamimoto, Tennis Player—Kamimoto, Barber—Kamimoto, with a Two-Handed Sword Bare of Its Scabbard.

Many books about the war in the Far East have already appeared, some good, some bad. Among the former must be reckoned "The Yellow War," by a man whose identity is concealed under the odd signature "O." He has been an eye-witness of many of the incidents he relates; for the rest he has dealt at first hand with the actors themselves. For "strategic reasons" he conceals, for the most part, the identity of those of whom he particularly writes, but he assures us that they are all real persons.

He gives us of the blocking of Port Arthur a tremendously vivid sketch; of river-fighting; of the forlorn hope at Kinchau; of a visit to Togo's rendezvous; and of blockade-running he writes with remarkable art and assurance. It is, however, from the chapter called "The Path in the East Is Strange," that we desire to quote at length. It begins thus:

The Foreigner was unutterably bored. Only those who, huttoned up to the neck in an absurd tunic, have to attend similar functions in artificially heated salons, can realize the horedom bred of a succession of Paris diplomatic soirées. The Foreigner was hored. He had nodded to the men he knew from his embassy, had bowed himself low in answer to the courteous salutations of other foreign mocking-birds like unto himself, had kissed the tips of the fingers of perhaps two smiling dames, and was now settled with his arm on the halustrade waiting until the season might be seemly for him to slip down the grand stairway into the cool outside.

The chatter of feminine voices, the flashing of dazzling jewelry, the nodding aigrettes, the electro-plated magnificence of waist-laced cavaliers, interested him no more. The panoply of peace!

There was a temporary dissolution of the crowd. An archduke or a princess was passing, and the ushers fought to make a passage through the throng of gilded guests. As the way opened the Foreigner caught sight of a face on the far side of the *salon* which seemed to reflect the very thoughts uppermost in his own mind. A little swarthy face, a face which, in spite of the low forehead, beady black eyes and Mongolian bluntness, was full of intelligence. At the moment cynical intelligence. The dwarfish body which supported the head was clothed in an unobtrusive uniform, and the little capable fingers of the yellow hands were playing nervously with a plumed shako.

The foreigner tells how, upon a sudden impulse, he went across the room to speak to the little yellow soldier, an extra-attaché to the Japanese legation, who, upon being addressed, "howed deeply and apologetically," but made gestures of inability to comprehend when addressed in French, English, or German. An awkward silence. Then—

The little attaché thrust his hand in his breast-pocket and produced a card. This was handed to the Foreigner with a courtly bow. It read:

LIEUTENANT H. KAMIMOTO.
IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY.

The Foreigner bowed, shook hands with his tiny acquaintance, and then, the time being propitious, passed out into the cool of night, hailed a *haere*, and drove home.

To continue with the story:

Three years later the Foreigner found himself among the guests at a midsummer party in England. After the usual compliments, he accompanied his hostess into the garden, where the younger folk were sporting themselves upon the tennis courts. For a moment the Foreigner was left alone to watch the play. A lithe little figure in flannels was the heart and soul of the game. Few could persevere against his returns, none place a ball beyond his reach. His play was an exhibition of marvelous skill, the subtle strength of controlled energy.

"Who is your dark little Renshaw?" asked the Foreigner as he rejoined his hostess.

"That is Mr. Kamimoto, a Cambridge friend of George's."

Presently the foreigner was able to step to the little man's side. He put out his hand to him.

"Have we not met before?"

A smile flickered under the still little impertinence of a mustache, and the answer came in perfect English:

"You have often called at the Japanese legation; perhaps you have seen me there."

"No; Paris, I think!"
The breath was drawn in between the closed teeth. "You are, I think, mistaken. We Japanese are so much alike. I have never been in Paris."

The Foreigner smiled at this plain lie, and later when alone with the quondam lieutenant in the Mikado's army, now Cambridge undergraduate, taxed him with it, when the Japanese admitted that he was studying in a British university solely to know the people and their ways. To continue:

The world has revolved for another year. The Foreigner's headquarters were now at Tientsin. His country had required his services in the field for military intelligence which North China had opened up. His manner was that of a coal-contractor, his bearing that of a British officer.

One day the Foreigner felt that his chin was rough, so he turned into the first hair-dresser's that the big way presented, which looked both respectable and clean. It was a Japanese institution. The majority of petty industries on the Russian-Manchurian seaboard are Japanese. The Foreigner looked for a chair. For the moment there was none. Four Russian officers from the garrison were filling heavily all the available space. The Foreigner knew sufficient Russian to warrant his being discovered as an Englishman if he attempted to speak it in Port Arthur. He was surprised at the freedom of speech of the Russian officers with regard to their professional duties. It seemed that this hair-dresser's was a sort of morning club-house. *Vodka* and beer could be served from an *auberge* next door. In due course the Foreigner took his place in the chair. One look in the cheval-glass, and in his surprise he nearly jumped out of the seat. There behind him, lather and brush in hand, and a spotless apron round his waist, stood a Japanese he knew.

"Shave or hair cut, sir?"
The Foreigner composed himself in a moment, and settled back in his chair. It was Kamimoto.

Still later the Foreigner found himself detailed to accompany an army in which he found Kamimoto in command of a company. One day it encountered a Russian column:

The Foreigner looked, and rubbed his eyes. It was a Russian column. There was no misinterpreting the white tunics and blue breeches, no mistaking the figures which loomed colossal in comparison with the little fellows with whom he lay. A counter-attack? His trained eye told him that the dejected movement of the dragged column savored not of aggression. The men's rifles were across their backs and their pale worn faces were whiter than their houses. There was no speech, no sound, other than the squelching of their boots in the mire. A surrender? No man came forward to arrange quarter for men too tired, too whipped and beaten, to defend themselves. No Japanese went forward to recommend to them such mercy as they had earned. A misdirected column? That was it.

The thought just flashed through the Foreigner's brain, when the voice of the *chef-de-bataillon* rose superior to the silence. The rifles crashed like one. The Russian column stopped dead in its tracks. The leading fours were so close that the Foreigner could see the look of amazement, horror, and despair upon the blanched features of the wretched men. Then as the magazines ground out their leaden avalanche, the leading fours tried to surge backwards, tried to save themselves in flight. It was awful!—the rifles made no smoke to hide the hideous spectacle; it was like the execution of a bound man. Flight was impossible, for the magnitude of the confusion prevented retreat or retaliation. The little Japanese, shouting and jeering, were now upon their feet and redoubling the rapidity of their fire. With blanched cheek and set teeth the Foreigner watched this terrific curtain to the bloody drama in which he had participated. He saw the white tunics melting into the mud like snow under a sleet shower. He saw a mad rush toward the cornstalks harked by the intensity of the fire. He saw such of the Russians as remained upon their feet throw their arms into the air and stretch out their naked hands toward the rifles that were annihilating them. Their shrieks were in his ears. Then as if by magic the firing stopped. A little figure—he knew it well, the whole battalion knew it—leaped in front of the firing. For a moment the face was turned toward the Foreigner. The mildness, the culture, the charm were gone; animal ferocity alone remained. It was Kamimoto as he would have been a hundred years ago. His two-handed sword was here in his hand. He raised it gleaming above his head and dashed down into the amphitheatre.

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LITERARY NOTES.

British and American Rhyming Humorists.

The publication of a new volume of verses by Owen Seaman, the famous versifier on the staff of London Punch invites comparison between the facetious rhymes of writers for American newspapers and magazines and the products of the pens of those humorists who contribute verses to British journals. The differences are, indeed, very marked. Your British humorous rhymester, of which Mr. Seaman is at once the type and the master, is usually skilled beyond criticism in the technique of his art, he brings to the writing of light and amusing verse a fund of classical learning; he knows the value of restraint, he nicely calculates his effects; he uniformly uses the rapier rather than the bludgeon, in the phrase of a British critic, who refers particularly to Mr. Seaman, "here is no shouting, no banging of the hault," you continually feel, indeed, in the reading of his work, that it is on the verge of poetry, and that its writer could, and he would, write good and serious verse. Consider, for example, the poetic atmosphere that envelops such lines as the following from Mr. Seaman's "Reatus Ille; or, The Truth About Rural Felicity":

"Farewell, the City's roar! Farewell, Belgravia's meretricious charms! I come to taste the soothing spell That emanates from dairy-farms. . . ."

"My palate craves no piquant spice, No arts that enervate the town; What need of Chiquet of the ice To wash the native cockler down?"

The poet goes on to describe his first night in the country:

"Out of my hearty sleep I start! Was that the whirr of seraph wings? I prick my ears; I hold my heart; The room is full of flying things!"

"Bluebottles wanton on the pane; Across my temple fits a hat; Along my nose an organ-strain Booms from a desultory gnat.

"Here, with his head the night-moth howls, There, I remark the beetle's hum; An earwig tentatively strolls Outside my sacred tympanum. . . ."

"Under the sheet I veil my head, And ask myself why I was born, And lo! a blast to wake the dead— It is the chanticleer of morn.

"Not once, nor twice, not vaguely heard Performing on a distant hill; Four hundred times this shameless bird Yells just below my window-sill!"

"At five the early ducklings quack; At six a donkey seems in pain; At seven I rise and swiftly pack; At eight I catch the London train.

"Welcome, the City's restful roar! Welcome, Belgravia's urban charms! This prodigal shall roan no more A prey to Nature's night-alarms!"

It is in the great gravity of manner, combined with the incongruity thereto of the image called to the reader's mind, that the delicious humor of Seaman's parodies lies. What could be more exquisite and subtle, for example, than these lines of his on the silly season discussions of the daily press:

"Gone is the giant goosecherry's girth, And gone the brave sea-serpent's gambols Themes that command a rarer mirth Pursue us on our summer rambles; To-day we drink new problems in With apprehensions nicely polished, And ask, Should Women toil and spin? Or else, Should Kissing be abolished?"

"Myself outtaught in chemic terms, I shrink, from lack of education, To probe the peril, due to germs, That lies in casual osculation; With equal reason I refuse To treat of economic questions— But when it comes to moral views, I teem with luminous suggestions. . . ."

In such verses, certainly, Mr. Seaman exhibits infinite grace and a wit quite unapproachable. And in the main, the characteristics of Mr. Seaman's work are those in less degree of writers of verse for the London Chronicle the Outlook, Truth and other British periodicals.

When we turn to America, however, scarcely a newspaper humorist is to be found whose work remotely resembles that of Seaman. Perhaps, though, there are one or two. Eugene Geary, whose sonnets usually are to be found in Judge has a distinct manner of courtliness, and contrives, rather often, to touch the reader's risibilities with the delicious incongruity between his manner and his matter. There is one other besides Geary—a man whose work, unsiged, is printed in the New Orleans Times Democrat. His double sonnet "To Ham and Eggs," which we printed in these columns last November, is a classic in humorous verse—

Who sprang to being first from out the void, Or was an egg? Which had the elder birth, And wailed, darkling, on the desolate earth, With Ruth-like yearning ask, grief unalloyed, Unto it was, with spirit overjoyed, Come its affinity to fill the death, And make existence all the trouble worth, One soul, sweet song, with sorrow never cloved?

"Ah, no man knows a I none shall ever know!— But now should adverse fate with cruel blow

Dissever you, how would you seek each other, As Sappho followed Phaon or as she, The Egyptian goddess Isis, tearfully Went searching for Osiris, spouse and brother?"

Certainly this is classic after the fashion of Seaman. For the most part, however, the American humorous versifier of to-day has a slap-dash manner far removed from that of the rhymester of Punch. If Watts-Dunton should ever be inspired to add a chapter on humorous verse (!) to his famous essay on poetry, he would be sure to acclaim American versifiers representatives of "Power" and British of "Art"; for without question, in the qualities of vigor, raciness, and spontaneity, such men as Irwin and Kirk are the superiors of the average British versifier. Irwin, especially, has perfectly tremendous fertility and a remarkable sense for humorous rhythms, as well as for the humorous idea itself. Considering the enormous quantity of his product, and its uniform excellence, there need be no hesitation in saying that he has the distinction of being the best newspaper "funny poet" who is "working at it." His "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Junior" were both exceptionally clever, and his verse exhibits on the whole a rising tendency.

William F. Kirk, who writes for the Milwaukee Sentinel, is a man of less fertility than Irwin, but he has developed a highly original vein of humor with his "Norse Nightingale" songs—verses couched in the dialect of the Swedes of the upper Mississippi Valley.

For place next to Irwin and Kirk a number of names occur to mind. S. E. Kiser did excellent work with his "Sonnets of an Office Boy"—humorous, tender, and true enough; but much of the stuff that he turns out daily for the Chicago Record-Herald is merely mediocre. His verse lacks animation. A better humorist, though one whose work shows much unevenness, is W. J. Lampton, who writes mostly for the New York Sun. He it was who invented the "scraggly" form, which got the title "Yawps," a good example of which—in fact, the best thing of its sort which has appeared in an American newspaper this year—is his February poem called "A Manhattan Thaw," beginning—

"Swear, and the town swears with you; Don't and the crowd is mad, For the whole town knows In the melting snows That the walking's p. d. bad. Oh, for a flat in some Vast wilderness where snow Is kept away In a dry frappe Until it is time to go In a summer rush Of decent slush, And not the kind we know. Slush, slush, slush; Slosh, slosh, slosh Out of the slush The gutters rush; Into the slosh The gum golosh Goes with a glickety-gluck-galuck, And out again with a slimery suck!"

In the matter of funny newspaper verse, a hindrance to individual distinction is the rule of many journals that the verse shall not be signed. Thus a rhymester on the Houston Post, whose animal verses were distinctive, is personally unknown. The verses of Wex Jones, in the Oregonian; of Edwin L. Sabin; of Bert Leston Taylor; of McLandburgh Wilson and T. Ybarra in the Sun are often creditably clever. J. W. Foley has written a highly amusing series of phonetically spelled "little boy" rhymes, but he is getting near the end of his rope in that direction, and his "legitimate" verses are not so very promising. James Montague, of the Hearst papers, occasionally writes something that passes per saltum the work of most of his rivals. His lines on "The Muskrat and the Mink" were truly Gilbertian.

In a class by themselves are Carolyn Wells, Gelett Burgess, and Oliver Herford—all writers who scorn the daily press and limit their output in the interests of quality. Yet even the verses of this trio have little of that stately poetic manner that characterizes Mr. Seaman. However, Gelett's inimitable quatrains will last as long as the English language and the sense of humor.

One whose cheerful duty it has been to make hebdomadal selection from practically all the periodicals of note published in English of the cream of humorous verses con-

tained therein for republication in this journal, can only conclude that whatever poetically artistic qualities such British verse may have, it lacks the zest and sparkle of American. There is more really clever and mirth-provoking verse written for American newspapers and periodicals every day than for British in ten.

Henry James's English.

In a recent North American Review article, of first impressions of the United States after many years, Mr. Henry James has set down his ideas in the manner which is so characteristic of his novels. His admirers think his style the perfection of English. There are others who read, shake their heads, and give it all up. Let him explain himself:

Conscious that the impressions of the very first hours have always the value of their intensity, I shrink from wasting those that attended my arrival, my return after long years, even though they be out of order with the others that were promptly to follow, and that I here gather in, as best I may, under a single head. They referred partly, these instant vibrations, to a past recalled from very far back; fell into a train of association that receded, for its beginning, to the dimness of extreme youth. One's extremest youth has been full of New York, and one was absurdly finding it again, meeting it at every turn, in sights, sounds, smells, even in the chaos of confusion and change; a process under which, verily, recognition became more interesting and more amusing in proportion as it became more difficult, like the spelling out of foreign sentences of which one knows but half the words. It was not, indeed, at Hoboken, on emerging from the comparatively assured order of the great berth of the ship, that recognition was difficult; there, only too confoundingly familiar and too serenely exempt from change, the waterside squalor of the great city put forth again its most inimitable notes, showed so true to the barbarisms it had not outlived that one could only fall to wondering what obscure inward virtue had preserved it. There was virtue evident enough in the crossing of the water, that brave sense of the big, bright, breezy bay; of light and space and multitudinous movement; of the serried, bristling city, held in the easy embrace of its great good-natured rivers, very much as a battered and accommodating beauty may sometimes be "distinguished" by a gallant less fastidious, with his open arms, than his type would seem rather to imply.

It was fairly droll, the quantity of vision that began to press during a wavsided rest in a house of genial but discriminating hospitality that opened its doors just where the fiddle-string of association could most intensely vibrate, just where the sense of "old New York," of the earlier stages of the picture now so violently overpainted, found most of its occasions—found them, to extravagance, within and without. The good easy Square, known in childhood, and as if the light were yellower there from that small accident, bristled with reminders as vague as they were sweet; within, especially, the place was a cool backwater, for time as well as for space; out of the slightly dim depths of which, at the turn of staircases and from the walls of communicating rooms, portraits and relics and records, faintly, quaintly aesthetic, in intention at least, and discreetly—yet bravely, too, and all so archaically and pathetically—Bohemian, laid traps, of a pleasantly primitive order, for memory, for sentiment.

Love-Letter 4,000 Years Old.

There are many love songs of the old Egyptians, but a genuine love-letter had not heretofore been found. Only recently, in Chaldea, was one discovered, written on clay. Though the latter has much formality for such a missive, the reader can feel the tenderness that lies hidden between its lines. The document was produced, probably, in the year 2200 B. C., and was found in Sippara, the Biblical Sepharvani. Apparently the lady lived there, while her beloved was a resident of Babylon. The letter reads:

To the lady, Kasbaya (little ewe), says Gnnil Marduk (the favorite of Merodach), this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon, and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. May you live long, for my sake.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Herman Whitaker, of Berkeley, author of "The Probationer," speaking of his early literary ventures, has somewhat to say that will be of interest and inspiration to fledgling authors whose manuscripts travel far before finding a haven of promise. "One does not acquire technique in a day," Mr. Whitaker says; "the stories I sent out came back like homing doves, but now and then one would bring a green leaf, promise of the future, in the shape of a kindly editorial comment. How I wrote and rewrote those stories! One I wrote twenty-one times, and then, what of the things I took out and the things I put in, it found grace with an editor. In the first six months I added some twenty dollars cash to my debts, but at the end of the year I had cleared a thousand dollars."

Camille Mauclair's "Auguste Rodin," which Dutton & Co. are bringing out in an English translation, is one of the important books of the season. M. Mauclair has long been regarded as the sculptor's literary mouthpiece, and the book is an authorized account of Rodin both as a man and a sculptor, and has received the imprimatur of the artist himself. The list of Rodin's statues was made "in his house and according to his advice."

Brentano's have nearly ready for publication a novel by Bernard Shaw, called "The Irrational Knot." This story was published in part some time ago in an English magazine, but it has now been largely rewritten and a new preface has been added.

Does the modern English or American reader care anything about Dante? No doubt there are skeptics who would maintain that the Italian master is rarely so much as glanced at save by specialists, but the fact remains that in the series of "Temple Classics" alone there have been twenty thousand copies of Dante sold since 1896.

It is not often that a current book is either praised or condemned from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. Canon Beeching, however, has just made an attack upon the late Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis"—an attack especially significant as showing the religious point of view. Of "De Profundis" he said: "It presents a caricature of the portrait of Christ, and especially a travesty of his doctrine about sin, that is quite astonishing."

Charles Stewart, whose "Fugitive Blacksmith" has been a literary surprise of the season, confesses that in all his life he has attempted to read only four novels.

The Cambridge University Press will soon publish "A Treatise on the Plague," by Professor W. J. Simpson. It deals with historical, epidemiological, clinical, therapeutic, and preventive aspects of the disease.

Henry James, on his return to New York, will take up his abode for a short time at the residence of Mrs. Cadwallader Jones, who, although slightly known to the reading public, has a critical appreciation of authors' manuscripts which is highly valued by certain New York publishers. Among her most intimate friends is Mrs. Edith Wharton.

A life of Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby," is being written by Frederic Whyte.

George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham, the authors of "Wasps, Social and Solitary," have discovered a wasp that uses a pebble to pound down the earth over her nest. They believe that this is the only one of the lower animals that makes use of a tool.

Clinton Scollard seems to be looking for the fit audience though few with a vengeance. His latest venture is a book of "Odes and Elegies," handsomely printed by George William Browning in a signed and numbered edition of one hundred copies. There are seven poems in the volume.

The Hon. James Bryce, writing of his recent visit to America, says that "literary criticism, formerly at a low ebb, seems to have sensibly improved, whereas in England many people doubt if it is as acute, as judicious, and as delicate as it was in the sixties. The love of poetry and the love of art are more widely diffused in America than ever before."

A new novel by Mr. Howells is in preparation, and will be published in a month or so.

The Harpers have received the following letter from the West: "GENTLEMEN—I have read with the greatest interest Mrs. Ward's different serials in your magazine, but there is one point about which I want to write to her. Mrs. Ward always makes her heroines nitrely too thin; Eleanor, Julie Le Breton, and now Lady Kitty are painfully thin. It seems as if she thought no stout people could be interesting. Will you send me her address? And do you suppose she would mind my suggesting this to her?"

Lawrence Gilman, the author of "Phases of Modern Music," is one of the few persons who have been favored with a personal communication from "Fiona Macleod," the

Gaelic poet and essayist whose identity is unknown even to her publishers. Miss Macleod sent to Mr. Gilman an appreciative note, after reading his book, expressing particular interest in the chapters on Edward MacDowell and Charles Martin Loeffler.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish this month the new story by Agnes and Egerton Castle, authors of "The Pride of Jennico," "The Star Dreamer," "The Bath Comedy," etc. It is entitled "Rose of the World," and will be illustrated by Harrison Fisher and Clarence F. Underwood.

"Nation" Praises "Uncle George."

To those who know something of the normal acidity of the book reviewers of the New York Nation, the very kindly, though just and well-informed, review of "Uncle George" Bromley's autobiography seems surprising. The Nation says in part:

"Uncle George" eighty-eight years old, who now for the first time ventures upon the field of authorship, is a prince in bohemia—not in the province of which Prague is the capital, nor in that boundless province whose leaders are found in London, Paris, and New York, but in that limited and reserved bohemia which maintains a club in San Francisco, famous for its promotion of wit, merriment, and friendship, to say nothing of its contributions to art, letters, and music.

Like his brother Isaac, well known in the newspaper world of New York, he is prodigal in humor, unpremeditated and genuine; much of it, however, so effervescent that its sparkle vanishes at the sight of pen and ink. He is a blend of New England Puritanism and of California freedom. Never unmindful of the lessons of his younger days, he has always been ready for adventure, good-fellowship, and fun. If he had devoted himself to the pen, he might have won a place with John Phenix, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and other humorists of California. He has their keen appreciation of droll situations, and their readiness for unexpected sallies, their love of local color. At "high jinks" and "low jinks" at an after-dinner speech, at an unexpected call in any assembly, he was sure to bring down the house. His healthy frame, his pleasant manners, his overflowing good nature, his spontaneity, his unexpectedness, made him welcome in Tokio, Tientsin, and Peking, as well as in San Francisco and New York, in the mining camps, on shipboard or in the more restricted circles where propriety is installed. In later years Uncle George has been the pet of his Bohemian friends; and the verses which they have addressed to him, if not of the finest poetry, are full of the finest appreciation of a capital comrade, born to make life merrier and to relieve its burdens and anxieties by good spirits and good will.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Way of the North," by Warren Cheney.
2. "The Princess Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
3. "The Plum Tree," by David Graham Phillips.
4. "De Profundis," by Oscar Wilde.
5. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
3. "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.
4. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.
5. "The Gold-Hunters of California," by Thomas E. Farish.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
3. "Hurricane Island," by H. B. Marriott-Watson.
4. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
5. "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn.

To discover the most beautiful books in the temples of Thibet was one of the surprises of the Younghusband expedition, and furnishes one of the interesting bits for book-lovers in "The Opening of Thibet." These remarkable books have covers made of close-grained wood divided into three panels, each one carved with minute and exquisite workmanship. In the centre are one or two Buddhas seated on a lotus throne surrounded by the foliage of the Bo tree. The whole cover is heavily gilded, the first page of the manuscript being covered with a silk veil of green or red. This page is of a deep Prussian blue, with an ingot panel in the middle bearing the opening words of the book in raised gold letters. The book is printed in large regular letters of gold or with alternate lines of gold and silver. The holes for the binding straps are still left clear and the leaves are held together by a thin gold circle. They are more wonderful creations, Mr. Landon claims, than Grolier ever obtained even from his best binders.

Essays of Little Robbie.

MAYORS.

mayors is men that runs the city the right way befor elecshun, and the way they please after elecshun, when they go out to make a speech in the campaign they say Well, my deer people, if i am elected to this onorable offis i shal do all in my power to uphold the morals of our community and make this city 2nd to none in the whole world. They also say, Whatever else i do, i shal make the all nite saloons close up and stop the slot macheens and the dance halls.

then after elecshun they taik a littel rest befor going to close the tuff places, and while they are taiking a rest the men wich own the tuff places git together and call on the mayors and say If you doant be good we will chase you to the woods and yure naim will be mud. Then the mayors doant know what to do so they doant do it.

We have about the niset mayor of them all. When he starts out to be elected again he jest tells the people Well, how do you like my beautiful city, isent it a hot old town and doant you have a good time nites when you are through with yure work, you bet you do. Vote for me again and i guess you will always be abel to git what you want for yure munny. Then the people vote for him and he goes back to the mine and says I toald you so.

i wudent cair to be a mayor, there is too many people asking you for a job, and if they doant all git a job they vote for another mayor the next time and then you arc licked, and you can't git a job yourself if you have been a mayor unless you keep it dark.

BOOKKEEPERS.

bookkeepers is men that started that way and aint got nurv enuff to change thare job.

in the morning they come to the offise befor thare boss, and thay take the books and look to see how much the boss has got coming to him and the moar they see the better thay feel, i doant know why because thay only git thare saim salary anyway.

my uncle is a bookkeeper, he gits ten a week and that's lots of munny for him bekaus he aint got a gurl, pa says gurls doant go much on bookkeepers thay wud rather have bookmakers.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Byron a Tragic Figure.

"The more I think of Byron," says John Davidson in the London Outlook, "the more clear it becomes to me that he is, first, second, and third, a tragic figure. He was the child of a loveless marriage, that constant source of huge armies of discordant natures. His upbringing was tragic; his marriage was tragic; his loves were tragic; his death, which at first I thought only tragic-force, is actual tragedy. Byron and Napoleon, contemporaries, were the analogues and complements of each other. Byron is the passive tragedy of the imaginative temperament as poet, using expression; Napoleon is the active tragedy of the imaginative temperament as warrior and world-compeller, employing deeds. Byron inevitably ends in an abortive attempt at action in Greece; Napoleon, as inevitably, in an abortive attempt at expression (the dictated memoirs) in St. Helena."

Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, told an audience of New York clergymen, the other day, that "Quo Vadis" was "meretricious literature." "I have no hesitation in saying that if the religious element had been left out by the author the book would have been seized by Anthony Comstock. . . . A veneer of religion thinly disguises a story of adultery in Hall Caine's 'The Christian.'"

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC AND ROCK ISLAND



It is morning in ancient Greece, in one of those dim centuries that preceded the birth of Christ. Over a faint blue sea glows the rosy light of dawn. On the rocky shore, warriors in picturesque Greek garb lie sleeping with Mother Earth for pillow. A bugle sounds faintly in the purple distance. We realize with delight that we are in the land of graceful fantasy, and prepare ourselves for the development of delectable happenings. They come, light-footed as the dawn; for the happenings are three fair maids, of Amazonian beauty and bearing. They are helmeted, and armed with sword and spear, and on their white arms they bear great metal shields to protect their tender bosoms from the sword-points of the foe. These warrior maids are fierce and fearless, and right valiantly do they beard the awakened warriors, who have ventured uninvited to their isle. We settle ourselves in our seats with comfortable anticipation. Something unique, unprecedented on the boards, is surely on the way. Anon with the clash of weapons and the tread of marching feet, comes a virgin army. And in their midst, with free and haughty bearing, steps Antiope, Queen of Halyconia.

Antiope, be it parenthesized, is young and lovely, but the free and haughty bearing is rather freely construed. She has neither the long-limbed body nor the slow-paced, undulating grace of those human goddesses that once peopled Greece. Hers is the quick, impetuous step of the alert modern. Otherwise, armed, like her maiden army, with sword and spear, and with her dauntless head helmeted against assault, she is as Greek as burning Sappho herself.

The foe, with a guile as practiced and instinctive in 400 B. C. as in our more sophisticated twentieth-century times, with unconcealed amusement at the fair enemy that has seized their ships, imprisoned their men, and disarmed themselves, promptly begin a rapid fire of compliments. In vain. These doughty, strong-limbed men are pricked with spear-points and admonished to fall in line and march forth as prisoners. Unarmed and forced to submission, they go. But not to prison. The "eternal feminine" has already showed its leaven in the warrior spirit, and it is to Antiope's palace they are conducted.

Here, in the second act, we find them gloomy, suspicious, ashamed, but helpless; the prisoners of women to whom, for aught they know, they must serve as bondmen or slaves. But a gentler destiny seems to await them. Hymen, it seems, is not out of favor in Halyconia. Six noble maidens have the sweet privilege of choosing Lysander's leading warriors as husbands. They come, fair and fleet, and, to the sound of bridal music, cast their garlands around the necks of the chosen ones in as light and unthinking a spirit as they might tether a pet lamb; and, leaving the gloomy Lysander *tete-à-tete* with the queen, lead their willing captives away.

Now enters the spirit of romance—rich, alluring, picturesque, poetic. But it is not in the peristyle of her palace, with the bold light of noonday outglowing the ardor of her love that Antiope would woo. No. The mystery and perfume of the summer night make fitter background for the love of even the Amazonian heroine. And so, while Lysander, still gloomy and with face averted from all bridal revelry, reclines in a marble seat with the tall shafts of the trees black about him in the moonlight, lovely damsels, their white-lad, graceful shapes flitting from silver light to velvet shadow, dance in insatiable rotation for the favor of Hymen.

Then comes Antiope with beating heart, languorous, lively, and loving. She comes in bridal array, a chaplet of flowers upon her unadorned head, a richly pale mantle dimly starred with silver sparkles as vague as the moonbeams floating about her fair body. She is most fair to see in the moonlight and, with wreathing arms and melting eyes and murmuring lips, waxes about the spirit of the reluctant warrior the spell of sex. But he, he blanches for his lost prestige and for his unenvied subjugation of himself and his follower.

There follows a most enchanting love-

scene. The woman woos and the man is moved, while still holding firmly to the dignity of the male. But love is in the air, and comes forth, perforce, in words. The very spirit of moonlit romance hovers over the scene. The lines are melodious and honey-sweet. The listener is steeped in æsthetic, romantic delight. As for the rest, it has to be seen and heard to be appreciated. The whole of the story should not be told. Never was Margaret Anglin so near to being a beautiful woman. Never did she put forth more delicately seductive wiles than in those scenes in which Antiope discovers herself, under her queen's crown and her warrior's corselet, to be "but yet a woman."

"The Eternal Feminine" is emphatically a find. It is adapted from the German of Robert Misch by Austin Page, but it is so general in its claim upon the charmed interest of theatre-goers that the nationality of its author gives it no specially German characteristics. It is simply a light, charming comedy, cast in poetic form, and brightly poetic in spirit. Every scene appeals to the natural joy in beauty, which we are nearly all fortunate enough to possess. There is no bit or miss guessing about the scenery or accessories of the play. They, as well as the costumes, gracefully Grecian in design and general treatment, are far above the ordinary in good taste and harmonious effect, and are elaborate and handsome enough for a long run.

It is difficult for players accustomed only to modern habiliments to appear perfectly at ease in the dress of the ancients. Men, especially, are apt to be conscious that outlines hitherto coyly masked by the decorous ugliness of coat-sleeve and trouser-leg are courting public notice. With women it is different. Girls on the stage hop in and out of such a variety of gear within the limits of a season which includes frequent change of bill, that they learn to shed almost the last iota of self-conscious stiffness.

The poetic form of the text makes another difficulty. It is not easy to bend uncompliant tongue from prose to verse. True, there were no stumbling-blocks for Margaret Anglin, who uttered her lines with fullest, mellowest meaning. But Frank Wortbing, with his usual difficulties much increased, had a hard time, and stumpled even on the second night. But he represented so well the spirit of the brooding leader, caught in a net of woman's weaving, yet struggling sturdily against defeat, that a relieved audience drew a deep breath of romantic satisfaction when Lysander finally gathered a subjugated and all-womanly woman into his hitherto rigidly unembracing arms.

Walter Allen as the pursily egotistic armor-bearer, gave a number of very cleverly played and amusing scenes, and Arthur Lawrence, who plays a woman-tamed husband, was particularly happy in hitting the exact medium between a womanish old man and a mannish old woman. The rest of the men were all cast in a group, without special distinction of individuals, but their collective acting was helpful to the general effect.

Mrs. Whiffen as usual gave especial grace and sincerity to her rôle, which was small. Mrs. Brooke almost matched Walter Allen in the broadly comic scenes, and Miss Valentine and her group of graceful dancers fell into the general Greek atmosphere very prettily and effectively.

I had a streak of luck this week in happening on a particularly good bill at the Orpheum. What is the difference between the man who can make you laugh and the one who can not? No one can tell. Louis Simon, in this case, is one of the men who can; not at all by what he says, but by what he reveals of the infinite possibilities of a migratory stepladder. Armed with this instrument of destruction, he throws a whole room into most admired disorder, and shows a proficiency in stumbling over breakable furniture that is little short of genius. Silly? Of course. You can count to a dead certainty on all one-act vaudeville plays being so, and "The New Coachman" is no better than its prototypes; but Louis Simon makes the difference by giving you an opportunity for legitimate mirth.

Jack Norworth, the monologist, belongs to the same class. His jokes, stories, and songs have the same old earmarks. Some of them we have heard before, or met casually in the funny column, but the young monologist has a way of retelling them that catches the house. He has a preference that the limelight shall not be thrown upon the point of his joke, and when he reaches the fateful moment he pushes on hurriedly to the next yarn with an air of furtive evasion. The house takes, and when there is least *empressment* in Mr. Norworth's manner, falls with the joy of a child upon the *raison d'être* of his story. Quick as vaudeville audiences are at seeing

the point, that of "Eve raising Cain" quite escaped them. I saw Mr. Norworth give a funny, little, rueful, confidential smile to himself, which said, "Missed the point." And I felt willing to wager that they would not fail to see it next time.

There are some good sleight-of-hand card tricks by Herbert Brooks, and that old, yet ever new, mystification of the mysterious disappearance from a lock-bound receptacle. The inevitable "novelty musical act," generally helped out by childish puerilities, on this occasion is more agreeably diversified by a running succession of monster pictures thrown upon a great canvas screen behind the different performers of the Busch-De Vere Trio. A cornet solo of "The Holy City" is accompanied with many views of a city of presumably heavenly architecture, containing a large population of socially inclined angels hovering in mid-air. "Kill-arney" brought with it pretty views of the Irish lake, and with some war songs were a number of pictures—some poor, some excellent, and some quite moving ones—of blue-coated soldier-boys, marching, fighting, and dying.

Lydia Yeaman-Titus is a merry little woman quivering with fat, and exuding jollity at every pore. With her husband for piano accompanist she goes briskly through a half-talking, half-singing act, does some good imitations, gives a rather dull and pointless recitation, and presents what she calls "my celebrated imitation" of a child singing to her doll. It is a faithful enough reproduction of a child's tiny and uncertainly tuneful pipe, but the succeeding imitation of a song of youth lacks the spring-time freshness which should characterize the voice of girlhood. Mrs. Titus's voice is a well-used organ, but still capable of giving much pleasure, as we found in her imitation of Patti singing "Edinbro' Town."

One feature of the programme that goes with especial snap is "Christmas on Blackwell's Island," a musico-comical skit originally arranged for a Lambs' Club gambol by Clay M. Greene. I suppose that the hard-looking citizen with the low-browed wig at the eastern end of the convict line who sings bass is Sydney Deane. He at any rate is the most amusing of the trio, and to his share falls nearly all the plums in a rattling hail-storm of jokes.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Death of Joseph Jefferson.

The most beloved and honored actor in America, Joseph Jefferson—the dean of American mummies—died at Palm Beach, Florida, on Sunday. He had been sinking for some time, and had fought hard against the weakness that crept over him. But at last, knowing that the end was near, he bade his family good-by, and lapsed into a period of peaceful unconsciousness that ended in his death.

Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia on February 20, 1829. He came from a family of actors, and made his first stage appearance at four years of age. Up to the time of his first appearance in New York, which occurred when he was twenty years old, he had traveled with his father and other strolling players. In New York he appeared with Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Lester Wallack, and other stars. His first success was as Asa Trenchard in Taylor's comedy, "Our American Cousin." In later years he played in "Dot," Dion Bouccault's dramatization of "The Cricket on the Hearth," and was seen as Caleb Plummer, Newman Nogg, Bob Brierly in "The Ticket of Leave Man," Dogberry, Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon," Mr. Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings," and Rip Van Winkle. It was in the last-named rôle that he gained his greatest fame, and in which he most endeared himself to the public.

Jefferson appeared here in 1860, and again in 1878, when he produced "Rip Van Winkle," "A Regular Fix," "The Hair-at-Law," and "Lend Me Five Shillings." In 1802, he was here again with Mrs. Drew, playing "The Rivals" and "The Hair-at-Law."

Next week a more extended notice of Mr. Jefferson's career, embodying anecdotes concerning him, will appear in the *Argonaut*.

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This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

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Second week of the summer season begins to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. **Florence Stone** and the Ferris stock company in Nat C. Goodwin's greatest success,

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May 8th—**The Criminal of the Century**, by Frank W. Finch. A melodrama with plot and scenery laid in San Francisco.

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, April 30th.

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ROCK SALT VERY PURE

STAGE GOSSIP.

Shakespearean Plays at the Columbia.

At the Columbia Theatre next week, Charles Frohman will present the E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe combination in Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet."

"Mariana" to be Presented.

On account of the success of Margaret Anglin in "The Eternal Feminine" at the California Theatre this week, the piece will be continued for several performances next week.

Ferris Stock Company in Goodwin Play.

Florence Stone and the Ferris Stock Company will begin the second week of the summer season at the Grand Opera House at tomorrow's (Sunday) matinee, the programme or which will be Nat Goodwin's success, "A Gold Mine."

New Fun-Makers at the Orpheum.

May Vokes will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. Assisted by Neil McCay she will present "A Model Maid," said to be a very amusing comedietta.

"Shamus O'Brien" at the Central.

The second week of the Irish Festival being held at the Central Theatre will begin next Monday night with a production of "Shamus O'Brien."

appear in the title-role. Shamus O'Brien differs from Emmet. The former is a rollicking devil-may-care young fellow, with a kindly heart and keen-witted tongue.

Clyde Fitch Comedy at the Alcazar.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" will run another week at the Alcazar Theatre. On Monday, May 8th, the first stock production of Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," will be given.

"The Mikado" to be Revived.

"Florodora," which has been a success at the Tivoli Opera House, will enter upon its fourth and last week to-morrow (Sunday). Preparations are being made for a presentation of "The Mikado," which will follow "Florodora."

New Concert Hall.

W. H. Weber has secured control of the Terrace Garden restaurant, on Mason Street, near Eddy, and will transform it into a theatre, which will be opened about May 15th.

W. B. Hunt has been appointed secretary of the Photographers' Association of California to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of J. Fowler.

News Comes from Hawaii

"that the volcano of Kilauea has become active again. The activity, like the outbreaks of the past, is in Halemaumau, the House of Fire, the inner crater of the volcano.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is not very often that a Queen of England is interviewed by a reporter, but the *Gazette* of Paris publishes a dispatch, probably authentic from a representative of the paper, who says that he had the honor of being received by Queen Alexandra on board the royal yacht at Marseilles. The writer says that the queen refused to speak upon political matters, and he gives the following report of the queen's conversation, which is remarkable. "Queens must do all in their power to prepare their children for the exalted positions which they will be called upon to occupy. It should be their task, however difficult it may seem, to comfort the afflicted and unhappy. That is the best and sweetest part they can play, and for myself I have no wish to play any other. In the troublous times in which we are living, it is impossible not to be affected by the dissatisfaction of the masses, which is in many ways natural enough. Believe me, if the social problem ever can be solved, it will be by reason of the goodness of women, by mutual love and a common reverence for the right, for justice and charity. Your talk, as men, is of war, but we women speak always of peace—peace in every nation, peace between all nations. I was educated in the school of a king who was before all things just, and I have tried, like him, always to preach love and charity. I have always mistrusted warlike preparations, of which nations seem never to tire. Some day this accumulated material of soldiers and guns will burst into flames in a frightful war that will throw humanity into mourning on earth and grieve our universal Father in heaven."

A Plainfield, N. J., wife wants the editor of the New York *Sun* to answer the question, "Why is it that the majority of men—and the best of them—can not spend an hour in one another's company without relating questionable stories? Very often," she says, hotly, "when my husband has men friends calling or dining, I have entered the room unexpectedly, and instantly there has been a general hush and a half-formed laugh which they find it difficult to suppress. This has caused me to conclude that men's minds must naturally incline to the coarse and low. On the other hand, a woman who even attempts to tell a questionable story in the presence of ladies, needs no more effective rebuff than the indignation that flashes from every eye. Women may be gossips, as men are, but their conversations are at least chaste."

It is an interesting fact that the best-known women writers are not college graduates. According to an article in the April *Critic*, such American authors as Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, and others whose work has scholarly distinction as well as originality and good literary style, were educated at home or in unambitious girls' seminaries. Such Englishwomen writers as Mrs. Meynell, John Strange Winter, the impressive Mrs. Humphry Ward, and the spectacular Marie Corelli have been educated at home in the immemorial English fashion of their grandmothers. Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Dodge, and Margaret Deland have acquired their literary training in various irregular and unsanctified ways. Even the younger school of writers whose popularity is newly acquired and whose following is large—Miss Mary Johnston, Miss Bertha Runkle, Miss Carolyn Wells, and the rest—have ventured into the literary field and won their laurels without permission from any college. Julia Ward Howe was born before Vassar, but

with all her love for scholarship, she sent none of her daughters—literary aspirants though they were—to any of the women's colleges which were springing up in their day.

Most men, if driven into a corner, would admit that their existence is rather a superfluous matter; at bottom they are fairly modest. Still they must feel a certain shock when they read the stern dictum of science that they are only an afterthought of Nature, to be put away again when the good dame comes back to her better thoughts. We are brought to consider this by Frances Swiney's article in the *Westminster*, entitled "The Evolution of the Male." Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: "In fact, we may regard the male organism as nature's greatest experiment in the utilization of waste products. The male factor throughout the whole scheme of amphigonic reproduction of kind is thus made of necessity dependent on the female; first owes origin to her, and returns again to her to escape extinction. The daughter does not come back, she progresses. . . . Moreover, the female is the standard of each species. The female is not only the primary and original sex, but continues throughout as the main trunk." In drawing this logical conclusion we are brought to face a stranger flaw in the recognized analysis of sex. There is sex differentiation, but only one sex, the female. As Professor Albrecht avers, 'males are rudimentary females.' Maleness is therefore an intermediate phase of development. This definition has already been surmised and intuitively accepted in the popular designation of sex, where, from time immemorial the sex has signified that of the female gender."

The London *Queen* thinks that "when red hair makes its appearance on a human head all lukewarmness is at an end. It is either loved or loathed. Its admirers, with artists in the van, are almost hysterically enthusiastic. They call it golden, though the gold that comes out of the earth is not often exactly that shade. A red-haired woman is sure of a success in some quarter, however plain her face or insignificant her figure." Quite a different view is expressed by Lady Helen Forhes, who is evidently bent upon altering the fashion which decrees that hair of a red shade is "the" thing. In a recent article, she points out that with women red hair "seems to run more to wickedness than piety," and cites Cleopatra, "the red-haired Greek," Lucrezia Borgia, and Queen Elizabeth. With regard to men, she is more charitable, and argues that "nearly all the great reformers or founders of religions had red hair; history mentions that Mohammed was a red-haired man." The color of Moses's hair before it became gray is unknown, but David was distinctly "ruddy." Others mentioned are Louis the Fourteenth and Barbarossa.

The splendid snow-white heron, known as the American egret, one of the few kinds which bear the aigrette plumes of millinery and commerce, is among the waning species of America—a victim to inexorable fashion, according to Herbert K. Joh, one of our noted ornithologists. In 1903, the price for plumes offered to hunters was thirty-two dollars per ounce, which makes the plumes worth twice their weight in gold. It should be understood that these plumes—which are variously called by milliners "aigrettes," "stubs," or "ospreys," and are dyed to whatever color is fashionable—are borne only during the nuptial season, and can be secured only by shooting the birds when they have assembled in colonies to breed, when their usual shyness has departed, owing to the strength of the parental instinct.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London, "it is the common experience of the doctor and the nurse that of the certain percentage of well-to-do mothers who desire to nurse their children an increasing number are unable to do so." The *Gazette* writer says that he can not quote statistical evidence, "but it would certainly appear that our mothers were far better able to nurse their children than are our wives; the present generation of mothers seems to be on the way to the loss of the power to discharge the most characteristic and the most significant function of mammalian motherhood. At least equally serious, and perhaps even more abundant, is the lack, not of the power, but of the will to nurse. While a large percentage of the willing can not, a large percentage of the able will not. Whether the physical incapacity, which threatens to turn out a 'new woman' who can not call herself a mammal, or the moral incapacity, which makes a woman rank lower in the ethical scale than the mothers of animal species long extinct, from which she would not care to admit that she is descended, be the more deplorable, it is impossible to say."

Prior to 1896 our official statisticians kept no separate record of the value of diamonds imported into the country. The imports of that year were valued at about \$1,500,000. That seems an underestimate. But the in-

crease since that time has been striking. The Bureau of Statistics reports that "during the past decade over \$129,000,000 worth of diamonds have been imported into the country," the imports for 1904 being given at \$23,750,000. "The American appetite for haubles and gewgaws evidently grows with the ability to satisfy it," comments the *Sun*, "and the wife of the freight brakeman wants a little stone on her finger or at her ears just as much as the lady of the opera-hox wants a collar and a tiara. The price of these stones has advanced greatly, but that frightens neither brakeman nor hanker. While they are officially classed as 'articles of luxury,' it is a question whether they would not to-day be more properly included in the group of 'articles of necessary use.' The American people spent as much money last year for gems and jewelry as they spent for pianos and other musical instruments, and more than three times as much as they spent for sewing-machines."

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain. fall	State of Weather
April 19th.....	60	45	.00	Clear
" 20th.....	58	50	Tr.	Rain
" 21st.....	64	50	.49	Pt. Cloudy
" 22d.....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 23d.....	58	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 24th.....	60	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 25th.....	62	54	Tr.	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 25, 1905, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed Bid. Asked	
U.S. Coup. Reg. 4%	1,000 @ 104 1/2				
Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%	3,000 @ 94			95	
Bay Co. Power 5%	10,000 @ 107 1/2			107 1/2	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	6,000 @ 105			105	
Los An. Ry. 5%	25,000 @ 115 1/2			114 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 4%	16,000 @ 115			114 1/2	
Oakland Waters 5%	7,000 @ 90			89	90 1/2
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 120 1/2			120 1/2	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	7,000 @ 110 1/2			110	110 1/2
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	4,000 @ 106 1/2			106 1/2	
S. F. Oak. & S. J. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 108 1/2			109	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	21,000 @ 109			109	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	13,000 @ 110			110	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906	25,000 @ 103				
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1912	25,000 @ 113 1/2			113	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stnd	5,000 @ 109 1/2			109 1/2	
S. P. Branch, 6%	4,000 @ 133 1/2			133	
S. V. Water, 4%	6,000 @ 100 1/2			100 1/2	101
S. V. Water Gen. 4%	10,000 @ 98 1/2			98 1/2	
United R. R. of S. F. 4%	132,000 @ 88 1/2-89 1/2			88 1/2	89
		STOCKS.		Closed Bid. Asked	
Contra Costa Water	165 @ 47 1/2-48 1/2			48	48 1/2
S. V. Water	210 @ 38 1/2-39 1/2			38 1/2	39 1/2
		BANKS.			
First National	5 @ 325			320	
		POWDER.			
Giant Con.	10 @ 68 1/2			68 1/2	69
		SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. S.	355 @ 85 1/2-86 1/2			85 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.	105 @ 20-20 1/2			20 1/2	
Hutchinson	190 @ 17-17 1/2			17 1/2	
Kilauea Sugar Co.	100 @ 4 1/2			4 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.	385 @ 35 1/2-36 1/2			35	35 1/2
Onomea Sugar Co.	1,300 @ 35-35 1/2			35 1/2	35 1/2
Pauha Sugar Co.	1,525 @ 23 1/2-25			23 1/2	23 1/2
		GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	205 @ 57 1/2-58			57 1/2	
		MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers	280 @ 86 1/2-88			88	88 1/2
Cal. F. Cannery	85 @ 100-100 1/2				
Pac. Coast Borax	20 @ 153 1/2			153	155
Pacific States Tel.	200 @ 107 1/2			107 1/2	

The Stock and Bond Exchange resumed their regular sessions on Monday, April 24th, at 10.30 A. M.

The sugars were weak, and on transactions of about 4,010 shares sold off from one-quarter to one and a half points, the latter in Pauha Sugar Company, which sold down to 23 1/2.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was steady, 205 shares changing hands at 57 1/2-58.

Alaska Packers Association sold up one point to 88 on sales of 280 shares, closing at 88 bid, 88 1/2 asked.

Sales of 210 shares of Spring Valley Water Company were made at 38 1/2-38 1/2.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A tourist at a hotel in Ireland asked the girl who waited on the table if he could have some poached eggs. "We haven't any eggs, sor," she replied; then, after a moment's reflection—"but I think I could get ye some poached salmon."

In Chicago, Mme. Melba received a characteristic letter from an American school-boy. "Please send along a ticket for your concert to-night," it read, "for I have heard you on the gramophone, and want to know if you can really get in all those trills." The boy got two free passes.

In a certain home where the stork recently visited, there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! Oh, mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."

Wellington disliked flattery. Said a stranger who had helped him over a crossing, "My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." The old duke looked at him for a moment, then, "Don't be a damned fool," he said as he turned on his heel.

James Whitcomb Riley tells of an ancient maiden lady who, while a witness in court, was asked her age. She became embarrassed, hesitated, and asked if it were necessary to give it. The judge told her that it was, but still she was reluctant. At last, at the admonition of the judge, she said: "I am, that is, I was—" and again she broke down. "Madame, hurry up," said the impatient judge; "every minute makes it worse, you know."

Arguing forcibly, if not convincingly, against the custom of taking a bath, still happily prevalent in certain quarters, a writer relates the savory story of a Kentish farm worker whose horny hand he grasped. "Good Kent dirt," said the man, catching a critical glance. "Haven't had time to wash your hands before tea?" was the question. "Wash my 'ands!" exclaimed the man. Then he became explanatory. "I never washes my 'ands. When they gets 'ard I iles 'em."

While Peter Dailey, who is noted for his late hours, was rehearsing one of his plays that had plenty of chorus-girls in it, he astonished the company by calling a rehearsal for ten o'clock in the morning. He usually called them for two in the afternoon. "Mercy," exclaimed one of the chorus-girls, "what's the use of going to the theatre at ten o'clock in the morning? Mr. Dailey won't be there." "Oh, yes, he will," retorted another member of the chorus; "he'll stop in on his way home."

Judge Sylvester Dana, of the Concord, N. H., police court, once had a case before him in which the charge was for a technical assault, and it came out in the course of the evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had been on the best of terms for some years. "It is a great pity," said the judge, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court?" "It can't be done, judge," answered the plaintiff, moodily; "I thought of that myself, but the cuss won't fight."

Little Helen was a firm believer in prayer, and was taught always to attend family devotions. During a season of drought, one morning her father said to her, "Do not let me forget to have a special prayer for rain to-night, as the want of it is causing much suffering and many deaths among animals." Her father had hardly left the house when little Helen, thinking she would do much good by anticipating her father's prayer for rain, ran upstairs and, falling on her knees, prayed for the much-needed rain. That afternoon the town in which she lived was visited by a severe electric shower—barns were unroofed and much damage done. Helen, with the ready faith of childhood, thinking it was all in answer to her prayer, again fell on her knees, exclaiming: "Lord, what have I done?"

Admiral "Bob" Evans, in a recent conversation with a group of officers, threw a great white light upon one of the methods at least by which the Japanese have attained that splendid adaptability to European and American ways. "When I commanded the *New York* some years ago," he said, "I had a Jap servant with whom I was especially well pleased. He was prompt, remarkably quick to learn, and took such a deep interest in everything, that sometimes, just to amuse myself, I devoted not a little attention to explaining things that he appeared not to un-

derstand. Finally he disappeared. Some time later, when on the European station, I made a call on a Jap battle-ship lying in the harbor of Versailles. The captain met us at the gangway, and escorted us to his cabin. As we were seated he suddenly turned, threw off his hat, and whipped a napkin over his arm. "The captain would drink?" he cried in a tone I remembered. "Kato!" I cried, jumping to my feet. "The same," he said bowing; "Captain Kato, of the Mikado's navy."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Jawn D.

John D
Rockefeller, he
Is getting roasted from A to Z,
Until he thinks
In the hot turmoil
That hell is heated
With Standard Oil.

—Town Topics.

More Valuable.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"
The poet said, and yet
Kind hearts won't pay for food, but you
Could hock a coronet.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Better Half.

"So long I've been by woman bossed,
I feel," poor Henpeck said,
"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than to have loved and wed."—Ex.

Her Darns Came High.

She always darned her hose with silk—
The holes were quite extensive—
The price of silk was very high;
Which made them darned expensive.

—Grand Rapids Herald.

The Worm and the Germ.

[A South American scientist declares that tapeworm destroys the germ of consumption.]

The Tapeworm is a yard of gumption,
Which, when he bites, he cures Consumption.

In dire and deadly grip he closes
Upon the germ Tuberculosis.

He lies in vermiform contortion
Along the patient's inner portion.

And when a microbe, green, or yellow,
Comes nigh that germ devouring feller,
He coils his tail and pounces on him—
Then it's all off with Mike, doggon him!

No longer need the patient worry
With wasting illness pulmonary.

No longer need bacilli caper—
Just go to work and grow a "taper."

As hastily the microbe goes
The healthier the Tapeworm grows,
Till, tiring of a life of action,
He sleeps in blissful satisfaction.

What matter though the Tapeworm plies
His calling till the Patient dies?

Since fell Consumption's been prevented
The Patient ought to die contented.

—Wallace Irwin in *New York Globe*.

The Bogey Man.

Little baby here, snuggle in your lair,
Better not be prowling round about;
Troublous times, alack! Hear that rifle crack?
Roosevelt will git you

If

You

Don't

Watch

Out.

Draw your belt in tight, little wolf, to-night,
It is safer not to venture out;
Hear that whizzing shot? Getting pretty hot.
Roosevelt will git you

If

You

Don't

Watch

Out.

—McLanburgh Wilson in *New York Sun*.

Quizziness—"Which do you prefer—to sell for cash or charge things?" Business—"Cash, of course. But if they don't pay promptly, then I prefer charges."—*Baltimore American*.

"I hear you've a new minister. He speaks extempore, doesn't he?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Malaprop, indignantly, "he's perfectly orthodox."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Raynor—"Your wife speaks several languages, doesn't she?" Skynne—"Four—English, French, New Thought, and Henry James."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Housekeepers

know the advantage of having always on hand a perfect cream for general household purposes. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream and being preserved and sterilized keeps for an indefinite period. Use it for coffee, tea, cocoa, and all household purposes.

Government Adopts Tuberculosis Treatment.

The medical director of the hospital at Mare Island has adopted open-air treatment for consumptives. Instead of sending them to Southern California he has determined to treat them at the navy-yard.

Many physicians have recommended high altitudes and deserts with their dry climates for consumptives, but experiments in the humid Eastern States, with the open-air treatment, have been so successful that the medical profession is coming to regard outdoor life as the main factor in the cure of tuberculosis.

By means of scientifically directed outdoor life, some remarkable cures, even in the advanced stages of the disease, have been effected on the Pacific Coast and in Colorado. These results confirm the now accepted belief that consumption is one of the baneful consequences of indoor living which has been grafted on to modern civilization. So long as the aborigines led an outdoor life the dread disease of consumption was unknown among them. The vices of civilization and the endeavor to induce the red man to adopt civilized ways of living, have invariably been productive of lung diseases and a high rate of mortality among them. These aboriginal experiences, and the benefits



which civilized people afflicted with weak or diseased lungs, have derived from continuous life in the open air are indisputable proofs of the value of living close to nature.

The new open-air treatment which the medical profession is now encouraging is merely a common-sense return to nature. In California the remedy may be resorted to with the least degree of discomfort to the patient. In fact, outdoor life in this State is as pleasurable as it is healthful, and, to those who have tried the experiment, it is exceedingly attractive. The Tucker Portable Tent Cottage, which is sold at \$85 in San Francisco, solves the problem of outdoor life with some of the "comforts of home." The amount usually paid as rent for a "stuffy" hotel room or for a tent at a country resort, with questionable sanitary and hygienic conditions, would pay for one of these cottages, which will last a lifetime.

In the construction of this tent cottage, great care has been taken to preserve perfect hygienic conditions; at the same time it is water and mosquito proof, and the double roof insures its being cool in the heat of summer; still it can be easily heated when desirable to do so.

No special skill is required to erect the cottage, and it can be easily taken down and packed away.

The weight of the 10 x 12 is 1,200 pounds, which includes the tent complete with floors, windows, door, screen-door, fly screens, and front awnings, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

One of these tent cottages is on exhibition at the store of Shreve & Barber, 739 Market Street, San Francisco, where all are welcome to call and inspect it.

A. C. Rulofson Company, sole manufacturers, 238 Crossley Building, New Montgomery and Mission Streets, San Francisco, Cal., will take pleasure in forwarding special circular upon request.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

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An Inexpensive Outing
can be realized by buying your camping supplies here. One of our provision boxes, containing the choicest staples and most appetizing delicacies, will save you time and money. We pack them in all sizes—for one day or a week. Everything guaranteed to be fresh and of perfect quality.
We deliver to your nearest station and pay the freight.
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St. Paul..... May 6 | St. Louis..... May 20
New York..... May 13 | Philadelphia..... May 27
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Noordland..... May 6 | Frie-land..... May 20
Haverford..... May 13 | Westerland..... May 27

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba..... May 6 | Minnehaha..... May 20
Minneapolis..... May 13 | Minnetonka..... May 27

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BRUGGNE.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.

Ryndam..... May 10 | Potsdam..... May 24
Rotterdam..... May 17 | Noordam..... May 31

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)

Zeeland..... May 6 | Vaderland..... May 20
Finland..... May 13 | Kroonland..... May 27

WHITE STAR LINE.

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Celtic..... May 5, 6 am | Cedric..... May 19, 6 am
Oceanic..... May 10, 9:30 am | Baltic..... May 24, 10 am
Majestic..... May 17, 10 am | Tonic..... May 31, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric..... May 11, June 8, July 13
Arabic..... May 25, June 22, July 13
Republic..... June 1, July 6, Aug. 10

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From New York.

Cretic..... June 15, July 27
Romanic..... July 6

From Boston.
Canopic..... May 13, June 24, Aug. 5, Sept. 16
Romanic..... June 3, Aug. 19, Oct. 7
First-class \$75 upward, depending on date.

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and HONG KONG, as follows: 1905
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S. S. Doric " " Saturday, July 1
S. S. Ooptic " " Wednesday, Aug. 2

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S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, May 6, at 11
A. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, May 18, at 2 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Crabtree-Hawes Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eugenie Hawes, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, to Rev. David Crabtree of Redwood City, took place at Grace Church on Tuesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by Bishop William Ford Nichols. Mrs. Charles Fickert was matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Jessie McNab, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Claudine Cotton and Miss Anita Wieland. Rev. Blodgett acted as best man and the ushers were Mr. Robert Deane, Mr. William Cole, Mr. Roy Phelps, and Mr. William P. Carpenter. A reception and supper at 800 Sutter Street followed the ceremony. Rev. and Mrs. Crabtree will reside at Redwood City.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Munro, daughter of Mrs. Anna Munro, to Mr. Redick McKee Duprey. The wedding will take place on June 7th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Orrin McCormick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McCormick, to Mr. Napier Mearns Crossett.

The engagement is announced of Miss Aida Laymance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Laymance, of Oakland, to Mr. Edward H. Dodge, of Alameda.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. White, of Oakland, to Mr. M. W. Faintout of New York.

The wedding of Miss Marion Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, to Mr. Roland Letts Oliver, will take place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, "Arbor Villa," Oakland. The ceremony will be performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Charles R. Brown. The bridesmaids will be Miss Goodfellow, Miss Helen Chase, Miss Lucretia Burnham, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Winifred Burge, and Miss Florence White. Mr. Edwin Oliver will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Traylor Bell, Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. Hugh Goodfellow, Mr. Nathan Moran, Mr. Richard Hazeltime, Mr. Ralph Jones, Mr. George Jensen, and Mr. Charles D. Bates, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Susan Le Count, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Palmer Le Count, to Rev. David Evans, took place on Wednesday at Grace Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. S. H. Wingfield Digby. Mrs. George R. Slocum was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Meta Thompson, Miss Olive Kingsland, Miss Virginia Gibbs, and Miss Leila Dickens. Mr. Courtney Bennett acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. George Sperry, Mr. Jaffray Dusan, Mr. Holt, and Mr. Patch. Rev. and Mrs. Evans have gone on a fortnight's wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Voorbies, daughter of ex-Senator and Mrs. E. E. Voorbies, of Sutter Creek, Amador County, to Mr. Baylis Coleman Clark took place at the Episcopal Church, Sutter Creek, on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Bishop William Moreland, assisted by Rev. William Tuson, and was followed by a wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents. Miss Mollie Mathes was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Meta Schlesinger and Miss Emilie Chickering, of Oakland. Mr. F. Morton Clark acted as best man, and Mr. Grantland Voorbies and Mr. Roger Chickering, of Oakland, were the ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have gone East on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Mary Turnbull, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Walter Turnbull, to Mr. George R. Murphy, of New York, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 3168 Washington Street. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by Rev.

Father Ramm. Miss Virginia Brastow was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Carrie White, and Miss Isabelle Lathrop. Mr. Arthur Murphy acted as best man, and the ushers were Dr. Walter Turnbull, Mr. James Keith, and Mr. Frederick Rockwell. A supper followed the ceremony. After a short wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Kittle, daughter of Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, of Ross Valley, to Mr. Benjamin Dibblee, took place at the Episcopal Church, Ross Valley, on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed at noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols. Miss Ludington, of New York, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Frances Allen, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Emily Carolan. Mr. Cutting acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. Albert Dibblee, Mr. John Kittle, and Mr. Cochran. A wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's mother followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Dibblee have gone south for their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at Ross Valley.

The wedding of Miss Mary Hyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Hyde, of Oakland, to Lieutenant Charles E. Hathaway, U. S. A., took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Oakland, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols. Miss Katherine Hyde was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Clara English, Miss Beulah Brigham, Miss Olive Hyde, Miss May Moffatt, and Miss Mariana Matthews. Lieutenant John Chapman, U. S. A., acted as best man. Lieutenant Hathaway and Mrs. Hathaway will reside at Fort Riley, Kan.

The wedding of Miss Florence Senger, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Henry Senger, of Berkeley, to Mr. Dudley V. Saelzer, of Redding, took place on Wednesday evening at the First Unitarian Church, Berkeley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Earl Wilbur. Miss Alice Senger was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Stella Hoag, Miss Greta Augustine, Miss Wanda Muir, and Miss Pearl Pitcher. Mr. Rudolph Saelzer acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Samuel Eastman, Mr. Thomas Hutchins, Mr. Ernest Linscott, and Mr. George Senger. A reception at the residence of the bride's parents followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mr. Saelzer will reside in Redding.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Allen, to Mr. William Pixley, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 842 Cedar Street, Alameda. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. B. Allen and Rev. F. A. Ringo. Mr. and Mrs. Pixley will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Mrs. Mabel Eddy Jacobs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Grant, to Mr. Robert Clay Bolton, took place on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 2622 Gough Street. The ceremony was performed at half after three o'clock by Rev. A. C. Bane. There were no attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Bolton will reside, for the summer, at Mill Valley.

Mrs. Frank C. Havens gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence in Oakland, in honor of Miss Marion Smith. Others at table were Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mrs. John C. Klein, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Harold Havens, Mrs. Harry M. Maxwell, Mrs. Harmon Bell, Mrs. Bernard Miller, Mrs. Edward Engs, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Florence White, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Helen Chase, Miss Noelle de Golia, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Lucretia Burnham, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Edith Gaskill, Miss Winifred Burdge, and Miss Pauline Fore.

Hon. A. L. Rhodes, of San José, gave a dinner recently in honor of Judge John Garber.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot gave a dinner on Sunday at their country residence at Haywards in honor of Princess Cantacuzene. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Simpson, and Mr. Isaac Upham.

Miss Helene Speyer gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 2121 Jackson Street, in honor of Miss Ethel McCormick. Mrs. William Willis gave a theatre-party at the California Theatre on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann and Mrs. Alexander Bergevin. A supper at the Hotel St. Francis followed.

Miss Lucretia Burnham gave a dinner-dance on Monday evening at her residence in Oakland, in honor of Miss Marion Smith and Mr. Roland Letts Oliver.

The usual monthly round-table dinner at the Bohemian Club took place in the Jinks Room on Friday evening, followed by an informal jinks, sired by Amedée Joullin.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

A. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

TOWNSEND'S NEW STORE FOR CALIFORNIA Glass Fruits and choice candies, 717 Market Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Music at Hopkins Institute.

The following musical programme was rendered Thursday evening under the direction of Henry Heyman at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, marking the close of the spring exhibition of pictures:

Organ, "Festal March," Teilmann, Otto Fleissner; vocal: "Stolen Wings," Willeby, "Norwegian Song," Aspinall, Miss Emma J. Vasconcelles; vocal: "Go Not Happy Day," Somervell, "Turn Ye to Me," old Highland melody, Mrs. Wyman Riley; quartet, op. 16, Beethoven (first and second movements), Miss Frances R. Wertheimer, Benjamin Tuttle, Frank Howard, and Henry Heyman; vocal: "Nymphes et Sylvains," Bemberg, "Avril," Bizet, Miss Ada McDonnell; violin, "Arioso," op. 17, Lauterbach, Benjamin Tuttle; vocal: "Morning, Evening, Night," Langdon, from "Summertime" cycle, Ronald, Miss Grace Marshall; trio, "Nocturne," Glinka-Ritter (first time in San Francisco), Benjamin Tuttle, Henry Heyman, and Miss Wertheimer; vocal: "The Quest," Eleanor Smith, "Sweet Tipperary," W. G. Smith, Miss True Aiken; organ, "Grand Offertory in G," Batiste, Otto Fleissner.

The Kneisel Quartet Concerts.

Three concerts will be given at Lyric Hall and one at the Hotel St. Francis by the Kneisel Quartet of Boston. The opening concert, at Lyric Hall, will be on Tuesday evening, May 9th, and the others will be on Friday evening, May 12th, and Saturday afternoon, May 13th.

The programmes will include music by Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Chopin, Tschaiikowsky, and, in particular, a composition by Hugo Wolf never before played in this country. Violin students will be especially interested in the Bach concerto for two violins, played by Kneisel and Von Theodorowicz. Schroeder, the cellist of the organization, will play the sonata by Locatelli at the matinee performance. The sale of season tickets for the three Lyric Hall concerts opens Wednesday morning next at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Single seats will be ready the Saturday following. Seats for the Hotel St. Francis concert, which will occur on Thursday evening, May 11th, may be secured at any time. The prices will be \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

Some Ysaye Offerings.

Ysaye, the great violinist, will appear here soon in programmes identical with those he gave during his recent season in New York. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Vieuxtemps, Wagner-Wilhelmj, Bruch, Mozart, Lallo, Saint-Saëns, and others will be given. These composers will be represented by some of their most notable works. M. Ysaye will be assisted in his recitals by an orchestra of talent under the direction of Jules de Befve.

To Attend the Automobile Meet.

Among those who have signified their intention of attending the automobile meet in San José to-day (Saturday) and Sunday, are J. A. March and party, B. F. Hubbard and family, of Oakland, Samuel G. Buckbee, L. P. Lowe, C. C. Moore, J. D. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Baum, and Dr. O. C. Joselyn. The San José members of the Automobile Club are ready to show the visitors every attention possible. The Vendôme bathing pavilion will be open for the use of members of the club, free of charge, Saturday evening.

Maxine Elliott's London season is meeting with success. All the critics praise her. The *Telegraph* says: "She was always beautiful, and is beautiful still, but now possesses an ease of manner, charm of action, and a convincing power of making her effects."

The second performance of Ben Johnson's comedy, "Every Man in His Humor," will be given at Stanford University this (Saturday) morning at ten-thirty. Special railway rates from San Francisco are made.

Nelson's Ameyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

— FOR RENT, FOR TWO OR THREE MONTHS, furnished house of ten rooms and three baths. Commands a fine marine view. Address Box 100 Argonaut office.

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WOMAN AND AGE

The *Ladies' Field*, London, says: "... No self-respecting woman surrenders herself to old age so long as she can keep up the merest resemblance of youth."

The surest sign of age is the relaxing or "dropping" of the contour of the face, caused directly by lack of tone and development of the facial muscles.

Call or write for particulars about my electric and liquid-air treatment. It is especially planned to invigorate the tissues of the face, causing them naturally to tighten—the result is the beautiful, firm contour of youth.

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ROYAL
Baking Powder
 that makes the
**Delicious Biscuit,
 Griddle Cake
 and Doughnut**

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Harrington are sojourning at Paso Robles for Mr. Harrington's health. They have been there for three weeks, and expect to return on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough have closed their town residence, and will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. James W. Sperry has taken apartments at Pacific Avenue and Broderick Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah R. Howell were guests recently at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, of Sacramento, will make this city their future home.

Mrs. E. J. Ives and Miss Florence Ives will spend the summer at San José.

Miss Agnes Tobin departed on Tuesday for Jerome, Ariz., where she will be the guest for a short time of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent were among the recent visitors at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall have gone to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Laurance Scott were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann departed on Sunday for a visit to Nauheim, Germany, to be followed by an extensive tour.

Sir James Talbot Power sailed on Thursday for Sydney, Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohl are at Mill Valley for the summer. On their return they will occupy their new residence on De Long Avenue, Ashbury Heights.

Miss Marietta Havens sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Thursday.

Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and Miss Lucy Bancroft have gone to Dresden, Germany, where Miss Bancroft will remain as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Deming will spend the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George Field have returned from Honolulu, and are at 800 Sutter Street.

Mr. A. Schilling, Mr. J. H. Lavesen, and Mr. H. Pager made an automobile trip to Byron Hot Springs on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens and a party of friends have engaged rooms at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, in anticipation of the automobile run to-day (Saturday) and Sunday.

Miss Lily Hathway has returned from Honolulu, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann are occupying the Thompson residence at Mill Valley, where they will remain until October.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Somers have returned from a visit to the East and Cuba.

Mr. Robert I. Aitken departed on Tuesday for Paris.

Mrs. David Belasco, Miss Augusta Belasco, and Miss Reina Belasco, of New York, arrived at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday. They will spend the summer in California.

Mr. Thomas Bullock, of San José, has returned from New York.

Mr. B. S. Guinness and Mr. Robert D. Guinness, of Dublin, Ireland, have been guests during the week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Baron Alphonso Rothschild, of Paris, arrived from the southern part of the State on Wednesday.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hornick, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Amsden, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moreland, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Cooper, Mrs. J. A. Ford, Mrs. A. M. Kent, Miss Joliffe, Miss Pease, Miss Cooper, Miss Anita Harvey, Mr. J. L. Eastland, Mr. E. C. Ford, Mr. Thomas E. Vurran, Dr. H. H. Keene, Mr. A. H. Hamberg, Mr. J. H. Noyes, Mr. G. H. Dryden, Mr. N. C. E. Noon, Mr. A. B. Watson, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. William Powers, Mr. E. Dunlap, Mr. James Horsbrough, and Mr. C. S. Fee.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Romaine, Mrs. H. D. Tyson, Miss E. Romaine, and Mr. R. B. Romaine, of New York, Dr. and Mrs. C. Woodward, Mrs. H. H. Houston, Mr. H. H. Woodward, and Dr. Blake, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud, of Rutherford, Miss E. Gardiner, of Boston, Miss H. Rogers, of Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Stratton, Mrs. B. Long, and Miss Stratton.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, Judge-Advocate, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at headquarters of the Department of Colorado, and is expected here soon, when he will be assigned to duty as judge-advocate of this department, relieving Major Henry M. Morrow, Judge-Advocate, U. S. A., who will proceed to Denver for duty.

Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stirling, and Lieutenant Yates Stirling, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Stirling, departed on Saturday for the East.

General George B. Rodney, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rodney, are sojourning at Fort Clarke.

Lieutenant-Commander Gustav Kaemmerling, U. S. N., arrived from Yokohama last week.

Major Charles C. Walcutt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Walcutt have been the guests recently

of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Peyton at their residence, 1812 Broadway.

Lieutenant Edward P. Rockhill, Surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Presidio, and will report at Fort Wingate, N. M., for duty.

An Outing Guide.

Any one who is hard to please as to a suitable place to spend a vacation can surely make a choice after looking over "Vacation, 1905," issued by the California Northwestern Railway Company. This railway passes through some of the most beautiful parts of California, traversing Marin, Sonoma, and Mendocino Counties. Here is variety of scenery in abundance—rugged mountain country, foothills in which green valleys nestle, winding brooks and rivers, giant red-wood forests—every country lure that can be imagined. Within an hour, traveling over this road, one can be out in the wilds, or, if company is wished, can be dropped at gay summer resorts. And "Vacation, 1905," contains a complete list of all places where summer hospitality is offered—resorts, country hotels, farm-houses. It is full of all sorts of information regarding hunting, fishing, and the character of the country traversed. It is beautifully illustrated; and merely for the purpose of gaining an idea of what the coast counties are like, it is worth while calling at or writing to the offices of the company and getting a copy of the book, which is free.

The Musical Festival Next Week.

There has been a great demand at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for tickets for the coming Musical Festival, which opens Sunday night, April 30th, at Mechanics' Pavilion. This will be the most successful affair the teachers ever undertook. The adult chorus of 1,000 voices has been spread beyond the originally expected 500, and the children's chorus, fixed at 5,000 voices, has easily run up to 7,500. Innes and his band of sixty players have never been in finer trim, and great things are expected of it. The programmes that have been sent out include many that have been played in America by no other organization, and cover the entire scale from Wagner to rag-time.

Innes is to bring with him three noted Eastern soloists—Mme. Partridge, soprano; Herr Fritz Huttman, the Wagnerian tenor; and Francis Archambault, the baritone.

The following is a summary of the programme:

Sunday night, April 30th, inaugural night: Monday afternoon, children's May Day festival; Monday night, symphony night; Tuesday afternoon, professional matinee; Tuesday night, "Parsifal" night; Wednesday afternoon, Liszt-Rubinstein matinee; Wednesday night, military night, and first performance on any stage of Innes's "Americana"; Thursday afternoon, French-Russian matinee; Thursday night, oratorio night, and production of Mendelssohn's great choral work, "The Hymn of Praise"; Friday afternoon, miscellaneous programme; Friday night, Wagnerfest; Saturday afternoon, second children's festival of song; Saturday night, grand opera and popular music night; Sunday afternoon, miscellaneous programme; Sunday night, farewell night.

The will of Edgar F. Preston was filed for probate at Redwood City on Wednesday. The instrument is dated August 7, 1900. All the property and estate of the deceased is bequeathed to his surviving wife, Josephine E. Preston, according to the terms of the will. She is to have full power to dispose of the estate as she may deem fit, without an order of the court, and no bonds are exacted from her as such executor. The petition accompanying the will recites that the estate will exceed in value ten thousand dollars; that his other heirs are Isabel Preston Owens, Edith Preston Drown, Norma Preston Ames, and Frank C. Preston.

Maurice Leon Driver's piano recital of his own compositions at Steinway Hall on Monday evening was well attended, and his playing was received with marked favor. His first selection, "Les Hirondelles," gained him immediate favor. His Hungarian rhapsodie was given with fine effect, as also was his andante and caprice, op. 75, which, aside from the excellent manner in which it was played, showed marked originality.

The initial presentation of Mme. Carusi's opera, "The Crusader and the Saracen," which was to have occurred on Tuesday and Wednesday for the benefit of Mme. Modjeska, has been postponed to May 15th and 16th.

The Fabiola Handicap, one of the most notable events of the season, to be run for the Fabiola Cup, will be the chief event to-day (Saturday) at the Oakland Track.

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as companion, or will care for invalid or children. Willing to travel. Best of references. Address Box 75, Argonaut office.

—Miss D. HONIG, OF THE WALDORF HAIR Store, 241-243 Geary Street, has just returned from her Eastern trip with the finest assortment of elegant hair goods and the very latest novelties in combs, etc.

Young Irving as "Hamlet."

The New York *Tribune's* London correspondent, I. N. Ford, has this to say of H. B. Irving's performance of "Hamlet":

Mr. Irving was perhaps over-anxious to avoid anything like imitation of his father. He adopted frankly enough Mr. Forbes Robertson's theory that Hamlet was weak and irresolute, but entirely sane throughout, and he exaggerated the evidences of feigned insanity in the scenes with Ophelia, Polonius and the court, even affecting carelessness and disorder in his dress. While he did not neglect the gentler and more amiable traits, he contrasted them more sharply than is usually done with what was less attractive in the character—the wanton cruelty, the ruthless brutality, the vacillation of purpose, and the paroxysms of rage which took the place of strength. Heredity, however, claimed its due. The son was like the father in voice, face, stride, and little mannerisms. . . . In voice and gesture he was his father over again. The correspondence in method was closest in little bits of byplay such as the evidences of a highly strung, nervous organization, an irritability almost hysterical at moments, the reflective, absent-minded manner in soliloquy, and the use of the foils in the final act. Imitation there was none, for the son has taken pains to emphasize the fact that he never saw his father as Hamlet; but the younger actor has studied the part thoroughly and worked out bit by bit a consistent, artistic impersonation; and that was what Sir Henry did in his time. . . . The son's work as a whole has marked characteristics of its own, and has been thought out on independent lines.

Compared with recent impersonations, this Hamlet lacks the sonorous elocution of Mr. Forbes Robertson's, and the ingenuous by-play of Mr. Tree's; but in temperament it is perhaps better than either. . . . As a work of inspired, poetic imagination it fails as so many Hamlets have been found wanting. Yet it has many passages of great beauty, and as a whole is a close and thoughtful study of temperament.

Praise for Donald de V. Graham.

Vanity Fair of London publishes the following regarding Donald de V. Graham, formerly of San Francisco:

Donald Graham sings and teaches on a sound method—a method, that is, which not only delights the discerning listener, but strengthens, instead of straining, the voice of a singer. At a small concert, the other day, at his studio in Cromwell place, where he has returned after a long absence from England, Mr. Graham gave emphatic proof of the versatility of his gifts. In Schubert's "Who is Sylvia," in Tschaiakowsky's "Don Juan" serenade, and in lyrics by Bemberg and others, he sang with the consummate ease possible only to a finished artist, and suggested the varying emotions of each song with masterly insight.

The patrons of Hotel Rowardennan, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, will be glad to hear that Mr. William G. Dodge is now busily engaged putting the place in perfect order to receive guests for the coming season. A number of improvements are being made to insure more comfort, if possible, for the guests.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. E. Petrie Hoyle, in London, England, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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Table of train schedules for the Main Line, listing destinations like Richmond, Port Costa, Vallejo, and arrival times.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

Table of train schedules for the Coast Line, listing destinations like Santa Cruz, Newark, and arrival times.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

Table of train schedules for the Coast Line (Broad Gauge), listing destinations like San Jose, Monterey, and arrival times.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

Table of ferry schedules for Oakland Harbor, listing departure and arrival times.

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Table showing train schedules between San Francisco and San Rafael, including departure and arrival times.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs, at Ukiah for Vieby Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanbrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hevel, and Sowers; at Sherwood for Cohto, Coarso, Laytoville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc. Via Sausalito Ferry. DEPART WEEK DAYS, 7:00, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 a. m.; 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:25, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 9:00, 10:15, and 11:35 p. m. DEPART SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS AT 7:15, 7:55, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45, A. M., 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15 (7:45, 8:15 Sausalito only), 9:00, 10:15, 11:35, P. M. DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7:45 A. M., 3:15 and 5:15 P. M., Sundays and holidays at 7:45, 8:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:45 A. M., 1:15 P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS. 7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 9:15 A. M., Sundays and holidays, Point Reyes, etc. 3:15 P. M., Saturdays only, for Cazadero, etc. 5:15 P. M., daily, except Sunday, for Point Reyes, etc. 8:15 P. M., Sundays and holidays, Cazadero, etc. Ticket Offices, 650 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St. JAS. L. FRAZIER, R. X. RYAN, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agent. G. W. HEINTZ, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.

Mt. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Table of train schedules for Mt. Tamalpais Railway, listing departure and arrival times for various stations.

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Forty Pages.

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that new political ideas spread like contagion. The rise of populism, the wild fanatic craze for free silver—these excellently illustrate how essentially vulnerable to political fallacies is the American temperament.

For a long time the leaders of the Socialist movement in Europe have been looking toward America with optimistic hopefulness. Perceiving how tolerant of new ideas is the American mind, perceiving how swiftly "trustification" is here occurring, perceiving how free of the shackles of custom, of reverence for authority, of respect for tradition are the American people as a whole, they have confidently predicted that, despite the apparent strength of socialism in such continental countries as France and Germany, and the seemingly inveterate individualism of the Anglo-Saxon on this continent, here would, after all, first be tried the great socialistic experiment.

It is considerations of this sort—a kind of conviction that the people of this country are vaguely desirous to engage in some wild political adventure, and contemplation of the beginnings of fulfillment of these prophecies by continental socialistic thinkers—that disquiet us, rather than the bare facts themselves. The Socialist vote of four hundred odd thousand at the last election was not tremendous; the Prohibitionists polled more than half as many, and no bulky brewer is worrying for fear that the Prohibitionists may elect a teetotaler to the Presidency in 1908. That a city like Chicago, corporation-ridden for years, should, in sudden wrath, vote to oust the chief offender among the private owners of public utilities, determining to run its railways on its own account, is, taken by itself, not so amazing a fact. Nor is it amazing that San Francisco, thoroughly disgusted at the poor service it is receiving from the street railway companies on some of the lines, should grasp the opportunity to experiment at running a street railway. These things, by themselves, would not be alarming were it not for the feeling, which we appear to share with many political observers, that they are portentous signs of the times.

There are really three great political parties in America to-day. The first is the radical Democracy, which, if it follows the man who now appears to be unmistakably its leader, is unalterably committed to national ownership of railways, express companies, steamship companies whose vessels ply on navigable streams, telephone systems, telegraph systems, coal mines, and oil refineries. For, certainly, national ownership of the railways will very shortly be followed by the confiscation of these other allied public utilities.

Second, the Republican party, which, in the face of enormous difficulties, is endeavoring to remedy the evils of plutocracy that beset us. Its aim is to regulate, not to revolutionize; its endeavor is to prune the tree rather than to cut it down and plant another of a different sort. So far, it must be confessed, the results have been small. The Esch-Townsend bill for the regulation of railways was met with disfavor in the Senate. The agitation for reform of the tariff failed to bear fruit this spring, and we suppose that most friends of tariff reform have only moderate hopes of any really efficient legislation at the special session in the fall. The reply of the Beef Trust to protracted and costly actions at law by the government has been to raise the price of beef.

The third political party is the Parker-Jeffersonian Democracy, which is now separated from the Bryan-Debsian Democracy by a gulf as unbridgeable as is the Atlantic Ocean. An alliance between hell and heaven is as probable as harmonization of the two wings of what was once known as the Democratic party. The Parker Democracy takes the extreme

ground that even such moderate measures as the Esch-Townsend railway bill, are an unwarranted extension of governmental functions. It apparently will champion the unmitigated doctrine of *laissez faire*. The Parker-Jeffersonian Democracy seems destined to be made up of unvarying theoretical individualists, those to whose interest it is to adhere to such a principle because of near or remote connection with or dependence upon corporations, and the congenitally conservative Southern Democrat. That a party so make up should have the least chance of political success is unthinkable.

Some observers are already convinced that in 1908 Mr. Roosevelt, or a man whose nomination he will absolutely dictate, will be elected to the Presidency. So say those two politically very wise journals, the *New York World* and *Harper's Weekly*, and we wish that we might join without reservation in their confidence. It is truly a consummation devoutly to be wished. But in the face of the wave of socialistic sentiment that has swept the country, we are reluctant.

For suppose now that the next Congress and the next and the next fail, as did the last, to enact any measure that will control the rapacities of the railways; or suppose, such a measure having been passed, that it prove ineffective, or that the courts declare it invalid; suppose that it is found to be quite impossible to reform the tariff; suppose that civil and criminal prosecutions of the trusts and their agents fail of any real and palpable results; suppose that plans for the municipalization of Chicago's railways are defeated by the courts; suppose that concentration of wealth continues with the same sinister rapidity that it has in the past progressed; suppose that the exactions of practical monopolies become even more intolerable than now—suppose all this, what then?

Is it not a thing of absolute necessity that, in order to achieve at the polls in November, 1908, a verdict of approval and charter to continue a work well begun, the Republican party in the next three years shall accomplish reforms so veritable and unmistakable that none can doubt or deny their reality?

Success of the work of reform is imperative. For it is reform or political revolution.

The European chancelleries are disturbed, and not without good reason, for it may be safely stated that not for years have things been in such a critical state. Europe, in fact, resembles the proverbial powder magazine, and a spark from a German meerschau or a French cigarette would be enough to cause the dread explosion to which statesmen have looked forward with apprehension and journalists with glee since the seventies. The Kaiser is, as usual, the cause of the trouble: that modern Jove, who, by a nod, can set Olympus shaking, and who, it must be confessed, is not chary of those nods of his. His ability to hold the centre of the stage is so well known that, were it not for an astuteness which even his hurry can not altogether conceal, one might imagine that his Moroccan exploit was simply an ostentatious and uncalled for sensation. Truly, the reason given by German statesmen, that trade is desired in Morocco, is trivial in the extreme, for Germany has the same rights of trading there as other people, and, whatever her faults, she has never shown herself to be deficient in commercial enterprise. No, the move must have been made with the distinct purpose of creating a disturbance and perhaps of actually causing an European war. Who knows? There are some very good reasons why the Kaiser would not be averse to war just at present. Holland with her colonies and rich commerce is waiting to be Germanized, and it would not be a difficult task could

The American people are a mercurial people. Like the Athenians of old they are ever eager "to tell or to hear some new thing." They have scant respect for custom and tradition. It is in America that new pseudo-religions, like Christian Science, take root most quickly and flourish most mightily, and it is here, also,

Great Britain and France be persuaded or frightened into dissolving that new, unexpected, and altogether too strong alliance. But just here the Kaiser met his first rebuff, for Delcassé, the able French foreign minister, after resigning, is persuaded to retain his portfolio and given free hand. Moreover, the genial English king goes forthwith to Paris, and amid great enthusiasm renews the alliance after the fashion of his race at a dinner. In the words of an old song, William has been obliged, on this occasion, to "make room for his uncle." The Kaiser, it is said, has urged Russia to continue her struggle to the point of partial exhaustion, and now, being convinced that an opportunity has arisen for the needed extension of the German domain, would stretch out his hands, secure of interference from the Muscovite, to seize Denmark as well as the Netherlands. But the British fleet keeps an implacable watch, and though the army of King Edward is negligible in comparison with the German legions, the red-legged Gallic allies might come over the Kaiser's frontier should he disturb the balance of power. Still there are moves in the game open to the clear-brained Kaiser. He may, for instance, try to build up a present-day version of the Holy Alliance against modern progressive states by merging in one solid body Muscovite, Teuton, and Mohammedan. He has always favored the followers of the Prophet, and did not disdain to wear the burnous any more than did Napoleon to cry for Allah and Mahomet. Besides, a Kaiser who enjoyed the confidence of the Mohammedans would be able to make things uncomfortable at times for the greatest of Mohammedan sovereigns, his Britannic majesty. These schemes, and more, may occupy the attention of the Kaiser, but none of them can materialize as long as the Anglo-French entente holds fast. Opportunities, too, are abundant. Crete is clamoring for closer union with Greece, that wretched little Crete, which so nearly precipitated a European war once before; the Balkans are agitated; Macedonia pulls at the tether; an attack of convulsions is again shaking the Sick Man. Still that Anglo-French Alliance holds fast.

Will it continue? For a moment it looked as if the apparent breach of neutrality by which the Russian fleet gained at least a seven days' stay in Kamranh Bay would strain the relations of France and England to the uttermost. However, now it seems as if that danger were past, for the explanation of France, if a trifle specious, will still be accepted, and the fate of Rojstvensky's fleet will be the next determining fact. After that, the responsibility for the next move will rest with the Kaiser. Will he move? He must do something, or this newly built German Empire will be squeezed by the coalitions till its bones crack.

Meanwhile if the policy of the Kaiser has shown one steady tendency of late it has been in the direction of cultivating closer touch with Russia. The Western frontier of the Muscovite has been kept ostentatiously clear of difficulties. Stoessel has had his decoration, and German colliers dance assiduous attention on the Russian fleet.

The Supreme Court of the United States has recently made a decision of profound and far-reaching significance in the matter of the regulation of the hours of labor by legislative action. The State of New York had passed a law which limited the number of hours to be worked in baking establishments to ten per day, or an average of sixty per week. The law has been declared unconstitutional upon the rather obvious grounds that it interferes with the right of freedom of contract granted by the Constitution, and which is, at least according to this last opinion of the highest judicial tribunal in the land, sacred from the invading touch of the State legislatures. There is no doubt about the effect of this decision. It will render unconstitutional the scores of laws which have been passed by the various State legislatures in deference to the growing power of trade-union bodies, and it will act as distinct obstacle to any further legislation of this description. It is practically certain that the United States is the only country which has declared in this way its determination to abide by the principles of individual liberty laid down by the founders.

There is no question that the Supreme Court correctly expresses the force of the Fourteenth Amendment, and that such an infringement of its spirit would have been intolerable or even unthinkable to those who laid the foundations of this nation. But in spite of this obviousness of the decision, the fact remains that a dissenting opinion was written by Mr. Justice Holmes, whose very brevity is perhaps more eloquent of the strength of his convictions in this matter than a much more elaborate exposition of his views could have been. He says: "A constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory, whether of paternalism and the organic relation of the citizen to the

State, or of *laissez faire*." Therefore he holds that the Constitution need not be construed in its exact significance. He goes even further. He implies that it must not be construed exactly, but rather that the instrument should be considered capable of progressive construction. New ideas, the learned justice seems to say, may be introduced under the old forms, and a new content be read into the words of the organic instrument of this country. It must be confessed that this is a dangerous and, to a certain extent, perhaps even a revolutionary point of view; for if the Constitution does not mean what it says, how are we to know what it does mean, and, if language which distinctly provides for freedom of contract is to be interpreted to allow of something which is not freedom of contract, it is difficult to see where we stand. Perhaps the most significant fact, as showing the chaotic state of public opinion, is the tendency of a very large number of people to approve of the opinion of Justice Holmes.

The ghosts of the heroes of a century ago are coming back to haunt us. The revolutionary end of the eighteenth century threw upon the stage of history a group of Titans who wrestled with the problems which their age presented, and wrote the struggles of their times in terms of their own genius. One of the greatest, indeed one of the very greatest, of these was Schiller. He was the revolution incarnate, the revolution at its best, moreover. All the virtues of the progressive democrat were his virtues. He reveled in the glorification of those abstractions so dear to the German heart, and which afterward developed into sentimentalities and almost grotesque exaggerations. It was owing to Schiller more than perhaps to any other influence that for many years Germany became a land of high-sounding notions expressed in language at least as high-sounding, even more sonorous, indeed, than the ideas which it materialized. His idealism was as pronounced as his enthusiasm, his poetical conceptions as fine as his poetical language, and we moderns are driven perforce to confess, in many respects, just as commonplace. These qualities, which are to the literary mind of to-day at least blemishes, made so strong an appeal to the people for whom he wrote that his influence was practically unlimited. Mr. von Schierbrand says with much truth: "The Schiller conception of the world, his notion of country, home, and family, of love, honor, and duty, his belief in the brotherhood of man, the oneness of the universe, and the inherent good of the human heart, his idea of human government—these things within a decade of the poet's death became part and parcel of the German soul." But to us of a later generation the fine flowers of Schiller's rhetoric, beautiful as they are, seem to be deficient in aroma. His ideas are not as convincing to us as they were to his contemporaries. Thus we rise from a rereading of his works with the feeling that, in spite of his undeniable genius, he received a meed of praise from his own generation which subsequent generations have not and will not absolutely indorse, and that his influence will never be so potent as his contemporaries undoubtedly expected.

There is just one thing for Edward F. Dunne, of Chicago, to do. Disgraceful conditions of riot and disorder exist in the city of which he is mayor. It is his duty by proper exercise of the forces which stand behind the law to restore peace and order. It makes no difference who is right or wrong in the initial controversy—it is a simple question of the upholding of the law of the land in all its majesty. The law is the bulwark of American institutions. When conditions such as those in Chicago are permitted to exist, the mob rather than the law becomes supreme. If order can be restored by the increase of the Chicago police force through the swearing in of special officers, let it be done. If peace can not be so achieved, it is the mayor's instant duty to call upon the militia of the State. If the militia of the State will not suffice, then it is proper that the troops of the Federal government should be requisitioned. It is better that the black mouths of rifles should spit death than that the lawful peace of the second city of the United States should be made a mock of by mobs.

Some of the wailingest wails that have gone up in the public prints during the last few years have been from college professors about the smallness of their pay. Professor Thwing has an article in the current *Harper's Weekly*, and a person who half conceals his identity under the initials, "G. H. M.," makes a truly pathetic appeal in the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title, "What Should College Professors Be Paid?" "G. H. M." lists his household expenses from "bicycles and repairs" to

"toilet supplies," and arrives at the disastrous conclusion that while his average salary has been only \$1,328.25 his average expenditure has been \$2,794.37. In other words, "G. H. M." has paid from his private fortune annually the sum of \$1,466.12 for the *privilege of teaching*—his earnest italics. This, he says, is on a bedrock basis—the smallest sum that a college professor with a wife and two or three children can live on decently and keep up appearances. We think he must be right about it, especially as he allows himself only "one dollar a month pocket money to blow in." That is pitiful.

In view of all this professorial penury, Mr. Carnegie's new gift of \$10,000,000 will therefore strike many people as among the most useful of his benefactions. Five per cent. steel corporation bonds, having a market value of about \$11,200,000 and productive of an annual income of some \$500,000, have been set aside to provide retiring pensions for professors of ninety-three non-sectarian and non-State-supported educational institutions in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. That the benefaction will have the effect of retiring a lot of superannuated instructors, who have hung on like grim death to their jobs because they found themselves too poor to let go, is the immediate effect to be anticipated. By the way, how about "tainted money"? Shall we have any curt refusals from virtuous economists and unspotted Greek professors? Would Professor Ross, once of Stanford, accept an annuity from Carnegie if he were eligible?

We print on another page an interesting letter from Mr. John P. Irish, the major part of which, however, is composed of assertions of things which we do not deny. Only one point seems to demand comment. Mr. Irish says:

There is no evidence of the extraordinary fecundity of the races of Eastern Asia.

As Mr. Irish, in a sentence or two further on, makes mention of the Japanese in this connection, we assume that he includes them among his "races of Eastern Asia," and certainly regarding them the statement quoted is highly incorrect. Regarding Japan there exist statistics to which it is possible to refer, as they do not exist in the case of China, either to support Mr. Irish's contention or our own. These statistics show not only that the birth-rate of Japan is great, but, contrary to the fact in every great civilized country except Russia, that it is increasing. The birth-rate of Japan has risen from 26.8 to 32.7 in the last decade. It follows with tremendously significant closeness the first relief of population-pressure that Japan has known for centuries—relief by the opening up of Formosa, immigration to this country, and to the Asiatic mainland. For centuries the real poverty of the Japanese nation, isolated from the world as she was, was of a nature of which we have no conception. A large part of the population was insufficiently nourished. The inexorable pressure of such conditions kept down the birth-rate. That the increased material prosperity of Japan following the conclusion of peace after a successful war should not result in an increase in the birth-rate by leaps and bounds, is contrary to all experience. The fecundity of the yellow races is, we maintain, great. The actual birth-rate is only checked by the pressure of poverty. Let that pressure be removed, and the birth-rate will soar remarkably. Even as conditions were in Japan, the increase in population has amounted to 5,000,000 souls in the last dozen years. It should not be forgotten that, without immigration, the population of America would be decreasing or at least stationary. Only twenty-four out of a hundred people in San Francisco were born of American parents. In the New England States the increase of population among the foreign born is four times as great as among native Americans.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 4th one of the most destructive earthquakes of modern times devastated Northern India, with a total loss of native and European lives of 20,000. More details than at first were known are now at hand by the India mail.

The great shock was practically unheralded, but was followed by twelve distinct tremors during the next eighteen hours. The City of Lahore (Kipling's City of Dreadful Night), Dharmasala, Amrissar, Umballa, Debra Dun, and other places suffered the extreme severity of the disturbance. Among the dead at Dharmasala, where 500 out of 5,300 inhabitants perished, were many prominent Englishmen, both civilians and military.

The shock came at an early hour before most Europeans had arisen, but the exact state of the Europeans is described by one correspondent in telling that the tubs filled with water for the morning bath splashed over. In Calcutta, Simla, and Agra it is stated to have

been the most severe in the memory of the living. In Dharmasala and Lahore its terrible force is emphasized by the assertion that men sitting on the ground were turned head over heels, and men on their feet were thrown with such violence as to break bones.

Many fine buildings, both European and native, were utterly demolished, among them famous mosques and newly built government edifices. Among the buildings partly shaken down were the Golden Mosque, the mosque of Wazir Khan, and Montgomery Hall, in Lahore, and in Simla, the Viceregal Lodge, where Lady Curzon had a very narrow escape, a chimney stack falling through the roof and being stopped only by the floor of the room just above her sleeping chamber.

An odd paragraph from "Reuter's" states that there was peculiar consternation in the Zoölogical Gardens at Lahore, the pea fowls making a noise which could be heard at a great distance, and all the animals being thrown into a state of the utmost terror.

The earthquake had its origin apparently in the Himalayas. The disturbance was recorded on seismographs at Baltimore, Md., Berlin, Germany, and other cities, and from these records a tentative estimate of the velocity of the earthquake waves around the earth is six miles a second.

Coincident with the Indian earthquakes, La Soufrière in the Lesser Antilles is again reported to be active, and tremors have been noted in many places long thought exempt. A slight earthquake shock has been felt since in England and a heavier one in France. An interesting claim of "Zadkiel," the almanac publisher of London, is that he foretold the earthquake, and predicted its latitude in the 1905 issue of his book. This claim is thought sufficiently worthy of credence by the London Daily Mail to be published.

The buildings in India are built with particular reference to such possibilities as were realized on April 15th, but solid masonry structures only twelve feet high were razed and in some instances swallowed up into the plain.

of the New York correspondent of the leading St. Petersburg daily newspaper is fashioned of the same sort of stuff as are the St. Petersburg correspondents of the New York daily newspapers, he has sent a dispatch which runs about as follows:

CHICAGO STRIKE THROUGH RUSSIAN EYES. Petersburg daily newspaper is fashioned of the same sort of stuff as are the St. Petersburg correspondents of the New York daily newspapers, he has sent a dispatch which runs about as follows:

New York, May 2, 1905.—The province of Illinois, in central United States, is upon the eve of revolution. The most frightful disorder exists in Chicago, Illinois, and that the present bloody conflict will break out in open rebellion is hourly expected.

The streets of Chicago run with blood. Crowds of unarmed men, driven by hunger and lack of work, roam the streets. Conflicts between these peaceful crowds and the police are constant; 200,000 men are out of work.

Obedying the orders of Governor-General McNeil, the police, though secretly in sympathy with the noble cause of those in revolt against oppressive authority, charge upon the crowds of unarmed men, firing fusillades from their revolvers, and heating them to the earth with clubs. Many have been killed.

The red flames of revolution are extending to other parts of the country. Negroes, who live in the southern provinces of the country, are hastening to Chicago to take part in the conflict.

The President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, recognizing that his government topples upon its foundations, is hastening from the Rocky Mountain wilderness, where he has been hunting, to Chicago. He does not yet know, however, the full gravity of the terrible situation, as he is surrounded by courtiers who mitigate the horror of the stories of bloodshed. This is shown by the fact that Governor Dunne, of Chicago, is endeavoring to further this concealment by an order that the police shall, without fail, prevent bloodshed in the street through which President Roosevelt makes his daily progress when he reaches the city.

The populace is most bitter against the police. The hospitals are full of the wounded. Owing to the revolutionary disorders, the city is on the verge of starvation. Supplies are not to be had, and the factories are closing down because no coal is available. Nobody can tell what will happen on the morrow. The population of the whole city waits in breathless terror. Women fear to venture from their houses.

Governor Dunne is evidently afraid of the vengeance of the people, for he has so far not called upon the troops or declared the city under martial law.

The prisons are full of persons wantonly arrested by the police. More than a hundred riots occurred during the day, in which thousands of men were injured or killed. The cause of the trouble is the just demand of certain trades for higher pay and fewer hours of work.

Germany has given notice that on March 1, 1906, the present tariff arrangements with the United States will terminate; and it appears evident that this country can not (after that date) expect the favorable treatment which it has already received, compared with certain other nations. The existing tariff arrangements with Germany have a reciprocal tinge, owing to the operation of section 3 of the Dingley Act, according to which certain German still wines and brandies, as well as works of art, receive special tariff treatment in consideration of the United States being granted the same advantages as are given to certain favored nations, namely Russia,

Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, and Servia. That this arrangement has been advantageous to the United States is seen in the fact that the duty on wheat is only eighty-three cents per hundred kilos, while nations which do not enjoy the most favored nation rates, pay one dollar and nineteen cents duty on the imported wheat. The same schedule has operated to the advantage of this country in several other instances. The whole arrangement, moreover, has given the United States an excellent position relative to Germany herself, for in the last year this country imported into Germany \$217,800,000 worth of products, while Germany sent to this country \$107,000,000 worth. The result is hardly satisfactory to the thrifty German mind, for that country, being able to reap a rich tariff trade harvest from free-trade England, is naturally a little chagrined at having the worst of the bargain with another English-speaking country. Moreover Germany may, with a certain amount of reason, contend that the United States, by its reciprocity treaty with Cuba, has commenced a species of discrimination against her. There is no doubt that the preferential rates granted to Cuban sugar operate against the sugar of Germany, and this may easily have given an excuse to German statesmen to make an effort to redress a balance of trade which is so clearly against them.

But that there is more behind this tariff movement than the mere attempt of Germany to improve her economic position relative to the United States, appears in the fact that it is now generally conceded that Austria-Hungary will, as soon as possible, follow her neighbor's example and, by the abrogation of the most favored nation clause, endeavor to place the United States in a less satisfactory position. Do we here get the nucleus of that pan-European combination against our industries which has been so much talked of, and with plans for which the economic publicists of Europe have been filling the bulky reviews for these last few years? Does Germany want a tariff war, and is she to be supported in this desire by other European nations? It is by no means unlikely that it is the case, and that she desires to put herself into position before a British preferential tariff places her at a greater disadvantage, and she sees her trade, founded so extensively upon British carelessness, badly injured. It is well to remember that in the event of a tariff war we have peculiar advantages of which this country will not hesitate to avail herself. In the meantime it may be noted that the California dried-fruit exports, which have shown a very gratifying increase as regards Germany, are in danger under the new conditions.

The Examiner, in accordance with its immemorial custom, claims the credit for the capture of our genial defaulting city tax-collector, Mr. E. J. Smith. "The Examiner," we read in that newspaper's columns, "gave the Pinkerton agency in this city the first clew of Smith's probable movements." "The clew," it appears, was one Leona Brooks Dodson. The Examiner alone knew that Mr. Smith had been on Leona's "list" of "gentlemen admirers"; the Examiner alone knew that Smith had given her a banquet six or seven weeks ago; the Examiner alone knew in what particular French restaurant the banquet was held; the Examiner alone knew that, curiously, the lady had decided to visit Hot Springs, Arkansas; the Examiner alone knew that she was living there under an assumed name. So the Examiner told the detectives, and the detectives got Smith while Smith was waiting for Leona. And the Examiner brags thereat. We shouldn't if we were they. Such intimate knowledge of the boudoir secrets of frail ladies of San Francisco is distressing in a chaste journal like the Examiner. First thing the Examiner knows, it will become a question of debate whether that journal is edited from the corner of Third and Market, or from the corner of Ellis or O'Farrell and Some Other Street.

After long and hard fighting, the realty owners of San Francisco managed to secure an appropriation by the board of supervisors for the first year's work on a much-needed auxiliary salt-water system for fire protection. As the case now stands, there has, however, not been a single step taken toward the utilization of this appropriation, and, by the end of June, unless something is done, it will lapse into the treasury, and all the fighting and persuasion will have to be done over again. It is understood that the main difficulty is the condemnation of the land on Twin Peaks which is wanted for the reservoirs. But surely San Francisco can not afford to wait in so important a matter. We have only to look about us to realize that when the need for the auxiliary system comes, we shall need it for our lives. New York is now busy trying to get one, and the lesson is being taught by fire. Only a week ago a fire raged for two

hours on the Lower East Side of New York City, and when, after two hours' hard work, some four hundred lives had been saved, with a property loss of \$250,000, Fire Chief Croker made this significant statement: "Until the city's plan of installing a salt-water main system for fire-fighting purposes is put in working order, the same thing and worse might happen at any time. The firemen were almost discouraged at times, because of their small progress in consequence of the low pressure, and it took two hours to subdue a fire that should have been under control in half an hour."

It seems impossible that the persons in charge of San Francisco's projected system can not make the citizens at large understand that an alarm in the night will leave no time to install a system in time to save property, and that one block burned may exceed the cost of three such installations. The appropriation should not be allowed to lapse.

An occasional correspondent of a London paper, the *Chronicle*, sends it a photograph of a shop front in Johannesburg, South Africa, where Chinese have recently been brought in large numbers to labor in the diamond mines. The photograph shows this inscription:

MRS. ———, LAUNDRESS.
NO DAMNED CHINAMEN OR INDIANS EMPLOYED.

Thus we find in the Rand capital what might well have been on the laundry sign of any mining-camp in California twenty years ago. South Africa is in the Eastern Hemisphere and we're in the Western, but the Englishman seems to hate the rivalry of the Celestial workman just as much as the American does. It always comes to the same thing and always will. We have our mild "White Labor Only," and Johannesburg had (for the police tore it down) its most explicit and more forcible advertisement of race feeling. South Africa, of course, is now mostly mining, and California is now mostly agricultural, but neither the farmer nor the miner seems to care for the silent and industrious Chinese, who works all day and eats rice. The somewhat profane sign of Mrs. ———, Laundress, expresses the reasoned beliefs of many of higher social station.

Harry Bunkers, a member of the last State senate, has the questionable distinction of being the first California legislator to be convicted by a court of receiving a bribe while in office. Bunkers was chairman of the Senate Committee on Commissions and Retrenchments, and, with his colleagues, commenced an investigation of building and loan societies. Clarence Grange, president of a San Francisco building and loan society, hearing that members of the committee were open to bribery, raised a fund for the purpose of trapping them. The ruse was successful, and Bunkers and three of his colleagues were expelled from the senate for having received from Grange three hundred and fifty dollars each. Bunkers was the first to have his trial concluded. He was sentenced on Tuesday to five years in San Quentin. The case will be appealed, but it is not thought that the move will do any good.

The other expelled senators—Eli Wright, E. J. Emmons, and Frank French—will have their hearings soon, and their conviction is expected. The expediency with which Bunkers was found guilty is extremely gratifying, and is creditable to District Attorney Seymour, of Sacramento, who prosecuted the case. The result will be apparent at the next session of the legislature, for, while the personnel of the body may not be improved, a forced circumspection is likely to prevail.

A suit in law, which harks back to the old times when a murder might be compromised for a certain sum of money, has been instituted in the superior court of this county.

Joseph Smith, a well-to-do contractor, shot and instantly killed Joseph E. McGowan on November 26, 1904, after a quarrel. Smith was convicted, after a long trial, of murder in the second degree. Now comes the father of the murdered man and claims \$25,000 damages under the old common law which says that a man may recover when he has suffered injury. The claimant asserts that by the death of his son, who was a young man and his heir, he has been sorely hurt and largely deprived of the livelihood supplied him by the labors of the murdered man. McGowan's father is seventy years old. Smith, the murderer, who has taken the whole matter very calmly and almost indifferently, is reputed to be worth \$100,000. He is seventy-two years old. The suit is not based even remotely on any statute, and is said to be unique. In many ways it approaches the damage suits brought against corporations for negligence, but goes far beyond them in scope.

RMANY'S
REPRESENTED TAR-
REPRISALS.

ALONG THE NILE.

By Jerome Hart.

Few who have not gone up the Nile realize that it is over 4,500 miles long. This distance is half as far again as from San Francisco to New York, or as far as from San Francisco to a point in mid-Atlantic between America and Europe. Up this mighty river tourists now go further every year. It is comfortable traveling now to Wady Halfa, famous in the bloody annals of the Soudan. This year hundreds of tourists went up as far as Khartoum, where the Duke of Connaught opened an agricultural exposition—Khartoum, the city that fell a few years ago before the fanatic dervishes of the Mahdi and where the brave Gordon met his death. Probably in a few years more tourist steamers will pass the junction of the forks where Khartoum lies and ascend the White and Blue Niles.

The Nile journey is restful and soothing, but many find it monotonous. There is no scenery until you reach the First Cataract; nothing but the level plain, extending back to where the desert hills rise. Along the banks there is a succession of Arab villages made up of mud huts, and one sees thousands of primitive



Monument erected to General Charles Gordon, near the palace of the Sirdar at Khartoum. Near by stood Gordon's palace, on the steps of which he met his tragic death at the hands of the dervishes, just the day before the arrival of the British relief expedition in 1885. In the monument Gordon is represented on a camel, as he was in the habit of riding a very swift dromedary, surprising even the Arabs by his sudden and unexpected appearance.

water-lifters: the *sakia*, a water-wheel driven by animals and lifting an endless chain of buckets; the *shadouf*, a bucket suspended on the end of a long well-sweep and hoisted by man-power. Sometimes, where the banks are high, there will be three stories of *shadoufs* hoisting water from level to level, until it has reached the height of the bank. The *shadouf* men toil all day under the burning sun, nude, save for a cloth around their loins.

The first point of marked interest in ascending the river from Cairo is Luxor. Here is the plain of ancient Thebes, running back to the hills, where are found the Ramesseum, the temples of Medinet Habu, of Der el Bahri, of Der el-Medimah, and the Tombs of the Kings. These hills look down on the two Colossi of Memnon, lying between them and the river. Across the stream are the colossal ruins of Karnak. Standing on the high pylon of this temple one may see plainly that in remote antiquity the Nile ran in a different channel.

The ruins at Luxor are probably the grandest in Egypt. The temples of Setu, of Rameses, of Thothmes, the pylons of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, the obelisks of Queen Hatasu, and above all the grand hypostyle of Karnak, with its one hundred and thirty-four enormous columns, over thirty feet each in circumference, make a sight which impresses the least impressionable.

We are told that Karnak was nothing but a suburb of the ancient city of Thebes. I permit myself to doubt this. The vast plain on which the ancient city

lay probably contained a few temples and some palaces belonging to royalty, while the rest of the "metropolis" was probably made up of mud huts, like those of the Arab villages to-day.

At Luxor one sees the twin of the obelisk which stands in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. It is curious how clear and sharp are the cartouches and the sculptures on the obelisks remaining in Egypt, contrasted with their mates taken to the bleak and inhospitable climes of New York, London, and Paris. Here the air is so pure and the climate so mild that the edge of the cut stone work is sharp and clear after thousands of years. The face of the obelisk in Central

her brother. He caused her pictures and inscriptions to be obliterated, replacing them with his own trademarks. Thothmes the Second, who succeeded him, substituted his own royal brands for those of his predecessor. When he died, Queen Hatasu again secured the throne, and attempted to replace her inscriptions and cartouches, but died before the temple was finished. It has remained unfinished, but the successive obliterations are still plainly to be seen on the walls.

Near this temple is the Chalet Hatasu, a rest house on the desert belonging to Cook & Son. Water and food can be obtained there by travelers who have purchased Cook's tickets thereto. Cook's people strictly



Great dam on the Nile above Assuan, completed in 1903, in accordance with plans prepared under the direction of Sir William Garstin. It is a mile and a quarter in length. This picture shows waste weirs, of which there are 180 each with an opening of 175 square feet. The reservoir basin has a cubic capacity of 234,000,000 gallons.

Park, New York, is peeling off, although protected by paraffine and other mediums.

The Temple of Luxor is not yet entirely excavated. An Arab village had been built on the mounds of rubbish which centuries had heaped there. When its mighty pillars and pylons were brought to the light of day, the work proceeded until stopped by the presence of a little mosque. This sacred structure could not be touched. Although years have elapsed since the excavation began, the little mosque still stops the work. It stands near the colossal statues of Rameses the Second. The mosque is one of the poorest, pettiest, and paltriest in all Egypt. The contrast between it and the gigantic pylons of the ancient temple, its enormous columns crowned with the lotus-flower capitals, is almost ludicrous. Yet the little mosque has behind it the power of Islam. And so it stands.

A few miles from the river are the marvelous Tombs of the Kings at Biban-el-Muluk. Corridors and chambers are hewn out of the solid rock; the walls are covered with sacred pictures and texts. In many

adhere to this rule. It was a very curious sight to see a well-dressed man turned away hungry and thirsty, his money refused because from his hotel he had not secured a Cook ticket for the rest house.

South of Luxor the Nile looks about as it does north of there: high banks with few trees, and villages only at long intervals. The trees seem to be mainly palms, with occasional orchards of orange and fig trees. All along the banks are *shadoufs*, and frequently a pathway winds down the steep banks, up and down which women wend their way carrying water-jars; the women are generally engaged in loud conversation, and almost invariably arrayed in black gowns. Male water-carriers may also be seen carrying water-skins full of water up the bank. Where the river bluff falls and a sandy beach is seen, other groups of women are gathered washing clothes; men may also be seen washing themselves and each other. Frequently water-carriers may be observed calmly taking water at these places; I hope it is for sprinkling the ground.



Kiosk and temple on the Island of Phila, now partially submerged by the waters of the great dam.

cases the walls are colored, the pigments still bright; sometimes false passages wind off into the bowels of the mountain; they were intended to mislead invaders of the tombs. Occasionally deep shafts were sunk, into which the intruder might be precipitated. All sorts of devices for concealing the sepulchral chamber are found in these tombs. They are now comparatively easy to visit, as the perils of darkness or of dim candle-light are removed; the tombs are now brilliantly lighted with electric light, which is generated there, as you may tell from the dry, hacking cough of the adjacent gas engine.

Not far from the Tombs of the Kings is the Temple of Der-el-Bahri, built by Queen Hatasu. She was driven from the throne by her husband, who was also

All along the river are seen the native boats; they go under sail when there is wind; the crew pole the boat along when there is no wind and the water is not too deep; they resort to "tracking" when that is the only method feasible; then three or four of the crew go overboard, each with a line in his mouth, swim ashore, and haul the boat up stream. Occasionally they come to a projecting point on the bank, where there is no footing, when they go overboard again and swim until there is.

South of Luxor, at the town of Edfu, is found the Temple of Horus, the most perfectly preserved ancient building in Egypt—which means in all the world. Time and weather have done almost nothing to deface it but the Coptic Christians, seventeen or eighteen cen-

tures ago, spent years in scratching out the inscriptions on its walls.

South of Edfu the Temples of Kom Ombos, which stand close to the river, were once some distance from it; but now their foundations are threatened by the river undermining them. Here one sees many more camels along the bank, as we are nearing the point where the camel caravans arrive from the Soudan, from Dongola, and from Central Africa.

At Assouan the railway line ceases, and traffic is confined to the river boats and the camel caravans. It is rather odd to see the camels kneeling down to be unloaded in the railway yards, their packs discharged into ordinary freight cars, and vice versa. At this point on the river begins the First Cataract; the stream divides into several arms, running around rocks and islands. One of these islands belongs to Lord Kitchener, and is called "Sirdar's Island"; it became his property when he filled that post; the present sirdar is Sir Reginald Wingate. The principal island here is Elephantine Island, on which once stood a Greek city. There are several ruins on the island and on the shores of the river, none of them very interesting. Granite and alabaster quarries, from which the ancient Egyptians got their building stone, lie near the town of Assouan. Many half-cut blocks remain. There is an obelisk, over ninety feet long, partially cut from the living rock, which still lies just as it was when the masons struck work some thousands of years ago.

Two or three miles to the south of Assouan is the gigantic "barrage," or dam, completed over two years ago. It is of granite masonry, one and a quarter miles long, and one hundred feet in height. It is designed to store water for irrigation. Within the reservoir lies the Island of Philæ, now covered with water. Out of it rises the Temple of Isis and other stately ruins. It is generally considered to be the most picturesque group of temples in Egypt. Most of the Egyptian temples are surrounded by squalid mud huts, or are only partially excavated. But this is isolated. The world has feared that Philæ was doomed—that the contemplated elevation of the Assouan dam would completely cover it. But only this year—on March 17, 1905, to be exact—Sir William Garstin, head of the irrigation works, made a report on this matter to the government, accompanying a report of Sir Benjamin Baker, the eminent engineer, who designed the Firth of Forth Bridge. Both say that it is inadvisable to increase the height of the Assouan dam; it may therefore be considered settled that Philæ's temples will not be completely submerged. Much has been written about the stability of this dam, but Sir Benjamin Baker says of the dam in his report: "You need have no anxiety concerning its stability for centuries to come." From this report it is evident that the dam, as at present constituted, is sound, but that it would probably be dangerous to raise it. They are now constructing a masonry apron below the dam to prevent the water from "scouring."

South of the First Cataract steamers go to Wady Halfa and Khartoum. The cultivated area grows narrower and the desert comes up to the river. There is little in the way of scenery, and there are few ruins. Abou Simbel has two temples which are gigantic, one of them excavated out of the solid rock.

At Wady Halfa a military railway begins, which runs to Khartoum.

If many find the Nile journey monotonous, as I have said, more will find a Nile narrative monotonous. So let me leave the description of the trip up the river, and jot down some of the memoranda from my notebook taken during our stay at and around the First Cataract—where the fertile fields disappear—where the Arabian and the Libyan Deserts come down to the river's edge—where you begin to see natives from the Central African tribes—where you are, in truth, on the rim of the desert.

Boats are making fast along the river bank, some coming down the Nile from Khartoum, some coming up the Nile from Cairo. The quay along the river is semi-European, or rather Levantine, its buildings with arched fronts, like those one sees in Algiers and other Mediterranean cities. Tourists in the latest tourist fashions pass along this boulevard, on foot, on horseback, on donkey-back, and in carriages. Every combination of costume may be seen.

Here comes an old man (a European) in a high silk hat and white kid gloves.

Behind him skins a Bishareen boy of fifteen, with nothing on but a breech cloth; his shiny black skin is exposed to the cool breeze, his curly hair lustrous with grease.

Next comes an American girl in a thin muslin gown, a chin-straw hat, mounted on a donkey.

Behind her rides an elderly Egyptian official, sour-faced and fezzed, all crouched up, and apparently shivering, on his donkey, with a very heavy cloak gathered about his shoulders.

Next come a squad of Soudanese soldiers in khaki uniforms and khaki-colored fezzes, with riding breeches and puttees on their powerful but lanky legs—they carry little "swagger-switches," like those of Tommy Atkins, and are modeled on him in other re-

spects, but have faces so hideously ugly and so incredibly black that they make you fairly stare.

Behind them again is another native group, this time of Bishareens; they differ both from the Egyptian Arabs and the Soudanese. There is nothing of the Ethiopian about their faces except their skins, for they have the same rich, glossy, stove-polish black that the Soudanese have. In other respects they are utterly dissimilar, for they have straight noses, fine features, oval faces, kind eyes, and are often very handsome, except for their color. They usually wear but one garment, a dirty cotton shirt, and are surrounded with a powerful stench.

Here comes a Mohammedan lady, richly attired, with immaculate gloves and neat Greek boots. She wears a very thin veil, has large black eyes, and from her figure and her eyes is apparently young and beautiful. A nurse accompanies her with a baby, and they step into a smart carriage behind a span of beautiful Arabian horses. A scowling black eunuch is seated on the box beside the coachman.

We see another Mohammedan woman in the same picture, also in black. But hers is not a handsome gown; it is patched, torn, dirty; it is in looped and winded raggedness; it is apparently the wearer's only garment; above it her skinny arms stick out, holding her baby; below it her shrunk shanks and bare feet protrude. She is extending a mendicant hand to the other woman in the carriage. Although still young,

chandise from freight cars to camels, from camels to freight cars. It is a curious contrast. Into the railway station stalk the long-legged, awkward, shambling, crooked-necked, snarling camels, guided by their wild-eyed Soudanese or Bishareen drivers. They kneel, and from their backs their freight is discharged into commonplace looking freight-cars, which presently steam away.

Another curious contrast I note is the elevated steel bridge across the railway yard at Assouan. Even here between the Libyan and Arabian Deserts, between Egypt and Nubia, the European idea of the danger of grade-crossings is strictly heeded. To cross the railway line the natives must go up a stairway and go over a substantial steel bridge. When I see this in the heart of the desert I read with amazement in the California papers reaching me to-day that the inhabitants of a California city are trying to force a steam road to permit the grade crossing of an electric road; in order to bring this about, they are smashing up the cars of the steam road. However, I make no doubt that if California were occupied militarily by some foreign power we natives would be forced to use civilized railway crossings, as the natives of Egypt are.

Here comes a carriage containing Blank Pasha, with his little daughter and her European governess. Blank Pasha is accompanied by a European lady, a guest of the hotel. Blank Pasha is stopping at the big hotel, and drives, rides, walks, and takes tea with various

THE GREAT DAM NEAR ASSOUAN.



Little Yussef Ali, sometime dragoman. A descendant of Rameses.

A dwarf. An old beggar.

Met by the mosque.

she is apparently blind—probably strabism and cataract. She peers dimly at her more fortunate sister to see if alms may be expected. The baby with her is so gaunt that it looks like a plucked crow. It has ophthalmia—probably pre-natal—and its eyes are covered with flies, which it does not even lift a hand to drive away.

Up the street comes a camel caravan laden with kegs. At the command of the driver the camels kneel down; the drivers unlash the kegs, which roll all over the road, until at last they are stacked up on end. Curious to see what the kegs contain, for—theoretically—the Mohammedans drink no liquors, we approach. A trimly uniformed native policeman politely warns us off. When I endeavor to ascertain the reason, the only English word he can dig up is "magazine." From this I gather that they are powder kegs, and I respect his warning. I heard of a French tourist who, similarly warned by the Soudanese sentry, did not obey. The sentry knew no French; the Frenchman no Arabic. As a result, the unfortunate tourist was collared by the sentry and roughly used. He complained to his consul, but got no redress. Probably he deserved none. Generally speaking, it is wise to obey the orders of sentries and police officers in a strange land—perhaps even at home.

This railway station at Assouan is curious for the reason I have already noted—the transfer of mer-

European ladies there, all of whom are much interested in his pretty little daughter. She has long brown curls, big hazel eyes, and is surrounded by men; yet in a year or two a yashmak will veil her face and she will be shut up in the harem. Mrs. Blank Pasha is never invited—it would be the worst possible taste to ask Mr. Blank Pasha after Mrs. Blank Pasha's health. He is evidently combining the best of European and Oriental life. In his domestic relations doubtless he is happy. No strangers intrude upon his home, and his harem life is probably peaceful. On the other hand, his relations with European friends seem to be most agreeable, and Mrs. Blank Pasha does not intrude upon them. Blank Pasha's plan seems to work better than the "double life" often attempted by Occidental husbands.

To-day there is a gymkana on the sandy beach near the barracks. Here come up the native competitors for the donkey race. In this gymkana the amateur European competitors are diversified by natives in sack races and greased-pole contests, which are more amusing than the Europeans' efforts. The Arabs are much more earnest and infinitely more excited than their white-skinned brothers. For example, we see the fastest animal leaving the field of donkeys far behind; we see him tearing up the course, his rider getting more and more excited as he nears the finish; we see the Arab slackening speed in order to yell

wave his arms in joy over his anticipated victory; we hear him yelling, "Zagazig good donkey; me good donkey-boy"; we note that he is losing sight of his competitors; while he is nearly falling off in his delirious joy over his victory. Number Two slowly crawls up and beats him by a head. It is very Arabesque. It is very Oriental.

We are riding up the road when we pass by a little pump and power-house lifting water from the Nile. The old *sakia* and the *shadowuf* are slowly disappearing in Egypt before the steam pumps. As we pass I hear the sound of loud talking, but I see only one Arab in the pump-house. Arabs are extremely fond of talking, and when a group of them are gathered together the noise is sometimes deafening. But this is the first time I have seen an Arab so extremely fond of talking that he is talking to himself. When alone they generally lie down and go to sleep. My curiosity impels me to stop. I investigate. It is a telephone, and my Arab is having a wordy row over the telephone with another Arab, probably several miles away. They love to talk. They love verbal battles. How they must love the telephone! For an Arab to be able to dispute with another Arab many miles away must be inexpressible joy.

At the south extremity of Assouan is a gigantic mound crowned with Roman ruins. Some lover of the dead past has preserved and propped up the gaunt and ragged remains of these ruins, so that they stand picturesquely outlined against the western sky. Under these Roman ruins are Jewish ruins; under them again Egyptian ruins; heaven only knows what ruins of dead and gone peoples may lie in the lowest stratum of all. All around the mound are Arab ruins, while out of the ruins of dead-and-gone peoples—Roman, Jewish, or Egyptian—the modern Arab villages crop up like muddy mushrooms sprouting out of stone.

Across the river is another mound of ruins on Elephantine Island. Within this mound we are told lie the remains of the ancient city of Elephantine. On the crest of this mound there crops up a bit of ruin—a column or two—all that is visible of the splendors of the buried city beneath. The edge of this mound pitches off straight to the water's edge, and day after day crowds of tourists, personally conducted, dragoon instructed, and donkey borne, stand on the edge of the declivity, with dead cities under them, listen to the lecturers, and think great thoughts.

Not far from the gigantic mound on Elephantine Island is a *sakia*, a bullock-impelled water-wheel. There being not enough money in the appropriation to pay for axle-grease, these wheels revolve unlubricated. A strange, weird, moaning sound is produced, which may



A triplet.

be heard a mile or more, according to the wind. It is like the sound of many voices. There is said to have been a *sakia* at this particular point on Elephantine Island for two thousand years. Probably the moaning sounds that we hear are the ghostly lamentations of the fellaheen who worked it for these twenty centuries.

Looking up the river from Elephantine Island the rocky shores suddenly seem to meet. Yet it is only a seeming, for it is here that the wild gorge of the First Cataract begins. That the river still makes its way through the rocks we can discern by noting the tall masts of the *dahabeahs* cutting through the clefts in the rocks which make the gorge.

On the corner of the principal street leading to the bazaars we see an English lady, with her easel and her color-box, sketching. There is an interested circle around her. I have seen circles around artists before, but for a yearning, intimate, tight-girl group, commend me to this Assouan circle. This Arab circle leans over her boulder and even looks down the neck of her neck. In rising wrath the art lady turns her back on the circle, props her easel against the blank wall, and sketches by means of a mirror. Holding the

mirror up to nature is theoretically all right, but in painting you need your hands. I pitied the unfortunate lady, and would have considered her justified in mauling her circle with her mahl-stick.

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One speedily grows used to the odd sights of Egypt, and that which at first surprises fails finally to bring forth an interested look. But the donkeys and their riders are a never-failing source of amusement. It would seem as if all the long-legged men are mounted on the short-legged donkeys, and all the short-legged men on the long-legged donkeys. You see a personally conducted Don Quixote mounted on an asinine Rosinante, flanked by an adipose Sancho Panza of a dragoon squatting on a tall, mule-like donkey, closely followed by a short shrimp, his shirt-tail flying to the breeze, belaboring the donkey with a club, and breathlessly yelling, "Hatt! Hatt! Hatt! Huck-a-luck! Huck-a-luck!" Thus follows the donkey-boy. Who can gaze on such a sight without a smile? But there are other sights



Group of sitting camels.

connected with the donkey transportation system which also bring a smile. Every now and again you will see some elderly gentleman on a donkey, wearing a pained expression on his face and a large rug on his stomach; this latter he has spread in front of him as a lap-robe, to keep off the chill desert breezes; it is fastened behind him with a safety-pin. Shades of Bucephalus! of Pegasus! Shades of all horses and horsemen from the centaurs down to the cowboys! Think of using a saddle beast as a buggy, and adorning it with a lap-robe!

Another curious sight is frequently noted as the crowds of tourists gallop gayly by on donkeys, pursued by their yelling donkey-boys; this is the large number of ladies—fat and thin, old and young, spinsters and widows, matrons and maids—who have turned Amazons for the nonce, yet who have done so without equipping themselves for the saddle—without preparing their *dessous*, as the French call it. In the midst of the excitement engendered by the fear of collision with other donkeys; the awful sound of the blows which fall upon their own donkeys' flanks; the dreadful commotion produced by their donkeys wriggling eel-like to escape these blows of their own donkey-boys; the Arabic yells of their own donkey-boys; the English curses of other donkey-boys; the difficulty of steering their own donkeys past other donkeys when both donkeys know not what a bridle-rein means; the danger of colliding with all manner of persons and things; such as other donkeys, galloping camels, trotting camels, sitting camels, snarling camels, Arabs standing in the roadway, Arabs sleeping in the roadway, blind beggars walking placidly right under the animals' feet—it is small wonder that the mental confusion brought about by all this hullabaloo causes these unaccustomed Diana Vernons to forget their draperies. Of divided skirts, of riding tights, of riding boots, of riding breeches, they show no sign. The result is a display which causes a modest scribe to turn away his eyes and blush. But the innocent ladies, knowing naught of the cause of his confusion, flash noisily and polychromatically by.

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One day we were riding over the desert above the First Cataract, when we drew near an Arab village. On the outskirts of the closely packed mud huts we saw two children approaching with a couple of bottles. When they reached a certain spot they sat down on the sand. Our curiosity being excited, we investigated and found that the bottles contained water which they had evidently just brought from a *sakia* well in an adjacent oasis. What did they want with the water? To drink? No—guess again. You never could guess in a thousand years. Well, they wanted it to make mud pies. For the desert is not all sand. There are in it vast areas of drifting sand, but much of it is like our Humboldt or Yuma Desert, sterile when dry, fertile when irrigated. As you approach these oases you see a sharp line of demarcation—on one side is the rich emerald-green clover, on the other, the dry-brown

desert. Surprising as this contrast may seem to some, it is not so odd to dwellers on the Pacific coast.

But think of these little children in the desert. How profound must be the love of the mud-pie in the heart of childhood when these little black sun-baked Arabs bring water in bottles from an oasis to pour on the thirsty desert in order to make mud-pies!

Outside of one of the mud huts was a group of some score of women holding a *conversazione*. They were all talking at once, and with that air of keen personal relish which showed that they were doing up their absent friends. It was the desert substitute for an afternoon tea, or for the daily paper's society column. As we passed them, one shiny black lady with a face like an orang-outang rapidly hid her fascinations from my gaze with a dirty black veil.

"How different the customs of different countries," thought I. "This lady evidently fears the effect of her beauty upon me. She thinks, as the Oriental poet says, that her eyes may turn my heart into burnt meat. Hence she mercifully spares me a further contemplation. In other lands—"

At this moment the modest lady suddenly became vocal. We were passing the little boy and girl in the mud-pie business. Seeing that they regarded us not, she shouted to him who surely was her son:

"Mohammed Hassan Abdallah! Didn't I tell you always to yell 'Baksheesh' whenever you see any of those Christian dogs coming along?—and there you are playing with that squint-eyed little Fatima Gazoo. And now you've got no *baksheesh*. Just wait till I get hold of you, you naughty, naughty boy!"

I know no Arabic save a few emphatic and necessary words. But I divined the maternal meaning from its effect upon the son. When I questioned our dragoon, he admitted with a grin that my interpretation was correct.

This was the effect upon the son—Little Mohammed Hassan rose up as if he had been sitting on a pin, and began to bleat: "B-a-k-s-h-e-e-s-h! B-a-k-s-h-e-e-s-h! Boo-hoo!"

The latter appeal was not directed to us, but was caused through fear of his impending fate. For, young as he was, little Mohammed Hassan was a fatalist, and he knew that his *kismet* was that when his Mohammedan mamma caught him there would be something doing. And there was. With a despairing wail he took to flight.

Mohammed lifts his skirtlets up,
And lays his bottle down,
Full fealty fly his little legs—
He feels his mamma's frown!

But his legs were short and his mamma's legs were long. Soon she overtook him, and hovered over



A face like an orang-outang.

him like the angel Azrael, terrible, avenging. Little Mohammed Hassan's white petticoats were uplifted, and little Mohammed Hassan's black body looked up to the pitiless Egyptian sky. His mamma's dark hand rose and fell regularly, remorselessly. I was forced to revise my opinion. Mothers and sons, white, black, or brown, seem to be very much the same. The thirsty sands drank up his tears.

There on the Libyan desert
Under the Afric sun,
While dark-skinned infants gathered round,
This black, black deed was done.

I turned my head away, and kicked my donkey, Helwan, in the ribs. "Get up, Helwan!" cried I, "let us leave this scene. Gee-up!" And I whacked him over the left ear, which meant "go to the right." But Helwan, who always thought little of my desert knowledge, disdainfully turned to the left instead, and soon we left this painful scene behind.

ASSOUAN, March, 1905.

The grave of Stanley has been marked by a monolith twelve feet long, weighing six tons.

"LITTLE SUNSHINE."

Why Peter Firkin, Drunk in Forty Ports, Was Sober in One.

There is, or was, not long ago, a theatre on Pacific Street, before it becomes the Pacific Avenue of society, where, each night in the year, the denizens of the Barbary Coast assemble to view the mysteries of the drama as expounded by ladies and gentlemen of versatility and energy. This temple of Thespis is conveniently situated between an artistically gilded saloon and a dance-hall, the former affording the thirsty spectator a pleasant reservoir at which to quench that thirst not satisfied by the liquid voices of the sirens of the melodrama; and at the shrine of Terpsichore bashful admirers may meet in conversation, after the fifth act, the feminine divinities of the footlights and clasp their fair waists for the waltz and the polka.

Among the sylphs who made the theatre famous from Bay Street to Mission, and the one whose name rode in brilliant capitals at the top of the bills carefully prepared with paint upon wrapping paper by Pete, the property-man, was "Little Sunshine." For many months her figure, elegantly confined in a girle of exiguous raiment, displayed to the eye of the deep-water sailor and the more skeptical but still impressionable soldier the beauties and graces of the human form feminine, while her voice, superbly pitched far higher than that of a Patti, enthralled the senses and caressed the ears of multitudes.

Yet even by these charms she did not excel her sisters of the stage: they, too, were endowed with the prominent loveliness of full bosoms and agile limbs; they, too, soared beyond the steps of the written scale upon the wings of song. It might fairly be asked why, the length and breadth of the Barbary Coast, Little Sunshine seized and maintained a proud supremacy; what divine spark separated her in honor from the crowd of buxom women who adorned and thumped with rapid feet the stage of this popular playhouse. I myself was long in the dark. To my impartial senses her dramatic vociferation of "Back to the Pines, Vilyun!" was no better than the fair Lulu's prodigiously successful exit in the third act of "Lord Rosemary," where she leaped over the villain's head through the transom to safety. I could detect in Little Sunshine's notes no celestial quality missing in the dulcet tone of "Tillie the Firefly," who alternated with her in the leads, till public sentiment fixed Little Sunshine firmly at the top.

But all representations to this effect met with scorn. I was told to "hold my jaw"—which I afterward did at the fistic solicitation of an intoxicated admirer—and to "take my hat off," which I did with alacrity, though thus making myself unduly conspicuous in the audience.

To be sure I acknowledged to myself that Little Sunshine was attractive, increasingly so. I even grew enthusiastic in her praise at times, yet with no definite notion why. Now that I look back upon those nights when we smoked hilariously under the witchery of a "musical comedy," called, if my memory serves me, "The Kitchen Mystery; or, the Heiress of Tehama Street," I realize what the spell was, why at the entrance of a golden-haired maiden in skirts that stopped, as the phrase ran, before the spectators got tired, we rose and shouted gleefully, voicing in spirited diction our admiration. It was her eyes.

Possibly their like will never be seen again—so mobile, so vivacious, so bewildering, so utterly astounding. At this moment I think I recall a tinge of art in her employment of them. In those days to have suggested that aught but the virginal character of Little Sunshine beamed from under those coy lids would have been to countenance death. "Boston Harry" expressed popular sentiment when he stated to a recalcitrant Mexican that "every bat of them eyes is another sparkle in heaven"—thus gracefully connecting by a figure of speech her most prominent mannerism with the California sky. For Little Sunshine's lids were never still. No known masculine glance had ever rested on those heavenly orbs unhindered by the flitter of her lashes. I imagine now that a part of our deep interest in this fair young creature was a delicious anticipation of that time when we should see those eyes, when the modest lids should for once open wide. Letting us, so to speak, gaze at the soul we so firmly knew lay just behind. That exquisite moment did finally come, and in its lapse Little Sunshine passed cheerfully from the stage of the Pacific Street theatre, leaving a vacancy filled only by affectionate and reverent reminiscence.

There came up out of the sea one day a huge sailor with a rumbling voice. For two weeks he cruised about the Coast, partaking with mild demeanor of the festivities that flourish on its borders. In due time he wandered into the playhouse where Little Sunshine denuded with startling fidelity the vicissitudes of the Queen of the Rialto in the drama of the same title. The star had never appeared to better advantage, and Peter Firkin fell massively at her feet. That first night of his being among us, during a temporary adjournment to the neighboring bar, he remarked, sentimentally, that a man could live a lot straighter if some good woman helped him. This indefinite and familiar assertion was received respectfully, and when the bearded seaman bought drinks for the house with a muffled roar that the toast was "The Ladies," it was

felt that Little Sunshine had gained another and worthy admirer.

I regret to say that from too frequent libations to new-found divinity, Peter Firkin became too enfeebled to remain upright, consequently missing the last act, in which the Queen of the Rialto foils the villain and aids her lover to escape from a noisome prison by singing so piercingly that the noise of his file on the dungeon bars is not heard as he makes his way to liberty and the arms of the faithful queen. Yet it was felt that in spite of this unfortunate lapse, Firkin was entitled to consideration. "No wonder he lost his pins," said Boston Harry. "He lost 'em honorable. Hell!" And the inebriate was consigned to me as guardian, on the strength of my acquaintance with the officers on the beat. "Shameful," muttered Firkin, as I steered him to bed. "Me drunk—never knew good woman to keep me straight." Then, fixing me mildly with his eye, he tapped his bosom. With this gesture, significant of a deep capacity for affection, he retired stertorously beneath the blanket.

The next day Firkin was moody and uncommunicative, relying on sighs and frequent trips to various bars to express his feelings. That night, as we took our supper at Savard's, he relaxed, and intimated to me a desire to visit again the Pacific Street theatre. "I think she's a fine-looking woman," he said, with



Mercedes, "the spidery Spanish girl," a character in "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

overt reference to the leading lady. "A man needs the influence of a good woman to keep him straight."

Gradually, as the days went by, Peter, to my amazement, withdrew from the boisterous associations of the bar adjacent to the playhouse, though he frequented the latter assiduously. He took himself off on long walks, and stared uncomfortably when invited to share in sundry celebrations. This went on for a week or ten days. Then he sought me out as if I were an utter stranger. "You know Little Sunshine?" he asked, as if ignorant of the fact that I was an open admirer. "Come with me."

As the hour was late, I demurred. He grasped my arm gently, and led me forth, till we stood opposite the dance-hall by the theatre. Sounds of tumultuous revelry poured down from the glaring windows, and men went up and down the stairs with rough laughter and hoarse cries. "Does she ever go over there after the show?" he asked, gravely.

"Why don't you go up and see?" I demanded, ungraciously.

Peter cleared his throat. "I don't like to," he said, simply. "It wouldn't seem just right if she was there."

"Well," I assured him, "she isn't. She's a little too good for that crowd."

"I knew it," he said, hastily. Then, with an apparently abrupt turn of the conversation, he remarked, confidentially, "A man needs the influence of a good woman. Look at me. I never had it. I've been drunk in forty ports, and spent a mint of wages. Now if I—if a man," he corrected himself humbly, "could only have a good woman bat her eyes at him when he was getting off his course, he'd be all right."

"That's so," I assented.

The Barbary Coast was electrified the next day to

hear that Little Sunshine had been seen at the Cliff with Peter Firkin. "Sittin' on the sand eatin' peanuts," gossiped Papa Stein, who had a stand on the boulevard.

Boston Harry scorned papa as a liar. "She never goes nowhere with anybody," he asserted, pugna-ciously. "Go to the Cliff with a man? Hell!"

Yet, when the seaman hove in view, Boston could not resist a trial for curiosity's sake. "Hear you've been cavortin' round the Cliff with a girl, Peter?"

Boston was lifted up carefully, and the policeman assured that he had slipped on orange-peel. Firkin was hustled aside. "Blame me, boys," said the injured man. "Who'd—Hell!" and he offered his assailant his hand and an apology. "Have a drink," he urged.

"I don't think I will," was the confused reply. "I aint drinking any more." Then with perfect simplicity, Firkin turned his mild eyes upon the rest of us. "A man wants to do the right thing by a good woman," he said. And Boston, leaving aside as superfluous his accustomed expletive, indicated a desire to hear a word out of anybody.

News of the strange siege of Little Sunshine, and her seeming acceptance of the attentions of the big sailor, roused great interest. Never before had she deigned to do more than smile with fluttering lids upon the warmest wooing. Never before had a man been able to boast of moving this maiden heart. A few quiet bets were made as to the outcome, and every movement of the gay figure of the star was watched with sportsmanlike interest.

During this period of suspense, "The Queen of the Rialto" was taken off and "Manila Bay" put on. The first night the house was jammed, Peter Firkin towering high above the crowd on the floor. The vivacious scenes of the capture of Manila were applauded to the echo. The thunder of the victorious cannon of the fleet in the wings could not drown the noise of the enthusiastic audience.

In the fourth and last act Little Sunshine entered upon the rampart of the city bearing an American flag. This, she announced with flaring eyes, would continue to wave till every Spaniard sought a shameful grave. At this moment was seen a Spanish army approaching. Little Sunshine met it with a perfect rapid-fire of her eyes. The villainous leader of the foe attempted, amid hisses, to ravish the flag from its fair defender and, suddenly enamoured of the beauty of the maiden, seized her as well.

At this juncture, we learned from future representations of the drama, the hero in the uniform of the United States army was to come forth and save the flag, the maiden, and the day. Instead, the astounded audience saw big Peter striding to the stage over the heads of the unfortunate and forgotten orchestra. An instant later the villain rolled into the footlights, with his army on top of him, and Little Sunshine, flag and all, was safe in the grasp of her real lover. The house gasped in silence. Then the well-known voice of the leading lady was heard. "Peter, you've been drinking again!"

Every eye was fixed in wonder and incredulity upon the scene on the stage. We were rapt in astonishment, and not till Boston Harry spoke up from the centre of the house did we understand. "She's looking straight at him!" he croaked. "Not a bat of the eye! Hell!"

As his hoarse notes died away, we saw Firkin raise Little Sunshine into his arms. He made a step to the edge of the stage, dropped lightly on his feet on the floor, and the crowd broke in waves before him and closed in behind him menacingly.

We saw our goddess being torn from us, and we made for the tall figure. As we neared him in the panting throng, Little Sunshine raised her head from his shoulder. "Let me go with him, boys!" she cried above the din. Peter came to a standstill in the centre of the floor. We fell back, leaving him a circle some ten feet in diameter. The stage-manager fought with some unlucky wight on the outside of our ring until the noise bothered Boston, who gave an order that resulted in silence. He took off his hat and stepped out into the cleared circle. "I aint much on saying anything," he said, quietly, "but it aint po-lite for a gentleman of the size of Pete here to elope with a lady before asking her wishes. I ask you now for all of us gathered here to-night"—he swept round his arm magnificently—"whether Big Peter has asked you proper or is committing robbery and stealing what aint coming to him. I ask you," he ended lamely.

Little Sunshine was crying. She sat up on Peter's shoulder, holding on to his thick hair with one hand. Peter stood patiently, his vast arm stretched up and around her waist. She tried to speak, but sobbed instead. We waited, feeling that this indeed was melodrama worth the price of admission. When she failed utterly to find her voice, she sat up a little straighter, and looking us all in the eye, unwinkingly yet dimly through her tears, she patted Peter on the head.

Boston put on his hat and removed it again. He was visibly embarrassed. Suddenly he grasped Firkin's hand, shook it desperately, and plunged through the crowd and away.

A couple of hours later, after the wedding, which was graced by all her old admirers, Little Sunshine sang for us the last time her famous ditty, "That Raglan Hid a Broken Heart." For the last time she entranced us with her fluttering glances, ravished our senses by a *mitrailleuse* of killing, arch looks, w

Peter smiled prodigiously from a corner. Then, very simply, she descended from the chair she used as a stage, went over to Peter, and sat on his knee, her eyes fixed full on his. As we filed out of the quarters the proprietor of the hotel had fixed up on the shortest notice, and left Peter and his bride to themselves. Boston Harry drew me to his side. As he emerged into Montgomery Avenue, he looked up the hill and into the starry sky. He seemed to have nothing to say. We walked out the avenue and across Washington Square. Suddenly Boston stopped. "They're going down into the Santa Clara to ranch. This is a celebration, ain't it? The two best men both cold sober. I wish some woman would bat her eyes at me. Hell!"

And he walked on, alone. GRAHAM MCNEILL.
SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1905.

NEW PARIS PUBLICATIONS.

Vignaud's Attack on Columbus—"On Becoming Blind"—A Letter of Jules Verne—New Novels—France's Most Brilliant Woman Writer—A Striking Personality.

Some little stir was made several years ago by the publication of Henry Vignaud's "Toscane and Columbus," in which this iconoclastic historian endeavored to show that Columbus, instead of being possessed of the great idea that the world is round and that he might discover India by sailing westward, really sailed with the purpose of discovering some new islands in the Atlantic, information about which he is alleged to have had. M. Vignaud now has another work in hand and about to be published which will, he says, shew the revered navigator as a mediocre, untruthful person, no genius at all. M. Vignaud is well known here by Americans, having been secretary of the American embassy for thirty years. He was born in 1830 of an old Louisiana family, served in the Confederate army, was captured, escaped to Paris, rendered notable diplomatic service to the Confederacy, and, at the end of the war, took a post under the Roumanian Government. It was Grant who appointed him in 1872 to his present post. Since Vignaud has devoted his whole life to a study of Columbus, his work ought to be authoritative. But to think of Columbus as less than great is certainly disquieting.

A curious book that, I think, is about to be or has been translated into English, is Dr. Emile Javal's treatise, "On Becoming Blind." Javal, who is a director of the ophthalmic laboratory of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, was himself stricken with blindness at the age of seventy-two. He immediately set to work to write a book of advice and direction for those in similar case with himself. It is a work both pathetic and interesting. Among other things, Dr. Javal tells us that he uses a fountain-pen, and since fountain-pens do not always flow perfectly, he tries the pen at short intervals on a strip of unsized paper. If the pen is flowing, the ink wets the paper and it tears noiselessly and easily along the line made by the pen. Even to persons who have not the slightest fear of blindness the book is fascinating indeed.

Of the death of Jules Verne, who was quite as popular in England and America as in France, I suppose a sufficiency has been written. I wonder, however, if a translation of a characteristically genial epistle that he wrote, some years ago, when talk of his admission to the French Academy was again current, will not be new. This is what he wrote:

I have just completed my seventy-third year, and it is not at that age that I am likely to be fired with the ambition to enter the Academy. Twenty-eight years ago, Alexandre Dumas, the younger, and a few friends took up my candidature, but I understood that it was an imprudent adventure, and I returned, as you say, to my Amiens monastery, not to leave it again. Since then fifty-nine Academicians have passed into that other world, where, doubtless, they have not found a cupola of the Institute to offer them eternal shelter. That is to say, that, though the Academy may give immortality, it does not render one immortal. Very touched at the sympathy you display toward me, dear sir, and thanking you with all my heart, I beg you to accept the handshake of the old story teller.

JULES VERNE.

But I must be more brief in my catalogue of new French publications. A novel, half-sentimental, half-material, called "Le Passe Vivant," is to be had in the shops. Its author is Henri de Regnier, the symbolist poet. "Mme. Récamier et Ses Amis," based on newly discovered letters and manuscripts not hitherto used, is an interesting publication by Plon from the hand of Edouard Heriot. There are anecdotes of the brilliant men who assembled themselves about this brilliant woman, men who included Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotte, Lamartine, and Prosper Mérimée. "L'Avenir du Socialisme," by Paul Louis, is an interesting work in economics, while in art a distinguished volume issued by Hachette is "Mélanges sur l'Art Français."

Several works on the war have recently been published. One is by Reginald Kann, a French officer with the Japanese army; it is called "Journal d'un Correspondant de Guerre en Extrême Orient." Another war book is from the pen of the correspondent of *Temps*, Raymond Récouly; the title is "Dix Mois de Guerre en Manchourie." The first of these books is published by Calmann-Levy; the second by Juven.

Among novels I may mention Eugene Jolichere's tiny little "Demie Maitresse" (Lemerre); one by Henri Lavedan in dialogue form between wife and husband, entitled "Le Baignoir Neuf" (Flammarion); "L'Impossible," by Jean de la Brete (Plon); "Le

Diable est à Table," by Hugues Rebelle (Mercure de France); "La Troisième Jeunesse de Madame Prune" (Calmann-Levy), by Pierre Loti, which indicates, by the way, that Loti has lost nothing at all of his charm of style. Other fiction includes a novelette in dialogue form called "Le Fond Secret" (Fasquelle), by Michel Provins, and "La Nièce de Gaston Gaspard" (Fasquelle), by Gaston Rouvier.

In conclusion, I surely ought to mention the crowning of "Myriam Harry's" work, "The Conquest of Jerusalem." This was done by twenty-one of the most distinguished women of Paris, who met at the instance of the publishing house of Hachette, which had offered a prize of five thousand francs to the author of the



Morley Roberts, author of "Lady Penelope." Published by L. C. Page & Co.

work which these women should decide to be the best book by a woman writer published in France during the year. Certainly the award was deserved. It is even said, indeed, that the Goncourt Academy's choice, which, in fact, fell upon Leon Frappie, would have fallen upon "Myriam Harry" had she not been a woman. But this new feminine academy of twenty-one celebrities rather sets things right so far as she is concerned. "Myriam Harry," personally, is an interesting woman;



Charles Warren Stoddard, who is at present visiting California.

her father was a Russian-Polish explorer; her mother was a German missionary in Egypt; she was born in Jerusalem and spoke Arabic with her native nurse before any European language; she has lived in Smyrna, Odessa, Alexandria, Constantinople, Ceylon, Japan, and has been three times to China. Her book is finely

St. MARTIN.
PARIS, April 15, 1905.

The largest white sapphire ever discovered has just been brought to Berlin by M. Heppner, a German engineer, who has resided for many years in Brazil, where he possesses several mines. Before cutting the stone weighed 1,250 carats, but a flaw caused the cleavage of a piece weighing 400 carats. This piece will produce a cut stone of 100 carats. That cut from the larger piece weighs 418 carats, is two inches in length, and one inch and a half wide and thick. The owner values the stone at 200,000 crowns (\$470,000).

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Irish Still Differs.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As I am indebted to your courtesy for space in your columns, I desire not to be controversial. There is no evidence of the extraordinary fecundity of the races of Eastern Asia. Chinese statesmen have assured me that there is ample room in that empire for the expansion of its population. At present, it is congested on the coast, rivers, and canals, because draft animals are not much used, and the population is near the water because it is a facility for travel. Railways to the interior will change all this, and the Chinese will find ample room for expansion in their own country. The Japanese have been on their islands for 4,500 years, and like the Chinese, were living there in seclusion and peace, and would be to-day had not the Western nations forcibly invaded them, in denial of their right to keep by themselves. If it be impossible for the white men and the yellow to dwell together in peace and amity on the same soil, why not respect that principle and cease its violation by forcing the white man into Eastern Asia? Marquis Tseng, an astute Chinese statesman, was logical when he said that if China were opened to the world the world must be opened to China. But the West sent armies to loot and outrage the Chinese when the Boxers rose against the whites, and Russia improved the opportunity to steal Manchuria. Yet our Boxers have burned Chinese to death like rats in a stack, and within a few weeks have by force driven both Chinese and Japanese out of communities where they had the right of domicile under our laws and treaties. You fear the supremacy of Eastern Asiatics through the operation of the law of evolution and the survival of the fittest, and yet it is expected that evolution will be knocked out by a sand-lot mass-meeting in San Francisco. Your argument is that our civilization is destroying the race that has achieved it. If that be so, I am not aware that the process can be stayed by foaming at a race whose civilization is consistent with its perpetuity.

My sole contention is that all immigration should be treated alike, subjected to the same rules of exclusion, and that if we need imported labor it should be non-assimilating and non-voting. As to the need of it here, there is evidence on every hand. California requires limited Chinese immigration to do labor that white men will not do, but that is necessary to preserve enormous investments of our people in productive property. It is not a question of cheapness. There is not a white employer of the kind of labor required but will pay Chinese more than white men because of their perfect reliability. What I say of this is what is thought of it by thousands of white men in this State, whose property is annually wasting and shrinking for lack of Chinese labor. All of them will not say it as I do, for some of them don't want it laid up against them, when they run for office, to serve as material for the use of the loafer and demagogue. It has nothing to do with the world problem of races. Accepting the orthodox Christian idea that God made all the races of man as special creations, it seems an impeachment of omniscience to make a fuss because He did not stop when the white man was finished and not run us all up against an "obelisk of cosmic destiny" by crowding the cradle with such a variety.

Since my last letter was written, 25,000 immigrants from Southern Europe have landed at Eastern ports, in various conditions of squalor and unfitness, but all ready to vote and assimilate. Which are likely to do the more harm to our blood, institutions, and politics—that shaggy horde, or the two or three hundred Asiatics that came in the same period?

JNO. P. IRISH.

Miss Bonner's Book, "The Pioneer."

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 24, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As an old Californian, who has followed the literary career of Miss Geraldine Bonner with great interest, there seems something to say on the score of the criticisms which one sees in the San Francisco press upon the recently published novel, "The Pioneer." For the set of expatriated Californians putting up in New York the book seems to have a particular interest, and the comments passed upon it are not a little influenced by the criticisms alluded to.

The title of "The Pioneer" seems to have produced a well-settled conviction that Miss Bonner's study of a type constituted the whole, or main, interest of the story, and that Colonel Parrish should have been the great figure of the book. The story itself is really very little influenced by the figure of the kind, good, old colonel; its core is plainly the psychologic development of June Allen. Miss Bonner has given much space to Colonel Parrish, but like all good people—or most good men, rather—in fiction, he is over-good, lacks the saving grace of humor all men of such type have in real life, and permits himself to be unwarrantably used. But in picturing June Allen, both in person and in soul, Miss Bonner never faltered.

June herself is quite a performance for any writer. Her love and infatuation for Jerry Barclay grow into intense reality, and create in one that pained apprehension for her fate only called up by real literature. June is the *raison d'être* of the book, and is done with that spontaneous touch of far-reaching analysis creating the strong impression of reality. There are many different opinions of June, and in fact she is hard to classify; but she is cast in the mold perpetually interesting to men, wins love unconsciously, has the elusive distinction of feminine charm, and lives in an atmosphere of perplexing emotions that shake and sway her nature so intensely that her weakness and vacillation claims a great sympathy. June is a real nature. It is impossible to read the book without knowing all about her, and Miss Bonner has not been sparing of pitiless revelation; she is a feminine creation, not necessarily Californian, but a true portrait of a nature beset by difficulties beyond its strength, and the psychology rings firm and clear throughout. That such a piece of character drawing should have escaped the notice of the reviewers seems curious. They have troubled themselves mainly with Colonel Parrish simply because the book was christened "The Pioneer."

The story hangs well together, however, on its own account, though there is too little of the Gracys, and Lupes dies out over speedily; the atmosphere is particularly well caught all through the book, and the Nevada chapters rise to the dignity of the prologue of "To-Morrow's Tangle." Black Dan comes in a little too precisely to meet out retribution to Jerry Barclay. Jerry, by the way, is well done, not at all impossible anywhere, and an easily recognized type in real life. The rest of the people are strong enough to carry on the story—being their main use. There might have been some lighter scenes in the book by way of contrast. Still, if there had been nothing but the portrait of June Allen, and the poignant story of her love infatuation and disillusion, in the novel, it would have been more than worth while. The reviewers have taken care of the other side of the question with customary decision and ability.

Sincerely, AN OLD CALIFORNIAN.

LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP.

Success of Mrs. Ward's Novel—Others by Hussey, Kennedy, Roberts, Sheppard—Stories by Chesterton, Essays by Lang—Reminiscence, Biography, Politics, War.

The steadily growing passion for reading something, whether that which is read be good or bad, has resulted in an awful flood of books here in London this season—and, by the same token, a flood of awful books. The publishers complain of the poor quality—yet, so great is the demand for fiction, most of it sells. Still, in spite of this prevalence of quantity over quality, there are several novels which stand out as more than ordinarily good. And, what is more gratifying, the demand for such novels is on the increase. Some of those who read trash one year develop a liking for something better by another year; in fact, I believe that public taste improves more rapidly than does the work of the novelists, who, in the main, catch the hurry-up fever, and produce books too fast for their own good.

It is a pity that we have not more such writers as Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her novels come slowly—and they show it. Prior to "The Marriage of William Ashe," she had written comparatively little fiction since "Robert Elsmere," which appeared in 1888. Of course you have read "The Marriage of William Ashe," and have noted the improvement wrought by leisurely work. It may be interesting to know that the novel was well received here. The *Mail* says that "Mrs. Ward's realization of this character [Lady Kitty] is remarkably vivid." "A study of the feminine temperament, sensitive, nervous, even poignant," the *Chronicle* denominates the story. "Deeply moving," it calls it, "not so much from a sense of high tragic issue, as from that more tender sentiment which pervades an appreciation of the pitiful helplessness of human nature, caught and bandied about in the eddies of human life."

One of the best pieces of fiction that has come under my notice this year is "The Red Cravat," by A. T. Sheppard (Macmillan). It is the author's first venture as a novelist, but it has been skillfully handled, and is full of a rarely rich humor. Mr. Sheppard has chosen the time of Frederick William of Prussia for his romance, and the hero is an Englishman, six feet four in height, who is kidnaped for Frederick's famous army of giants. He is conducted through a pretty love-affair, carried on through tumultuous times, and ending happily.

Quite different is "Slavery" (Treherne & Co.), by Bart Kennedy—not altogether a novel, but an excuse for one of the most unqualified and unrestrained assaults on capital and its appliances that I have ever read. Oblivion would be its lot on account of its blind prejudice and injustice but for the fact that the author has a style much above the ordinary, and makes its hero, Jim, doomed to a life of poorly requited toil, a figure calling for sympathy despite false logic.

Morley Roberts, not unknown to you in California, has a new novel, "Lady Penelope" (Page), which is a farcical account of a lady's many love-affairs. It is good, in the main, with crisp dialogue and astoundingly unbelievable situations; but it is a trifle too long for such a string of froth.

Eyre Hussey has struck a clever idea in "Miss Badsworth, M. F. H." (Longmans)—an account of a middle-aged woman's suffragist, whose brother leaves her an estate on the condition that she administer it personally for one year, and hunt the hounds for one month. You can imagine the staid lady's perturbation. But she has a niece of the same name as her own—Lavinia; and as the will does not specify which Lavinia Badsworth shall follow the hounds, the niece is pressed into service. Her adventures and experiences go to make up a most charming and amusing story.

Outside of novels, two of the best things we have had are Gilbert K. Chesterton's "The Club of Queer Trades" (Harpers) and Andrew Lang's "Adventures Among Books" (Longmans). He is a queer genius, this man Chesterton—for a genius he undoubtedly is—with a keen, deep insight into human souls, and with a vein of whimsy humor that enables him to raise the unexpected laugh. The stories told in the volume are preposterously funny—but no one quite understands the meaning underneath them; for Mr. Chesterton always has a message to convey. This volume seems to typify the revolt of the suburbanite against his correct, conventional life—to show that he has thoughts beyond the daily grind; thinks of, even if he is too wise to aspire to, a life of romance and gay adventure.

But no one need puzzle over Mr. Lang's meaning. It is right before you, in black and white, and set forth with a rare satire and delightful humor. Literature is the burden of this book of essays, and the reader reads with the author many a pleasing path of reminiscence. One of the refreshing things about Mr. Lang's work is absence of equivocation; he always says his straight out, and rarely misses the mark.

No diarist of recent years has furnished better entertainment than is afforded by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. The last two volumes of his fourteen that he has written are at hand, and one is sorry there are to be no more. The books embody a great collection of anecdotes of the notable people of his author's time. Among the best of the stories is one which is related of an American who in-

quired, at a dinner, as to the identity of a very décolleté Russian lady who sat opposite him. "Why," said the other, "she is the Countess Chemisoff, née Alloff." He tells also that when the news of Carlyle's death came, the editor of the greatest newspaper in the world exclaimed: "Thank God, he died in time for the outer sheet!"

Another book of reminiscences which should prove interesting is announced by Murray. It is by the Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower, brother of the late Lord Granville. The author traveled much, and met many of the celebrities of his time; so he should be able to furnish us something worth while.

"Imperialism" (Hutchinson), by Dr. Emil Reich, is a violent attack on colonization and expansion. He contends that every nation pays heavily for its outspreading—that the result is shown in America in running, hustling, short-lived business men; that Germany, through imperialism, is bringing about absorption of Holland, a terrific struggle with Great Britain, and a world-wide war; and that in England the evil of expansion is lessened only by the fact that its colonies are, in a measure, independent. In contented, home-loving, unprogressive people, Dr. Reich finds his ideal.

Sir George Peel's "The Friends of England" (Murray) is hardly a defense, but rather an explanation and analysis of expansion. He points out that England's colonial growth is more the result of accident than intention—that, as a rule, we acted in self-defense. Both of these books will find plenty of advocates and supporters.

A most interesting volume along this line is Sir Charles Eliot's "The East Africa Protectorate" (Edward Arnold & Co.). Not only does Sir Charles hold decided views regarding our policy, present and future, in Africa, but he gives a vast deal of information regarding opportunities for settlers. He does not recommend it as a place for fortune-seekers



Florence Stone, who is winning success at the Grand Opera House.

without money, but says that a man with a few hundred pounds will find the buying and working of a farm in Africa pleasant and profitable. "It is a country," he says, "which has a singular charm for Europeans, to which they become attached, and which inspires a passionate longing for return in all who leave it." The author is not sanguine as to the future of the African race, and thinks that it would not be advisable, for many years, to let it pass out of a state of tutelage.

We have two good books on the present war: "A Modern Campaign; or, War and Wireless Telegraphy" (Methuen), by D. Fraser, of the *Times*; and "Port Arthur: Three Months With the Besiegers" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by Frederick Villiers. Mr. Fraser's book embodies a graphic account of the difficulties and dangers he encountered in establishing a wireless-telegraph system between the land and the *Times* dispatch-boat. Mr. Villiers's volume contains some of the most thrilling accounts yet published of the siege of Port Arthur, and he tells of almost unbelievable deeds of bravery done by both Japanese and Russians. On witnessing one particularly brave defense of a wall by the Russians, Mr. Villiers cried in Russian, "Karasho." The word of appreciation was echoed by the Japanese officer at the author's side—the Russian interpreter of the Eleventh Division. "Good men, brave fellows," added the officer; "but it is no good for Nippon." PICCADILLY.
LONDON, April 14, 1905.

The American Grape Acid Association, which offered a reward of \$25,000 for the best economical process by which grapes may be utilized for tartaric acid, has not received a practical solution to the problem.

A BOOK OF GOOD STORIES.

The Last "Notes" of Sir M. Grant Duff—About Browning, Carlyle, Disraeli, Li Hung Chang, Palmerston, the Kaiser, the Duchess of Teck and Others.

The Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff has brought his diaries to a close by publishing the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of the series. They now extend from New-Year's Day in 1851, when, having taken his degree at Oxford, he had reached Avignon on his way to pay his first visit to Rome, down to January 23, 1901, when the privy council took the oath to King Edward the Seventh. A London paper, reviewing the work, says that "the greatest diarist of our times has laid down the pen," but with such a sweeping statement one is disposed to differ. It is true the diary claims our attention by its peeps at history-making, its dinner-table stories, its witty sayings of men and women, its glimpses of great men, and sidelights on great affairs. Sir Mountstuart is truly, as he has often been called, the prince of raconteurs. But, on the other hand, he was in many respects a singularly narrow individual, strange as it may sound to say so. Most unlike Pepys or Evelyn, he gives us little or nothing of himself in these books; he is a mere recorder. Sir Mountstuart's limitations are strikingly illustrated in his estimate of Mrs. Hemans. He complained to Professor Saintsbury about that critic's "over-laudation of Miss Christina Rossetti." "I maintained that I could find twenty short poems by Mrs. Hemans superior to any twenty similar ones that could be selected from the writings of the, no doubt, gifted lady whom he places so much above her." This is like saying that Will Carlton is a better poet than Whitman, or that the verses of Ella Wheeler Wilcox are superior to the poems of Sidney Lanier or Henry Timrod. Sir Mountstuart's taste in poetry is for a good, sentimental, minor poetry. He has naturally a poor opinion of Browning.

Where Sir Mountstuart really excels is in the setting down of good stories, and the best review of the diary is extracts from these two last volumes.

Speaking of the woes of poets, the author records the following:

Browning once took to dinner a well-known dame, and was presently moved to ask her if she knew who he was. "No," she replied, "I did not catch your name when we were introduced." "Oh," said her companion, "I am Mr. Browning, the poet, some of whose works I dare say you have read." "Yes," replied the other, with some hesitation, "You wrote 'The Jackdaw of Rheims,' did you not?"

He tells this story concerning Carlyle and a girl of sixteen, who had been brought to see him by John Ruskin:

The prophet at first would do nothing but rail at London laundresses for starching shirts so much that he broke his nails in struggling with his buttonholes. After he had gone on in this fashion for some time, Ruskin said to him, "Now this little girl has come to hear something interesting. Tell her something she will remember all her life." "In that case," said the seer, "I had, perhaps, better talk to her of my own young days," and he proceeded to describe very vividly his father and his father's friends.

Here is another plum from the pages of this unweary diarist:

The Breakfast Club met at Herschell's, Acton, Lyall, Trevelyan, Courtney, Mackenzie, Wallace, and Frederick Leveson-Gower being present. Acton confirmed a story which I had heard, but not from himself, to the effect that Mr. Rhodes had asked him: "Why does not Theodore Bent say that the Zimbabwe ruins are Phœnician?" Acton replied: "Because he is not quite sure that they are." "Ah," said the other, "that is not the way that empires are founded."

Here is a story of Disraeli, the authority quoted for it being Sir Thomas Sanderson:

A famous diplomatist once went to see Lord Beaconsfield, conversed with him, and found him very agreeable. Soon after, the waiter who had shown him up, came and asked him for a present. "But why?" "Don't you remember?" was the answer. "I showed you up to Lord Beaconsfield." "What of that?" said the other. "Oh, sir, after you had gone he did damn me uncommon for telling you he was at home."

That is a fine story of Li Hung Chang, whose candor was never quite equaled in this world. He was dining with a Swedish traveler:

"You come from Sweden," said the great man, "don't you?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what kind of country is Sweden?" rejoined the other: whereupon he received, as was natural, a glowing description of its charms. "Ah!" he said, "that is very nice; very nice, indeed. When I next communicate with the Emperor of Russia, I will tell him to take Sweden!"

There is naturalness, too, in this glimpse of a clever private secretary managing a minister:

Evelyn Ashley mentioned that while the Trent affair was running its dangerous course, Lord Palmerston had a frightful fit of the gout, was unable to use his hands, or to do almost anything. He was reading the dispatches aloud, when he came on one from Seward, the meaning of which obviously was: "If you mean to shoot, I'll climb down." He saw, however, that his chief had not taken it in, but as it was impossible to hint to him that he had not done so, he laid it aside, read some other papers, and then re-read it as if it were something new. This time its purport was taken in, and it formed a turning point in the controversy.

There is an odd tale of the Kaiser told here as current in Paris on the eve of President Faure's election. It was thought that M. Brisson might be elected, and while this rumor was about, the story goes, a gentleman called at the French embassy in Berlin to see the ambassador:

The servant replied that the ambassador was engaged, and could not possibly see him. "I must see him," said the stranger, opening as he spoke the front of his great coat. The servant, who had a quick eye, saw from the uniform and decorations he wore that it could be no other than the emperor, and introduced him. When he saw the ambassador

said: "I hear a rumor that M. Brisson is likely to be the new president, and I just wished to mention that, if he is, I will mobilize immediately."

This may be old to some of our readers, but it is new to us:

A gentleman who rather overvalued himself, looking at a case of birds, said to an ornithologist who was with him: "What is that bird?" "That," said the other, "is a magpie." "It's not my idea of a magpie," was the rejoinder. "Perhaps not," replied his friend; "but it's God's idea of a magpie."

The author tells in one place of a friend who lay very ill—"very ill," indeed," said the doctor:

"Then you had better," the sick man rejoined, "order the prayers for the dying to be read." "No," answered the person to whom he spoke: "I think you will live four-and-twenty hours." "Oh, in that case," rejoined Faber, "read me 'Pickwick.'"

From Rome to London, and what Sir Mountstuart rightly describes as an "excellent story" of the Duchess of Teck:

She found herself one day sitting between Canon Teignmouth Shore and another dignitary of the same rank. "Your Royal Highness," said the former, "must find yourself in rather an alarming position—

Canon to right of you,
Canon to left of you,
Volleys and thunders."

"Well," was the reply, "this is the very first time I have been connected with the Light Brigade."

The prime minister on Disraeli's novels! Says our diarist of a dinner talk to which he refers:

I found myself agreeing with Balfour in thinking that after all allowance had been made for their false glitter and blunders of every sort, there was yet a certain literary element in them which would keep them long alive.

The only way to do justice to the "good sayings" in these volumes is to quote a few of them, so:

Who was it who said that the proper place at which to establish a university for women was at Bletchley? Because it is equi-distant from Oxford and Cambridge, and none of the fast mails stop there.

Things one would rather have put differently. Mr. Cecil Rhodes to his neighbor at dinner, an extremely pretty woman: *He*—"I hate Germans." *She*—"Well, I don't hate them, but I by no means like them." *He*—"Oh, I thought you were a German."

We spoke of Mr. Raleigh, of All Souls, and he (Mr. St. Loe Strachey) mentioned a very quick reply of his. There had been talk at Magdalen about throwing a notorious person into the river. Some one protested against such a proceeding as quite illegal. "Yes," said Mr. Raleigh, "distinctly illegal under the Rivers Pollution Act."

Such, then, are the diaries—a veritable mine of small talk.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Two volumes.

RUSSIAN REFUGEES AT SHANGHAI.

A Motley Crowd, all Wearing Boots—Slovenly Dress of Officers' Wives—All Languages Spoken in Shanghai—Climate—Divisions of the City—Hospitable, Sporty People.

When the *China* dropped her anchor at Wosung, the coolies had to scrape the ice off the lower decks ere they could proceed to discharge the cargo. A bitterly cold wind blew, and, coming from Japan, a difference in the weather was quite perceptible. Picturesque junks, with their massive rough-hewn bodies bearing about as much resemblance to a ship as a block-house to a brick building, and some river-patrol boats, with muzzle-loading cannon, break the monotony of the first hour's ride in the launch up river. The river banks are, if anything, flatter and more melancholy than usual—a muddy river flowing through a muddy country.

After about one hour's ride, however, the scenery becomes more interesting—not the natural scenery, for there is none—but shipping craft of all descriptions and under all flags claim one's attention: blue-funnel liners of the P. & O. line, freighters of the Holt Line, then the Chinese Navigation Company's boats, the Jardine boats, the Hamburg-American Line's steamers, and any amount of small draft boats for the coastwise and river traffic, such as the *Wenchow*, *Hokoo*, *Wuchung*, *W'uhu*, *Singau*, *Chinhua*, *Yunnan*, *Yik-sang*, *Sinan*, *Peking* and other "chows," "ans," "sings," "sangs," and "nans" too numerous to jot down. In the stream we passed two Danish and one Italian cruiser—further up are British, French, German, and Yankee war craft, but very few in comparison with last August, when the river was filled with these representatives of armed peace. Here the banks are lined with factories, cotton-spinneries and warehouses, oil storage tanks, docks, and, as we approach the Bund, the massive block occupied by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, reminding the thoughtful of our Eastern rivals—our friends—the Japanese. Their consulate is close by, next door neighbor to the "Kaiserlich Deutsches Konsulat." Opposite the jetty, and all along the Bund, are the stately buildings of the various banks, the Shanghai Club, Metropole Hotel, steamship companies' and insurance companies' buildings, British consulate compound, etc., and the thoroughfare is thronged with carriages, rickshaws, and teeming with life.

Shanghai is a busy city. If it were not for the Chinese it might be taken for a European place. As it is, a more conglomerate, cosmopolitan town can hardly be found on the crust of this earth, and this is just now accentuated by the presence of a horde of "beanny-looking" "ruskies" arrived from Port Arthur. Such a motley crowd they are! The men wear boots, the boys wear boots, and from the way some of the women walk they might be wearing boots, too, for all I know. The soldiers look unkempt, dirty, such a

thing as a "shave" seems to be unknown to them, and to further the effect of a stubby beard and to make them look still uncannier, they wear high, black sheepskin caps. About 5,000 of them are in town, and more of them are arriving daily. The hotels are overcrowded with Russians, other refugees are lodged in warehouses, in barracks, and if the drunken brawls on the streets continue, some will be lodged in jail. The Astor House Hotel is jammed with them, and one can see sights every day. The way some of these officers' wives dress and come to table is, to put it mildly, disgusting. Loose dressing jackets, house gowns almost à la Mother Hubbard, steamer rugs around their shoulders, their hair done up in such fashion that you can not tell whether it was done up or not, eating with knives—and this in a first-class hotel—verily, it is surprising; more so when one considers that no Russian under the rank of captain is admitted to this hotel, and that the men seem to have plenty of money to blow in on wine and women—but maybe the latter fact accounts to a great extent for the poor accoutrement of their wives.

While the men are unusually tall, the women are short, of the flat-nosed type, of indifferent carriage—and it is hard to pick out a good-looking one. They are somewhat slovenly and tasteless in the matter of dress, and the impression these visitors make is certainly not favorable. I forget I am talking about heroes, and heroines, and maybe I am uncharitable in my criticisms—but I am jotting down observations which most forcibly impress themselves on my mind.

Their presence in town is a veritable godsend for shopkeepers, and the wily Chinese make the best of the opportunity. I am creditably informed that any



Illustration from "On the Old Road Through France to Florence," by A. H. Hallam Murray. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

amount of wood alcohol and cheap spirits of wine are thinned down and colored to a nice, neatly bottled, and sold to the poor devils as brandy; the number of stars on the labels no object! Printing-ink is cheap.

Many people have a wrong idea of the Russian language, and think it is a harsh, guttural language. To listen to it, when spoken rapidly, it sounds more like Italian than any other language. There are plenty of vowels, and in poetry it is very musical. Take for instance, four transliterated lines of the first verse of a poem I had to learn:

"Vyčelo siyâyet
Myésyats nad celóm
Byčl snieg evecâyet
Cinnim ogonkóm."

And take anything that comes along in Italian, for instance:

"Quant é belloc giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia
Chi vuol esser lietto sia
Dí Doman non c'è certezza,"

and make comparisons. Of course, those who pronounce Italian as "Eyetalian" will not see it—to appreciate the similarity one must be more or less a linguist. In Shanghai, one can hear probably all the languages spoken. Here are the canny Scotch and the vivacious French, the Germans and the Austrians, Italians and Spaniards. From India the dark-hued Sikh; the Bombay and the Bagdad Jews are represented; the Tartar Slav and the Caucasian Russian, not to forget the Swiss, the Swedes, the Portuguese, the slant-eyed "chinks," which is the name for Chinamen, and, master of the hour, last but not least, is Mr. Japanese.

The summer climate of Shanghai bears a great resemblance to that of Baltimore, with a moist heat that

takes the starch out of one's system. The winter is not as severe here, but the cold is of a penetrating, moist kind, conducive to catarrh and throat trouble—in fact, every one seems to suffer from colds, and residences are built facing toward the south whenever possible.

The city is divided into three sections. North of the Yang King Pang is the International Settlement, extending along the Wangpoo River. South of the first-named boundary is the French Concession, and beyond that the Native City. There is no reliable census of the population. It may be approximately 400,000, of which 8,000 or thereabouts are foreigners. The streets are models of what streets should be—several steam-rollers being kept going day and night, and San Francisco streets are "not in it" at all when compared to these here. A fine prison and quarters for the Sikhs (the Indian policemen), an electric-light plant, and other improvements go to show that the people's money is spent for the people, the municipal council giving public account of expenditures, and there is no political push to divert any money from its intended purposes. New culverts are being erected of solid masonry along several creeks or canals that cut up the city, and a system of sewerage has been started and is actively progressing.

At present, Shanghai may tersely be described as "a City of Sports." Some one, who no doubt took himself too seriously, described it as "a sink of iniquity." I am inclined to the belief that the first, more charitable, appellation covers the ground fairly well. I am used to life and ways of colonies where the whites exploit the natives, and where the foreign element consists chiefly of the merchant class. Shanghai is about as fast as any of them—money easily made, easily spent—and what strikes the casual visitor most is the apparent absence of any poor people, or "medium well-to-do" class. Every one seems to own horses and carriages. Clerks on \$250 (Mex.) per month seem to be able to spend \$500, and no doubt the nefarious "chit" system is at the bottom of a great many evils. This was probably originated by the dearth of silver and absence of paper money, and has become a regular practice in the Far East. At bars, instead of planking down a quarter for a drink, one signs a chit. In stores the chit is accepted, nay, under this baneful system a fellow is enabled to get drunk at houses of debauch and to sign away his whole next month's salary.

Of clubs there are any amount: the Shanghai Club, the German Club, the Masonic Club, cricket, golf, baseball, football, rowing and yachting clubs, shooting clubs, a bowling club, and the Chinese pony is responsible for polo, racing, paper-hunt, and country clubs.

"Paper-hunts" form a most interesting winter sport. Call it cross-country steeple-chase riding and it begins to convey an idea of what a paper-hunt means. To know a little more about it, one should study the topography of the country—undulating bean fields, rice fields cut by irrigation ditches—each field on a different level, the whole landscape dotted with mounds (Chinese graves), and through all this the race takes its course. To know all about it one must ride it. The winner has the much-coveted privilege of donning a red coat, and as there are quite a good many of these fortunate ones from previous years who keep up the sport, it now takes a fast pony and a good rider to get this trophy. All Shanghai turns out to see the finish. Yesterday I was fortunate enough to witness that event myself, and to watch the string of them coming at breakneck speed; and to see the interest taken in the sport and the winners is quite exhilarating.

Let these eulogies be showering too much glory on the Chinese pony, do not let us forget his faults. He is extremely hard-mouthed, and sometimes it needs a strong arm to keep him back. They do love to run amuck, and racing seems to be their element. Sporty animals, sporty people! I never in my life saw as many sweepstake lists as during last September, October, and November. At all the clubs in Shanghai, Tsingtao, Chefoo, and Tientsin, you could take your pick from among a lot, and I came to the conclusion then that the Chinese pony ruled the country.

The visitor who can show credentials, or who has letters of introduction, will find the Shanghaiites charming and hospitable people. They will open their clubs to you, they will ask you to their houses, and remind me a good deal of the *renommée* of Californians for hospitality.

National jealousies are noticeable. The Britisher looks askance at the growing German trade. It must be galling to him to see that German shipping is increasing rapidly, and the fact that during 1904 German commerce exceeded the British volume in the British possession, Hongkong, is making Chamberlaines fast.

R. E. H.

SHANGHAI, April, 1905.

Describing "the American language" in *T. P.'s Weekly*, a writer points out the real difference between the speech of the educated American and the educated Englishman. You may talk for ten minutes to a professor from Harvard without being conscious of strange speech, only the professor's voice is pitched slightly higher than your own. For "the German speaks from his diaphragm, the Englishman from his chest, the American from his throat, and the Frenchman from his palate."

SPRING FASHIONS IN NEW YORK.

Spring Gorgeousness Bursting Forth—Amount Spent on Women's Clothing—Craze for Dress in the Air—Why Women Decorate Themselves—Dress-Maniacs are Bored.

There are little, encouraging signs of spring about, bare boughs tipped with tiny points of green, days of clear, thin sunshine that have something chill and searching, and yet exhilarating, in them, skies which one moment sprinkle a quick angry rain, and then break into broad pieces of blue. Also, a sign of the times is the sudden bursting out of new clothes. Broadway and Fifth Avenue look very brilliant, with new spring suits, as bright as crocuses, dotted all along their length.

The fashionable women have been wearing pale-colored dresses and frivolous straw hats for a week or two. The dresses will be a little more ornate, pale-colored, and summery, as the days go by, till by—say the middle of May—they will have reached the stage of hand-tucked and hand-embroidered elegance to which their wearers allude as "just little simple tub frocks."

There is nothing very startling or original to be seen so far, except perhaps hats. There seem to be two favorite kinds, one of which has the effect of being twisted and bent up into a fantastic form, which sets pertly on top of the wearer's head without the slightest pretension to fitting it. A rigorous system of hat-pins holds it in place, and, with its air of frisky frivolity, it is not exactly suitable to the elderly ladies with melancholy expressions who invariably wear it. The other is a turban, perfectly round and flat on top, like a large-sized pill-box. This goes on tight and firm over a coiffure of wavy hair. It reminds one of the hats children wear when they are playing soldiers. Worn at a different angle and trimmed with a bunch of spiky wings, it is precisely similar to the cap of the English Tommy, minus the strap that goes under the nose.

All kinds of wonderful and lovely dresses go with these new hats. Spring gorgeousness is in the carriages and spring delicacy of tint is on the sidewalk. Wondering at the lavishness and splendor already marking toilettes which undoubtedly will be discarded long before summer, one can not but ponder on the amount of money spent by these women on their clothes. To provide an ordinarily well-dressed woman with apparel for the three changes of the seasons in New York will run up into the thousands. How much then do those women spend whose year has at least six seasons and whose raiment is so light in tint, so fragile in texture, so delicate in workmanship, that its period of service must be of the briefest?

A magazine writer has been giving his attention to these matters in one of the new monthlies. Though he is evidently a mere man, whose reflections and deductions on such an esoteric subject have not the value of expert opinion, he has conscientiously and methodically made out a list of what the fashionable lady wears and what she expends upon it. He foots up her annual outlay for dress at thirty-eight thousand dollars. His list, though on the whole correct, contains some errors. Fifteen hundred is too little for lingerie. A woman of the kind he writes about would spend twice that. Whereas twelve hundred a year for hats is too high. The list sets aside a sum for small jeweled ornaments, fans, and lace. Of course, if the woman is going to spend largely for lace and jewels she can run her yearly expenditures up to anything. We must therefore suppose that no important purchase of jewels or lace is included in the thirty-eight thousand dollars.

This certainly seems a great deal of money to spend on your back. And yet from what I have heard and seen, I am under the impression that it is not an unfair computation of what many women in New York lavish yearly on the adornment of their bodies. One has to live here to realize what a passion love of dress can become. The only other place I have ever been in where it seems to have the same grasping power is Paris, and economy is so engrafted in the French-woman's character that no matter how much she may think of clothes, she does not spend all her substance upon them. But in New York, where money is easily made and easily spent, the sums that women squander on dress would have to be known to be believed.

The magazine writer sets down five thousand dollars for dinner gowns and eight thousand dollars for ball and opera gowns. This seems an enormous amount to spend for dresses only worn at special functions in the evening, but when you come to think about it it is probably not overstated. Costumes for evening occasions do not cost much less than two hundred dollars apiece, and many run up far beyond that, according to the materials and the work on them. A fashionable woman, who is out night after night during the New York winter, and repeats the same programme at Newport all summer, gets through a good many such dresses. She discards them long before they are, properly speaking, "worn out." After a few appearances they are put out of commission—either sold to the second-hand dealer or given to poor relations. The maid gets some of the pickings, and probably this thirteen-thousand-dollars' worth of cast-off finery finds its way into a good many different channels and puts money into a good many obscure pockets.

The mania for dress as we see it here in New York

is a thing that is in the air. The microbe seizes upon the new-comer—female new-comer that is—and infects her the moment she enters the city. Waves of mental suggestion greet her as she alights from the train. The conglomerate thought of thousands of women, all concentrating on the same point, diverts her own little modest thought from its original bent and switches it off in the general direction. The desire for clothes, sudden and raging, takes hold of her. She, who never before bothered about her habiliments, save that they should be neat, seemly, and sufficiently in the mode not to be conspicuous, finds herself obsessed by the thought of costly and beautiful raiment. She begins to long for it—that strange, sterile longing for rich apparel that is the only passion many women know.

Men, I believe, lay the flattering unction to their souls that women dress for them, wear beautiful garments for the purpose of subjugating some stubborn male. Nothing is further from the truth. Women who are fond of dress but not the victims of a mania for it, dress for each other. They know that men will not appreciate it. Where is the man—except he be in the business—who has the proper, hushed respect for hand-run tucks? Who knows a male of the species who really can appreciate the chaste perfection of a new combination of tints? There is no reward in dressing well for men. They notice color, sometimes they notice the beauty of long, sculpturesque lines, but all the fine, chic, expensive things are thrown away on them. A man's description of a woman's costume



"In the Woods." From a painting by William Keith. Frontispiece of "Nature." Published by Paul Elder & Co.

is generally confined to the sentence, "She was in a simple white dress." Everybody knows what that means. It was probably a French creation that cost three hundred dollars in Paris.

The women with whom love of dress is a passion, do not dress for either men or women. They worship clothes and all the fuss and turmoil surrounding the ordering and making of them, just as some people love drink. They are the victims of a craze which is harmless enough except that it is very costly. I have known women like this, and they experience an uplifting, solemn happiness when clad in a new gown that is tasteful and well made, such as an artist feels when he knows that his work is good. They don't seem to be personally very vain. They are not dressing to set themselves off; often the things they will choose are extremely unbecoming. But rich materials made up into shapes to clothe and adorn the female body, throw them into transports of artistic admiration and excitement, as beautiful music affects some people and wonderful landscapes affect others.

One of the most curious things about these dress-loving women is that they are rarely very attractive to the other sex. It would seem as if they ought to be, as we are taught to think that the man loves good looks becomingly set off, and frivolity when just sufficiently disguised to pass as feminine simplicity. Personally, I have never thought this, having always given the man credit for more taste. But I have heard women—holding forth as those having authority—deplore the fact of man's tendency to be charmed by the engaging combination of showy clothes and weak minds. They even quote Tolstoy. Did he not inveigh

against the subjugating power of "bangs, bustles, and jerseys"?

In the very book where he cites the blighting spell cast by these singular feminine adornments, he has something to say about the attitude of men toward women's dress. I found a quotation in the magazine article already referred to showing that the great Socialist, who knows more of women than any modern writer in any country, has penetrated even down to their point of view on this most intimate and esoteric question. "The experienced coquette" knows that it is the woman the man admires and not her encasing raiment. She therefore buys clothes, not to hang rich and sumptuous garments upon herself as upon a peg in a shop, but to make the most of and set off every good point she possesses. If she has a beautiful figure her clothes will show it; if a defect somewhere, her clothes will hide it. She will not be in the vanguard of fashion, nor will she go to the finest dressmakers or strive to possess the most elegant and unique garments. She cares for none of these things. Clothes are to her merely an accessory, by the aid of which she makes the most of such beauty as she has. She knows that where fine points of dresses are lost on the men, they will notice and feel the spell of a becoming color, a graceful fall of drapery, a neck so cut that it will reveal the unsuspected beauties of a throat nobly set, or a pair of shoulders modeled like a statue's.

There are quantities of women here in New York who have the dress craze in its most rabid form. You can't quite say that they think of nothing else, but they do give the cream of their thoughts and energies, the best part of their time, to it. They will talk about clothes by the hour, and it is frightfully boring to have to listen to them. Of course, in most cases you can break away, but now and then you get caught in some place where you can't escape, and then you have to sit patiently and listen to mystic information about materials and cuts, and tucks and "incrustations," and how it "was laid on this way" and "applied that way" and then it "was caught in with shirring here," and "a velvet chou—just one—held the drapery there," and so forth and so on, till you feel that it would be a good thing for the human race if it returned to the simple life when "Adam delved and Eve span" and the costume of each consisted of a fig-leaf.

I sometimes wonder if these women talk to their husbands that way and what their husbands say. The worst of that kind of conversation is that unless you happen to be initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries yourself you can't say a word. When a woman remarks to you with almost a reverential seriousness of tone, "And then Persian incrustations passed up each seam and ended in a fan-shaped development of the same motive," there's nothing for you to do but look blank, and exclaim, "Just fancy!" or "Did they, really?" Its the most one-sided form of conversation. I don't seem to see a New York business man, exhausted by a long day at the office, reveling in it every evening, or thinking with silent gratitude what a noble, sustaining help-mate he has won. Poor business man! We would pity him more if we were not quite certain that he had found consolation somewhere else.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1905. GERALDINE BONNER.

Half a Century of Caricaturing.

Sir John Tenniel has just passed his eighty-fifth birthday. After drawing for *Punch* for half a century, with hardly a week's intermission, Sir John retired in the unobtrusive manner which is characteristic of the man, and the cartoons have no longer the familiar monogram, "J. T.," which week after week appeared on them with a regularity unparalleled in the world of art. It is sixty years since Tenniel's first work was published, and forty-four years since his first drawing appeared in *Punch*. For the last forty years and more, he hardly ever failed to do the weekly cartoon. This industry holds a unique record, in the first place because no journal of the same character as *Punch* has lasted as long; and, secondly, because no artist has maintained, with such rare absences, his place in its pages for so many years. In thirty-five years Tenniel was only absent as cartoonist on thirteen occasions. With these few intervals, Tenniel was responsible for the cartoon year after year, week after week. Some one may ask, When did the artist take a holiday? He once went with a colleague for about a month's rest to Venice, and sometimes he had a little hunting in Leicestershire; but regular holiday he had not. It is a strange commentary on his undoubted reputation that the Royal Academy passed him over. He was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, but hardly another distinction, beyond knighthood, commemorated his position in the world of art. It is said that Tenniel originated very few of the subjects of his famous cartoons. But he had the rare gift of translating and improving any ideas which his colleagues at the *Punch* table suggested. He used to draw direct on the wood block.

Photography, which has caught the Empire State Express in full motion, has also been brought into use to depict, with equal fidelity, action so slow as the growth of a flower. By exposing a plant to a camera every quarter of an hour for sixteen days, it is now possible to watch a bud open gradually; to see the blossoms close at night and reopen in the morning; to see the leaves increase in size and the stamens peep out. And all in the space of a minute or two.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company expects to issue "Nero," Stephen Phillips's new play, in June.

Lady Dilke's "Literary Remains," prefaced by a short memoir by her husband, Sir Charles Dilke, will be published in England by John Murray next month.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are to publish "Ayasha," the new book by H. Rider Haggard, at the end of the summer. The story is a sequel to the author's novel, "She."

A new and elaborately illustrated edition of Rudyard Kipling's famous story, "They," is announced by Mr. Kipling's publishers. The story has caused more discussion about its significance than any since "The Lady or the Tiger." Possibly the illustrations may help those who do not understand the story to see what it is that those who do



F. B. Money-Coutts, author of "Musa Verticordia." Published by John Lane.

understand find so fascinating in this audacious blend of the concretely practical with the delicately spiritual.

It is said that when the Century Company heard that John Muir was about to make a journey around the world they made him an offer of \$10,000 for a series of letters. This offer he promptly refused, on the ground that he could not spare the time to do the work carefully.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin sailed for England on April 21st. Her guests, the Misses Findlater, who collaborated with her in "The Affair at the Inn," accompanied her.

Eleanor Gates, who in social life is Mrs. Richard Walton Tully, has left Berkeley for the East to read the proofs of a new novel of hers soon to be published by McClure. Mrs. Tully is the author of the "Autobiography of a Prairie Girl." The new story is to be called "The Plow-Woman." It has the same harsh prairie setting as the first book.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that they will issue next month the third volume in our Asiatic Neighbors Series on "Chinese Life in Town and Country." The book is written by E. Bard, who has seen China and the Chinese "with the eyes of a man of affairs," and has been adapted for the series by H. Twitchell, who has made a number of excellent translations from the French for the Argonaut.

There is an interesting passage in one of Robert Burns's letters to Mrs. Dunlop on the habit of marking books. "Were you not to send me your 'Zeluco,'" says Burns, "in return for mine? Tell me how you like my marks and notes through the book. I would not give a farthing for a book unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms."

In connection with the German celebration of the Schiller centenary this month, the Schwabian Schiller Society will issue a twenty-five-cent edition of the poems and plays. It is expected that 100,000 will be disposed of before the end of the year. Schiller exhibitions are to be held in Weimar, Munich, and Vienna, a memorial is to be erected in Nuremberg, and the Swiss cantons will distribute 104,000 copies of "William Tell" in the schools.

The Germans have begun briskly to translate George Meredith. German versions of both "Diana of the Crossways" and "The Wigwag" have been published lately. The London Academy expects now that the German translators will tackle Henry James in his later style.

A feature of the literary commemoration of Nelson during the present year, which marks the centenary of Trafalgar, will be the investigation of the life-drama of Emma, Lady Hamilton, made by Walter Sichel. In an forthcoming volume her early history will

be retold from new and authentic material, the service which she claimed to have rendered to the British fleet in June, 1798, will be presented in a light more favorable to her pretensions than before, and the precise character of her influence upon Nelson will be reconsidered in the light of newly discovered letters and manuscripts. The book will hardly be ready before the autumn.

There has been a slump in the market for books printed at the Kelmscott Press. The other day a copy of Morris's Chaucer was sold at auction for \$215. In 1902, a copy fetched \$560. One of the thirteen copies of the Chaucer printed on vellum produced \$1,500, where another copy had previously fetched \$2,600. The Kelmscott edition of Morris's own "Story of the Glittering Plain" has been known to sell for as much as \$570, but the copy recently put up at auction brought only \$255.

Moncure D. Conway, who has been living at Arno, Cal., for many years, and who has recently put forth a most interesting book of autobiography, has been touring about Europe. Before his return to this country he was given a cordial reception by his friends of the South Place Ethical Society of London, where he was pastor for several years. Dr. Conway's "Autobiography," which is in its third edition in America, has also been very favorably received in Great Britain and Germany.

A Notable Book of Poems.

One of the eminent publications of the year in poetry will be "The Flying Lesson," a forthcoming book of translations from Francesco Petrarca by Agnes Tobin. Eminent, that is, if these English renderings of the canzoni and sonnets of the Italian poet at all approach in melody and pathos those already translated by Miss Tohin, and printed a year or so ago in an exquisite volume called "Love's Crucifix." There is little fear but that they will. Some extracts that have already appeared in English literary journals (the book is published by Mr. Heinemann in London) suggest, indeed, that this second volume will surpass the first in poetic distinction and beauty. "Love's Crucifix," it will be recalled, was received with warm appreciation, if not, indeed, with enthusiasm, by critics of note. Even so rigorous a reviewer as Austin Dobson found that the translator had "kept the atmosphere of the original



Agnes Tobin, author of "The Flying Lesson." Published by Heinemann & Co.

with wonderful skill." It is permitted to make two extracts from the new book, one a sonnet, the other the dedication:

"Thinking on her whom Heaven honors to-day
I see the wistful droop of the blond head,
I see that face, I hear the voice that said
The reticent angelic things I may
Not keep from breaking my sad heart, and say:
'How is it that I live?' I should be dead,
Indeed, but that towards dawn beside my bed
Often that sacred beauty greets me, yea,
Takes my poor hands and talks of old-time
things,
And doth intently listen, deeply brood
On my long agony and all it brings—
Till ridding come day's arrows swift and rude,
Then she goes back to Heaven—lingering wings,
Wet eyes, sob-shaken breast—Ah! If I could!"

TO MY FATHER'S MEMORY.

To those whose hearts upon some coffin lie
To knock for entrance—whose best visions took
fire from a grave—I dedicate the cry,
And all the tidal sameness of this book.
They will not blame me if my poet repeat
A thousand times his phrases like a child—
For like a child he tried new words and sweet,
Of love unceasingly, vigilant, and wild.
To Petrarch life was but a mirror fair
Wherein his Lady's beauties traced lay—
Her eyes, her lips, her voice, her smile, her hair
Made the strange spectrum of his lonely day.
For me I see these bright monotonous things
That when my angel meets me on the strand
And stuns me in the rushing of his wings
I may say something he can understand.

It is anticipated that "The Flying Lesson" will shortly be on sale in this city at the book-store of Paul Elder & Co.

Robertson's Publications

The Long Ago and The Later On

By GEORGE TISDALE BROMLEY

Size 8x5½, pages 289, binding cloth, original cover design by Gordon Ross.

PRICE, \$1.50 NET.

He is prodigal in humor, unpremeditated and genuine. . . . If he had devoted himself to the pen he might have won a place with John Phoenix, Bret Harte, Mark Twain and other humorists of California.—"The Nation."

"Uncle George," eighty-eight years old, who now for the first time ventures upon the field of authorship, is a prince in Bohemia—in that limited and reserved Bohemia which maintains a club in San Francisco, famous for its promotion of wit and merriment, to say nothing of its contributions to art, letters and music.—New York "Evening Post."

It is surely one of the simplest and most effective bits of optimism in all literature. It is the life history of as typical an American of the better sort as ever lived.—"Town Topics."

The author has had a wide acquaintance among notabilities, and his colloquially and informally told recollections are as thickly sprinkled with lively anecdotes as the proverbial pudding is with plums.—New York "Tribune."

The book fairly beams with geniality.—The "Sun," New York.

Never was there a sunnier soul than that of George T. Bromley. The quaint, inimitable humor of the man shines out from every page. He cannot fail to be an immense success.—The Salt Lake "Herald."

The Testimony of The Suns

By GEORGE STERLING

Size 7½x5½, pages 142, binding back cloth gold decoration

PRICE, \$1.25 NET.

Its publication is an event of capital importance. Written in French and published in Paris, it would stir the very stones of the street. * * * It is nothing but literature—nothing but the most notable utterance that has been heard in our Western world since the great heart of Poe was broken against the adamant of his country's inattention.—Ambrose Bierce in the New York "Journal."

A note purer than any heard since the passing of Alfred Tennyson. Sterling's work is chaste and noble. It is instinct with the desire of beauty. His manner is uniformly literate and refined.—Porter Garnett in "The Sunset Magazine."

Mr. Sterling's work is suffused with sense of the worth and dignity of the poet's work.—"Book News," Philadelphia.

One of the noblest and strongest efforts of modern poetry. So original and powerful is it that one may search in vain among contemporary poetic writings for its match.—Austin Lewis in the Oakland "Enquirer."

In "The Testimony of the Suns" the hopeless mystery of life, from the entirely materialistic point of view, is clearly stated in lines of surpassing beauty and power.—"Impressions Quarterly."

From Crypt and Choir

By LOUIS ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

Size 6½x4; pages 64, binding green cloth and embossed leather

PRICE \$1.00 NET

Of the small number of true poets whom California claims, Louis Alexander Robertson is one. This is a singer whose verses have been few but perfect. By three slender sheaves of poems, all published within the last few years, he has made his name one to be reckoned with by the cognoscenti in America and England. Had he staked his claim to the laurel by "The Dead Calypso" alone, had he even written nothing besides the single poem "Ataxia," I believe that Mr. Robertson would go down first in the Red Book of contemporary poets. But his font of inspiration is not of the intermittent, and a new book of verse, "From Crypt and Choir," now comes to reinforce opinion molded by the earlier works. There is in it a throbbing vitality, a fearless exaltation of the body urged through very adoration of the mystery of creation. The spirit that led ancient peoples to find divine significance in the stories of Zeus and Europa, of Venus and Adonis, is the same that this California poet voices in his songs of passion. A handling less purely classic would put such verse beyond the pale. Robertson's mechanics of verse structure are of such high order of perfection as to induce the effect of spontaneity. No ticking of the metrical rote machine interferes to mar the harmony between thought and sound.—San Francisco "Call."

In the Footprints of the Padres

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Size 7x5, pages 334, binding art cloth, protective cover.

PRICE, \$1.50 NET

A year or two ago the Parisian critic, Th. Bentzen, wrote an enthusiastic article in the "Revue Deux Mondes" on "The Pierre Loti of America." By the Pierre Loti of America she meant Charles Warren Stoddard. Of late, in spite of the blare and riot of self-advertisement, a new book by this writer has been winning its way among readers of discrimination. In "In the Footprints of the Padres" Mr. Stoddard goes back again to the scenes of his early life on the Pacific Coast, he takes the reader across the Isthmus and shows the very beginning and growth of San Francisco, and tells sympathetically the story of the spoliation and decay of the missions of California. Mr. Stoddard has much to tell of many curious places and people. For years he made his home with the aborigines in the islands of the Pacific; he has been of the Samoan household of the Stevensons, and "persona grata" at the high jinks of Hawaiian royalty.—"The Bookman."

A. M. ROBERTSON

126 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

POETRY AND INSPIRATION.

As Illustrated by Keats's "Hyperion."

The popular but somewhat erroneous idea about the composition of poetry — an idea which the poets themselves take small pains to correct—is that the poet, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, his slender frame shaken with the violence of his poetic passion, customarily seizes his eager pen, and at white heat indites a sonnet or dashes off a lyric poem. The essential feature of the popular idea about the composition of poetry is that its author, at the moment of his poetic travail, labors under stress of intense emotion. Holmes's

"When a great thought strikes along the brain, And flushes all the cheek," fits in well with the conviction which possesses the mind of the laity.

It seems to be difficult, indeed, for the layman to conceive that "inspired lines" may calmly have originated with Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary" open at the poet's left hand, and the white unhlotted page at the right. The layman would even, we take it, find more in accord with his preconceived ideas of the manner in which poetry gets itself written such stories as that relating to the composition of "Kuhla Khan," by Coleridge, and the second canto of the "Henriade," by Voltaire. The first, it will be recalled, came to Coleridge complete in a dream. He woke and began to write the lines beginning:

"In Xanadu did Kuhla Khan A stately pleasure dome decree: Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea."

When he had written these and some few

erly he doubted if the real facts of composition are, after all, less wonderful than those so universally imagined. Poe's own poem, "The Raven," is of this an excellent example. Certainly it is quite as wonderful to learn, as we do by his own confession, that, before a line of "The Raven" was written, its precise length had been determined, a fitting variety of refrain had been selected, the word "nevermore" had been chosen because of the sonorosity of the vowel "o," and, furthermore, that the last stanza was written first in order that the author might graduate the stanzas that were to precede it—all this being carried out, as he says, "with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem"—quite as wonderful this, as to believe "The Raven" the product of an hour of intense emotion on the poet's part.

And as with Poe's great poem, "The Raven," so with Keats's greater poem, "Hyperion": the facsimile of the manuscript that lies before us, with all its blot and erasures, its expurgations and amplifications, its false starts and laborious triumphs of phrase-felicity, lessens not at all our wonder, and brings no nearer solution the ultimate mystery of poetry.

Of the facsimile of which we speak only two hundred and twenty-five copies have been printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and the book's price (\$37.50 in hoards) makes it impracticable for the publishers to send it out for review. For this reason no review has appeared in any American periodical; but by good fortune a copy has come into our hands, making uniquely possible this notice.

Luckily, two of the most interesting passages, illustrating the development of wonderful poetry through (to use Poe's phrase)

page, as the reproduction shows, he wrote the following:

"Not so much life as on a summer's day Rofs not at all the dandelion's fleece."

This was left unaltered in the manuscript, but Keats was still unsatisfied with it, and (evidently in the final proof) changed the second of the two lines to the exquisite:

"Rofs not one light seed from the feathered grass."

Toward the end of the passage, which is reproduced in the centre of this page, there are three lines which are so inked over and inter-written as to be almost unreadable in the reduced facsimile. But with a glass they may be made out to read:

"And slept there since.—Upon the sodden ground His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead, Unscceptor'd; and his realmless eyes were clos'd."

The manuscript first read:

"And slept without a motion: since that time His old right hand lay nerveless on the ground Unscceptor'd, and his white-brow'd eyes were clos'd."

Hear Sélincourt, an exceedingly acute critic, on the *modus* of this example of gradual development to perfection:

Apparently the first change was to delete the words *since that time* and bring on the *ground* into the first line, a great improvement in the order of the sentence. A new ending has now to be found for the second line, and the adjectives *dead, supine, are* chosen. But Keats realizes at once how much more effective the word *dead* would be at the close of the line; he recalls, moreover, that cadence used by Chatterton in *The Excellent Ballad of Charitie*, "withered, sapless, dead," which he had already imitated in *Endymion* ("love-lorn, silent, wan"). But *supine* will not stand as the penultimate word. It is changed therefore to *listless*. In the next line *white-brow'd* dissatisfies him; at first musically, because of *bow'd* in the next line, and so *bow'd* is rejected; then he sees that *white-brow'd* is unnecessary and irrelevant detail, and thus distracts the eye from the massive desolation of the picture. So *bow'd* is restored and *white-brow'd* goes out in favor of *ancient*—but *ancient* is tame and adds nothing. Then comes the inspiration, the word which sums up the whole situation and gives us the key to Saturn's misery—*realmless*. Keats now returns to the first line and realizes that the idea expressed in the words *without a motion* is given sufficiently in the adjectives which he has added; he sees, moreover, that the idea of Saturn's long inactivity has been lost with the earlier rejection of the words *since that time*. And so the reading of the text—

And slept there since.—Upon the sodden ground —is finally adopted.

In such fashion did John Keats, lofty spirit, perfect genius, compose immortal poems. However dull and common the method, the result is a beautiful, insoluble mystery. H. A. L.

Walter Savage Landor's villa, on the road from Florence to Fiesole, is for sale. Landor dwelt there, when the Florentine mood possessed him, for thirty years, and the house still bears his name. Here the famous men of letters of the middle years of the last century visited him. Here he reveled amid memories of Boccaccio and wrote the *Pentameron*. Here he bore the burden of domestic infelicity until it grew unbearable. There is talk of huying the place and consecrating it to his memory.

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Gen. Arthur MacArthur

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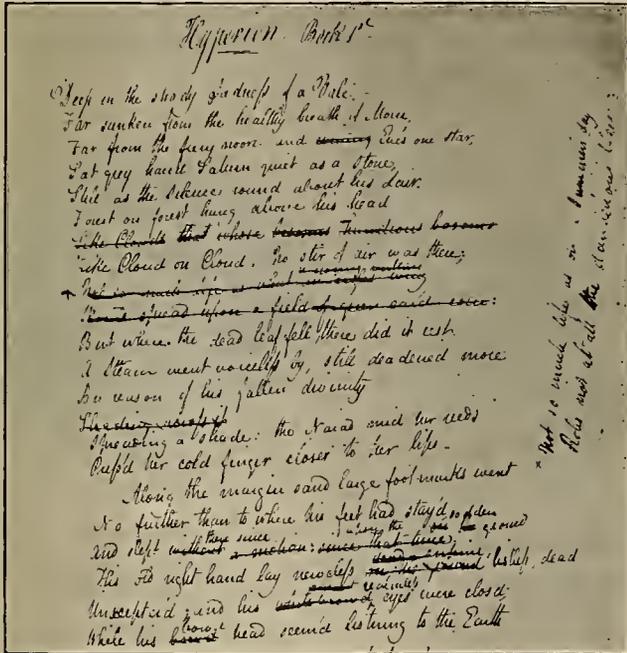
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Facsimile of page from John Keats's "Hyperion." Published by the Oxford Press.

lines further, Coleridge was called away, and was never afterward able clearly to recall the poem as he dreamed it. Voltaire, for his part, is said to have dreamed the whole of the second canto of the "Henriade," and without difficulty to have written it down entire, thereafter never changing a line—this being the only canto of the poem in which no alterations were made. This is the sort of thing which strikes the unlightened as proper in a poet. They are looking for miracles.

This state of mind among devout readers is one, as is intimated between dashes above, which the creative artist finds flattering to himself, and therefore does nothing to dispel. Poe humorously noted this, remarking in his essay, entitled "The Philosophy of Composition," that "most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition; and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought, at the true purposes seized only at the last moment, at the innumerable glimpses of ideas that arrive not at the maturity of full view, at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, at the cautious selections and rejections, at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle for scene-shifting, the step ladders and demon-traps, the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred constitute the properties of the literary *histrion*."

But while it is very true that the poets are hashful about letting the public view them at these crucial moments, it may prop-

"cautious selections and rejections, painful erasures and interpolations," occur not far apart in the facsimile, so that the single reproduction of the opening lines on this page shows both of them. The first occurs at the seventh line, which, as a glance will show, is quite crossed out. But the process of it is interesting. First, Keats evidently wrote the phrase,

"Like Clouds that"

Then he saw that *that* was not the word he wanted, and, with a fresh idea in mind, he crossed out *that* and wrote *whose bosoms*, so that the line stood:

"Like Clouds that whose bosoms"

Then, clearly, he felt that *bosoms* needed an adjectival modifier, whereat he deleted *bosoms* and wrote *thundrous bosoms*. But again the phrase failed to satisfy his critical sense, and reluctantly the pen was drawn through *thundrous bosoms*, and Keats made a fresh start altogether.

In the very next line there is another striking illustration of the development of a somewhat commonplace couplet into a passage of supreme poetry. Originally the lines ran:

"Not so much life as what an eagle's wing Would spread upon a field of green-ear'd corn."

The phrase, *what an eagle's*, was then deleted in favor of a *young vulture's*—hardly an improvement, as Ernest de Sélincourt, who writes the introduction to the volume, points out—and so the passage was left. Then at a later time, when Keats came to read through what he had written, he found these two lines unsatisfactory. He cancelled them, and across the right-hand side of the

HAUNTING LINES.

Interesting Comments by Mr. Barron.

VALLEJO, April 20, 1905. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In his fascinating little essay on "The Indestructibility of Poetry," appearing in a recent number of the Argonaut "H. A. L." refers to some lines from a translation of the Odyssey by one whose name is now forgotten.

It is true I fancy that Mortimer Collins is not even a memory to most, even the closest, readers of poetry, but to me at least—who as a boy wandered at will in the faerie land of middle nineteenth-century verse—the name of the author of "The Ivory Gate" comes fresh and keen. Although, for



John Watson Murray, author of "Memoirs of a Great Detective." Published by the Baker & Taylor Company.

more years than I care to remember, I have not seen the thin little book which endeared Mortimer Collins to me, I can still recall part of "The Ivory Gate" and the lines referred to by "H. A. L.":

"When, loved of poet and painter, the sunrise fills the sky— When night's gold urns grow fainter, and in depths of amber die— When the morn breeze stirs the curtain, hearing an odorless freight, Then visions, strange, uncertain, pour thick through the Ivory Gate. Then the oars of the Argives dip so silently into the sea, That they wake not sad Calypso, and the hero wanders free."

Woe is me! The rest has gone from me! But for me these few lines of "The Ivory Gate" contain thrice the magic of Virgil's sonorous original, and are even more en-



Illustration from 'Ivory Gate' by Mortimer Collins. Published by Harper & Brothers.

charming than the Gate of Dreams as Spenser depicts it. Though one of Spenser's "Ivory Gates" always seemed to me to be particularly applicable to the verse arrangement of "The Faerie Queene," it is worthy of any John o' Dreams. You remember: "And there, to us he in his number soft, A tinkling stream from high rock tumbling down, And ever falling upon the lofts, Of eddies, a murmur, ring, ring, like the sound Of swarming bees, or of a host in a swain. Under nose, nor peep'st thou, as thou dost, At the walled town, nor the walled town, Nor the walled town, but careless quiet lies

Wrapped in eternal silence—far from enemies." But to return to Mortimer Collins. I remember his verse almost fondly; yet, I confess, it inevitably brings to mind the time of the Fourth George and the Fourth William—the period of the dandyisms of Pelham, Gentleman, and the philosophic immoralities of Ernest Maltravers—the era, if you like, of Captain Costigan and Major Pendennis. Of this time Collins's poetry reflects, not so much the tawdriness, as the sentiment of the tawdriness—a sentiment artificial and pretentious—the sentiment of a rococo hero. You find it in some other lines of his:

"On the far dim line of the wine-dark deep Fell a saffron curtain of windswept sky— While a few gold orbs climbed the aerial steep, Where a crescent moon hung high."

Rococo, rococo, and, like the wailings of Tom Moore, rightly consigned to oblivion. There are some lines of things Californian which are as haunting as any I know. Take these—by Joaquin Miller, I think:

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue— A woodpecker pounded a pinetop shell, While a partridge whistled the whole day through, For a rabbit to dance in the chaparral; While a gray grouse drummed: 'All's well! All's well!'"

The rhythm of this may not be quite comparable with Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," but



S. E. Kiser, author of "Charles the Chauffeur." Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

it is vastly superior to the music of Kipling's:

"'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long, She paws the 'ole night through— She won't take 'er feed 'cause a-waitin' for 'is step."

And this, too, is as genuine music as ever Apollo and Marsyas piped.

Again—to descend from poetry remotely sublime to that approximately ridiculous—who can tell me the author of these verses, redolent, as they are, of the redwoods:

"A cabin in the timber stands— In that new country— A lodge I builded with my hands— In that new country. I go to market with a gun; I'd rather fish for food than fun— And fiddle when the day is done— In that new country.

"A ready rope is all our law— In that new country— No hailiff's grip, no taxman's maw— In that new country— We keep our money in a mine— On johnnycake our ladies dine, And all the girls are superfluous— In that new country."

One might imagine Jack Hamlin singing that lightly along some mountain trail; or Colonel Starhottle, genteel and belligerent, roaring it hoarsely to the rattle of applauding glasses on a Stanislaus bar.

EDWARD BARRON.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In an English inn, where some laborers were sitting one evening, mathematics became the topic of conversation, when one of the company propounded the old-time problem: "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, what would three herring cost?" There was silence for several minutes while all sat smoking and thinking. At last one of the thinkers spoke: "Bill, did you say 'errin' or mackerel?"

Little Charlie was very fond of watching his mother dress. One day, when she was brushing her hair, he exclaimed: "Mamma, why does your hair snap so?" "Because there is so much electricity in it," she replied. Charlie sat looking at her for a few moments very thoughtfully, and then he could contain himself no longer, when he burst out with: "What a queer family we must be! Grandma has gas in her stomach and you have electricity in your hair."

A short time ago some men were engaged in putting up telegraph poles on some land helonging to an old farmer, who disliked seeing his wheat trampled down. The men produced a paper by which they said they were allowed to put the poles where they pleased. The farmer went back and turned a large hull in the field. The savage heast made after the men, and the old farmer, seeing them running from the field, shouted at the top of his voice: "Show him the paper! Show him the paper!"

A teacher in a Boston public-school was seeking to give her hobs a definite idea of what a volcano was; therefore she drew a picture of one on the blackboard. Taking some red chalk she drew fiery flames pouring from the summit of the volcano, and when the drawing was done, she turned to the class before her, and said: "Can any of you tell me what that looks like?" One hoy immediately held up his hand, and the teacher asked: "Well, Joey, you may tell us." "It looks like hell, ma'am," replied Joey, with startling promptness.

An elderly gentleman opposed to the use of tobacco approached a young man who stood on a street corner smoking a cigar, and asked him, severely, "How many cigars a day do you smoke?" "Three," was the reply. "How much do you pay for them?" he went on. "Fifteen cents each," replied the young man, patiently. "Do you realize," went on his inquisitor, "that if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you would own that big building on the corner?" "Do you own it?" inquired the smoker. "No," was the response. "Well, I do," said the young man.

A young bride was recently invited to a bridge luncheon, and after spending a delightful afternoon was told by her hostess that she was in debt \$75.00. Unaware that she had been playing for money, she was horrified at the idea of having to ask her husband for the necessary amount. She mournfully

confided her woes to him, and he immediately wrote a check for \$76.50, and sent it to the hostess. The hostess, believing that a mistake had been made, informed him that he had sent \$1.50 too much. However, he returned it with the curt statement that the \$75.00 settled the bridge score, and the balance was for his wife's luncheon.

John G. Johnson, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, is a well-known connoisseur of paintings, antiques, and curios. A New York dealer brought recently to Philadelphia for Mr. Johnson's inspection a vase. It was a painted Chinese vase, and the dealer hoped that it was very rare and ancient. Mr. Johnson studied it in silence. "It is, sir," said the dealer, "a fine antique, eh? Remarkably old and good, don't you think, sir?" Rubbing the lenses of his glasses with his handkerchief, Mr. Johnson answered, gravely: "The painting of the vase bears every evidence of being ancient, which is all the more interesting from the fact that the vase itself is undeniably modern."

General Frederick Grant tells how, at a certain military post in the West one night, just after the sounding of "taps," a detail was called for from one of the companies to bring from the married quarters to the guardhouse a private who had been beating his wife. First Sergeant Mulligan called for Corporal Needham and Privates Clancy and Moore to form the detail. The corporal and Private Moore at once got up from the cots and dressed for duty, but apparently Clancy was fast asleep, although but a moment before the appearance of the sergeant he had been animatedly conversing with his fellow-soldiers. "Come, Clancy," said the sergeant, poking him in the ribs, "get up." Whereupon the Celt in great disgust arose, exclaiming as he did so: "Why don't ye wake some wan that aint asleep?"

A student once asked the French alienist Esquirol if there were any sure tests by which to tell the sane from the insane. "Please dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock was the answer of the savant. The student accepted the invitation, and found two other guests present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy, and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher, he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some lines, but the other is as certainly a lunatic, and ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol, with a smile. "That quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father, whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honoré de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

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 Letters from an Oregon Ranch, by "Katharine."
 My Lady of the North, by Randall Parrish.
 Old Man's Idyl, An, by Wolcott Johnson.
 Religion and Art, by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.
 Theodore Thomas, edited by George P. Upton.

A. M. ROBERTSON.

From Crypt and Choir, by Louis Alexander Robertson.
 In the Footprints of the Padres, by Charles Warren Stoddard.
 Long Ago and Later On, The, by George Tisdale Bromley.
 Testimony of the Suns, The, by George Sterling.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS.

Carte de Lecture Française, by Misses Gay and Garber.
 Complete Pocket Guide to Europe, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Thomas I. Stedman.
 El Cautivo de Dona Mencia, by Don Juan Valera.
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 Le Verre d'Eau ou Les Effets et Les Causes, by Eugene Scribe.
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 Far and Near, by John Burroughs.
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Illustration from J. S. McLain's "Alaska and the Klondike." Published by Henry Holt & Co.

Matrimonial Bureau, The, by Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taher.
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 Wasps Social and Solitary, by George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham.
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 Minister as Prophet, The, by Rev. C. E. Jefferson, D. D.
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 Socialism and Social Reform, by Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., LL. D.
 Social Theory, by John Bascom.
 Tragedie of Hamlet, The, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.
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 Wealth of Nations, The, by Adam Smith.

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My Mamie Rose: The Story of My Regeneration, by Owen Kildare.
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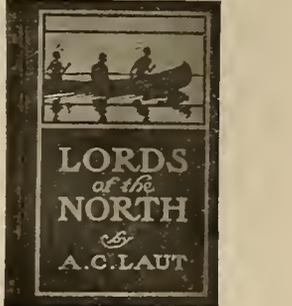
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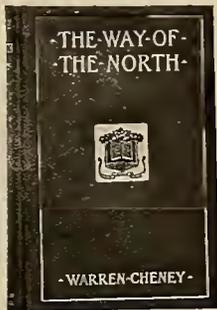
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The scene of Edward Uffington Valentine's novel, "Hecla Sandwith," is a mining town in central Pennsylvania, the time half a century ago. It is an epoch when the newly discovered coal-fields were being opened out, and the iron industry was receiving fresh impetus from the introduction of more modern methods of manufacture than had hitherto prevailed. Among the people, also, it was a period of transition. The old Quaker communities, merging with the new life flowing in, were forgetting the customs of the forefathers, only the older generation retaining still the thee and thou and the sober raiment of their sect.

For the opening scene a picturesque moment is chosen. It is the time of the yearly lighting of the charcoal-iron Hecla Furnace, the great money-maker which has founded the fortunes of the Sandwith family, and Hecla, the old Quaker ironmaster's daughter, is the one to apply the torch. From this ceremony, fraught with portents for the coming year to the minds of the superstitious workmen, the story passes on to the life of all the community. With singular vividness these days of fifty years ago are revived, the shifting currents of Hecla's life lending them a deeper interest. Her story is a romantic one, and the molding of her character through the changes of her fortunes is done with skill.

From every point of view the book will be read with interest. The style is graphic, the characters well conceived, and the scenes

acter of the early Russian pioneers, both of the peasant and the military class, is carefully described, but the story, although not lacking in dramatic features, is related in rather a sober and restrained manner, and the material is expanded over too wide a surface. An interesting feature of the book



Cover design from Doubleday, Page & Co.

is an accurate description of the storing of the season's pelts secured from the Indians in the great storehouse of the Russian Fur Company, which paid tribute to the Czar.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

A Quaint Tale of a Cornish Town.

An old-fashioned story of old-fashioned people is Arthur Quiller-Couch's latest, a novel with the pretty title, "Shining Ferry." This author loves to delve in the ancient chronicles of ancient towns and families, and his taste gives a quaint, old-time flavor to his stories, which are not at all suited for rapid devouring by omnivorous novel-readers. But the connoisseur in fiction, who appreciates a literary style and enjoys the atmosphere and tradition of some drowsy old English village, will like this quiet, leisurely recital of life in the little Cornish seaport. Stories weird or exciting Mr. Quiller-Couch can tell with the best. But "Shining Ferry" is flowing and diffuse rather than dramatic and centered, and the town characters that drift in and out of the story are many. The vigorous simplicity of their thought and speech, portrayed by a writer who loves and understands the type, has a restful quality, and it is easy to conceive that a home-sick Cornishman would feel himself back in his native village, while reading old Nicky Vro's gossip with his passengers.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Divorce the Theme.

A conservative and purely Latin view of the question of divorce is afforded in Grazia Deledda's "After the Divorce," a novel of peasant life in Sardinia, which has been translated by Marie Horner Lansdale. The author, while expressing no religious views on the subject, evidently regards it from the religious standpoint, from which marriage is a sacrament. In her story, the simple-minded peasant heroine is urged by the counsels of her mother, poverty, and the effect of prolonged separation on her attachment to her husband—who, although innocent, is serving a long term as a murderer in the galleys—to sever the bonds that unite her to him, and espouse a second husband. Time proves that this second union, which is popularly regarded by the neighbors as unhallowed, to be a mistake. The writer exerts all her literary talent to impel the reader to fall in with this view, and to influence him to a conviction that marriage should



Illustration from "Diplomatic Mysteries," by Vance Thompson. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

he and is a permanently hindering tie.

The story affords an interesting glimpse into peasant character, but—as is so often the case in novels which exhibit the simplicity, poverty, and superstition of the European peasant—is a little depressing.

The book is interspersed with many vivid descriptions of the lonely but beautiful territory surrounding the dismal Sardinian village which is the scene of the story, and one feels that the writer herself turns with relief from her records of human griefs and follies to look upon the face of benign nature which has made her land so fair.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.



Maurice Hewlett, author of "Fond Adventures." Published by Harper & Brothers.

of a bygone time are rich in a picturesqueness that leaves memories behind not soon forgotten.

Published by the Bohhs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

An Athenian Maid's Abduction.

A tale of ancient Greece is "The Golden Hope," by Robert H. Fuller. It is in the time of Alexander the Great, of Macedon, and it follows the triumphs of his arms from the destruction of Thebes to the conquest of Persia, when he became ruler of all the world of his day. It is a big canvas that Mr. Fuller has undertaken to fill, but he is equal to the task. From beginning to end the story is crowded with historical figures. Demosthenes, Alexander, Ptolemy, Darius, and a host more of the lesser men of classic time, live again in the pages, while the scene shifts from city to city with the advance of Alexander's army. The customs of the people, their dress, their feasts and pageants, their superstitions, all things that go to make up a picture of the times, are written of with a minuteness that shows conscientious research.

The romance is furnished by the abduction of an Athenian maiden and the quest for her by her lover and his two sworn comrades. All three follow Alexander's army, and their adventures are stirring and numerous. It is a tale which leaves behind something to remember. The dry details of history gain vividness, and find a lasting lodgment in the mind.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

"The Way of the North."

"The Way of the North," a romance of early Alaskan days, when the Russians ruled in the Far North-West, has been written by Warren Cheney, the California author, who has taken much pains to give the story local color and some historical flavor. The char-



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AN EPISODE OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

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A CHARMING little romance based on the love-story of Napoleon III. and Eugenie. There are six beautiful illustrations by Charlotte Weber, and the volume is especially distinguished by its decorative scheme in violet—"the flower of destiny" of the Bonapartes.

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Easily first in interest among recent books of travel is "Through Isle and Empire," by Vicomte Robert d'Humieres, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, and with an appreciative letter of preface by Rudyard Kipling. A Frenchman's view of English institutions is always piquant, but these sketches of a neighboring nation and race are much more than the hasty jottings-down of a casual tourist. The chapters on England are the result of many sojourns, extending over ten years' time, and, for the latter half of the book, material is furnished by two winters spent in Egypt and by a fifteen months' journey through India and Central Asia. As a consequence, the impressions collected are those sifted out as most worthy of preservation from a mass of material. Necessarily, the topics discussed are old, English theaters, actors and playwrights, the British cult of the home, the manners of the Englishman, his hospitality, his snobbery, all these things are commented on with a lively wit and a freshness of thought that continually brings out new aspects to well-worn themes.

M. d'Humieres is a shrewd and original thinker. He pierces below the surface of things, and gives to these studies of the English people, in the varying environments of home and the remotest quarters of the empire, the value that belongs to penetrating and long-continued observation.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The memoirs of Arminius Vambéry, professor of Oriental languages in the Univer-



Hugo Munsterberg, author of "The Eternal Life." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sity of Buda-Pesth, published in two volumes under the title, "The Story of My Struggles," form an autobiography first, and a book of travels secondarily. Professor Vambéry has had a singular, and, in some respects, a unique career. A Hungarian Jew, he began life in extreme poverty, and in later years, through his remarkable experiences as an Oriental traveler, he gained such eminence that he was extensively lionized, especially in England, where his book, descriptive of his travels, met with particular favor. It was the success of this early work, the most notable of his books, that impelled him to set down the story of his life in full.

The autobiography tells of early privations and struggles against heavy odds, until the culmination of his ambition is reached and he finds himself in Constantinople. There, transformed into a Turk, as far as appearance and manner of living were concerned, he applied himself to acquiring the versatility in Oriental languages for which he is distinguished, and at a later period, disguised as a mendicant dervish, he set out on the journey through Central Asia which forms the most remarkable chapter of his life.

Aside from the repetition of events already narrated in earlier works, the volume offers much of interest. Many eminent personages are met with in its pages, and the naive egotism of the recital, exulting in his rise from poverty and privations, is disarming from its very candor.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The great south-eastern peninsula of Asia, made up of Burma, Siam, Indo-China, and Malaya, is the subject of a volume by Hugh Ford, called "Further India." It is a history of the exploration of this region, from remote times down to the present day. The Golden, the name applied by early travelers to the lands east of the Ganges, has had a well-defined place on the maps

of geographers for comparatively few centuries. Its mightier neighbors have eclipsed it, and it is only since the beginning of the nineteenth century that detailed explorations have made its resources known. The story of this land of mystery is an absorbing one all through the varying phases, from its first invasion by Oriental traders to the discoveries of the Portuguese, and through the adventures and expeditions of latter-day explorers. The author is well equipped for his task, for he possesses the imaginative faculty in a high degree, bringing out all the romance of the story, while at the same time the detailed and accurate information gathered together by careful research makes the book a standard work of value. An abundance



Virginia Frazer Boyle, author of "Serena." Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

of excellent maps and plentiful illustrations add much to the enjoyment in reading it.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

It is a long step from the haze of mystery and fascination that surrounds these little-known lands to the well-heaten tracks followed by Joel Cook in his two latest books, "France" and "Switzerland and the Rhine." Both of these works will be exceedingly popular with intending tourists and with returned travelers as well. They are too expansive in scope and too sumptuous in make-up to be called guide-books, but they are well adapted to be supplementary to guide-book literature. Mr. Cook's plan is to give a general description, sometimes a very detailed one, of the places of interest to be seen in the countries traversed, and he furnishes also a very full account of the historical attractions encountered. Opening with the crossing of the English Channel, and stopping by the way to consider the points of



Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah." Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

interest on either coast, he follows the route to Paris, by way of Calais, thence to Provence, and on to the Mediterranean, after taking in all the most traveled portions of France.

Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

A book that will attract the attention of all who are interested in the exploration, opening up, and settlement of that once trackless region west of the Mississippi, formerly known as "The Wilderness," is Frederick S. Dellenbaugh's "Breaking the Wilderness." Mr. Dellenbaugh in his time has been a great traveler in these regions, having been over nearly all of the historical trails and lived, through summers and winters, under the open sky of these regions. He was also

a member of the Powell Colorado River Expedition in 1871-72. He discusses many aspects of the life of the wilderness, taking up the Indian question and the wrongs inflicted by the white man upon the "Amerind"—a term adapted for convenience by ethnologists to distinguish the American Indian—and the gradual corruption of the native race through contact with the conqueror, together with a survey of the different Western tribes and their characteristics. Famous trappers and explorers—De Soto, Mackenzie, Pike, Kit Carson, and others have their careers and explorations in the wild country reviewed. All told, the book, with its numerous illustrations and its systematically arranged narrative, is a valuable contribution to literature concerning the Western wilderness.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.50 net.

Another book bearing on early explorations in America is a reprint of the Baron Lahontan's letters and descriptions of his voyages in North America. Lahontan, a young Frenchman of noble family, who came out to Canada in Frontenac's time, and who at an early age was detailed to important commands because of his skill in forest diplomacy, soon got "the wander-lust" in his blood. He headed several parties of explorers in the Iroquois country, and with a literary skill that subsequently charmed European readers, wrote accounts, freely idealized, of the sylvan life of the savage in the wilderness. The majority of the wanderings recounted actually took place, but geographers have discredited Lahontan's records because of the spurious character of a re-



Guy Wetmore Carryl, author of "The Garden of Years." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

print of the discovery of a River Long which never existed. "Lahontan's Voyages to North America" has been edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL. D., who adds to Lahontan's narrative—with its original title-pages, maps, and illustrations—an introduction, notes, and index by himself.

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THE BEST OF THE BIOGRAPHIES.

An Overpraised Critic—Biographies of Pitt and George Eliot—Ruskin's Letters—Ten Frenchmen—Lives of Other Notables.

As an Irishman, James Douglas, author of "Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic," is a contradiction. He has Celtic loyalty, but he lacks the Celtic sense of humor which should have told him that in his laudations of his hero he has made both himself and the subject of his rhapsodies ridiculous. The volume might almost be classed as fiction, so far from facts does the author stray in depicting the greatness of the man he has Boswelled. For, truth to tell, Mr. Watts-Dunton is not transcendently great; not even internationally great; or, to be exact, even nationally great. There are plenty of well-informed English people to whom the name of Watts-Dunton is only vaguely known—something they have seen in "Who's Who" or in literary gossip. Others know of him as the housemate and close friend of Swinburne. And a few are aware that he



Illustration from "Emerson: Poet and Thinker," by Elizabeth Luther Cary. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

is a literary critic who does good work, who has written a fairly readable novel, "Aylwin," and considerable verse, much of which is above the average. But by no means is he, as Mr. Douglas says, "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age." He has not "built up a new optimistic philosophy of life." Nor is he "the most original poet since Coleridge," or superior to Thackeray as a novelist.

Whatever the book contains of value is mostly embraced in the gossip of the great people whom Mr. Watts-Dunton has met. Also, there are in the volume many of Mr. Watts-Dunton's literary criticisms, which are well worth reading. There are reproduced some interesting photographs of "The Pines," the residence of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton; but, as a particular aggravation, nothing has been allowed to go into the book regarding the daily life there.

Published by John Lane, London and New York; \$3.50 net.

The story of the life and times of Constantine, Emperor of Rome early in the fourth century, is told in James Firth's "Constantine." Beginning with the empire under Diocletian, the author tells of the persecution of the church, of Constantine's succession to the throne on Diocletian's abdication, and of the great changes in the world's history that took place under the rule of this first Roman emperor to be converted to Christianity. Mr. Firth places himself in the attitude of an impartial recorder of facts. His volume, on that account, is of more value than are those by authors who fight over again the religious battles of Constantine's time.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A new edition has been issued of Mathilde Blind's "George Eliot." This edition is illustrated, and contains supplementary chapters on "George Eliot at Work," "Her Friends and Her Home Life," and an exhaustive bibliography by Frank Waldo. Since it was first issued, in 1883, Mathilde Blind's biography has been looked upon as one of the best of George Eliot, written, as it was, by a woman whose own literary attainments were not insignificant, and who was fortunate in having secured a vast deal of hitherto unused material regarding the subject of her work. In its new form, and with the additions made, the value of the work is much increased.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

In "Chatham," Frederic Harrison has written a good, readable, mainly sound monograph on William Pitt, whom he styles "the founder of the Empire." But he errs in classing Pitt as a statesman, when, in fact, it was as an administrator that he was

most eminent. His ideas were based on British sea-power, navigation, and commerce; and it was he who not only raised the navy from 8,000 to 50,000 men in time of peace, but his militia was the foundation of the army that defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. The author classes Lord Chatham with Mirabeau, Danton, Washington, Patrick Henry, and Charles Fox as a speaker. "Their speeches," he says, "were strokes of statecraft and calls to action."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25 net.

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Frontispiece from "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Published by Harper & Brothers.

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Sunset Magazine for May.

The May number of *Sunset Magazine* is unusually rich in both illustrations and reading matter. "The Real Luther Burbank," the



first article, by Professor Edward J. Wickson, of the University of California, is comprehensive, and is inspired by a thorough knowledge on the author's part of his subject. George Sterling is represented by a beautiful sonnet, "To a California May Queen," and fiction is contributed by Joy Lichtenstein, Edith Lloyd, Sam Davis, and others. Charles S. Greene and Gelett Burgess are represented, and there is much entertaining miscellany.

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[Curious parallelisms in literature are not uncommon. Very frequently, indeed, the reader hits upon passages in prose and verse wherein the writer has duplicated the phrases of some one else or developed similarly a kindred idea. One of the most extraordinary parallelisms, or, rather, series of parallelisms, of this sort, is that embodied in the four following poems, all of which are entitled "Telling the Bees," and all of which deal with the exceedingly ancient superstition—at least four or five thousand years old—that, when a death occurs in a household where bees are kept, some one must go out to the hives and tell the bees over and over of the fact, else they will leave their hives and disappear. It is easy enough to see from the general style and tenor of the poems that not one of the three American writers knew of the classic poem that Lang translates, or of each other's ventures. Had Field or Miss Reese known of Whittier's "Telling the Bees," neither would have duplicated the title, an odd one, and it may be that neither would have written a poem on the subject. The "long arm of coincidence" is here alone responsible. It is interesting to compare the four poems on precisely the same theme, and to note the divergencies in the manner of treatment. The classic poem is (we regret for the credit of the modern poets to say) easily the best.—Eds. ARGONAUT.]

Telling the Bees.

Naiads, and ye pastures cold,
When the bees return with spring,
Tell them that Leucippus old
Perished in his hare-hunting,
Perished on a winter night,
Now no more shall he delight

Ever their murmuring seemed to say:
"Child, O child, the grass is cool,
And the posies are waking to hear the
song
Of the bird that swings by the shaded pool.
Waiting for one that tarrieth long."
'Twas so they called to the little one then,
As if to call her back again.
O gentle bees, I have come to say
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,
And we know by the smile on grandfather's
face
He had found his dear one's bidding-place.
So, hees, sing soft, and, hees, sing low,
As over the honey-fields you sweep—
To the trees a-bloom and the flowers
a-hlow
Sing of grandfather fast asleep;
And ever beneath these orchard trees
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.
—Eugene Field.

Telling the Bees.

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow
brook.
There is the house, with the gate red-
harred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-
yard,
And the white horns tossing above the
wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-
o'er-run,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.
A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun
glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.
There's the same sweet clover-smell in the
breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I rushed off the burrs, and smoothed my
hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and
throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed—
To love, a year;
Down through the heeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep
near.

I can see it all now—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eves.
Just the same as a month before—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the
door—
Nothing changed hut the hive of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway
sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.
And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on—
"Stay at home, pretty hees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

"Two Argonauts in Spain."

A new edition of "Two Argonauts in Spain," a volume of travel-sketches by Jerome Hart, which originally appeared in the columns of the *Argonaut*, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York (\$1.40 net). The second edition is identical with the first, except that putting the hook through the press again has given opportunity to add largely to the number of illustrations. These are interesting. One shows the inner harbor of Barcelona, with its huge ships from all over the world; another represents the streets of the city with its crowds of men and women in picturesque attire; a third shows the market place at Cordova; a fourth the curious Almodovar Gate at Cordova, and still another the elaborately beautiful façade of the Ayuntamiento at Seville. There is also a full-page picture of the Giralda Tower. The new edition has been printed upon a thinner though no less attractive paper than the first, and the volume is consequently not quite so hulky.

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In the hives he used to tend,
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—Paraphrased from the Greek by Andrew Lang.

Telling the Bees.

Bathsheba came out to the sun,
Out to our walled cherry-trees;
The tears a-down her cheek did run,
Bathsheba standing in the sun,
Telling the bees.
My mother had that moment died;
Unknowing, sped I to the trees,
And plucked Bathsheba's hand aside;
And caught the name that there she cried
Telling the bees.

Her look I never can forget,
I that held sobbing to her knees;
The cherry-boughs above us met;
I think I see Bathsheba yet
Telling the bees.
—Lisette Woodworth Reese.

Telling the Bees.

Out of the house where the slumberer lay
Grandfather came one summer day,
And under the pleasant orchard trees
He spake this wise to the murmuring bees:
"The clover-bloom that kissed her feet
And the posie-bed where she used to
play
Have honey store, but none so sweet
As ere our little one went away.
O bees, sing soft, and, hees, sing low;
For she is gone who loved you so."
A wooder fell on the listening hees
Under those pleasant orchard trees,
And in their toil that summer day

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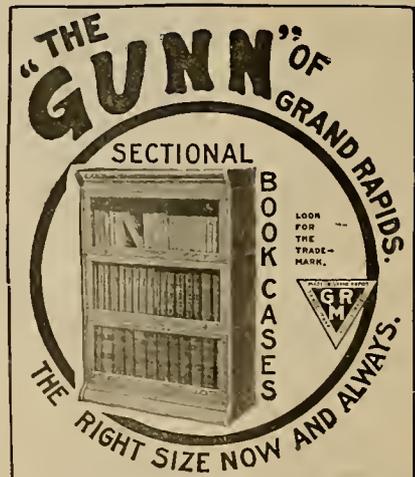
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It might be argued with a certain cogency that the very unusualness of the idea, coupled with the unusualness of the two writers; their acknowledged originality and the common trend of their minds, might make the coincidence possible; that in view of their evident affinities their developing of a peculiarly similar idea might be not surprising but almost a thing to be expected. And yet, must it not be regarded as a miracle and share with all miracles the element of doubt? A fact of importance is that "The Club of Queer Trades" is highly entertaining. Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

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Why is a comic paper so called?

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What is a Publisher? A man who is blamed if a hook doesn't sell, and ignored if it does.
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Chesterton Castle, co-author of "Rose of the World." Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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David Graham Phillips, author of "The Plum Tree." Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A Wood-Nymph and Various Knights.

"The Dryad," by Justin Huntly McCarthy, is a romance wherein is deftly compounded a mingling of medievalism and mythology, true love and love gained by enchanted philters, knightly tournaments, and magic feats of arms. The scene is in Greece, during the feudal times when the French held possession. Through the Athenian forest, once peopled by gods and goddesses now long departed, wanders the valiant knight, young Rainouart, son of the reigning Duke of Athens. In this fairy-haunted region two women strive for his love, one the dryad Argathona, immortal and eternally young; the other the wicked Esclaramonde, heroine of half a hundred amours. A daughter of the immortal gods who gives her heart to a mortal lover is no new theme in poetry and romance, but Mr. McCarthy has given

some surprising turns to it. A wood-nymph caught in the intrigues of the knights and ladies of a medieval court is a new figure.

It is a spectacular romance, with the color and pageantry of feudal days blent in with the story. Men and women are quick to love and hate, and the clash of arms is continually resounding. All the men are brave, all the women beautiful, and primal emotions hold sway. In the closing scene, the wicked arts of Esclaramonde are laid bare, and a dramatic climax is reached such as may be looked for from the author of "If I Were King."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Sea-Stories in Variety.

Another volume of Mr. Morgan Robertson's tales of rough-and-ready sailor life is out, and "Down to the Sea" contains, in its dozen or more stories, an assorted collection of sensations that will please the tastes of the grave, the gay, and the morbid. Finnegan, cheerful toper and pet of the ship, will be warmly welcomed as the hero of several of the humorous stories; but the strangest and most striking tale is "The Mutiny." In this story a ship is manned by some half-dozen apes who have been trained to their work by an English sea captain, a brutal Colossus, to whom the emotion of fear is unknown. His subjugation of the powerful beasts is suddenly brought to an end by his rash introduction, while in a state of intoxication, of a female ape on board, and the story, which is related in a tone of calm acceptance of the reader's credulity, ends in a sort of awful epic of brute carnage. In sight of a terrified witness, the strongest of the amorous brutes exterminates his foe one by one to prove his right to his simian lady's favor. "The Shark" will be interesting to the landsman, as showing the superstitious terror of sailors when the ship is persistently followed by one of these, their hereditary foes; and in other stories, while rather disdaining probabilities, the author spins some highly entertaining sea yarns.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A Successor to "The Lightning Conductor."

The globe-trotter, once more at home and resting after his pilgrimage is over, will want to look up Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's companion volume to "The Lightning Conductor." This book, entitled "The Princess Passes"—the "princess" being the nickname of an American heiress of beauty and charm—has all the good features of their popular earlier work: a charming and



Mrs. C. N. Williamson, co-author of "The Princess Passes." Published by Henry Holt & Co.

piquant love-story, with plenty of humor attending its development, lively wit, enthusiastic pleasure in the beauties of the route, and many graceful word-sketches of the scenery of Northern France and Switzerland, the Italian lakes, and the Valois Alps. The tourist characters of the book divide their mode of locomotion between automobiling and carrying out a very successful Alpine walking tour, during which the heroine, in the disguise of a boy, succeeds in making a deep impression on the heart of the unconscious hero; improbable, but romantic and interesting.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Salty Sea Yarns.

An old salt spins his yarn in "The Belted Seas," by Arthur Colton, and in the short time devoted to the telling he travels leagues of land and sea, and covers thirty years in time. His tale of many ships and many cruises begins with an account of a certain remarkable

hotel kept by him, which was, as he relates, "put up by Smith and Morgan in New Bedford and run in South America." The Hotel Helen Mar was, in fact, a merchant vessel in its first beginnings, and the transformation took place when it was carried by a tidal wave from the shores of the Pacific to the foothills of the Cordilleras. How it remained there propped up in the trees twenty feet above ground and was run as a dividend-paying hotel, patronized by the drivers of passing mule-trains and traveling tobacco planters, makes a capital story. This is only one of a jumble of odds and ends stored in the old sailor's memory, and they are told in nautical phrase with a fund of dry humor that makes them diverting reading.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish May 15th Paul Elmer More's second series of "Shelburne Essays." The book will contain essays on the Elizabethan and Shakespearean sonnets, an essay on the late Lafcadio Hearn, which first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other papers dealing with prominent English and American literary figures.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

"King Edward the Shrewd," or, indeed, the Wise," is, according to the famous Paris correspondent of Truth, the title a near posterity will give to his present majesty.

Professor J. D. Quackenbos, formerly a professor in Columbia University, and an authority on hypnotism, says he believes the success of Marshal Oyama in the present Manchurian campaign is due to his hypnotic power and highly cultivated knowledge of telepathy.

John Ridgely Carter, who succeeds Henry White as first secretary of the American embassy in London, is one of the most popular men in the British metropolis.



Illustration from "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," by Charles F. Warrick. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

strikingly handsome man: tall, with black hair, dark eyes, and brilliant white teeth. He is a good conversationalist—witty himself and highly appreciative of the wit of other people.

Uriel S. Crocker, a Boston lawyer, who made a specialty of drawing wills, in his own will left his \$750,000 estate to his widow (his second wife, who had been his stenographer) in trust to pay herself the income for life, with the right to give such of the annual income as she felt she did not want to such of his three sons as she might select.



Charles L. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith." Published by the Century Company.

and to dispose of the trust estate after her death among these sons and their heirs as she wished. The sons contested, alleging fraud and undue influence, and a jury so decided, and upon appeal the supreme court sustained the jury's finding.

George B. Cortlyou, in his amateur way, is one of the best sportmen in Washington, and his condition is that of an athlete keyed to the hour. He learned to ride as a youngster who had to have a "leg up" to mount, but once on board he took like a burr.

man. It was a training that bred in him the love of outdoor exercise, and which sends him out on long, swinging walks whenever he can get free from official harness.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Right!

How doth the little grizzly bear Shudder at his own shadow, For, soothly, these be parlorous times Out there in Colorado.

—New York Mail.

Love Changes Things.

He used to think her "long and lean," But, though she has not changed at all, Since they're engaged he hath not seen A creature "so divinely tall."

—Philadelphia Press.

The Heiress.

"The title follows the girl."—Senator Depew. The heiress at her shining mirror stands— Toys with her glittering millions, more or less— And murmurs, "Am I pretty? Well, I guess! I hold the future in these jeweled hands." Now for a gay career in wedlock's bands— Not with the native product—such a mess Were monstrous. Heinrich, Duke of Limburg-Pless, Arrives and bears her off to foreign lands. Hers is the empty title; his the gold Amassed in honest pork to spend and bet In one continuous round of jaggling joy. Aye, even as Paris in the days of old



Frederick Lawrence Knowles, author of "Love Triumphant." Published by Dana Estes & Co.

Among his pals with glee blew in the net Proceeds of Helen's laundry-work in Troy. —Eugene Geary in Judge.

The Punishment of the Pun.

When Words were coming forth from ink in Pen and Paper Land, And Verbs and Nouns were marching by beneath the Writer's hand, And Sentences, like straight platoons, filed onward, one by one, Into the concourse suddenly there hopped a little Pun, A horrid little, torrid little Sassy little Pun.

"Halt, where you are!" a Proper Noun immediately spoke;

"This case is serious, of course—a pun can be no joke.

Come, hasten hither, Verbs and Nouns, and say what shall be done

To rid the English language of this cheeky little Pun,

This law-defying, jaw-defying, Bouncing little Pun."

Two long, sad Adverbs seized the Pun and dragged him, pale and sick,

Before the high tribunal of their Judge, the Rhetoric,

Who, glaring through his specs exclaimed, "The prisoner's offense is

Vagrancy and obtaining laughter under false pretenses.

Obtaining smiles by tricks and wiles And other false pretenses.

"With good and stately English words he's played the very Nick—

He says a lamp is wicked, just because it has a wick!

Two doctors are to him a 'paradox,' he blandly states—

He says the Tree of History can bear no fruit—but dates!

That Tree for him, on bough and limb, Can bear no fruit—but dates!

"And so, to fit his many crimes, I'll name a sentence black— To serve for forty-seven years in a drug-store Almanack, To dwell with base, Defective Verbs and Double Negatives, With False Constructions, Damaged Jokes, and Split Infinitives— To join the hordes of bandit Words And split Infinitives."

The Pun to prison limped away; but ere the week was past, He left the hateful Almanack to see the world at last,

For he was seen and rescued by a Vaudeville Barn-Stormer

Who took the Pun and made of him a one-night star performer—

Though years have run, alas! that Pun Is still a star performer.

—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

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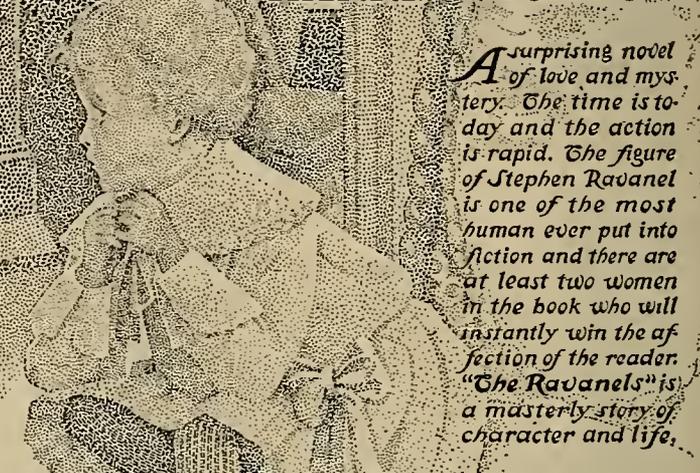
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BOOKS ON ART.

New Publications of Special Interest.

The spring output of books bearing on the subjects of painting and pictorial art generally, ranges over a wide field. Under the head of biography may be grouped two volumes. One, "Verrocchio" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.00 net), a learned work denoting close study and profound knowledge of quattrocento art on the part of the author, Maud Crutwell. "Verrocchio" contains a comprehensive study of the genius and the completed works of this great sculptor, one of the most progressive artists of the Renaissance, but one whose general fame has been overshadowed by others whose art he helped to form. The book is enriched with numerous fine photographic illustrations of Verrocchio's works.

The other volume, called "The Makers of British Art" (\$1.25 net), is devoted to a biography of Thomas Gainsborough, R. A. The author, A. E. Fletcher, acknowledges his indebtedness to many sources for much of the material used, and has written a long, leisurely, gossipy chronicle of Gainsborough's life, his social and artistic affiliations, and his influence on contemporary art. The book contains such excellent copies of many of the most famous

York) includes a general view of the plastic art from the era of the Greek ascendancy during the time of Praxiteles to the immediate present. The volume has numerous beautiful illustrations that form a contemporaneous accompaniment to the text.

The fifth volume (including the letters S-Z) of "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" (Macmillan Company, New York; \$6.00 per volume) is out, and will give those interested in art an opportunity to complete their set, as this is the final volume. Like the preceding ones, it contains handsome full-page copies of the notable works of the more famous artists in the list. "Old Masters and New" (Fox, Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50) is a collection of scattered art papers by Kenyon Cox, which have appeared in various periodicals during the last twenty years. Mr. Cox disclaims any idea that his work amounts to a systematic history of art, but pronounces the purport of the book to amount to a general view of the progress of painting since the sixteenth century. The essays are very interesting and authoritative, in that they contain the views of a man of broad mind, and one who is a technical worker in the province wherein he judges of the artistic personality and production of many notable painters.

The J. B. Lippincott Company is about to issue volume one of the French Men of Letters Series, or "Montaigne," by Edward Dowden. This will shortly be followed by books dealing with Villon, De Vigny, Rousseau, Sand, Gautier, Rahelais, Daudet, Merimee, Lamartine, De Musset, Flaubert, Balzac, Hugo, Moliere, Voltaire, Dumas, and De Maupassant. Each volume will have a frontispiece portrait of the subject, a bibliography, and an index.



The much-discussed statue of Aphrodite.

portraits of this renowned specialist as to make the price surprisingly low.

"Medieval Art" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.00 net), as its title indicates, is a work of more general interest to the connoisseur. The author, W. R. Lethaby, deeply persuaded of the value to posterity of many historical works of art, has embodied in a thick volume a general view of Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic art, and an estimate of the art value of many famous statues and structures constructed in the medieval period, including various representations in sculpture, painting, and architecture. Accompanying critical analyses of these works are several dozen full-page plates, and a number of smaller illustrations, exhibiting much interesting detail in architectural ornamentation, and outlining the ground plan of a number of famous cathedrals and temples.

Russell Sturgis, author of "The Artist's Way of Work," has written another art manual, this time with sculpture as the subject. Mr. Sturgis speaks with the authority of one closely identified with the artistic movement in America, but "The Appreciation of Sculpture" (the Baker & Taylor Company, New



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The growth of these clubs has been coincident with the marvelous development that has made San Francisco the wonder of the world. Her advanced educational institutions, the culture and refinement of her homes, the beauty of her streets, parks, and public buildings, seem rather the result of centuries of civilization than the product of a little over half a century. And in this growth the women's clubs have played no small part. Originally founded for study along literary lines and for mutual improvement, their aims and objects to-day are limited only by the needs of the individual and the city at large.

Laurel Hall Club, which was founded in 1876 by Mrs. Buckmaster-Manson, is the oldest club in San Francisco, and, indeed, except for the Ebell of Oakland, the oldest in California. Originally known as Laurel Hall Association, it was intended as an auxiliary of her seminary; really an association of the faculty and the alumnae. But with the passing out of Mrs. Buckmaster-Manson from the management of the seminary, the association became known as Laurel Hall Club. The club has always maintained its high literary standing, and has been, in fact, the kindergarten for nearly every other club in the city. It has numbered among its members many of the brightest and brainiest women of San Francisco. To have passed through a Laurel Hall experience is an edu-

tion, strictly speaking, not a club, but an association of the women writers of this Coast, with headquarters in San Francisco. Mrs. Emelie Y. Parkhurst, daughter of John Swett, the well-known educator, founded the association in 1890 for the promotion of acquaintanceship and good fellowship among the women of the Pacific Coast actively engaged in writing or illustrating. Miss Ina Coolbrith, Miss Mary Fairbrother, Miss Grace Hibbard, and Miss Rose O'Halloran are some of the association's celebrities.

But these clubs, as well as many others, like the Contemporary, the Clonian, the Schumann, the Mills, the Philomath, the Corona, the Papyrus, the Tea Club, the Spinners, the Sketch, and the Cap and Bells, mostly concern the individual. Many of them have fine courses of lectures, excellent lines of study that broaden and improve their members, gradually fitting and equipping even the ordinary woman for active part in the workaday club that seeks out and remedies the evils—social, political, and moral—that lie at our doors.

It is quite out of fashion to sneer at the "woman's club," to deride "learned papers," gleaned from encyclopedias, or to laugh at strange rulings. The "club woman" is as



Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton.

ing more than goes on at her own fireside—is none the less a good mother, wife, or sister because she helps to brighten her own life by coming in contact with others, and to bring to those less fortunate than herself help, light, and encouragement.

The better club woman a woman is, the finer she is in her domestic relations. But all women are not good club women; there are drones in every hive. G. Bernard Shaw says: "The domestic career is no more natural to all women than the military career is natural to all men," and the chances are that a club woman who falls short in her home life would do so if she never saw the inside of a club. Club life means growth, and growth is life. The large, more active clubs, the clubs that are "doers of deeds," are composed of women who have served novitiates in the small study clubs.

If no other, one good work has been accomplished by the Council of Women in San Francisco, and that is the opening of the public schools in certain districts to the public at times outside of regular school hours. The buildings are used evenings for lectures and concerts, afternoons for mothers' classes and clubs, and the yards on Saturdays and holidays for playgrounds by the children in the congested districts.

"The essence of true civic work in any city must be in a simple and patient continuance in the education of public opinion and public officials, until finally the end of some long-desired good is attained," Dr. Dorothea Moore wrote in one of her reports while at the head of the civic department of the California Club. This club is the outgrowth of a meeting called in December, 1897, to consider a proposition offered by Mrs. Lovell White to organize a civic club, such as exist in Denver, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities of the East. A civic club formed with aims and objects differing widely from those avowed by sister organizations appealed to the women of the city,



Mrs. Lovell White.

and they have since gone on with the "simple and patient education of public opinion and public officials."

"Wisdom is knowing what should be done next, virtue in doing it," is the watchword of the California Club, and true to this, they set about securing a boys' playground. Before the club had attained the dignity of a birthday, an open-air gymnasium, fully equipped, with a superintendent salaried by the club, was in full swing after school hours, and all day on Saturdays and holidays. Circulating libraries were also placed in the offices of the District Telegraph, and the club was looking about for other work to do. But work is never lacking when there are willing hands, and the California found itself facing problems that required skill, tact, and patience. To help others to help themselves is the true spirit of philanthropy and civic work. When it had been fully demonstrated that the boys' playground was a benefit to the boys and the community, the board of education was asked to take it over and to establish others. This has since been done. The founding of the girls' Porteous Club and the prompt and hearty response from the girls in their own government and self-support, were other steps in the right direction.

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education in itself. Its women have become educators, or at any rate, organizers of clubs and disseminators of club lore. Nearly all of the prominent clubs of San Francisco, and some of those across the bay, owe their existence to the efforts of Laurel Hall Club women. Mrs. George W. Haight, ever a foremost figure in California club life, a woman of marked literary attainments, a parliamentarian, and sometime president of Laurel Hall Club, was one of the leading spirits in the organization of the Town and Gown Club of Berkeley. Mrs. W. B. Carr and Mrs. Willard B. Harrington, before assisting in the organization of Sorosis, passed through Laurel Hall, as did Mrs. Whitney, one of the founders of the Forum. Mrs. I. Lowenberg, of the Philomath, and Mrs. Hewlett, of the Century, Mme. Tojetti and Mrs. Brandt, so closely identified with the progress of the California Club, were also early Laurel Hall members.

The Century is one of the if not the most exclusive of the city's clubs. A glance at its roll reveal the names of many of the stately matrons who so frequently figure as chaperons and patronesses of society events.

The Sorosis membership in which is a test of your social standing in the community—is a literary and social club organized eleven years ago. While not avowedly philanthropic, it has on more than one occasion given nobly of time and money, perhaps never more than in its aid to the Red Cross during the Spanish American War. Mrs. Akin H. Vail, the present president of Sorosis, is one of the eight brilliant women who have successfully filed that office.

The Forum Club, which will soon celebrate its tenth birthday, is, as one of its members remarked, a "restful" club, with curbing of the strenuous rush of the civic study clubs, but providing always interesting and instructive programmes at its Wednesday meetings. Their cozy club rooms at 23 Sutter Street, open daily from nine



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JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Incidents of His Career—His Own "Rip Van Winkle" a Failure—Lincoln in the "Rescue"—Jefferson as a Poet.

It is a curious fact that Joseph Jefferson's first appearance as Rip Van Winkle was a failure. He first felt the desire to play the part in 1849. He was then with Charles Burke, who, himself, had dramatized Washington Irving's story, and played the title-role. Jefferson played Seth. Burke's play did not amount to much, but Jefferson saw great possibilities in it, especially in the line, "Are we so soon forgot?" which seemed to him full of beauty and pathos. Then, in 1860, he wrote his own version of the play, but it was a flat failure, and Jefferson was censured as a "stock comedian tempting fate as a star."

Disheartened, he abandoned the play, but the idea of enacting the title-role did not leave him. In 1865, he had Dion Bouccault put Rip into drama, and the play was put on in London with a success that was instantaneous and lasting.

Prior to this time Jefferson's lines had not been in pleasant places. His first wife died in 1861, and this, in connection with the failure of his play, left him heartbroken. He came to San Francisco, and then went to Australia. While there he announced his intention of putting on a new play, "The Ticket of Leave Man." This being the popular designation of convicts who had been deported to Australia from England, the idea was looked upon by the public (largely ticket of leave men) with great disapproval. Jefferson was warned, over and over again, that the result would be disastrous, and that he would be mobbed. Still he persisted, and on the evening of the first production of the play the theatre was crowded with hard characters, ready to do violence to the players. But, to their surprise and gratification, the play turned out to be one in which the principal character, the ticket of leave man, was a hero instead of a villain. The success of the piece was immediate, and Jefferson was the idol of the town.

Jefferson tells an interesting story of how his father and company were rescued from a distressing predicament in Springfield, Ill., arriving there they used the last of their funds in building a small theatre. There was a religious revival in the town, the leaders of which not only denounced the players, but persuaded the town council to impose

a heavy license upon the "unholy calling." The actors were in despair, when they were visited by a young lawyer, who offered, in the interest of fair play, to have the license fee reduced. He appeared before the council, and in an eloquent speech, filled with logic, pathos, and interspersed with anecdotes which raised roars of laughter, won his point. The lawyer was Abraham Lincoln.

Jefferson was very fond of fishing for green trout (black bass in every State but Louis-



Joseph Jefferson in his famous rôle of Rip Van Winkle.

iana) and had an old Uncle Eph on his plantation who accompanied him on his trips as boat paddler. Louisiana bayous can not be waded as California streams are, so the angler sits in the bow of the boat and casts while the boat is propelled by the paddler, who sits in the stern. On one of these excursions, Old Eph, after hours of silence, broke out: "Marse Joe, can't you cut up er little in de boat fer me?"

"Uncle Eph," the actor replied, "I would cut up for you, as you call it, if I thought you could understand it; but you are uneducated, and people who understand acting must have some schooling."

With this he went on casting as Uncle Eph paddled through some new stretches in the bayou, when Eph again said: "Marse Joe, mebbe you think I aint gwine ter pay yer, but if you cut up a little for me in de boat, I'll work a monf fer yer fer nuthin'."

"It isn't that, Eph. I don't want to appear foolish to even you. If you had sufficient schooling to comprehend the kind of cutting up I do in theatres in the city, I'd act a half an hour for you right here in the boat."

Another silence for a few more reaches of the bayou, when Eph, with a sort of injured air, blurted out: "Marse Joe, I knows yer aint no circus actor."

"How do you know, Uncle Eph. I am no circus actor?"

To which Eph replied: "I seed yer git on er hoss, and yer awful awkerd."

The actor's recollection of his first stage appearance was when he was mounted on the shoulders of a tragedian, who, amid pistol-shots, was crossing a shaky bridge. To the child the situation was dangerous, and, to save himself, he caught the actor by the hair. "Let go!" was the command, but the youngster took a tighter hold, and off came the actor's wig and head dress, exposing an entirely bald cranium to the audience.

Upon one occasion, when he was addressing a class of students, Jefferson was asked why he did not introduce a real dog Schneider into "Rip." "If I had brought on a real dog," he said, "he would never have pleased every one because each one had a special idea of what sort of a dog Schneider ought to be. And if the tail of the dog of realism had wagged once at the wrong time it would have spoiled everything."

E. C. Benedict furnishes the New York Tribune with some verses on immortality, written by Jefferson. One day last summer, while Grover Cleveland, Mr. Benedict, and the actor were together, the conversation turned upon the future life. Jefferson said that he had been "scribbling some doggerel upon the subject," and recited the following:

"Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from man to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.
The ugly creatures,

Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope:
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, 'I'm sure of our salvation.'
Said number two, 'I'm sure of our damnation':

Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens sbun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,

That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."

'Come, come, cheer up,' the jovial worm replied,
'Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we can not fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,

A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have not wings?
If we can't skim the air like owl or bat,
A worm will turn "for a' that."
They argued through the summer; autumn nigh,

The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding-sheet.
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon.
All through the winter's chilling blast they lay
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.
Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;

She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
Two butterflies ascend encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall forever be
A sign of immortality."

Jefferson died rich. He owned an island in Louisiana, said to be worth a million dollars. He owned the business centre of West Palm Beach, Florida, and other property there. His Buzzard's Bay property is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and he held mortgages on property in many parts of the country.

A dramatic recital of Maurice V. Samuel's play, "The Florentines," was given in New York on Tuesday by Harry Steigner.

John Drew in "The Duke of Killicrankie," will be an early Columbia Theatre attraction.

About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over seventy years ago, Lea & Perrins first put on the market a table sauce known as



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It has since gained a world-wide reputation; therefore, many manufacturers have used the name Worcestershire, and some even called their crude imitations the "genuine." But the Original and Genuine is Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce.

Take No Imitations!

Do Not Be Deceived.



"Of all the beautiful pictures That hang on memory's wall,"

one that I would not willingly part with is that of Julia Marlowe's Rosalind. It is one, too, that almost slipped through my fingers. I balanced its prospective joys, one day, during Miss Marlowe's engagement here against the attractions of the Sound Money League Parade! All the world and his wife were sipping the excitement of the streets, except for the lucky ones who chose Rosalind. By my choice I gained a lasting picture so exquisite that I can not afford to lose it.

What blind chance it is that gives us these memory pictures. Somebody, perhaps, once asked us to see Booth in "Hamlet." We went and gained a remembrance so precious and lasting that it is as much a part of ourselves as the poetry we memorized in our teens. Or we happened by some equally lucky chance to see Adelaide Neilsen in Cymbeline. And lo! a blank space on the wall



Julia Marlowe as Juliet.

of memory glows like a cathedral window with prismatic hues of poetry and beauty. And Julia Marlowe as we first saw her—what an enchanting vision of girlhood she was! And yet with her changeful face and flexible art, difficult to fix in the mind in permanent form. Who can forget her Olivia, her Rosalind, her Juliet, her Chatterton? Her Rosalind was different, less vivid and glowing than the other; more like a picture of a picture than a woman—a pure, white-robed figure, lily in hand, looking, in its niche, down the dim aisles of memory, like the angel of the annunciation. And now she comes to us as a being of another kind, as Beatrice, child of mirth, arch, mocking, elusive, yet loyal and loving.

In all the wide range of Shakespearean comedy, Beatrice is one of the most difficult female characters to represent. It is no easy feat to obtain the seeming of a constant flow of high spirits through a five act play, and Beatrice is saddened and subdued only for the brief space during the accusation against the honor of her cousin. At all other times she deals in the mock, the jibe, the retort courteous, and repartee seasoned with the laughter of a merry heart. And her wit must not offend. "She speaks poniards and every word stabs," says Benedick, but Beatrice's interpreter must not let the prick go too deep.

"Much Ado About Nothing" was written in those fortunate years when laughter comes more instinctively than sadness. But Shakespeare's art was yet so ripened as to allow him full command of his powers of

expression. The text of this comedy has no such purple passages as ornament that of "Twelfth Night"; but lightness and joy remain almost constantly the themes. The young lords returned from the war, and sojourning at Leonato's house, are all for quick-kindled love and ready frolic. They meet in Leonato's garden, and straightway engage in a contest of wits. Merry plots and counterplots to bring confusion to their companions abound. Laughter is as free as the air they breathe, and Benedick and Beatrice are the high priest and priestess of mirth. It is not the almost cruel mirth of the unfeeling crew in "Twelfth Night," but the gaiety that is born of youth and a light heart.

Miss Marlowe has probably reached that stage in her artistic career when there is more of intellect and less of natural ebullency in her simulation of Beatrice's high spirits. Nevertheless, she does it beautifully. Hers is not merely a pretty face. With its mobile features, its dark eyes that tell of the soul of the idealist, the cleft, rounded chin that bespeaks character and a mouth that matches the chin—a merry mouth with a double row of large pearls that jewel Beatrice's delightful smile—Miss Marlowe's countenance almost seems the natural home of mirth. Almost, but not quite. I look for more truly inspired work from her than her Beatrice, in which is missing something that has evaporated with the dew of her early ardor.

Julia Marlowe is now accounted as the leading tragedienne of the American stage. Her rare gift in the poetic drama has sometimes been a source of embarrassment to its owner, for she has been obliged too often to turn it to lesser uses. At times, when she has looked in vain for plays best fitted to her pliant and delicate art, it has seemed as if she were born either ahead of or behind her time. In this commercial age, poetry, except in a few faithful hearts, is almost at a discount. It is such women as Julia Marlowe that help to keep the flame alive. But who shall deny the possibility of a great revulsion in the future? Strong flavors pall soonest on the palate. Perhaps in a decade from now the public, with cloyed palates, will turn against the representation of sanctioned sensuality or pretty puerilities. Perhaps the poetic dramatists of the future are even now fledgling writers acquiring a strong distaste for the highly spiced dishes that are offered to appease our dramatic appetites. But in any event, spirituality is not dead within us. No matter what our religious beliefs, it is to the spirit rather than the senses that the truly great dramatists must appeal. And if it be true that Julia Marlowe's worldly misfortune has been that she could not sink to the level of her time, her gift is the greater that it has remained pure and unswayed.

Mr. Sothern is a worthy partner in this Shakespearean enterprise in that he, too, has high ideals, and a disdain of the merely banal in dramatic art. With these traits, Mr. Sothern unites a healthy recognition of the necessity of keeping strictly in view the practical side of an artist's career. He once tabulated in the following way the requirements of an actor's art:

First, character; second, the management of his career; third, the necessity of remaining simple and natural; fourth, alertness in watching the action of life; fifth, incessant work.

Adherence to the standards thus set has told in Mr. Sothern's career. He is so popular an actor that, like Miss Marlowe, he is too valuable to be given up by the usually fickle public even during his occasional excursions into that well-trodden field, the Shakespearean drama. His Benedick is excellently played. More of romance and less of mirth is his special province, but by one of those dextrous shiftings of the actor's art he turns the natural gravity of his face to good account.

Mr. Sothern's recognition of the importance of practicalities has sometimes induced him to blend with the finer expression of his art some of those more obvious effects which please the general public. Something of this tendency shows in Benedick's ardent scene; but the whole scene was an interesting exhibition of that histrionic ductility which enables an actor to use his art to such purpose as almost entirely to conceal his lack of real temperamental sympathy with what he portrays.

I do not believe that Benedick can be a favorite character of Mr. Sothern's. He inclines by preference much more to the serious and romantic. Benedick's jests, like those of Beatrice, have the fine old crusted flavor that appeals only to connoisseurs. The general public does not always see the joke, or else its familiarity makes it lose a point. What a pity that we can not some times shed for one evening all recollection of

Shakespeare's acting plays and sit down with unacquainted mind to listen to the magic of the story. Think of "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," or "As You Like It" coming to us as an untold tale! But, even so, I suspect that it would still be as it is now: that is, that the laughter accompanying Shakespeare's comedies would be more on the stage than in the audience.

They are rather poor laughers in the Sothern-Marlowe company. The women's mirth during the masque sounded forced, and it was only when Benedick produced his toothache that the plotters against his bachelor peace succeeded in raising a laugh that sounded genuine.

The company fills its part creditably, although it contains no particularly distinctive



E. H. Sothern as Romeo.

personalities. The general production is fine; and the piece is staged with many particularly beautiful settings, the church interior of the marriage scene being particularly elaborate and imposing.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given at the Alhambra Theatre on Thursday evening of last week by the Hidalgo Plantation and Commercial Company and La Zacualpa Rubber Plantation Company. There were shown to a very appreciative audience of nearly two thousand people, moving pictures and lantern slides, illustrating rubber and coffee culture and tropical life in the district of Soconusco, State of Chiapas, Mexico. Another lecture is contemplated.

Bryan's Information Bureau.

At "Bryan's Information Bureau," No. 30 Montgomery Street, you can obtain the pamphlets of any hotel or resort you want absolutely free of charge. Reservations for resort accommodations and stage seats also made without charge. This will save you lots of time. If you want information by mail send four cents in stamps.

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 Commencing next Monday. Second and last week evenings at 7:45 sharp. Matinee Saturday at 1:15. Charles Frohman presents E. H. Sothern at 7:15 a Marlowe in Shakespeare's tragedy.
== ROMEO AND JULIET ==
 Prices—\$1.00 to 50c. Sunday, May 14th—Chauncey Olcott.
 This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager.
 Good-bye to the favorites. Frank L. Perley presents Margaret Anglin, supported by Frank Worth for seven farewell performances.
 Monday night, Mariana; Tuesday night, From Front to Back; Wednesday night, Zira; Thursday night, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray; Friday night, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray; Saturday matinee, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray; Sunday night, The Marriage of Kitty. Next attraction—Florence Roberts.
 This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar" BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.
 Week commencing Monday, May 8th. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company in Mary Manning's greatest success, the City-Fitch comedy of ocean travel.
THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE
 With Miss Lawrence as Geraldine and John Craig in the Hungarian count.
 Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, May 15th—First San Francisco production of Vivian's Pappas.
 This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
 Week beginning (matinee to-morrow) Sunday Florence Stone and the Ferris stock company in the sublime historical drama
== JOAN OF ARC ==
 Fanny Davenport version. Florence Stone as the Maid of Orleans.
 Summer prices—15c, 25c, 50c. Bargain matinee Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Best seats, 75c.
 This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAYER, Props. Proprietors Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.
 Week beginning May 8th. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. A thrilling melodrama with plot and scenes laid in San Francisco, called
THE CRIMINAL OF THE CENTURY
 By Frank W. Winch. Strong dramatic interest. Good laughable comedy.
 Prices—Evenings 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. Next A Human Slave.
 This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

Orpheum
 Week commencing Sunday Matinee, May 7th. A Vaudeville Vision.
 Emmett Corrigan and Company; Mmc. Slapofski Layover and Tomson; Les Dahlias; Blouwell and West; Klein, Ott Brothers and Nicholson; William Tompkins; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of May Vokes and Company.
 Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.
 This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

ROCK SALT VERY PURE

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joan of Arc in Drama.

At the Grand Opera House, Florence Stone and the Ferris Stock Company, beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinée, will produce Fanny Davenport's version of "Joan of Arc," in which Miss Stone will appear as the ill-fated Maid of Orleans. This play was the last produced by Miss Davenport. The plot revolves around Joan and a soldier named



Mme. Slapofski, the English prima donna, who is to appear at the Orpheum on Sunday.

Nicholas, a spy in the service of the English. A quarrel takes place between the two, and Nicholas is worsted in a duel. He flies from the French camp and betrays her to the English. She is arrested in prison, and sentenced to be burned at the stake, and the play terminates with her farewell address to her countrymen at the place of execution.

Second Week of Sothorn and Marlowe.

The first week of the Sothorn-Marlowe engagement at the Columbia Theatre will come to a close with Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinée performance of "Hamlet," in which Sothorn appears in the title rôle and Miss Marlowe gives her conception of the rôle of Ophelia. On Monday night the co-star combination begins its second and last



Frank W. Winch, author of the new melodrama, "The Criminal of the Century."

week. The six nights and Saturday matinée will be devoted to an especially elaborate presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." Shakespeare's tragedy with these two stars in the leading rôles is sure to prove a strong attraction.

Fitch Comedy at the Alcazar.

The first stock presentation on this Coast of Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Stubbornness of

Geraldine," will be given at the Alcazar Theatre beginning Monday evening. The story briefly told is that of a young American girl courted by an Hungarian count. This young man is unlucky enough to have a brother who is an all around scamp, and a confusion of identity between them leads to complications, which, thanks to the stuhornness of Geraldine, are finally smoothed away. John Craig will play the rôle of the Hungarian count, the same part he essayed in New York with the original Geraldine, Mary Mannering. Lillian Lawrence in the rôle created by Mary Mannering will have a character suited to her talents.

Margaret Anglin's Farewell Week.

To-night (Saturday) at the California Theatre, Margaret Anglin will give her last performance of "The Eternal Feminine." Next week, the last of the Anglin engagement, will be devoted to a repertoire of Miss Anglin's greatest successes. The week will open with a performance on Monday night of "Mariana," which was given at a special matinée performance on Thursday of this week. Tuesday night will be given over to her performance of "Frou Frou." Wednesday night the hill will be "Zira," and on Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinée "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will be given. "The Marriage of Kitty" has been reserved for the good-by performance.

Favorites Reappear at the Orpheum.

Emmett Corrigan will reappear at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon with his company in his original one-act playlet, "Jockey Jones; or, The Day of the Handicap." Mme. Slapofski, the English soprano, who made her American début at the Orpheum, will return. Lavender and Tomson will present a skit entitled "A Touchdown," which furnishes a good vehicle for comedy work. It has to do with a typical pug who is taken for a football player, and a young woman who endeavors to lionize him. Les Dahlias, Parisian novelty and whirlwind dancers, will be new here.

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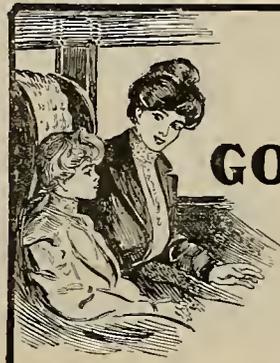
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The Theatre Magazine

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VANITY FAIR.

The Herald's account of the most brilliant of all the Easter parades that Fifth Avenue has witnessed is the most striking of them all, though all the papers agree that the spectacle was unusually gaudy. This is what the Herald has to say: "New York had its Easter parade with entirely new costumes, many of which had been imported at great expense. Overhead was a turquoise sky unmitigated by cloud, from which streamed rays of sun which gilded the finials of St. Thomas' Church and gave to the cathedral spires a touch of gold. The air was crisp and bracing, yet warm enough to permit the laving of furs and the donning of clinging light wraps. By twos and threes and little groups the persons of the spectacle were gathered in the churches. After the bells had sounded and choir and organ left and pulpit had begun the services of the day, companies from distant parts of the city arrived at the left and the right of the scene. They sounded the prelude which measured footfalls and the rustle of silken gowns. Then oaken doors were opened and there started in that antiodrome called Fifth Avenue the annual procession of the modes. In it were more men and women and children than have ever appeared before on such a day. Stoons and areaways and church-steps were filled with those who frankly gazed. Participants became spectators in turn, and hundreds gathered in side streets to view the throng of which they had so lately been part and were soon to join again. The company this Easter showed scores of novel styles and of new ways of wearing its clothes, and, taken all in all, its like will never be seen again.

"In the first place, the women only had half enough hats, so they had to do the best they could to make the supply suffice. That is why so much of the feminine headgear was without brims and a moiety of it had no crowns. It was a veritable phantasmagoria of millinery. There were green and cream turban-like hats shorn close to the ears of the wearers. Other hats were as flat as plain-tail leaves. They were insecurely moored in place, and to give the idea that they were what they were not and never could be, a topless crown of stiffened ribbon was sewed upon the plume of straw. None of the extraordinary styles of men's hats which have been promised were seen, for the glasses failed to reveal a pearl-gray derby or a violet beaver. There was only one tile of straw. Where are those false prophets who said this spring would see the sterner sex attired in green suits, like so many frogs? There was not a coat of emerald hue in sight, and only one mauve overcoat in fifty thousand. The hues of men's apparel were as simple as ever, and the accounts of the weddings and receptions for another year at least may be written with reference to the conventional garb. Concerning the women's gowns a different story must be told, for practically every color in the rainbow could be distinguished without the aid of a spectroscope. The hues which were most effected, however, were brown, blue, greenish blue, and light gray. There were light brown dresses, with hats surmounted by plumes, which began with the exact color of the gown and gradually shaded off to pure white. Long, clinging wraps were used, and gray coats, which nearly reached to the feet. By the way, what has become of those feminine spats? There were only two pairs in the Avenue, and they were worn by the only women who still had their furs out of camphor. One of the features was the display

of natural flowers which were worn or carried. American Beauties, daffodils, clusters of violets, arbutus, and orchids were the favorites. Scores of sprays of lilies of the valley were kept in the hands.

"Viewed from the roof of one of the great hotels, the scene in the Avenue was brilliant and animated. At the full tide streams of humanity filled the pavement at either side of the street, while up and down the roadway coursed thousands of vehicles. The procession extended in an unbroken line from Twenty-Third Street to the Fifty-Ninth Street entrance of Central Park, and, although the sources from which it increased were not visible, the sidewalks became so crowded that the pace was snail-like. Those who had carriages of their own gave the order to drive slowly, that they might see all there was on view. Top-heavy stages lumbered over the asphalt, surmounted by bright-hued millinery, the wearers of which watched the drift of flowers and feathers below. About St. Patrick's Cathedral at half-past twelve o'clock the throng was the thickest, and at St. Thomas's the church-goers left the edifice by the side doors, giving the front steps to the crowd which was using them as a reviewing-stand."

Charles Lorrimer, a correspondent of the Argonaut in China, gives an interesting account of the installation of telephones for the Chinese court. "The Empress Dowager of China," he writes, "has a new whim, and it is even more progressive than its predecessors. She has suddenly, without any warning to the astonished and conservative court, ordered the construction, without delay, of telephone lines connecting her own palace in Pekin with Eho Park Palace and the palaces at the southern and northern lakes which her majesty often visits during various portions of the year. In this way she can, without the delay of sending a messenger to any of these villas, receive the latest news of her flowering plum trees and of the unfolding of her lotus buds. So much for the satisfaction of the august pleasure! As a concession to the demands of business, the country palaces are to have telephone lines connecting them with the grand council room in Pekin and with the *waiwainpu* (board of foreign affairs) and the *hupu* (board of revenue). This will surely further complicate international affairs, for the Chinese idea of a conversation on the wires is to get as near the receiver as possible and shriek with full lung power. We may expect more muddling than ever with a better excuse. The telephone, by the way, is not to be adopted half-heartedly, but its name is to be actually incorporated in the language. Instead of being called as formerly *teh-li-fung*, the phonetic rendering of our expression, the empress dowager has now ordered it to be officially designated as *tien-lua*, or electric speech."

Andrew Carnegie held rather an odd dinner-party at his big house at Ninetieth Street and Fifth Avenue a few Sundays ago. For Mr. Carnegie was welcoming a new nephew-in-law in the person of James Hever, coachman and riding-master, who married his niece, Miss Nancy Carnegie, about a year ago. It was a regular case of the rich girl and her mother's coachman, with an elopement and a marriage in New York on the side. But the secret was so tightly kept that it never leaked out at all until the couple returned from a long honeymoon abroad with a baby daughter. Mr. Carnegie is reconciled to the match. "The public interest in this affair is ridiculous," he says; "my niece, Nancy, was married to Mr. Hever more than a year ago. They are very happy. The wedding was quiet, but there wasn't any objection. No, none of the family was there. I was abroad, and the rest of them didn't happen to be in New York. The couple went to Furone after the marriage. It was a real love match. He's honest, sober, and industrious, if he is poor. I prefer to have my niece married to a poor but good man than to a worthless duke. By the way [to the reporters] get that in—'worthless duke.' You see, we've got about all the rich men we need in the family. He's welcome." Miss Nancy Carnegie is the younger daughter of Thomas Carnegie. He died several years ago, leaving a big fortune to his widow. James Hever is an Irishman. He is said to be athletic and good-looking, and to have a hypnotic way with horses. He was a riding-master at Newport when he first saw Miss Nancy Carnegie. She was only a slip of a girl then, not yet out in society. James Hever taught her to ride. Afterward he became master of Mrs. Carnegie's stables at Pittsburg. Miss Carnegie grew up, and made her debut. People called her an "out-of-doors girl." She was strong, rosy, sturdy. Her pet diversion was cross-country riding. Hever used to ride with her as groom. She had chances to marry well, they say, in Pittsburg; but she didn't seem to care for "society" or "society" men. Then, all of a sudden, Hever left the Carnegie family and found work as a riding-master in New York, and the next thing that happened was the marriage. None of the Carnegie family was present. Andrew Carnegie was in Europe. Hever was a widower, with two children by

his first marriage. The couple went abroad at once.

The Duke of Manchester was asked by a reporter whether he had noticed Andrew Carnegie's comparison of dukes and coachmen in connection with the marriage of his niece, Miss Nancy Carnegie, to James Hever. The duke had, and was quite tart about it. "I was much edified," he said, "by Mr. Carnegie's announcement that he preferred a coachman to a duke as a nephew-in-law. Perhaps, all things considered, it is more appropriate. For once I am able to compliment Mr. Carnegie on his sense of fitness." That is a pretty good jolt—for a duke.

The delights of the South Seas have been discoursed upon both by Robinson Crusoe and Robert Louis Stevenson. Tahiti is the embodiment of the wildest of our childhood's dreams as to abundance—the land of beautiful rivers, mountains, fruits, and flowers, and the most generous and hospitable of natives. S. S. *Mariposa* sails for Tahiti May 26th. Reduced rate of \$125 round trip will be made for this voyage. Send for circular, 653 Market Street.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
April 26th	62	51	Tr.	Clear
" 27th	66	52	.00	Clear
" 28th	66	52	.00	Clear
" 29th	58	52	.00	Clear
" 30th	58	50	.00	Pt Cloudy
May 1st	58	48	1.04	Clear
" 2d	58	48	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 3, 1905, were as follows:

BONDS.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%.	17,000 @ 92 3/4	94	93	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	2,000 @ 105	104 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%	20,000 @ 118 1/4	118 1/4	115 1/4	115 1/4	115 1/4	115 1/4	115 1/4
N. Cal. Power 5%	1,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2
North Shore Ry 5%	17,000 @ 100	100	100	100	100	100	100
Oakland Transit 6%	2,000 @ 121 1/4	120 3/4	120 3/4	120 3/4	120 3/4	120 3/4	120 3/4
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	11,000 @ 104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 6%	5,000 @ 119 1/4	119 1/4	119 1/4	119 1/4	119 1/4	119 1/4	119 1/4
S. F. Oak. & S. J. Ry. 5%	2,000 @ 108 1/2	108 1/2	108 1/2	108 1/2	108 1/2	108 1/2	108 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	6,000 @ 109 1/4	109	109	109	109	109	109
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	6,000 @ 110 1/4	110	110	110	110	110	110
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906	8,000 @ 103-103 1/2	103	103 1/2	103	103 1/2	103	103 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1912	5,000 @ 113 1/2	113	113 1/2	113	113 1/2	113	113 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd	7,000 @ 110	107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2
S. V. Water 6%	6,000 @ 103-103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2
S. V. Water. 4%	3,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2
3ds.	5,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2
United R. R. of S. F. 4%	104,000 @ 88-88 1/2	88	88 1/2	88	88 1/2	88	88 1/2

STOCKS.		Shares.		Closed Bid.		Asked	
Contra Costa Water	160 @ 41	41	41	41	41	41	41
S. V. Water	715 @ 38 1/2-38 3/4	38 1/2	38 3/4	38 1/2	38 3/4	38 1/2	38 3/4
Powders.							
Giant Con.	130 @ 68-69	68	68 1/2	68	68 1/2	68	68 1/2
Sugars.							
Hawaiian C. S.	190 @ 85	85	85	85	85	85	85
Honokaa S. Co.	195 @ 20-20 1/2	20 1/2	21	20 1/2	21	20 1/2	21
Hutchinson	165 @ 16 1/2-17	16 1/2	17	16 1/2	17	16 1/2	17
Kilauea Sugar Co.	450 @ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.	455 @ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Onomea Sugar Co.	1,210 @ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Pauhau Sugar Co.	855 @ 23 1/2-24	23 1/2	24	23 1/2	24	23 1/2	24
Gas and Electric.							
S. F. Gas & Electric	290 @ 57-57 1/2	57 1/2	57 3/4	57 1/2	57 3/4	57 1/2	57 3/4
Miscellaneous.							
Alaska Packers	210 @ 87 1/2-88 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn.	170 @ 77 1/2-77 3/4	77 1/2	77 3/4	77 1/2	77 3/4	77 1/2	77 3/4
Oceanic S. Co.	20 @ 4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Pacific States Tel.	250 @ 102 1/2-104	102	103	102	103	102	103

The market was exceedingly quiet during the week, with few fluctuations. The sugar stocks have been steady on sales of 3,520 shares, with narrow fluctuations.

Spring Valley Water was in fairly good demand at 38 1/2-38 3/4.

Giant Powder has been in better demand, sales of 130 shares being made at 68-69.

Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone was sold down five points to 102 1/2, closing at 102 bid, 103 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was steady at 57-57 1/2.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Miss Grace Spreckels have returned from a short trip to the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Elizabeth Mills have taken the Lafare residence at San Rafael for the summer.

Rev. and Mrs. David M. Crabtree (née Hawes) have been sojourning at Hotel Tuexedo in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen, Miss Elizabeth Allen, and Miss Ruth Allen will spend the summer at their country residence at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Merrill and Miss Ruth Merrill were in Scotland when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and family departed on Monday for Europe, to be absent until September.

Mrs. H. A. Tubbs has departed for an extended tour of the East and Europe.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden has returned from fortnight's sojourn at Bakersfield.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has returned to New York.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, of Burlingame, spent part of the week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough and Miss Edith Chesebrough are spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer (née Ellinwood) are at Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy, Miss Mauzy, and Mr. C. Mauzy were recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Ehrman have returned to the city after an absence of sixteen months, during which time they have made tour of the world.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and family are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, who are abroad, are expected in New York during May.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch will be at San Mateo until autumn.

Mr. J. Carolan and Mr. H. A. Carolan are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Tibbetts are sojourning at the Hotel Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. Alfred Tubbs is spending the summer at Colusa.

Mrs. John Boggs, who has been East, and Miss Alice Boggs, after a visit in Montana, have returned, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Field are in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everett and Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Davis have taken the Washington residence in Mill Valley for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney expect to depart within a few days for Maine, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Wenzelburger and Miss Lalla Wenzelburger have gone to Mill Valley for the summer.

Mr. Aylet Cotton sailed on Tuesday for Jlamla.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davis are at Mill Valley for the summer.

Mrs. Augustus Costigan has gone to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Levis Blanding has returned from the Orient.

Mr. Xavier Martinez has returned from Mexico.

General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman will make Sacramento their future home.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was in France when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll have given up their apartments at St. Dunstan's, and will spend the months of May and June at the Hotel Kaiak.

Miss Etelka Williar, of Sausalito, has returned from the Philippines.

Miss Jane Wilshire has gone to Southern California for a sojourn of two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. Bowles have taken residence in Oakland.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick has been spending a few days at San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope are at Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene F. Loud have returned from Washington, D. C., and are at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mrs. James Spear has returned from Berkeley, and is at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. McNear and Miss McNear arrived from Honolulu on the Oceanic teamship *Coptic* on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Lorn has taken a residence on Jay and Spruce Streets.

Professor and Mrs. Sidney A. Tibbetts have been making a stay at the Hotel Tuexedo.

Mr. Edward V. Morgan, United States consul to Corea, sailed from here on Tuesday.

Mr. A. L. C. Atkinson, secretary of the Territory of Hawaii, arrived on the Oceanic teamship *Amameda* on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., have taken Edna Wallace Hopper's residence at San Leandro for the summer.

Among the recent guests at Hotel Tuexedo were Mr. and Mrs. F. Lainbourn, of Los An-

geles, Professor Herbert W. Long, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Aylsworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Albert N. Elliot, Mr. Lawrence T. Wagner, Mr. Knight White, Mr. W. E. Dassonville, Mr. Edward Pallett, Mr. W. Steinburger, and Mr. T. J. Brandenstein.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. A. G. Harvey, Mr. S. D. Rosenbaum, Mr. H. Newburgh, Mr. J. Lawson, Mr. J. I. Tobin, Mr. E. Lanel, Mrs. A. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. F. Baruch, Mr. W. Melendez, Mr. L. Hammond, Mrs. K. Norton, Mrs. L. H. Coy, Mr. and Mrs. T. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lederman, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Mr. and Mrs. J. Adelsdorf, Mr. M. Adelsdorf, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. MacBride, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marten, Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. Koozer, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Archer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Sonniksen, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Haven, Dr. and Mrs. John L. Benepe, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lion, of San José, Mr.



Jerome Hart and Helwan.

and Mrs. Landry C. Babin, Mrs. G. Phillips, Mrs. F. Whaley, Miss Emily P. Rhine, Miss Blythe McDonald, Mr. Dewitt L. McDonald, Mr. S. H. Chase, Mr. B. H. Finchback, Mr. B. E. Remmel, Mr. H. A. Hornlein, and Mr. P. Dwyer.

Russell J. Wilson died at his residence, 2027 California Street, on Monday. Mr. Wilson was born at Galena, Ill., and came here while young. He became a lawyer, and attained eminence in his profession. In 1898, he suffered a stroke of paralysis, which left him an invalid. A widow and two daughters, Miss Emily Wilson and Miss Charlotte Wilson, survive him. Other members of his family are two brothers, Mountford S. Wilson and John Scott Wilson.

The benefit given Mme. Modjeska at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Tuesday, netted about nine thousand dollars. Paderevski was unable to appear, but De Pachmann played, and Ada Rehan appeared in a scene from "The Country Girl." David Bispham sang, Mrs. Patrick Campbell recited, and Mme. Modjeska appeared in scenes from "Macbeth" and "Mary Stuart."

The California Club will give a bazaar and vaudeville show in the Palace Hotel on the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth of May. The ball-room, Maple Room, Marble Room, and conservatory have been engaged.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

A Breach of Confidence.

In a private letter to a friend, Mr. Jerome Hart, writing from Upper Egypt, inclosed a photograph of himself on his donkey Helwan, with some few heartfelt remarks beneath concerning that invaluable beast. Through a breach of confidence on the part of his friend we are permitted to print this effusion:

- Q.—What is this?
A.—It is the donkey Helwan and Jerome Hart.
Q.—Is Helwan guided by Jerome Hart?
A.—No, Jerome Hart is guided by Helwan.
Q.—Why is this?
A.—Because Helwan thinks he knows more than Jerome Hart.
Q.—Is this true?
A.—Very likely it is.
Q.—Will not Helwan go where Jerome Hart wants him to go?
A.—Yes, if he feels like it.
Q.—And if he does not feel like it?
A.—Then he goes the other way.
Q.—What does Jerome Hart do then?
A.—He goes along with Helwan.
Q.—Is Helwan a nice donkey?

REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the spring and summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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SOCIETY.

The Oliver-Smith Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Marion Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, to Mr. Roland Letts Oliver, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, "Arbor Villa," Oakland. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. J. K. McLean and Rev. Charles R. Brown. Miss Grace Sperry was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Marion Goodfellow, Miss Helen Chase, Miss Lucretia Burnham, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Winifred Burdge, and Miss Florence White. Mr. Edwin Oliver acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Traylor Bell, Mr. Stanley Moore, Mr. Hugh Goodfellow, Mr. Nathan Moran, Mr. Richard Hazelcine, Mr. Ralph

place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, 920 Polk Street. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. George W. Stone. Miss Ida Gibbons was bridesmaid, and Lieutenant Claude E. Brigham, U. S. A., acted as best man. A reception followed the ceremony. After their wedding journey, Lieutenant Shinkle and Mrs. Shinkle will reside at the Presidio.

The wedding of Miss Edith Manning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Manning, to Mr. Robert B. Bain, took place on Saturday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 2378 Union Street. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by Rev. William Kirk Guthrie. Miss Louise Slusher was bridesmaid. Mr. Frederick Bain acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Philip Clay, Mr. Horace Reed, Mr. William Manning, and Mr. Charles Bain. A wedding supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs.

Army and Navy News.

Major-General Samuel S. Sumner, U. S. A., arrived from the East on Monday, and will have command of the Division of the Pacific during the absence of General Arthur MacArthur, Sr., U. S. A., in Japan. Major-General Sumner is accompanied by Mrs. Sumner and by his aids, Captain Eugene P. Jervy, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. A. Higgins, U. S. A. Rear-Admiral George C. Reiter, U. S. N., sailed on Tuesday for the Asiatic station, accompanied by his flag lieutenant, Lieutenant John R. Y. Blakeley, U. S. N.

Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Jr., and Miss Lillie McCalla sailed on Tuesday for the Philippines, where they will join Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, Jr., U. S. N.

Captain W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on Tuesday.

Lieutenant Harry E. Hamlet, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hamlet arrived from Port Townsend this week on their way to Southern California.

Captain John F. Fleming, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fleming have been spending a few days in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Lieutenant Emery Smith, U. S. A., sailed on Tuesday for the Philippines.

Lieutenant Abraham Loeh, U. S. A., and Mrs. Loeh have sailed for the Philippines.

Commander George M. Stoney, U. S. N., died on board the United States steamer *Santee* at the naval academy, Annapolis, on April 29th. He was a native of South Carolina, fifty-two years of age.

The managers of the Hotel Vendôme, San José, have issued a most complete and explicit map, showing in detail the roads all over Santa Clara County, and the highways between San Francisco and San José, on either side of the bay. Even the streets of San José are shown. The map, which will be furnished free upon application to the Vendôme management, is intended especially for the use of automobilists.

To-day (Saturday) will mark the close of the racing season at the Oakland Track. The principal feature will be a race for the Farewell Cup.

Dr. J. J. Henderson,

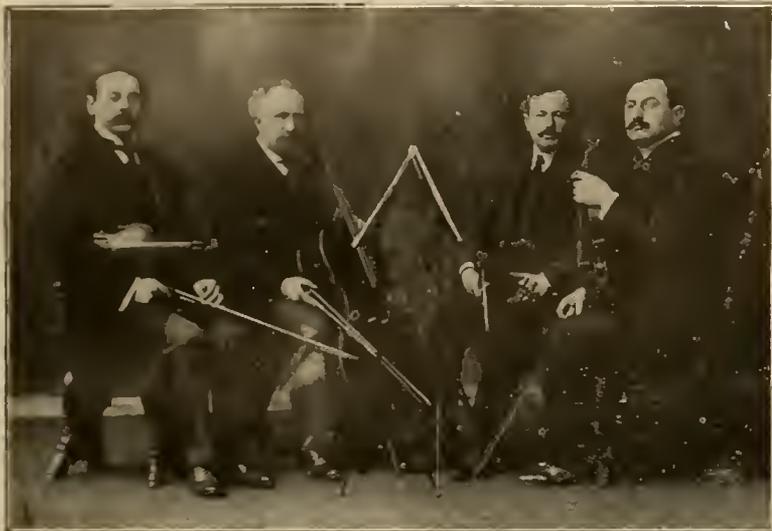
Oculist and aurist, has moved to the Dana Building, 218 Stockton Street, Union Square.

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The Kneisel Quartet: Frank Kneisel, first violin; J. Von Theodorowicz, second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola; and Alwin Schroeder, cello.

Jones, Mr. George Jensen, and Mr. Charles D. Bates, Jr. A reception and wedding supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver have gone on a wedding journey, and on their return will reside at Vernon Heights, Oakland.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie B. Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson, to Dr. Randall Croft Stoney, of Charleston, S. C.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Andrus, of Berkeley, to Mr. Nelson Shaw, of Portland, Or., son of Mrs. Clinton E. Worden.

The engagement is announced of Miss Susanne Montgomery, daughter of Dr. Montgomery, of Philadelphia, to Dr. Louis Brechemin, Jr., U. S. A. The wedding will take place in New York in October.

The wedding of Miss Helen Wagner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wagner, to Mr. Thomas B. Eastland, will take place on Monday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 711 Leavenworth Street. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock by Rev. Father Prendergast.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Tuttle, daughter of Captain Francis Tuttle, U. S. N., to Mr. Robert Armour, will take place on Wednesday, May 17th, at the Swedenborgian Church.

The wedding of Miss Margery Gibbons, daughter of Dr. Henry Gibbons, Jr., to Lieutenant Edward M. Shinkle, U. S. A., took

Bain, after a short wedding journey, will spend the summer at Belvedere.

The wedding of Miss Olive Hamilton, niece of Mrs. C. H. Harrison, of Sausalito, to Mr. Winslow Beedy, took place on Saturday afternoon at Christ Church, Sausalito. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. Mr. Maxwell. Miss Josephine Beedy was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Hamilton, Miss Minerva Hamilton, and Miss Helen Lindhart. Mr. Louis F. Beedy acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Josiah C. Beedy, Mr. Charles A. Wright, and Mr. Arthur Geisler.

The wedding of Miss Lulu Anne Yoerk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Yoerk, of Sacramento, to Mr. Eugene Neuhaus, took place in Sacramento on April 26th.

Mr. James D. Pbelan gave a dinner recently at the Bohemian Club in honor of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A. Others at table were Hon. James R. Garfield, Hon. George C. Perkins, Captain Mitchell, U. S. A., Lieutenant Long, U. S. A., Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Enrique Grau, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. A. A. Watkins, Mr. J. B. Lanfield, and Mr. Vanderlynn Stow.

Mr. and Mrs. Clara Martin Mann will give a dinner to-morrow (Sunday) at their residence, 3414 Washington Street, in honor of Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe. Covers will be laid for twenty-five.

The Musical Festival at Mechanics' Pavilion for the benefit of the Teachers' Annuity Fund has turned out to be a success. The children's choruses of 10,000 voices, the festival chorus of 1,000 voices, Innes' band, and all the other musical attractions have drawn large crowds. The festival closes to-morrow (Sunday) evening. There are two programmes daily, and general admission is only 50 cents, children 25 cents.

It is surprising to reflect that within a few miles of San Francisco—the top of Mt. Tamalpais—one of the most magnificent views in the world may be obtained. The ride up the mountain is full of delightful surprises, and the Tavern of Tamalpais is an ideal resting-place.

Fashion in Champagne.

Our New York correspondent writes that the predominance of Moët & Chandon White Seal at all fashionable functions is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and is said to agree best with a constitution taxed to the utmost by a strenuous society life.—*The Caterer*.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Ysaye's Concerts.

A week from Monday night, at the Alhambra Theatre, the violinist, Ysaye, with the assistance of an orchestra of fifty, will give the first of a series of six concerts. The regular advance sale of seats commences next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store. Prices range from seventy-five cents to two dollars. Ysaye will bring with him Jules de Befve, whose work in the control of the orchestra is a leading feature of the concerts, which will be given on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee. Among the selections which the management announces are:

Concerto, E-major, Bach; concerto, D-major, op. 61, Beethoven; "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns; hallade et polonaise; Vieuxtemps; concerto, No. 3, Saint-Saëns; "Siegfried Idyle," Wagner-Wilhelmj; rondo capriccio, Guirand; romance, Tschaiakowski; fantasia ecossaise, Bruch; "Fourth Concerto, Vieuxtemps; "Parsifal Paraphrase," Wagner-Wilhelmj; capriccio, Saint-Saëns-Ysaye; con-



Ysaye, the world's greatest violinist, who will appear at the Alhambra on Monday, May 15th.

certo, No. 1, G-minor, Bruch; romance, G-major and F-major, Beethoven; concerto, Mendelssohn; "Marche Heroique," Saint-Saëns; concerto, E-flat, Mozart; adagio et minuet, Bizet; "Symphonie Espagnole," Lalo; rondo capriccioso, Saint-Saëns; concerto in F. Lalo; prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; chaconne, Bach.

The Kneisel Quartet Concerts.

The series of concerts by the Kneisel Quartet will open Tuesday night at Lyric Hall, the first concert being under the patronage of the Twentieth Century Musical Club. The feature of the opening programme will be a work by Claude Debussy, one of the younger French composers. Beethoven and Hadyn quartets complete the evening's entertainment. On Friday night a special attraction will be the playing of the famous concerto for two violins by Bach. Messrs. Kneisel and Theodorowicz will be the performers. The quartets on this occasion will be by Brahms and Beethoven. On Thursday night a special concert will be given at the Hotel St. Francis, to which the public will be admitted at the same rates as the regular concerts. Seats for all the concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. The prices are \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

"The Mikado" to be Revived.

A revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's famous comic opera, "The Mikado," will begin Monday night at the Tivoli Opera House. Willard Simms will play the Mikado for the first time in this city. As Ko-Ko, the lord high executioner, Teddy Wehh will repeat a former triumph. Algernon Aspland has been specially engaged for Nanki-Poo, and William Schuster will play Pooh-Bah. Joseph Fogarty will appear as Pish Tush, which is one of his best efforts. Dora de Philippe will be Yum Yum; Grace Palotta, Pitti Sing; and Myrtle Bunn, Pee Boo.

New Play by Local Writer.

"The Criminal of the Century," a play by Frank W. Winch, a newspaperman of this city, who has made a study of criminology, will be put on at the Central Theatre on Monday evening. The play is located in and around San Francisco, and the manner in which the author obtained his central idea for the play is interesting. Mr. Winch, while going to Oakland on a newspaper story connected with a crime committed in this city, noticed a cluster of spiles sunk deep in the mud near the Oakland mole. It occurred to Mr. Winch that an inventive criminal might make this into an ideal hiding-place. The idea came to him of a platform, of a steel-room resting on it, and a chute for entrance. "The Criminal of the Century" was the result. The play has all local scenes—the Ferry Building, Meiggs's Wharf, Crowley's boat-house, and the harbor hospital.

M. H. de Young will erect a seventeen-story store and office building on Kearny Street, next to the Chronicle Building.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"No, I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you." He—"But if you are not—" She—"I said all our family."—Ex.

"Isn't the major a rather free imitator?" "I should say so. I've never known him to buy a drink in the last twenty years."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Bjones—"How wonderfully Mrs. Robinson carries her age." Mrs. Bsmith (sweetly)—"Yes, considering how much there is of it."—Ex.

The woman (looking at a hideous specimen)—"Oh, what a dreadful creature?" The man (with infinite relief)—"Can you see it, too?"—Harper's Weekly.

Grocer—"What is it, little girl?" Little girl—"Mamma sent me for a lamp chimney, and she says she hopes it will be as strong as that last butter you sent us."—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Pall—"Have you given anything to charity this year?" Mrs. Mall—"Yes, I have just sold all of my old clothes to my washer-woman for almost nothing."—Detroit Free Press.

Slimson—"Willie, they tell me you have the reputation of being the worst boy in school." Willie—"Yes, father, and I can tell you I didn't get it without a struggle."—Life.

Mamma—"Here's the man for that clock to be repaired. Get it for him." Tommy—"Where is it?" Mamma—"Upstairs, of course." Tommy—"Oh! I thought it had run down."—Ex.

Katie—"Tell me, Edith, what did you say when Charley proposed?" Edith—"Me? Oh, there was no occasion for me to say anything. Charley had said all that was necessary."—Boston Transcript.

Church-worker—"Would you assist us, good sir, to send a missionary to the cannibals?" Mr. Gotrox—"Not much—I'm a vegetarian—but I'll assist you to send them some easily digested cereal!"—Puck.

"Haven't you any ambition to work as your father did at your age?" "Certainly not," answered the gilded youth; "if I were to work what would have been the use of father's working?"—Washington Star.

"What's the matter, dear?" her mother asked. "I was just thinking," the beautiful heiress answered, "how terrible it would be if the earl should decide not to take papa's money on the ground that it was tainted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mamma—"When that naughty boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back at him?" Little Willie—"Huh! What good would it do to tell you? You couldn't hit the side of a house."—Washington Life.

"Now about these noomorous scandals," observed the Pochick philosopher, as he hit off a fresh chew of navy plug, "the situation is jest this: The papers say they wouldn't print 'em if the people didn't read 'em, and the people say they wouldn't read 'em if the papers didn't print 'em, and there ye he."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Oakland, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels 4:20 P. 9:00 A. Atlantic Express—Ogden and East. 8:30 A. Richmond, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations (Concord) 6:50 P. 10:30 A. Vallejo 7:50 P. 10:30 A. Los Angeles, Pasadena—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles 7:20 P. 10:30 A. El Paso, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago 7:20 P. 11:00 A. The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City 6:50 P. 11:30 A. Niles, San Jose, Way Stations, Sacramento River Steamers 11:00 P. 3:30 P. Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville and Oroville 10:50 A. 7:50 P. 3:30 P. Hayward, Niles, and Way Stations, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa 9:20 A. 4:00 P. Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi 10:20 A. 4:30 P. Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore 11:50 A. 5:00 P. The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles 8:50 A. 5:00 P. Golden State Limited—El Paso, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago 8:50 A. 5:30 P. Vallejo, Crockett, Port Costa, Martinez 11:20 A. 5:3 P. Hayward, Niles and San Jose 7:20 A. 6:00 P. Hayward, Niles and San Jose 9:50 A. 6:00 P. Eastern Express—Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno, Sparks, Reno, Ogden 12:50 P. 7:00 P. Richmond, Vallejo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations 11:20 A. 7:00 P. Reno Express—Coalinga, Benicia, Sulcan, Elmira, Dixon, Davis, Sacramento, Sparks, Tonopah, Goldfield and Keeler 7:20 A. 6:05 P. Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Modesto, Fresno 12:20 P. 8:15 P. Yosemite and Mariposa Big Trees (via Raymond-Wagona Route) 8:50 A. 8:05 P. Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East 8:50 A. 9:10 P. Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only) 11:50 A. COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge) (Foot of Market Street.) 7:45 A. Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only) 9:15 P. 8:15 A. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations 6:55 P. 12:15 P. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Market, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations 11:55 A. 4:15 P. Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos 10:55 A. 18:55 A. COAST LINE (Broad Gauge) (Foot of Third and Townsend Streets.) 5:10 A. San Jose and Way Stations 8:30 P. 7:00 A. San Jose and Way Stations 6:40 P. 7:15 A. Monterey, Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only) 10:10 P. 8:00 A. New Almaden (Tues, Fri, only) 4:10 P. 6:00 A. The Overland, San Jose, El Paso, San Ardo, Paso Boltes, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Gavilota, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles 10:30 P. 8:00 A. Gilroy, Hollister, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc 10:30 P. 6:00 A. San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations 4:10 P. 10:30 A. San Jose and Way Stations 1:20 P. 11:30 A. San Jose and Way Stations 7:30 P. 2:15 P. San Jose and Way Stations 6:35 A. 10:00 P. Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey Pacific Grove 12:15 P. 10:30 P. Los Gatos, Wright, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, via Santa Clara and Narrow Gauge 10:45 A. 3:30 P. Valparaiso St., South San Francisco, Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos 10:45 A. 4:30 P. San Jose and Way Stations 17:55 A. 6:00 A. Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations 18:7 A. 15:30 P. San Jose and Principal Way Stations 19:40 A. 5:45 P. Sunset Express—Hayward, San Jose, Gilroy, Ballina, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Belling, El Paso, New Orleans 6:10 P. 5:45 P. El Paso, Kansas City, Belling, Chicago 10:30 P. 5:45 P. Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Hollister, Pacific Grove 11:30 P. 8:30 P. San Jose and Way Stations 18:46 A. 8:00 P. Palo Alto, D. W. St. 8:38 A. 11:30 P. South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto 18:45 P. 11:30 P. Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose 8:45 P. OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY (Foot of Market Street.) 7:15 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 11:00 A. M. 1:00 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 5:15 P. M. For Mornings. For Afternoon. Sunday excepted. Monday only. For Saturday only. For Sunday only. Be UNION TRAVEL COMPANY call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 81.

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Along about the first of March, 1904, when the Senate ratified the treaty with Panama relating to the canal, all the optimistic newspapers in the country printed editorials whose burden was: "Now just watch the dirt fly! Fix an eye on your Uncle Samuel, and see how he'll succeed where all others have failed! Here's where

American enterprise and energy will have a chance to display itself under the admiring and envious gaze of all the effete nations of the Continent of Europe! Just watch our smoke!"

Alas! and again alas! A year has passed since the treaty was ratified, but we do not yet know what sort of a canal we are going to have—whether it will be constructed at sea level, at a thirty-foot level, or at a sixty-foot level; we do not know whether it will cost \$150,000,000, as originally was supposed, or "at least \$100,000,000 more," as Secretary Taft suspects, or whether "possibly \$500,000,000," as some newspaper authorities contend. A commission has yet to visit the Isthmus, undertake new surveys, and finally determine what sort of a canal shall be constructed—a matter which may possibly require two years. Then Congress must take a hand in the affair and appropriate \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000, or whatever other sum the engineers aver that they need. The Canal Commission, mystically composed of seven supposed wonders of wisdom and energy, proved so inefficient that President Roosevelt was constrained summarily to demand the resignation of every member. Political disputes with the people of Panama over questions of authority proved so troublesome that Taft, perhaps the strongest man in the government outside of the President himself, had to be sent down to the Isthmus to straighten things out. Altogether, nothing appears yet to have been achieved to which with pride we might direct the eyes of our beholding brethren across the sea.

Small, however, as are the actual results that have been so far attained, and vague as are the plans for the great work, nobody, we suppose, holds Mr. Roosevelt responsible therefor. In fact, a less forthright executive might have let the commission of seven fool around for a year or so more before "finding it out." As the case now stands, the actual responsibility rests upon the shoulders of just three men: Shonts, a man of business and accustomed to the general direction of big operations; Wallace, an engineer of great ability; and Magoon, who will govern the canal zone. That the "shake-up" was imperatively necessary is indicated by stories of the intolerable conditions a few months ago in Panama—stories that have at length found their way into print. It is said, for example, that the most insignificant articles, from whitewash-brushes to blue-print paper, had to be brought from Washington through the regular channels, which included advertising for bids. Trained nurses in the hospitals lacked, we are told, such things as clinical thermometers, medicated cotton and gauze, and important drugs like arsenic and quinine.

It is not to be supposed that, under the new régime in Panama, and while plans about the exact nature of the canal are still vague, nothing practical is being accomplished. On the contrary, such work of excavation as will be required, whatever sort of canal is constructed, is being done. In March, 128,000 cubic yards of earth were removed, which is five times as much as the French ever excavated in the same period. On a single day, 6,400 cubic yards of earth were dug out. About 5,000 laborers are now employed, and, within a short time, night shifts to work by electric light will be put on. The French machinery, which cost \$29,000,000, and is probably now worth about \$7,000,000, has been found to be of excellent quality. Enormous warehouses full of machines have been discovered in places unlooked for. The variety of the French material may be inferred from the fact that a carload of the finest drawing paper, six tons of steel pens, 800 big pumps, 189 rock-drills, 140 steam-winchs, 14 bridges (valued at \$1,000,000), steel rails enough to lay 176 miles of standard gauge and 65 miles of nar-

row gauge, dredging vessels worth all the way from \$50 for scrap-iron up to \$100,000, sheet copper in plates to the value of \$10,000, 212 Belgian locomotives, 5,000 cars, and 273 iron cranes are among the list of French bequests to our engineers.

As to the plans for construction, they have finally reduced themselves to three. First, is the sea-level canal, which is favored by the advisory engineers, Messrs. Parsons and Burr, and also, in some degree, by Chief Engineer Wallace himself. Its cost would be far greater than it is expected that the lock canal would be (the guess is \$250,000,000), but, indisputably, the idea of a sea level has a peculiar charm, a notable definiteness and finality, which the other plans have not. To the current objection that the Pacific tide rises ten feet higher than the Caribbean, and that, therefore, the canal would at certain hours run like a mill race, Mr. Wallace replies that such would not be the case, as the fall would be only a trifle over two inches to the mile—no greater than in many easily navigable rivers. As to the Chagres River, Mr. Wallace thinks it would be perfectly feasible to turn it from its channel so that it would run at some distance from the canal and trouble it not at all, even at times of high flood.

The second plan is that of the French Technical Committee, the nature of which has become familiar through long discussion.

The third is the plan presented by one Linden W. Bates, who promises remarkably. His plan strikes a mean between the sea-level and the high-level plans, and, according to its promoter, would cost \$85,500,000 less than the sea-level, and \$33,000,000 less than the sixty-foot level, and \$50,000,000 less than the thirty-foot level canal. Furthermore, Mr. Bates, whose engineering reputation is of the highest, believes that the work could be finished by 1913—in eight years rather than ten or twelve. He contends that a large ship would pass through his canal in nine hours, whereas in a sea-level over thirteen would be required. It is the evident intention of the commission to scrutinize Mr. Bates's interesting plans carefully.

Very fortunately, there is some work that must be done whatever plans are adopted; and this is that upon which the 5,000 laborers (some of whom, by the way, receive only seven and a half cents, gold, an hour) are engaged. They are mostly Jamaica negroes, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and natives of Panama of mixed blood. Their health is generally fair, though some returned travelers contend that health conditions are painted by government officials in roseate hues. A Mr. Rhomberg, for example, avers that his advice to any young man, not specially trained, who contemplates going to Panama, is: "For God's sake, do not go." Mr. Rhomberg characterizes the climate as "something awful," and adds: "The earth seems to boil and steam, and when digging starts on the canal the disturbance of the soil is going to spread malaria like wildfire, taking in its sweep every one not used to the climate." This is perhaps an extreme view, but there is, in our opinion, sufficient danger from malaria and yellow jack to compel us to look with great disfavor upon the recent and various endeavors of labor organizations to secure the prohibition of the employment of Japanese, Chinese, and Jamaicans in the work of construction. Why not let Asiatics and other brown, yellow, and black-skinned races, who are willing to sell their lives cheap, do this dangerous work? say we. White men are failures as common laborers in the tropics, at the best. The lives of white citizens of this republic are valuable—too valuable to be thrown away by the thousands and leave their bones to rot in tropic morasses. The labor unions, in our opinion, had better reconsider their resolutions look-

ward the prevention of the use of Chinese and Japanese in canal construction. It strikes us that, in seeking places for themselves, these American workmen are begging for malaria, crying for yellow jack, demanding death.

Theodore Roosevelt has been in many places that demanded courage. He has faced bullets on the battle-field. He has followed the trails of wounded mother-beasts that turned red-eyed at bay. He has lived on the frontier, where life is held none too dear, and where to flinch may mean to die. In moral conflicts, he has been among romancers, even when seemingly all-powerful associations threatened his political destruction if he did not alter his course of action. Nevertheless, despite all this, we are of the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt never exhibited a finer quality of courage than on Wednesday of this week when he did his simple duty by telling the representatives of the labor unions in riot-racked and mob-ridden Chicago that back of the police power of the city stood the militia power of the State, and back of the militia power of the State the military power of the nation, of which power he, as commander-in-chief of the military forces of the United States, would direct the instant use if necessity arose in continuance of disorderly and lawless conditions in the city in which he was then speaking. A less courageous man than Theodore Roosevelt might have avoided the necessity of giving voice to his rooted opinion by avoiding the city which has been shamed by tumult and mob. A less courageous man than Theodore Roosevelt might have met the challenge of the union leaders with a few sleek and oily phrases. Roosevelt did neither. We need not praise him too much, for he did only his exact duty. But duty so done is admirable. The whole country felt in the man the iron that did not flinch nor turn aside.

Bismarck, that grim believer in the value of the intoxicant, would smile sourly, and with a touch of malice withal, at the last report of the comparative consumption of intoxicants and narcotic stimulants by the different nationalities. He would estimate the relative standing of this democratic country by the fact that we are only competent to rank fifth in the list of nationalities as whisky drinkers. A paltry 1.48 gallons per head of the stimulant is all that falls to the share of the democratic American, while the Austrian drinks the good health of Francis Joseph, and his own ill health, in 3.09 gallons a year. Italy is at the foot of the list, but Italy is a decadent monarchy, anyway, and no self-respecting democracy would condescend to compare itself with such a people. If whisky is the test, we must play fifth fiddle. But in the consumption of wine, that beverage of which poets have sung so ecstatically, and which, according to tradition, lies at the foundation of love and derring do, we cut even a more insignificant figure, for we stand last on the list, with a mean 1.85 gallons a year per head to our credit, while our democratic sister, France, tosses off the life-giving juice to the amount of 34.73 gallons per head per year. Imperialistic Austrian and enthusiastic republican both transcend us as consumers of these two stimulants. In the matter of beer we rank third, Germany, another monarchial country, being first on the list, while Great Britain, with her unconquerable love of compromise, stands between imperial Germany and this republic. In the consumption of the milder and more insipid tea, we run far behind Great Britain, which drinks six pounds per head a year, as against our very modest 1.34 pounds. But this is a source of satisfaction, at least—for how can an American be expected to swallow a liquid so insipid? British respectability is tea. Coffee is our strong point. We consume 11.75 pounds per head as against the miserable 6.65 pounds of Germany. So that when our critics prophesy our decadence through our hyiness in the consumption of nerve destroyer, we can confidently point to coffee and show that the eagle still creams.

It is extremely interesting to observe how the comment of the newspapers on the prospect of the Russian fleet are assuming a tone in accord with the comments of the journal during many months. Long before Rojestvensky's fleet had left the African coast for Asiatic waters, we were remarking that (March 27th) "in spite of all the croakings of the paper strategists, the Russian fleet is by no means without a chance." "Naval victories," we remarked in another part of the same article, "have been won again and again under more discouraging circumstances; . . . the general tone of the press," we said, "would lead one to suppose that the Russian admiral was making a sac-

rificial procession for the good of no one in particular." But since March 27th, "the tone of the press" has suffered a marked change. The more frank among the newspapers even admit their mistake. "The progress of both squadrons," remarks the New York Times, "has been such as to nullify much of the current criticism [by which the Times means its own] upon Russian naval incompetency." Even British journals chime in with praise for Rojestvensky. "Our estimate was wrong," concedes the London Evening Standard; "the admiral has steamed to meet his man slowly but surely; his ships are old and foul, but his heart is young and lusty. We salute him with respect that is due to courage." Praise from the enemy is praise indeed, but it appears to be well deserved. Rojestvensky has won what is indeed a wonderful diplomatic and strategic triumph in getting his fleet to the China Sea, in making juncture with Nebogotoff's squadron without the loss of a single vessel, in completely repositioning and recoaling his ships, and in resting his men. Neutrality has perhaps been strained by the stay of the Russian fleet at Kamranh Bay, but Japan, after the *Ryeshitelni* incident, can not protest with grace. That the Russian fleet should have been in East Asiatic waters now for a month, and that not even a collier or a merchant ship carrying supplies has been captured by the warships of Admiral Togo, does not reflect any particular glory upon that supposedly great sea-fighter. If, as vaguely reported, he has lost in a typhoon the flagship *Mikasa*, his position is indeed precarious. In any event, he evidently will not make his attack until he has the Russian fleet in the familiar waters of the Japan Sea or straits leading thereto, if even he does then. The stakes are so vast, the prize so great, that Togo might well hesitate to risk his all in a single conflict—a conflict more momentous to the world than any naval battle since Trafalgar was fought, exactly one hundred years ago. The future of Japan hangs upon this battle; upon Japan's future depends the destiny of Asia; upon the destiny of Asia hangs the fate of the world. Let Togo's fleet be utterly destroyed, and the yellow peril disappears so far as any man living is concerned. Let Rojestvensky's fleet be swept from the face of the waters, and Russia's last hope of victory in this war vanishes. Its imagination dulled by the succession of titanic conflicts that have followed hard upon one another during the year that is past, the world is scarce capable of appreciating the tremendous meaning of the event that impends.

The retirement of Joseph H. Choate as ambassador to Great Britain marks the close of six years' very satisfactory stewardship. It is true that the retiring ambassador, with his characteristic modesty, deprecates any too much credit being given him for what he calls "the happy and delightful relations now existing between the two countries." But his countrymen will not be so willing to acquit him of complicity in the bringing about of a consummation so eminently desirable for the people of both countries. The banquet tendered to him at the Mansion House and the speeches of Englishmen, members of both the great historic parties, bear testimony to the spirit which he has aroused among those with whom he has sojourned. They prove, moreover, that the personal influence, apart from and in addition to the merely political, which has characterized our ministers to Great Britain so generally, has been maintained in the present instance. The speakers at the banquet in question appear to have vied with each other in their professions of friendship for this country, and if we make due allowances for the exuberance of oratory on so brilliant an occasion, there is very little room to doubt the essential truth of the statement of the premier that there had emerged slowly but surely from the old distrust a feeling of common brotherhood. The retiring ambassador must regard such a result of his labors with satisfaction. In fact, the value which he places on this part of his work may perhaps be better gauged by his statement that his successor at the Court of St. James has been a life-long advocate of friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States.

"Madame Deficit," as the witty Frenchman of a century and a quarter ago used to call her, still carries on her little game, and the statesmen at Washington have to face in her a most persistent wooer. In April she came in with a new spring gown and an Easter hat, as it were, to the tune of \$9,236,818. Of the ten months of the fiscal year this is the greatest deficit, with the exception of July last, when we ran behind \$17,390,612. It is calculated that the total deficit for the fiscal year amounts to \$33,714,956. This is \$9,000,000 in excess of the amount of the deficit at the end of last August.

It must not be thought that the deficit will continue to pile up at the present rate; there is a distinct reduction looked for in May and June.

On the other hand, there is no question that the "madame" is proving more expensive than the Secretary predicted, for he only placed her cost at a trifle of about eighteen millions, quite a bagatelle compared with the thirty-three and three quarter millions which she has cost us so far. But the deficit is not so enormous, either, when compared with the lugubrious prophecies of the critics of the government, who assured us in the last campaign, through Judge Parker, that the deficit could not amount to less than one hundred and twenty millions. Smaller though it may be, however, it is still a deficit, and a deficit long continued is not a comforting phenomenon to those in authority. The income has been practically stationary, the volume of the receipts varying from that of a year ago by barely one hundred thousand dollars. But the expenditure has jumped more than thirty-six million dollars over that of the first ten months of the last fiscal year. Of this, fifteen millions has gone to the navy, ten millions to the army, and eight millions to civil and miscellaneous accounts, most of the rest of the money being spent on the Indian service. The critics of the government are already exercising their brains to discover how the deficit is to be made up by taxation, and are shaking their heads with some grave forebodings concerning a duty on tea and coffee. But at present the deficit does not seem to justify any such vaticinations.

The Sacramento Union appears nowadays to be making San Francisco politics its chief concern, and we are pleased to admit that, considering its remoteness from the thick of the fight, some of its observations on the situation are politically sagacious. But what the Union fails to perceive—while contending that the only way to "down the grafters" is for "everybody to get together"—is that such a course at the beginning of the contest would have meant either the utter destruction of the Republican municipal party, or its ignoble use as a bait to catch the unwary by the very man whom good Republicans desire most to defeat. The situation was this: Mr. Ruef controlled, or was generally supposed to control, the Republican organization. Decent, public-spirited citizens belonging to the Republican party could not, in consequence, work in the ordinary and more satisfactory manner through the organization of their party. It was absolutely necessary, if the party was not to be used as a stalking horse by Mr. Ruef, for an association of Republicans to be formed to wrest the organization from Mr. Ruef at the primaries. Such a course was, politically considered, extraordinary, and, generally speaking, inferior to regular methods. But this was an extraordinary occasion, and the thing had to be done. It happened to be Mr. Wheelan, Mr. Dohrmann, Mr. Clark, and their associates who saw the opportunity and grasped it. They have, so far as we can see, not made any disastrous mistakes up to this time. They have induced to join the Committee of Three Hundred many practical politicians heretofore identified with the Republican party, who hate Ruef because he has gobbled up everything, if for no better reason, and these men the Republican League depends upon for the accomplishment of good, practical results, and for sound, political advice, based upon hard experience. The league has established headquarters after the approved fashion, with a man who knows practical politics behind a big desk, and work is under way. The sending out of circulars to every registered voter was an expenditure of money perhaps not attended with adequate results, but it was no very huge blunder. Mr. Wheelan may be a trifle of a political idealist, but he has advisers who are not, and ideals and hard, practical work ought, anyhow, to go hand in hand. For our part, we see no reason for doubting that, with fair luck, hard work, and some wisdom, the Republican League will succeed in its plans for capturing the party organization at the primaries, and nominating a good, strong, Roosevelt Republican for mayor—one that the people will elect on the eighth of November next.

But the Union is of a different opinion. It believes that the idealistic character of the "reform movement" is indurated and irremovable. It thinks that gradually the Republican League will lose its grip upon the situation. It is of the opinion that crafty wire-pulling Democrats are going to do to death the Republican League. But let us quote exactly:

Representatives of the Republican "organization" are found almost daily in consultation with persons affiliated with Mr. McNab, organization Democrat, and with Mr. Phelan, who has an organization of his own. It is reported that even such potential personages as Messrs. McNab, Phelan, and Herrin have been seen with their heads close together. It is also noted that by an easy turn of the wrist Mr. Ruef's control of the Republican County Committee of San Francisco has been thrown off. It is also noted that

the San Francisco *Bulletin*, which commonly supports whatever political plans Mr. Pbelan happens to have, is getting itself in position to support any movement which gives a prospect of success in the fight against Ruef. Upon the basis of these incidents, the *Union* predicts that the Ruef-Schmitz combination will very shortly find itself eliminated from affiliation with any other organic political force in San Francisco; that the forces dominated by Messrs. McNab and Pbelan will be found working together and in cooperation with the Republican organization in a movement to break down the Ruef-Schmitz system of municipal knavery; that the Dobmann-Wbeelan movement will imperceptibly fade away, and that the elements which have been counted upon to back it up will be found associated with the anti-Ruef movement above outlined. The *Union* predicts further that there will be nominated for mayor against Mr. Schmitz a representative of the combination above outlined, either Mr. Pbelan himself or some man affiliated with Republican municipal politics in its better aspects—probably the latter. The *Union* predicts that Schmitz will be beaten.

All this is very interesting. It has even elements of plausibility. What strikes us as strange, however, is that the *Union*, with all its political sagacity, should express the opinion that a Phelan-McNab-Herrin organization would even dream of nominating for mayor "probably a Republican." Impossible! Such a movement, if it exists, is essentially Democratic. The Wheelan-Dohrmann movement is to the core Roosevelt Republican. Fancy Mr. McNab engineering a movement to nominate a Republican for mayor! Imagine J. D. Phelan altruistically using all endeavors to put a member of the opposite party in the seat in which he once happily sat! No; if such a movement is the *Union* outlines exists, its purpose is to elect a Democrat mayor of San Francisco. And we can not imagine that good Republicans like Mr. Fisk, or even Mr. Herrin, will lend a hand to any such movement—one whose aim is absolutely to eliminate from municipal politics the party which in the last election, not only in San Francisco, but in California and throughout the United States, won so notable a triumph—a party which, taken by and large, has been the party of reform and progress since its inception—a party which is to-day the exponent of sound political principles as opposed to Socialism, Populism, and other razes and fads of a nationally disorganized Democracy. It is unthinkable, we say, that men who call themselves Republicans—men who claim allegiance to Theodore Roosevelt—should permit themselves to be employed as stepping-stones to power by Democrats like Mr. Phelan and Mr. McNab. The allegiance of all good Republicans belongs to the Republican League; the Republican party is a party through which municipal reform should be achieved; the Democratic party of San Francisco, as a minority party in the last election, should recognize the justice of this method of procedure against graft, the common enemy, and gracefully relinquish its pretensions to leadership.

As a California professor, John J. Montgomery, of Santa Clara College, is given the credit of inventing and directing the successful operation of the smallest aeroplane ever made. It is built presumably on the principle of the pinions of a bird, and trusts purely to gravity for its motion through the air. The machine weighs complete forty-two pounds, and will support a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and submit to every control but that of speed.

The first public trial of Professor Montgomery's aeroplane was held on a recent Saturday at Santa Clara. Though the balloon which was employed to give the machine elevation broke away and carried the operator and operator on high before things were ready, the trial was a success so far as fulfilling the predictions of its inventor, and fifteen minutes later Lieutenant Daniel Malony landed at the precise spot indicated beforehand.

The aeroplane consists of two wings, from which is suspended a slight frame, on which the operator sits and from which he controls the steering apparatus. The wings are of filmy silk, and after the trial at Santa Clara, the aeronaut on landing folded his wings and walked away with the whole machine, illustrating the possibilities of a pocket aeroplane.

The flight was made from an elevation of about a thousand feet, and consisted of turns to right and left, circles, slight darts upward and sheer rushes downward, all with the machine under control. The appearance is said by the spectators to have resembled closely that of the flight of a buzzard.

Naturally, this California success has been greatly enlarged. Admitting that Professor Montgomery has invented a machine of reasonable size, one that has the qualities of safety and simplicity, yet the mere requirement of a great height from which to start means that the problem of aerial travel is far from solved. In a way, the aeroplane so nicely handled at Santa Clara is but a step in advance of a parachute. Another, of course, it embodies the new principle of using the air for direction as well. It is certainly new, what more practicable than the vast and delicate

structures so often tried of late years in attempts to fly. But the airship that solves the question will have to be made of stouter stuff. The traveler of the future will refuse to trust himself in a machine where he has to confide in the integrity of some score of devices, each of which a fly's wing might put out of gear. He will not embark if his ticket reads: "To San Francisco or Eternity—God Knows Which."

The Western Pacific is now an assured fact. A syndicate of Wall Street brokers has agreed to buy \$50,000,000 worth of the bonds of this company, and this will complete the line from Salt Lake City to Oakland, thus achieving the aim of Mr. George J. Gould to span the continent with his own lines. Mr. Gould has acknowledged that the road is his and will be built in accordance with his projects. When finished, the system will be the only one in the United States under one control from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the north. In many parts it will parallel the lines of the Southern Pacific; but, according to many prominent railway men, by that time the traffic will wholly have outgrown the capacity of the latter road. The sincerity of Mr. Gould is undoubted, and he has resigned from the Union Pacific directorate on the ground that it would be manifestly improper for him to continue to direct the affairs of a road which he soon intends to rival. When construction will begin has not been definitely settled, but it is said that the line will soon be completed, and service between Baltimore and San Francisco installed.

As a result of Mr. Gould's resolve to build his own line to the Pacific, the Union Pacific has voted to issue an additional \$100,000,000 of preferred stock. While the board of directors have not stated the purpose of this increase, it is assumed in financial circles that it is to build the great projected tunnel through the Sierras, and to carry the direct line through to the Atlantic seaboard from Omaha. A broad estimate of the expense of the tunnel is \$20,000,000, which will leave some \$80,000,000 for construction of the Eastern line and feeders.

The holding by two transcontinental lines of through tracks from coast to coast marks a new era, it is asserted by railway men, in the railway business. It means that, following the example of the Western Pacific and the Union Pacific, all cross-continent roads will have to build through-lines in order to compete at all with the Gould and Harriman lines. The Western Pacific is already under way, a party of engineers being now in the field ahead of the graders.

The engagement of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson to Miss Grizelda Hull, of Tuxedo Park, New York, was announced last week. Captain Hobson, of the *Merrimac*, has, at last, after a stormy career of bravery, reputation, and trouble, come into the haven where all heroes are happy. When at the height of his reputation, Lieutenant Hobson, as he was known, attained some notoriety from the endeavors of sundry smitten young women to reward his toil by osculatory demonstration. He who could stand the fire of an enemy fell beneath the caresses of those who would be friends, and fled the service on the plea of failing eyesight. After this relegation to private life, the captain enlivened the pages of some of the monthlies with dissertations on morals, and then lectured throughout the United States with good effect. The capture of Hobson by a fair woman is the pleasant end of his campaigning, and the American people will trust that the hero of the *Merrimac* will not ask to be exchanged this time.

We like the jaunty manner of Mr. W. F. Crist, secretary of the Progressive Reform Club of the City of San Francisco. Says Crist:

We have been thinking of formulating an ordinance covering the Geary Street Railway proposition, and contemplated putting out a petition for signature. The petition would require the signatures of fifteen per cent. of the voting population, and would be addressed to the election commissioners. In the same petition might be included a proposition directing the board of supervisors to proceed to condemn the Sutter Street Railway system under the law of eminent domain.

Mr. Crist's manner of nonchalant ease is delicious. He is evidently the mildest mannered man that ever proposed a revolution. What could be more charming than the inclusion of the proposition to "condemn the Sutter Street Railway system" purely as a side issue?—somewhat after the fashion of the ancient king who directed that a certain hundred of his subjects should be brought before him, but added to the mandatory document: "P. S.—They shall be hanged first." Condemn the Sutter Street Railway system under the law of eminent domain? Why, certainly. Stockholders in railways have no rights. Men who own houses and lots, farms, breweries, candy-shops, dry-goods em-

poriums, soap factories, and iron-works—these all have rights, of course. No one would think of taking a soap factory. But a man or woman, or a child's guardian, who happens to own stock in a street railway, has no rights at all—that is, according to the secretary of the Progressive Reform Club. Really, it would be funny were it not so serious—this perfectly assured and easy suggestion of measures that are as revolutionary as the abrogation of the Constitution, or the abolition of the individual States and their complete absorption in the central government.

The day after it was announced in Washington that the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce would not report a bill providing for the formation of a powerful Federal commission to regulate railway rates, President Roosevelt spoke in Denver before the Chamber of Commerce, and reiterated his intention of curbing the railway corporations and exacting justice from them. While Representative Townsend, one of the authors of the Esch-Townsend bill, was going home from the Capitol in apparent despair, and Chairman Hepburn, of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, was telling the newspaper correspondents that there was no chance for a rate-fixing bill on the lines laid out by the President's message, the author of that message was announcing his purpose of appointing a commission which would do justice to both sides.

The New York *Herald* has taken up the views of the Western legislators, and deduces from them that the West generally is afraid that Mr. Roosevelt will not succeed. That journal asserts that the forces against which he is fighting are tremendous, and that the popular enthusiasm which greeted the President's announcement of his intention to check the abuses of the railways has ebbed under the constant, persistent efforts of the strongest lobby in the world. And it predicts that on the present conflict and its issue depends the nomination and the election in 1908.

That Mr. Roosevelt understands the magnitude of his task is evident from his speech in Denver. He lays down the plain fact that the common carriers should be regulated by the Federal government. He admits that the power he desires to have conferred on a Federal commission would be liable to abuse, but significantly states that the power can not be made effective unless it is also open to abuse. "There must be the possibility of abuse, or there can not be the possibility of effective use."

The fear that Mr. Roosevelt can not carry this policy into effect seems to be founded on the fear that we will be unable to bring the tremendous popular sentiment in favor of this reform into so concrete a demonstration as to force the Senate to accept it. The *Argonaut* has suggested many times that the big corporations would do well to consider carefully their opposition and the lengths to which it is safe to go against popular opinion. Dams have been built too high ere this, and he is a wise engineer who makes due provision for flood-waters.

Mr. Henry Clews, of New York, has made a list of America's wealthiest men and published it for the edification of the multitudes. Mr. John D. Rockefeller heads this roll of riches and Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a good second, with William Waldorf Astor next and John Jacob Astor fourth. But two Californians are on the list given by Mr. Clews—Mr. D. O. Mills and Mr. J. B. Haggin. The figures are as follows: John D. Rockefeller, \$500,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$115,000,000 left out of \$265,000,000; William Waldorf Astor, \$200,000,000; John Jacob Astor, \$75,000,000; Gould family, \$150,000,000; Marshall Field, \$100,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, \$80,000,000; Russell Sage, \$80,000,000; D. O. Mills, \$75,000,000; William Rockefeller, \$75,000,000; J. P. Morgan, \$60,000,000; James J. Hill, \$60,000,000; Henry H. Rogers, \$50,000,000; Henry Phipps, \$45,000,000; Henry M. Flagler, \$40,000,000; James B. Haggin, \$40,000,000. Mr. Clews does not include men like Senator W. A. Clark, Henry C. Frick, John W. Gates, and Mrs. Hetty Green, nor any of the California millionaires, whom the *Examiner* adds with estimates of its own.

Here in California, according to the *Examiner*, we have plenty of wealthy men, and it asserts that the following are worthy to be placed in Mr. Clews's list: Claus Spreckels, \$40,000,000; H. E. Huntington, \$40,000,000; Mrs. Arabella Huntington, \$27,000,000; Tevis estate, \$40,000,000; Sharon estate, \$20,000,000; Flood estate, \$20,000,000; Edwin Hawley, \$5,000,000; Edwin Searles, \$20,000,000; William H. Crocker, \$14,000,000; George Crocker, \$15,000,000; Mrs. C. B. Alexander, \$12,000,000; I. W. Hellman, \$12,000,000; M. H. De Young, \$6,000,000; and Andrew B. McCreery, \$8,000,000.

CAPTAIN HOBSON IS CAPTURED.

THE MILD WAYS OF MR. CRIST.

MILLIONAIRES AND THEIR MILLIONS.

SECRET AEROPLANE.

MODJESKA'S NEW YORK BENEFIT.

By Jerome Hart.

On returning to New York one is struck by the high prices of the theatres—as well as of other things, for that matter. Where the orchestra seat used to cost \$1.50 it now costs \$2.00, and, by an adroit collusion between theatres and ticket-agents, only poor seats can be had at the box-offices—the good ones all go to the ticket-agencies, where they cost \$2.50. But then you get somewhat prepared for this financial shock when you first strike New York. Luggage, which in Europe it costs you from \$1.50 to \$2.00 to transport from hotel to ship, costs you in New York \$0.00 or \$10.00 to transport from ship to hotel. This is straight—don't think it an exaggeration. When you reach your hotel, if you want to hire a modest one-horse cab to drive in the park the price is \$3.00 per hour; in London and Paris it is about a dollar. If you are mad enough to yearn for an automobile, the price quoted in New York is \$8.00 an hour. When you have been picked up and revived, the auto man comforts you by saying, "And there ain't much money in it at that figure."

Still, New York is crowded all the time—crowded with gillies, crowded with suckers, crowded with maniacs, crowded with \$2.50 theatre gillies, with \$3.00 an hour cab suckers, with \$8.00 an hour automobile maniacs. It is so crowded that on the Easter parade there was a quadruple line of carriages moving up and down Fifth Avenue, and the ingenious New York *Tribune* printed photographs of the scene, remarking with parochial pride that "keeping such a vast concourse of carriages in order reflected great credit on the police." Which makes one think that Mr. Whitelaw Reid ought to take the *Tribune* staff over with him for a few days and let them stand at Hyde Park Corner for a few minutes. But not on Easter day especially, or any particular day, or any selected corner. Any old corner. Any old day. Any old time.

The foregoing must not be construed as a reflection on New York's bigness. New York is the biggest thing in this country, and one of the biggest things in the world. I do not object to bigness as such, only to big cab fares, big theatre hats, and big theatre prices. Another grievance is that the New York theatres do not always "make good." Some of the \$2.50 shows in New York are worth about thirty cents, and at that rate their managers would be making easy money.

There is one kind of show in New York, however, where the prices are high and the managers make good. That is the Grand Opera. People who rarely or never leave the Atlantic States for Europe need not fear that they lose much in the way of excellence in operatic performances. True, there is by no means so wide a range in repertoire here at home, nor is there such an unbroken succession of seasons of opera. In Europe one can hear opera nearly all the year, if so inclined. Last year, for example, there was both a spring and autumn season of opera in London, something unusual. But when it comes to abundance of "stars" I think New York is highly favored.

In a European opera-house one rarely if ever sees so many "stars" as in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. I have seen opera presented in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Rome, Naples, Madrid, and Stockholm, and never in any of these capitals have I seen at one time so many distinguished artists as in the New York opera-house. Rich as is London, she apparently will not pay for so many stars on a single night as will New York. Paris does not seem to care so much for stars as for the ensemble; in the French capital general excellence in grand opera is sought, and there the ensemble is perfect. I think the performances at the Paris Grand Opera are the finest in the world, from the point of view of general excellence, which means that all are faultless—not only the leading artists, minor artists, choruses, instrumentalists, corps de ballet, scene painters, stage machinists, but the costumes and properties. Even the Wagner operas are, to my thinking, better presented in their ensemble at the Paris Grand Opera than they are at Berlin, Dresden, or Munich. I have never seen them at Bayreuth, and I may add that I don't want to. I never care to help in the exploitation of a dead man's fame by a greedy widow, and that is what strikes me as being a fair statement of the productions at Bayreuth. Frau Cosima Wagner is reputed to drive hard bargains with inferior singers, much as greedy hotel keepers make needy waiters pay for their places and pick up their wages in tips. The inferior singers are supposed to take out part of their pay in the form of singing at Bayreuth.

In point of comparative excellence, I would rate the various cities thus:

Paris—Fine artists in the leading rôles, good artists in the secondary rôles; perfection in the ensemble.

London—A few famous vocal artists; ensemble, mediocre; ballet, poor; orchestra, fair.

Dresden—Ensemble, admirable; vocal artists, admirable, but not rising to greatness.

Munich—The same.

Vienna—Mediocre.

Berlin—Mediocre.

Rome—Inferior.

Naples—Inferior.

New York—The greatest artists in the leading rôles; those in the secondary rôles not always excellent; orchestra, admirable; stage setting and scenery, only fair; ballet, very poor.

After the opera, the next biggest things in the stage line in New York are the big benefits. New York is famous for these. One of the most famous was that given to Henry Abbey. He was born to be an opera director. Although born in Ohio, where there is much politics and little opera, he was not planned by Providence to be a politician, or to manage political conventions; he was intended for an impresario, and designed to manage prima donnas. Poor Abbey! He was a fine fellow, but too liberal, too free-handed to run the business end of a big show. When he wound up a magnificent season, and wound himself up, too, closing as a bankrupt, New York turned out and gave him a royal benefit. It netted him over \$30,000 if I remember rightly. The Wallack benefit in 1888 was also an historic event artistically as well as financially; it is referred to below. A recent benefit was that to Joe Holland, an actor extremely popular not only with the public but with his fellow-Thespians. This netted something like \$25,000. The most recent of all was the benefit tendered to Helena Modjeska at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 2d. But this, much to the surprise of everybody, netted only \$9,000. Yet the prices for seats, as usual in New York, were high. The lowest orchestra seats were \$6.00. The expenses seem to have been very high, which has caused much criticism; they came to between \$2,000 and \$3,000, and one item of \$600 for the rent of the opera-house has come in for considerable scoring. Probably the failure of Paderewski to appear caused a marked falling off in the attendance. Mme. Sembrich was obliged to sail for Europe, and also could not appear. Yet the patrons of the affair were leaders in New York, and they spared no pains to make it a success.

Among the most prominent patrons were Ignace Paderewski, Marcella Sembrich, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, E. H. Sothern, Henry James, Richard Mansfield, S. L. Clemens, W. D. Howells, Grover Cleveland, Seth Low, and Andrew Carnegie.

One of the most active workers among the patrons was Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, who contributed this poem for the occasion, which was printed in the programme:

"There are four sisters, known to mortals well,
Whose names are Joy and Sorrow, Death and Love.
This last it was who did my footsteps move
To where the other deep-eyed sisters dwell.
To-night, or ere you painted curtain fell,
These, one by one, before my eyes did rove
Through the brave mimic world that Shakespeare wove.

"Lady! thy art, thy passion were the spell
That held me, and still holds; for thou dost show,
With those most high, each in his sovereign art—
Shakespeare supreme, and mighty Angelo—
Great art and passion are one! Thine, too, the part
To prove that still for him the laurels grow
Who reaches through the mind to pluck the heart!"

The programme, which was handsomely printed on heavy plate paper, contained portraits of a number of the artists who participated in the benefit. It was sold by leading actresses in the lobbies, together with flowers, candies, etc., and they took in quite a sum, giving very little change for very big bills.

To mention the programme in detail: Vladimir de Pachman, who replaced Paderewski, gave four selections from Chopin. Ada Rehan followed in her portrayal of Peggy Thrift in "The Country Girl." After Ella Russell had sung with force and expression the "Dich Theure Halle" aria from "Tannhäuser," Mrs. Patrick Campbell recited Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." The audience demanded an encore, to which Mrs. Campbell responded with a translation of one of Carmen Sylva's Roumanian folk songs. Mme. Modjeska with James O'Neil then gave the seventh scene of the first act of "Macbeth," and she received an ovation. She appeared with a company, including Messrs. O'Neil, Louis James, John Malone, Vincent Serrano, Horace Lewis, Wright Cramer, Douglas J. Wood, Morgan Coman, and Miss Edith Taliaferro.

Edmund Clarence Stedman then appeared on the stage and presented to Mme. Modjeska an address signed by many well-known members of the profession. In the reply of Mme. Modjeska she thanked the audience for its presence, the committees for their labors, and the players for their aid. At the conclusion of her speech she was recalled again and again, while several huge wreaths were given to her.

Then came the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth," with Margaret Illington and Barton Hill to support her.

David Bispham sang an English ballad, "Who Knows?" and "Danny Deever," and for an encore "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

The programme was concluded with the third act of "Mary Stuart." In this Mme. Modjeska was assisted by Mary Shaw as Queen Elizabeth, Kate Denin Wilson as Hannah, William Courtenay as Talbot, and John E. Keller as Leicester.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell aroused intense interest among the feminine contingent by appearing in a remarkable black and gold gown and a more remarkable head of hair. Both gown and coiffure looked as if they had come out of one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's pictures.

I was curious to observe the reception of Ada Rehan. She looked much as she did years ago when she first played Peggy Thrift, perhaps a trifle stouter. She played as well as ever, but the audience did not rise to her as they used to do. It was difficult to believe that at one time thousands of young women in New York modeled their manners and speech on Miss Rehan's. There used to be a Rehan gasp, a Rehan gurgle, a Rehan skip. It is evident that a new generation of girls has grown up.

An address to Mme. Modjeska was delivered by Edmund Clarence Stedman, in the absence of William Winter, who was obliged to leave for California. In it Mr. Stedman referred to her appearance as Ophelia when the great benefit was given to Lester Wallack; he recalled the names of other artists in that cast, among them Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mayo, W. J. Florence, Joseph Wheelock, Harry Edwards, John Gilbert, and Joseph Jefferson—nearly all, if not all, dead. The scroll which Mr. Stedman presented was tied with the Polish colors, and a laurel wreath was handed up also decorated with the same colors and inscribed "to the great artist and my dear compatriot, Helena Modjeska, from Marcella Sembrich."

Mr. Stedman is a poet but not an orator. I read his address in next morning's paper, and it read better than it sounded.

His allusions to the distinguished circle of artists at the Wallack benefit made notable the absence of such artists now. Whom have we on the stage to-day to compare with any one of those men in any one of their lines? Young people who disbelieve their elders when they talk of the superiority of the old time stage need only to contrast such a circle of actors at the Wallack benefit with any circle at any benefit to-day. For that matter the difference between the elder and the younger actors at the Modjeska benefit was most marked. Mme. Modjeska herself is admitted by all to be a most finished artist. Two others on the stage, Louis James and James O'Neil, are excellent actors, but they have never been called great actors. They would probably never have been called tragedians in the old days, but simply melodramatic actors of the highest rank. Their ability as tragedian would have been admitted, but they would not have been placed in the first rank. Yet among the crowd of young men who surrounded them they seemed giants walking amid pigmies.

The court-yard scene in "Macbeth," with the low knocking at the gate, has been called by many critics and commentators the most dramatic scene in Shakespeare's plays. When Louis James as Macduff is admitted by the sleepy porter, goes to his royal master's room and finds him foully murdered, "his silver skin laced with his golden blood," the outburst of dramatic frenzy with which Macduff alarmed the terrific household woke up even a New York matinee audience, made up largely of shopping women and candy eating girls. Probably many of them had never witnessed this tragic scene before. Shakespeare in New York is a back number. Their dramatic experience is confined principally to "Shop Girls," "Gaiety Girls," "Geisha Girls," "Sultans of Fooloo," an "Wizards of Buzz." As Macduff leaped down the stairs from the gallery and ran like a madman around the great court-yard, beating the walls with his ringing sword and shouting with all the strength of his powerful lungs the dreadful tidings, I could not help but smile at the looks of some of the younger actors as they hastened on the stage and gazed on him in wonder. Evidently some of them had never witnessed the scene before. "Macbeth" in New York is no up to date. Mr. James is a fine actor of the old school, and he and James O'Neil, who played Macbeth, were picturesque figures. It was refreshing to hear men in a Shakespeare play who could read the lines rhythmically, who knew how to manage their voices, who could walk, who could stand, and who could run. The difference between the elder and the younger school was accentuated a few moments later when a young actor attempted to run up the steps down which James had just sprung. The young man fell over his feet and came down like a ton of coal. It is difficult to fall upstairs, but the young actor accomplished this very difficult feat.

I have said little about Modjeska. Well, Mme. Modjeska is a very fine artist, but her voice is not so strong nor is her acting so strong as once it was. Opportunities for comparison run far back. I was one of the audience when she made her debut in English at the old California Theatre more years ago than I care to recall. I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was a very remarkable performance. At that time John McCullough was manager of the California Theatre and Barton Hill was his assistant. An interesting feature of the benefit yesterday was the appearance of Barton Hill as the Physician in the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth." Both McCullough and Barton Hill were very kind to Modjeska in the days. In fact, all the members of the old California Theatre company helped her. There was an utter absence of professional jealousy against a rival artist and particularly a foreign artist.

What a stock company that was! For too many reasons to mention I am glad that I was born in California, but one of them is that during my boyhood gained my first impressions of the stage from the old California Theatre Stock Company. It was very good training for auditors as well as actors. It makes r

smile when I note the kind of dramatic husks which the audiences of to-day are given to eat.

What a stock company it was! And it was a stock company diversified by stars. For the stock actors there supported such stars as Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Edwin Adams, Charles Mathews, Charles Wyndham, Joseph Jefferson, E. L. Sothorn, C. W. Coudlock, Dion Boucault, H. J. Montague, Mary Anderson, Mme. Ristori, Mrs. Bowers, Genevieve Ward, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Rose Eytinge, and scores of others.

And these same stock actors themselves often surpassed the "stars" of to-day. In New York this spring there has been an attempt at reviving standard old plays. The attempt was both ludicrous and pitiful. There are almost no actors with whom to cast these fine old plays. The New York production of "She Stoops to Conquer" was the best of these; two actors were very good, the rest only fair. In the production of "London Assurance" only two of the performers were even tolerable; the rest were amazingly bad. Yet in the old days at the California Theatre "The School for Scandal" and "London Assurance" were both produced with such names as Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, John Brougham, Harry Edwards, John T. Raymond, May Howard, Mrs. Bowers, and others. Who that ever saw Harry Edwards as Sir Peter Teazle can forget that inimitable rendering?

In the old California company the actors in their time played many parts. I have seen "Macbeth" there many times, and better produced, by the way, than I ever saw it elsewhere; it was usually produced with Locke's music. At one time, in the later days of the old theatre, it was most elaborately set and staged, with the costumes and properties of the remote period in which Duncan was King of Scotland; for this production some weird and strange music was written by Edgar Kelly.

Why, I have even seen "Macbeth" at the old California with four successive Macbeths and Macduffs in the same evening—Joseph Proctor, Frank Mayo, Lawrence Barrett, and John McCullough. I do not claim that this preserved the dramatic unities, but it certainly was a very interesting dramatic experiment. A more conventional essay was when "Julius Cæsar" was played there with Barrett, McCullough, and Edwards changing rôles on different nights. And the cast with Barrett as Cassius, Edwards as Brutus, and McCullough as Mark Antony I have never seen surpassed. As I think of this long-gone "Macbeth" I can close my eyes and see Frank Mayo entering as Macduff, with shining casque and corselet, brandishing his sword. As "Julius Cæsar" starts out of the vanished years, I can see Barrett as the lean and hungry Cassius taunting Brutus; I can even see the look of scorn with which Harry Edwards as Brutus turns away from his choleric friend. It was at the old California, too, that I first saw some of the dramas of Shakespeare less frequently played, such as "Measure for Measure," "Cymbeline," "The Comedy of Errors" (or "The Two Dromios," as everybody calls it), "A Winter's Tale," "Coriolanus," "King Lear," "Much Ado About Nothing," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Twelfth Night"—this last with Adelaide Neilson as a star. I saw it recently in England, put on by Beerbohm Tree, and it was not nearly so well played as it was at the old California.

We saw many stirring melodramas there, too, in the good old days, among them "The Two Orphans," "The Corsican Brothers," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and "Monte Cristo." There, too, we saw "Diplomacy," "A Scrap of Paper," and many other first productions of the famous Sardou plays. And there, too, we saw sometimes good old-fashioned blood and thunder, like "Oliver Twist," with E. L. Davenport as Fagin, Mestayer as Bill Sykes, and Rose Eytinge as Nancy.

There was a long line of Hamlets there in the old days, including Fechter, who played the melancholy Dane in a blonde wig; Booth, who never has been surpassed as Hamlet; and Walter Montgomery, now long dead, but then an actor of great promise. Hamlet was even played by a woman there, for when Bella Pateman was given her annual benefit she exercised her right of choosing the bill, and picked out "Hamlet," which rôle she had long longed to play. Thus I saw "Hamlet" played by a woman years after Charlotte Cushman and years before Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet. It was the custom to permit the leading actors to choose the bill for their annual benefits. The results were always interesting and amusing if not always high art. At Alice Harrison's benefit on one occasion she chose Jack Shepherd, which rôle she played for one act, Bella Pateman for another act, and W. Mestayer for a third. Alice Harrison was short and plump, Bella Pateman was tall and slender, and Mestayer was big and brawny; the effect was extraordinary, although the unities suffered.

John T. Raymond being a comedian, believed he had the making of a tragedian, and therefore he once chose for his benefit "Richard III." For two acts he played that bloody-minded monarch conscientiously and earnestly. But his audience laughed every time he opened his mouth. Finally he grew tired of attempting to thrill them and began to guy his own rôle, with what effect may easily be imagined.

There have been many notable performances of "As You Like It," with a long line of female stars. So, too, with "Romeo and Juliet," of which the most notable

exponent was probably Adelaide Neilson, although the women seemed to think that Mary Anderson as Juliet, with Mrs. Judah as the Nurse, made a combination difficult to excel. "As You Like It" was always given with the old music, and "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind," and "What Shall He have who Kills the Deer?" ring through my ears as I write.

But I am writing on a train, with nothing to rely on but my memory, and names, places, and casts are ticklish things to talk about after the lapse of years. I have left out scores. But the few that I have given show what dramatic feasts we had at the old California. Is it surprising that I turn from the dramatic husks that are fed to-day to the New Yorkers?

Ah, what a stock company it was!

NEW YORK, May 3, 1905.

The début of Helena Modjeska at the California Theatre, above referred to, was in a performance of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," on Monday, August 20, 1877. Modjeska was supported by T. W. Keene as Maurice; W. A. Mestayer as the Prince de Bouillon; Henry Edwards as M. Michonnet; Carrie Wyatt as the Duchess d'Aumont, and Miss Belle Chapman as Mlle. Jouvenot.

On Saturday evening, August 25th, Modjeska appeared as Ophelia in John McCullough's farewell benefit performance of "Hamlet," giving the mad scene in the Polish language.

On Wednesday evening, August 20th, Modjeska essayed the rôle of Juliet for the first time. Mrs. Judah was the nurse; T. W. Keene, the Romeo; Barton Hill, Mercutio; Lewis Harrison, Peter; W. M. Leman, Friar Lawrence; J. H. Long, Paris; W. A. Mestayer, Prince Escalus.

THE PROPRIETIES.

How They, as Well as Madame's Uncle, Were Preserved.

"Say, Barker, your honest opinion now as to my chances!"

"They're excellent, M. le Comte."

These words were delivered with English self-confidence, each one suggesting a fist doubled up for boxing. M. de Loyaumont made a haughty gesture which seemed to signify: "Fate knows what she owes me." Nevertheless, his nervousness continued to betray itself by the torture to which he subjected the cord of his monocle, as he convulsively rolled it between his fingers.

It was the eve of the Grand Prix, and, despite the certainty of his trainer, the count felt anxious. To be sure, Jaguar was an admirable beast. He had shown at Chantilly what could be expected of him in the way of speed. If such a horse did not lead from start to finish, his owner had better lay aside his colors and sell his whole string. But a race held such strange surprises! Fully launched in anxious thought, M. de Loyaumont drew his aristocratic brows quite together in a frown, as some one tapped lightly on the door of the smoking-room.

"What is it, Firmin?" he asked, impatiently.

"Madame sends word to monsieur that M. Berard was very ill last night."

The frown deepened. "Tell madame that I must go to see my horse now. I will visit M. Berard before luncheon."

He did not speak another word, but he was really very much annoyed. When the count had married M. Berard's niece, it was with the understanding that he was never to be expected to visit the uncle, and now this tradesman, with the audacity of millionaires, had permitted himself to fall ill at the house of the person whom he—very impertinently—termed his "son-in-law."

Nothing but the excellent condition in which he found Jaguar could have restored the count to anything like good humor. The horse's croup was a trifle too receding, perhaps, and the flanks too round, in spite of training. But the muscles stood up well beneath the network of veins, whose capricious geography could be followed under the skin, soft and satin-like to the touch.

As M. de Loyaumont entered the dimly lighted stall, Jaguar turned his head toward the door, then thrust out his nose as if to nip his master, and began to paw the fresh straw. To speak truly, the man and his horse resembled each other. Race was apparent in both, in their forceful leanness, their ease of movement, their fineness of nerve and muscle.

The count passed the rest of the forenoon in chatting with the stable-boys, listening to the gossip of the jockeys, and the rumors afloat regarding Jaguar's competitors. He had so entirely forgotten M. Berard's indisposition that he could not repress a start when Firmin said to him, at the door of his hotel: "M. le Comte, it is a stroke of apoplexy."

He went up to the chamber where the sick man lay stretched out on a massive canopied bed. His silvery hair, cropped short on his bullet-like head, and the bright color of the bed-covers served to heighten the purple hue of his face. The neckband of his shirt had been opened, and his hands were lying quiet and inert on the counterpane. The agony of the tradesman seemed quite out of place in this imposing room, on the massive bed. From the walls portraits of be-winged gentlemen in uniforms, their hands on their swords, seemed to be looking down with an expression of disgust on the man who presumed to die in their domain. M. de Loyaumont's face wore the same look for the same reason as he remarked to the physician: "Indigestion, isn't it?"

The doctor shook his head. He had tried every remedy, but nothing had been of any use. M. Be-

nard's time to go had evidently come. It was a fatal stroke. The count grasped the doctor's arm, and exclaimed: "It must not be! My horse is to run day after to-morrow, and it is impossible to withdraw him."

The doctor made a gesture of helplessness. M. de Loyaumont was not disposed to accept a decision so contrary to his wishes, and, after another remark to the doctor, he rushed down to the apartments of the countess. He found her in consultation with her dressmaker, but so unmoved was he that he did not heed the presence of a stranger. He stood before his wife with arms crossed, and remarked, grimly: "Do you know that your uncle is dying?"

This information was as unpleasant to the countess as it had been to her husband, and she replied ill-humoredly: "Well, it doesn't amuse me any more than it does you. My gown is ready for the Grand Prix, and I have just received a dream of a hat."

These selfish remarks added to the count's irritation. He rejoined sharply: "Is that all the disappointment this mishap causes you?"

"Do you want me to weep?"

"No! I want you to be angry! Such a lack of tact! To choose my house! And this week of all others!"

M. de Loyaumont could control himself no longer. "These upstarts!" he groaned, between his set teeth, then went out, slamming the door.

M. Berard died that night at six o'clock, without recovering consciousness. There was no anxiety as to his will, however. The worthy man had brought up his niece from infancy. He had sent her to a convent to be educated with the daughters of the nobility. All his life he had toiled for her, first for her dot, then for her fortune. He had not even suffered from her ingratitude. He was satisfied to be the lower step of the monumental staircase by which his Heloise had mounted to fortune. And now, in death, his face wore the calm expression of those who, not having lived for themselves, quit the world without regret.

On his return from dinner, M. de Loyaumont found Barker in the antechamber. This disturbed him, and he said, anxiously: "Has anything happened to Jaguar?"

"No, M. le Comte."

"What then?"

"Madame's uncle is dead."

Forgetting his usual self-mastery, the count rushed up to his wife's room like a whirlwind.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it has happened!"

Mme. de Loyaumont paused in her examination of a bit of lace.

"But it need not prevent your horse from running; uncle would not have wished it."

The count shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't care what he would have wished, and I never looked to him for lessons in propriety."

"Nor to you, either," was on the end of his tongue, but he restrained himself through habit. Mme. de Loyaumont did not consider herself beaten, so she continued: "Uncle did not go into society, you know, and none of our friends ever saw him. Would it not be enough for you and me to remain at home Sunday?"

"And let my jockey wear crape on his sleeve?" sneered the count.

Then as the countess urged that she had seen young Terament at the chase shortly after the death of his mother, De Loyaumont forgot himself again.

"To hunt is permissible in mourning, but there are conventionalities that you ought to be familiar with by this time!" he fairly hissed. "Upon my word, I thought you more capable of learning!"

"Then what are you going to do about it?" inquired the lady in an offended tone.

Without replying, M. de Loyaumont pressed the button of the electric bell. A servant appeared, and he said: "Send the cook up to me at once."

The chef lost no time in presenting himself.

"Casimir, have you room in the refrigerator for a large object?"

"How large, M. le Comte?"

"Oh, a boar—or a bear," replied the count, calmly.

"Last week I lost a fine shad, but the weather is cooler now, so I think there would be no trouble in keeping a large object; we might try, monsieur."

A slight nod indicated that this satisfied the master; he continued, calmly: "My wife's uncle has died suddenly. If this is known before Sunday night my horse can not run. I want you to put the refrigerator in the old coach-house and try to keep the body. You understand, don't you? A word more. You know that I am liberal. Before and after I rely on you to keep the servants from gossiping."

A smile of comprehension flitted over the man's features. He replied with all deference: "M. le Comte may rest easy on that score."

To tell the truth, every one in the house had money staked on Jaguar.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Hugues le Roux by H. Twitchell.

In the London playhouses there is an air of comfort and quiet luxury not always evident in our own theatres. The auditoriums are usually very small, but the seats and aisles are spacious, and the furnishings and decorations suggest a drawing-room rather than a place of public amusement. The atmosphere is further accentuated by the evening clothes of the men which are compulsory.

GLEANINGS FROM 1200 PAGES.

Extracts from Andrew D. White's Wonderful Life-Record—Character Sketches of Great Men—Beecher, Greeley, Bismarck, Pobiedonostseff, and Many Others.

One of the most absorbingly interesting books of the year is Andrew D. White's "Autobiography," in two fine, handsome volumes of six hundred pages each. Innumerable anecdotes, wise observations about men and things, recitals of historic episodes of which the distinguished author was an eye-witness, often a participant—these make up the greater part of the contents of these distinguished volumes. With the perhaps superfluous note that Mr. White's career includes the presidency of Cornell University, attachéship at St. Petersburg, commissionership to Santo Domingo, ministership to Germany, to Russia, and, later, embassadiership to Germany, under McKinley, we drop at once into quotation.

In an entertaining account of a birthday supper given to poet Bayard Taylor, Mr. White repeats some stories told by James T. Fields of Tennyson and Sumner:

Fields was especially delightful. He gave reminiscences of his stay with Tennyson on the Isle of Wight—among others, of taking a walk with him one dark evening, when, suddenly, the great poet fell on his knees, and, seeming to burrow in the grass, called out gutturally and gruffly: "Man, get down on your marrow-bones; here are violets." Fields also gave reminiscences of Charles Sumner, showing the great senator's utter lack of any sense of humor, and among them a story of his summoning his office-boy to his presence on the eve of the Fourth of July, and addressing him on this wise: "Patrick, to-morrow is the natal day of our republic, it is a day for public rejoicing, a time of patriotic festivity. You need not come to the office; go out and rejoice with our fellow-citizens that your lot is cast in so happy a country. Here are fifty cents; I advise you to pass the day at the cemetery of Mt. Auburn."

A story about Browning, told to Mr. White by Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days":

The poet one morning, hearing a noise in the street before his house, went to his window and saw a great crowd gazing at some Chinamen in gorgeous costumes, who were just leaving their carriages to mount his steps. Presently they were announced as the Chinese minister at the court of St. James and his suite. A solemn presentation having taken place, Browning said to the interpreter: "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of his excellency's visit?" The interpreter replied: "His excellency is a poet in his own country." Thereupon the two poets shook hands heartily. Browning then said: "May I ask to what branch of poetry his excellency devotes himself?" To which the interpreter answered: "His excellency devotes himself to poetical enigmas." At this Browning, recognizing fully the comic element in the situation, extended his hand most cordially, saying: "His excellency is thrice welcome; he is a brother, indeed."

Mr. White says that Henry Ward Beecher's love of nature was a passion:

During one of his visits to Cornell University, I was driving through the woods with him, and he was in the full tide of brilliant discourse when, suddenly, he grasped my hand, which held the reins, and said, peremptorily: "Stop!" I obeyed, and all was still save the note of a bird in the neighboring thicket. Our stop and silence lasted perhaps five minutes, when he said: "Did you hear that bird? That is the — [giving a name I have forgotten]. You are lucky to have him here; I would give a hundred dollars to have him nest as near me."

This is one of several anecdotes of Greeley:

Greeley's humanitarianism was not always proof against the irritations of life. In his not infrequent outbursts of wrath he was very likely to consign people who vexed him to a region which, according to his creed, had no existence. A story told on him in those days seemed to show that his creed did not entirely satisfy him, for one day, when he was trying, in spite of numberless interruptions, to write a *Tribune* leader, he became aware that some one was standing behind his chair. Turning around suddenly, he saw a missionary well known in the city slums, the Rev. Mr. Pease, and asked in his highest, shrillest, most complaining falsetto: "Well, what do you want?" Mr. Pease, a kindly, gentle, apologetic man, said, deprecatingly: "Well, Mr. Greeley, I have come for a little help. We are still trying to save souls in the Five Points." "Oh!" said Mr. Greeley, "go along! go along! In my opinion, there aint half so many men damned as there ought to be."

In the same vein is this reminiscence of Horace Greeley in Paris:

A day or two after his release I met him at the student restaurant of Mme Basque. A large company of Americans were present, and shortly after taking his seat at table he tried to ask for some green string beans, which were then in season. Addressing one of the serving-maids, he said: "Lawrence, donney moy—donney moy—donney moy—"; and then, unable to remember the word, he impatiently scolded and in a high treble, thrusting out his plate at the same time, "beats" the crowd of us burst into laughter, whereupon Donn Platt, then secretary of the legation at Paris, and afterward editor of the *Capital* at Washington, said: "Why Greeley, you don't improve a bit, you know best, yesterday."

We set in contrast two passages relating, respectively, to McKinley and Roosevelt:

Arriving at the White House, I passed an hour with the President and found him of all men in Washington the only one who seemed not at all troubled by the heat, by the complications in China, by the difficulties in Cuba and Porto Rico, or by the rush and whirl of the campaign. . . . Dining with Secretary Hay, I mentioned the equanimity of the President when he was asked: "Yes, it is a source of perpetual regretment to us all. He allows no question, no matter how complicated or vexatious, to disturb him. Some time since at a meeting of the Cabinet one of its members burst out in a bitter speech against some government official who had been guilty of gross rudeness, and said, 'Mr. President he has insulted you and he has insulted me.' Thereupon the President said, calmly, 'My Secretary, if he has insulted me I forgive him, if he has insulted you I shall remove him from office.'"

In his conversation the new President showed the same equanimity that I had before noticed in him—earnestness, integrity, tenacity, and at times a sense of humor blending playfully with his greater qualities. The message

he gave me to Emperor William was characteristic. I was naturally charged to assure the emperor of the President's kind feeling, but to this was added, in a tone of unmistakable truth, "Tell him that when I say this I mean it. I have been brought up to admire and respect Germany. My life in that country and my reading since have steadily increased this respect and admiration." At the close of the message, which referred to sundry matters of current business, came a playful postlude. "Tell his majesty," said the President, "that I am a hunter, and, as such, envy him one thing especially—I have done what I have never been able to do—he has killed a whale. But say to him that if he will come to the United States I will take him to the Rocky Mountains to hunt the mountain lions, which is no bad sport; and that if he kills one, as he doubtless will, he will be the first monarch who has killed a lion since Tigrath Pileser." I need hardly add that when, a few weeks later, I delivered the message to the emperor at Potsdam, it pleased him.

Some of the most interesting passages of all relate to Russia. Mr. White tells us that after the assassination of Alexander the Second of Russia by a bomb on the eve of the proclamation of a constitution, it was generally thought by the imperial councillors that his successor, the young Alexander the Third, would carry out his father's intentions, and, indeed, a speech was made in council by a statesman who took this for granted. When he had ended, however, there rose a tall, gaunt, scholarly man, Constantine Pobiedonostseff, who "at first very simply, but finally very eloquently," presented a different view:

[He] told the emperor that all so-called liberal measures, including the projected constitution, were delusions; that though such things might be suited to Western Europe, they were not suited to Russia; that the constitution of that empire had been from time immemorial the will of the autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty; that no other constitution was possible in Russia; that this alone was fitted to the traditions, the laws, the ideas of the 120,000,000 of the various races under the Russian sceptre; that in other parts of the world constitutional liberty, so-called, had already shown itself an absurdity; that socialism, anarchism, nihilism, with their plots and bombs, were appearing in all quarters; that murder was plotted against rulers of nations everywhere, the best of Presidents having been assassinated in the very country where free institutions were supposed to have taken most complete hold; that the principle of authority in human government must be saved, and that this principle existed as a real force only in Russia.

This speech carried all before it, and the reactionary Pobiedonostseff became, as he has remained ever since, one of the most cherished councillors of the empire.

When diplomatic business brought it about that Mr. White should call on Pobiedonostseff, he went with some misgivings:

Against no one in Russia had charges so bitter been made in my hearing; it was universally insisted that he was responsible for the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Poland, of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces and in Finland, of the Stundists in Central Russia, and of the dissenting sects everywhere. He had been spoken of in the English reviews as the "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," and this epithet seemed to be generally accepted as fitting. I found him a scholarly, kindly man, ready to discuss the business which I brought before him, and showing a wide interest in public affairs. There were few, if any, doctrines, either political or theological, which we held in common; he seemed inclined to meet the wishes of our government as fully and fairly as he could; and thus was begun one of the most interesting acquaintances I have ever made.

Mr. White discovered that for all his actions the procurator-general of the Holy Synod not only had reasons, but reasons expressed with statesmanly force, conviction, and sincerity. He apparently had not, as is supposed, a hatred of the Jews as such, but based his persecutions upon a conviction which he expressed by saying:

Russia, having within its borders more Jews than exist in all the world besides, and having suffered greatly from these as from an organization really incapable of assimilation with the body politic, must pursue a repressive policy toward them and isolate them in order to protect its rural population.

That Western civilization is a failure is, according to Mr. White, the settled opinion of Pobiedonostseff:

He seemed to anticipate before long a collapse in the systems and institutions of Western Europe. To him socialism and anarchism, with all they imply, were but symptoms of a wide-spread political and social disease, indications of an approaching catastrophe destined to end a civilization which, having rejected orthodoxy, had cast aside authority, given the force of law to the whimsies of illiterate majorities, and accepted as the voice of God the voice of unthinking mobs, blind to their own interests, and utterly incapable of working out their own good. It was evident that he regarded Russia as representing among the nations the idea of heaven-given and church-anointed authority, as, in other words, the empire destined to save the principle of divine right and the rule of the fittest.

Our author also found, to his surprise, that Pobiedonostseff was a student of American literature:

Of these [American authors] his favorites were Hawthorne, Lowell, and, above all, Emerson. Strange, indeed, was it to learn that this "arch persecutor," this "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," this man whose hand is especially heavy upon Catholics and Protestants and dissenters throughout the empire, whose name is spoken with abhorrence by millions within the empire and without it, still reads as his favorite author the philosopher of Concord. He told me that the first book which he ever translated into Russian was Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," and of that he gave me the Latin original, from which he made his translation, with a copy of the translation itself. He also told me that the next book he translated was a volume of Emerson's "Essays," and he added that for years there had always lain open upon his study table a volume of Emerson's writings.

Mr. White has an interesting paragraph relating to his first glimpse of Bismarck. One day, in the early seventies, at Kissingen, he saw a crowd about a railway carriage:

Looking toward this I recognized the face and form of the great North-German statesman. He was in the prime of life, sturdy, hearty, and happy in the presence of his wife and children. The people at the station evidently knew what was needed, for hardly had he arrived when waiters appeared bearing salvers covered with huge mugs of foaming beer. Thereupon Bismarck took two of the mugs in immediate succession, poured their contents down his throat, evidently

with great gusto; and a burly peasant just hack of me, ur-ahle longer to restrain his admiration, soliloquized in a deep, slow, guttural, reverberating rumble: "Aber er sieht seh gut aus." So it struck me also.

Later, of course, Mr. White met Bismarck, and we may cite this bit from the account of a visit to Bismarck when he was chancellor of the German Empire:

He asked me whether there had ever been a serious effort to make New York the permanent capital of the nation. I answered that there had not; that both New York and Philadelphia were, for a short period at the beginning of our national history, provisional capitals; but that there was a deep-seated idea that the permanent capital should not be a commercial metropolis, and that unquestionably the placing of it at Washington was decided, not merely by the central position of that city, but also by the fact that it was an artificial town, never likely to be a great business centre; and I cite Thomas Jefferson's saying: "Great cities are great sores. He answered that in this our founders showed wisdom; that the French were making a bad mistake in bringing their national legislature back from Versailles to Paris; that the construction of the human body furnishes a good hint for arrangements in the body politic; that, as the human brain is held in a strong enclosure, and at a distance from the part of the body which are most active physically, so the brain of the nation should be protected with the greatest care, and should not be placed in the midst of a great, turbulent metropolis.

One of the most amusing stories in the book is that one about Bismarck which follows:

On the occasion of one of the great Thanksgiving dinners celebrated by the American colony, Rudolf von Gneist was present as one of the principal guests. Near him was placed a bottle of Hermitage, rather a heavy, heady wine. Shortly after taking his seat, he said to me, with a significant smile: "That is some of the wine I sent to Bismarck, and it does not turn out well." "How was that?" I asked. "Well," he said, "one day I met Bismarck and asked him about his health. He answered: 'It is wretched. I can neither sleep nor eat.' I replied, 'Let me send you something that will help you. I have just received a lot of Hermitage, and will send you a dozen bottles. If you take a couple of glasses each day with your dinner, it will be the best possible tonic and will do you great good.' Some time afterward," continued Gneist, "I met him again, and asked how the wine agreed with him. Oh," said Bismarck, "not at all. It made me worse than ever." "Why," said I, "how did you take it?" "Just as you told me," replied Bismarck, "a couple of bottles each day with my dinner."

This incomparable autobiography will, without the least doubt, be one of the most-read books of the year.

Published by the Century Company, New York \$7.50.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Haunting Lines."

OKLAND, May 7, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to the letter in your last issue from Mr. Edward Barron, who laments that he can not recall the rest of the poem, "The Ivory Gate," I am able to help him to two lines more, completing the last verse given by him. My memory of it runs as follows:

"The oars of Ithaca dip so silently into the sea
That they wake not sad Calypso, and the hero wanders free
He breasts the ocean furrows, at war with the world of Fate,
And the blue tide's soft susurrus comes up through the Ivory Gate."

I felt quite positive that Arthur Hugh Clough was the author (the *not* "unforgotten author" to whom H. A. L. attributes it) until I found that Mr. Barron gives it to Mortimer Collins. I can not place my meeting with the verse but have a vague impression that I saw it in an essay of Clough by Matthew Arnold, and that Arnold explained the use of the name of the city Ithaca instead of Ulysses. You will notice that "the Argives" somewhat disarranges the metre of the verse.

If possible please print the whole poem.

PHOEBE HOLLISTER SMITH.

Thinks Chinese Blood is Needed.

STOCKTON, CAL., May 9, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It affords me great pleasure to see that the *Argonaut* and Colonel Jno. P. Irish agree so well touching the indisputable excellencies of the Chinese. This tribute of Colonel Irish seems to be the conviction that come from practical experience, while that of the *Argonaut* reminds one of the prophet who stood up to curse Israel from the tops of Pisgah and Peor. Nevertheless, the tribute of the *Argonaut* is of more value, because its specifications of these virtues is more complete and its admissions evince a later honesty that has long been repressed.

I am more and more convinced that what our decadent race needs for the coming struggle for existence is a large infusion of good Chinese blood.

I wish I could induce the *Argonaut* to reprint and keep standing for a while its criticism of Colonel Irish's letter of the twenty-fourth of April. Of course, the criticism could be improved by leaving out a lot of Dennis Kearney platitudes, but it is good enough as it is.

I inclose postage for an *Argonaut* of the twenty-fourth of April, 1905. I want it for my scrap-book.

Very truly yours, O. W. BURTON.

"Argonaut" Writer Successful with "Collier's."

HAWKINS BAR, CAL., April 7, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Mrs. Belcher's story, submitted to *Collier's* in the short-story contest, has been accepted. Under date of March 27th the editors have written her as follows: "We beg to apologize for the very long delay in rendering decision on your story, 'God's Way.' There was so much reading to be done after the judges had reached a decision that we have only just now completed our work. We shall be more than glad to use your story in the weekly, and have asked the cashier to send you a check for \$405." I felt that this would interest you, as Mrs. Belcher began her literary work in the *Argonaut*.

Sincerely yours, EDWARD A. BELCHER.

Two Canadian Boat Songs.

OTTAWA, CANADA, April 18, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The "Canadian Boat Song" which your correspondents refer, was written by Thomas Moore upon his visit to this country in 1805. The poem was written at the village of Ste. Anne's, where the Ottawa River has its confluence with the St. Lawrence. Ste. Anne's is about twenty miles west of Montreal.

Yours truly, WARREN Y. SOPER.

[Not so. The "Canadian Boat Song" and Thomas Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" are quite different poems. The chance identity of title is all that connects them.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

THE BRAND OF IGNOMINY.

And How It Became a Badge of Honor.

Bob turned back toward the heart of the eucalyptus grove, convinced that no intruder had struck into the trail made of Mazo's hoof-prints across the gray desolation. The sun blazed from the zenith, and the gallop over the sand had brought out a dark red glow over Bob's well-tanned features.

He knew it would be hours before the stage passed to the north, and yet, as he strode along, he felt annoyed at the creaking of his boots and the dry rustling of the fallen leaves. Once he lurched heavily at a lizard's scurrying over a dead bough, and involuntarily laid his broad palm over a bulging hip-pocket; he threw out an angry oath as he realized for the first time in his life that even under his well-sinewed frame were nerves.

But Bob was desperately in earnest, and he began to chide himself, his voice low and rumbling.

"You fool! Going to back down a ready when the game is just about won. You're acting like a kid! By God! you're a nice one to let the crack of a leaf terrorize you!"

His drooping courage seemed to revive a little at this soliloquy, and he hastened his steps, treading more firmly toward the tree to which he had bound Eppie, the Indian girl. Only now had it seemed possible for him to proceed with his *bizarre* work, though this was the fourth time he had gone out to the fringes of the grove and returned.

He looked hard at the girl, hoping for some signs of relenting, before picking up a small steel instrument which lay on a piece of soiled and crumpled newspaper. He began to pick tiny flecks on Eppie's low, dark brow, when he noticed the firm-set expression of her mouth. His hands fell to trembling as the tears trickled down her cheeks; but after wiping them away with a blue handkerchief which he whisked from his throat, he went doggedly on with his work.

"I'm marking the last *b* now," he pleaded, "and it's not too late yet. Don't be stubborn, Eppie. If you agree, I'll not put on a bit of the charcoal. We can go into town after dark and hunt up a justice. But if you refuse, by God I'll put it on so thick they'll see it a mile on a dusty road."

"I never can like you or your people," she answered, frowning darkly. "They are more treacherous than my people. Why did you tell me in the school-yard that my brother was in this grove? I hate all your people. No white man is kind to an Indian girl; he is ashamed of an Indian girl."

"Not when they're your kind, Eppie." Bob laughed loudly, and put down the steel instrument long enough to gently stroke the girl's hair.

"You say so," was Eppie's quick reply, "but wait two or three years. I know. I can see at the ranches near the reservation. My father was white; he ran away. I hate you. That is why I never will consent to be your woman."

"But no Indian will have anything to do with you when my name's on your forehead." Bob leaned forward and kissed the tiny scarlet dots. "Your own mother," he threatened, "will turn you out of the house when you go back in vacation."

The girl began to sob, muttering over and over again: "You are a mean white man!" But there was no yielding in her muttering, and Bob grew tired of looking in vain for the least sign of wavering. His entreaties and threats had not brought him one tender glance.

His own eyes now grew misty and an oath so loudly fierce escaped him that he started and peered anxiously for a second through the grove's aisles to the open beyond. Then he began to work furiously, and quickly but gently he rubbed in the powdered charcoal that stamped the name "Bob" on her forehead.

It was several weeks later that Eppie so savagely closed the door of her bare little room, as if to shut out her small world and every one in it. Her mood was one of forlorn dejection. She walked toward a small mirror hanging near the window, and pushing back the strands of hair, which she now wore low to cover her brow, looked very solemnly at the black tattooing. The letters seemed to press into her flesh and tear it cruelly.

She had spent many doleful hours brooding in secret since that terrible day in the eucalyptus grove; she had been in constant dread lest the brand of ignominy, as she now believed the marks on her forehead to be, should be discovered. Sometimes she wished that she had been left in the woods to starve; then all her difficulties would be over. They were coming thick and fast now since she had told the new-comer, the visitor from the reservation in the south, that she would be his wife. How could she have forgotten her white lover's warning? Why did she not remember, every moment of the day, the hateful letters? Of course, as soon as the new-comer found out her secret, he would hate her and loathe her; he would consider her the dust under his feet; the lowest and meanest Indian girl that ever lived. She knew her people too well to think that this young Indian, whose eyes were always very bright when they looked into hers, would want her for his wife if he knew why her hair had been drawn down over her brow.

Slowly and very sadly she left the glass and took

her seat by the window. Sitting in the shadow of a thick hop vine, she began to weave on a basket shaped like a skull cap; her fingers trembled and the long grasses stuck exasperatingly as she listened for her lover's returning footsteps.

Only a little while before he had gone to his camping place to fetch some crest-feathers of the quail which he had brought with him from the south. He had asked her to use them for the border at the top of the basket. As she continued her work, her face grew a shade paler through its healthy brown, and she marred the sharply defined outline of her lips in an effort to control her trembling. Strenuously, Eppie tried to quiet her hand that she might go on with her basket; only steady fingers could weave so close and exact a piece of work as she was trying so hard to finish in time for the fair in the city.

The young girl gave a start when a number of fluttering feathers were tossed into her lap, and lowered her eyes bashfully at the young Indian's accusation: "Something is the matter with you, Eppie. I have in mind that you never like no Indian so well as you like your father's kind of people."

The girl flushed angrily, and threw back, with much show of feeling, "I never did like those people. Not one, but my teachers at the government school. They were very kind and good to me."

The young man, whose robust shoulders had been propped against the window-jamb, now bent forward and pulled the girl's hands away from her basket.

She looked up admiringly, thinking, in spite of her preoccupation, that the tan jacket and purple tie that her lover wore were very becoming.

"You too smart for me," he said in a very low voice, trying once more to explain her worried, embarrassed expression. "You go to goverment school many years; I go only six, eight months—"

"I wish I had never seen a government school," Eppie exclaimed fiercely, as she drew her hands away.

The young man opened his eyes very wide; he gazed at her intently with a look of trying to solve a harder problem than he had met with in his brief school-days; he whistled softly, then took a very long, deep breath. In a little while he threw his hat on the sun-yellowed grass and attempted to kiss away the vexatious trouble in her face. She smiled faintly, watching him resume his position against the window-jamb, and flushed at the way he seemed to be studying her. She felt as guilty as though he were actually reading her thoughts.

After a silence, painful to the girl, the man bent forward once more, and taking up the gaudy basket in one hand, with the other pushed her hair ever so slightly away from her brow, intending to set the basket on her head in a spirit of teasing playfulness.

A look of horrified fear came at once into Eppie's face. Instantly she sprang to her feet, scattering the grasses and crest-feathers about the room; and as she hurried confusedly to the door, she looked back over her shoulder with a gleam of abashed wistfulness in her dark eyes.

Even after this experience, so stupefying, so benumbing, the young girl found, much to her surprise, that in a few days she could half-heartedly take up her daily rounds again. And so one morning found her at the door of the agency post-office in the clearing. Eppie had come ten miles on her stout gray pony that morning, and as she stood studying the unfamiliar scrawl on the back of a letter, she only half noted the sound of her pony's bridle as the little beast shook his mane with vigorous impatience.

Who could be writing to her from the reservation? She had ridden over expecting a letter from one of her teachers; and she felt sadly depressed at the disappointment she had met. It was not difficult for her to feel cast down over little things since her experience at the window. The world in which she dwelt had seemed all wrong to her ever since. Eppie had been thinking of many plans to clear away her difficulties. One of them was to ask her Indian lover to go away—to return to his old home in the south. She could not endure to think of facing him again. She believed that were he to discover her secret, he would instantly despise her. The truth was, he knew nothing at all about her, she kept saying to herself over and over again. True, she knew nothing at all about him—why, he had not even told her his name, but had laughingly asked her to call him "sweetheart."

The letter Eppie had been carrying as these thoughts flew wildly through her mind now fell to the ground. As she stooped to pick it up, her heart throbbed with a confused disturbance. She tore the letter open at once, and began to read eagerly:

DEAR EPPIE: I said I love you and I want to give you a letter. I want you to answer to me soon. When you give me letter it raise me up. It make me heart glad, Eppie. Now I'm heart cast down. Must you not want to know why? I want always we smile at each other; but you not smile, you look very heart bowed down when I put cap on your head. I don't think that's right. If you love me your glad heart would show in a smile then. If you not love me any more I go home. You not answer to this. If you love me I want you to answer to this. My heart is like lead that you do not love me. I kiss you. Bob.

A glow mounted in Eppie's cheek. Her lips began to tremble violently, yet she faltered out in a low, broken whisper, "Oh, how glad I am! His name is Bob, too! Bob! Bob! It is not wicked to make believe old Moll put it there—to make believe I had it done for him!"

OLIVE DIBERT.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Father Martin, the Black Pope, as the general of the Jesuit order is called, is seriously ill, and the Jesuit magnates are discussing his successor, who, it is said, may be an American.

A link with the most brilliant period of the second French Empire has been removed by the death in Paris of the Vicomtesse d'Aquado, at the age of eighty-eight. She was a lady in waiting at the court of Empress Eugénie, and she was famous for her great beauty. She figures in Winterhalter's splendid picture, "Decameron." Empress Eugénie was represented at the funeral by Prince Murat.

The great strike at Limoges, France, has developed a successor to the famous historic maiden-leaders of revolution and revolt. She calls herself "Le Citoyenne Sorgue," and is a dark-eyed, comely young woman of twenty-five, gifted with a magnificent voice and a certain measure of eloquence. She proclaims herself the new "Red Virgin," in succession to the late Louise Michel, and preaches reprisals and sanguinary vengeance.

In honor of the battle of Manila, the Admiral of the Navy and Mrs. Dewey entertained at luncheon on May 1st. Their guests were the officers participating in that great naval battle and their wives. The decorations consisted of a model of the *Olympia* in flowers, surrounded by pots of blooming spirea. Small flags were arranged gracefully all about the first floor of the mansion, and the tables, which seated six guests each, had centerpieces formed of red, white, and blue carnations.

The highest-salaried woman in the United States is Miss Anna L. Amendt, first assistant to Gage E. Tarbell, the second vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Her salary is twelve thousand dollars a year. All persons desiring to see Mr. Tarbell have to explain their business to Miss Amendt first, and only one in ten gets by her. She began in Mr. Tarbell's office as a stenographer at fifteen dollars a week twelve years ago. Her motto in her relations with her employers and the persons subordinate to her is: "Molasses goes a great deal farther than vinegar."

Elihu Vedder, the great artist and sculptor, is now living in a vine-embowered studio in Rome, about which lies "a seductive little garden" with "many shrubs, trees, narrow serpentine walks running into vases, big and small, quaintly designed fragments, broken cornices and columns." A recent visitor to Vedder speaks of the appearance of the "familiar figure, with whitening locks and flowing gray mustache, velvet cap and loose tie and coat, but little changed since a few years ago, when he was the centre of an ever-admiring and devoted group of congenial friends at the Century Club in New York."

King Leopold, harassed by family litigation, is reported to have completely altered his testamentary dispositions. He regards his daughters much as Lear regarded Regan and Goneril when he came to know them. King Leopold's fortune is estimated at about ten millions of dollars. Most of this he is expected to bequeath to the Belgian people for works of public utility. His ungrateful daughters will get no more than forty thousand dollars a year apiece. It is possible to support life on this sum; but it is, of course, only a small fraction of what a monarch's child has a right to expect from a generously benevolent parent.

A person who made a rather careful study of James H. Hyde in his college days arrived at these conclusions about his personal character, which conclusions he has committed to print: "That James Hazen Hyde was quite without vicious tendencies or tastes; that he was sincerely and earnestly interested in the French language—and that he deliberately planned the use of that enthusiasm to make an important figure of himself in the world and especially in France; that Mr. Hyde was prudent, not to say 'close,' in everything that pertained to the expenditure of his college allowance—and that now and then, when an expenditure seemed extravagant, it was always followed by a compensating advantage of fame or more substantial social or educational benefit to Mr. Hyde; that the young man was possessed of a remarkable self-confidence."

In a letter to the Secretary of War, just made public, President Roosevelt gives his estimate of the ramrod bayonet in this language: "I must say that I think the ramrod bayonet about as poor an invention as I ever saw." A story is told in army circles to illustrate the President's observation. While Frazier, of the British army, was interviewing the President, General Crozier, who stands sponsor for the ramrod bayonet, called to extol the invention to the chief executive. "Do you think it would stand against the knife bayonet?" asked the President. "I most certainly do," answered General Crozier. The President sent for a Krag rifle equipped with the knife bayonet. "Stand guard there," said the President to General Crozier. The President made a few flourishes to assure himself of his wrist movement, and then caught the ramrod bayonet with a quick movement of the Krag rifle and cut it in two.

TWO SENSATIONS IN PARIS.

Plot for the Overthrow of the Government Uniforms, Rifles, Ammunition, Found Another Scheme that Worked Better—
Jacob and His Band of Forty Thieves.

Nowhere but here in Paris could such a scheme have been hatched as the lately discovered one for the overthrow of the government and the establishment of a third empire. It was such a plot as Anthony Hope would have laid in one of his imaginary kingdoms. It is said that Prince Victor Napoleon was one of its backers. I hardly credit this, but rather incline to the idea that Captain Tamburini and his followers had no princely sponsors. They may have hoped for them, may have had indirect assurance of help if they attained a measure of success. But their plans have come to naught, their arms and ammunition have been seized, and they are facing serious charges of conspiracy against their government.

The first hint that something was wrong came to the public notice early in April, when the police began a vigorous search for arms. They found none then, but in a villa at Combevoie, the residence of Captain Tamburini, an officer on the retired list, they discovered five hundred colonial infantry uniforms. Tamburini said he and others had been forming a society for the recruiting of colonial infantry. This sounded rather plausible, but still it did not satisfy the authorities. Further search resulted in the unearthing at Puteaux, another suburb of Paris, of eight thousand cartridges, secreted in a tumble-down house in the rag-pickers' colony. Then five hundred Lebel rifles and other arms were found in the cellar of a house at Levallois Perret, a western suburb of the city.

The arrest of Captain Tamburini and others was the result of this. One of his principal associates, who, with him, is charged with "having formed a plot with the object of changing or destroying the government of France," is one Captain Volpert, who is forty-five years of age and comes of an excellent family. But he has always been considered rather an unstable character. He it was who told a lieutenant, who called on him at Vouziers some time ago, that he was trying to find recruits for an attempt against the government in favor of Prince Victor Napoleon.

And how easily it was to be done! The soldiers on duty at the Senate and the Elysée were to be overpowered. While this was going on three groups were to seize the central post-office and the telegraph and telephone offices, to prevent troops being called from the barracks. The Chamber of Deputies was to be attacked also, while in session, and, to quote from the circular issued (for the plot really had assumed such tangible shape that definite instructions were sent out) "if the Left and Extreme Left resist, the men are to use their weapons." Then the president and ministers and protesting deputies were to be locked up, and a provisional government was to be proclaimed. Simplest thing you ever heard of—on paper.

A group of conspirators dubbing themselves "The National Revolutionary Committee" seem to have been back of the scheme, and their official organ was *Les Annales Françaises*, a fortnightly sheet published in an obscure office above an obscure wine-shop in an obscure street. And back of the revolutionary committee, as far as I can find out, were a small number of degenerate youthful aristocrats who have more time than money—and the surplus money was very welcome to these impecunious army officers. There are hints, too, of a duchess dowager who had her fat fingers in the pie, and helped along financially, as the Duchesse d'Uzes assisted Bonaparte.

Far more successful, for a time, was the plot against society laid by one Marius Jacob, head of a band of forty thieves who have over one hundred and fifty thefts charged against them; and there is no telling how many robberies they have committed that have not been traced to them. In some instances they carried off silverware by the hundredweight. They stole from Tours Cathedral a magnificent set of seventeenth-century tapestries, worth \$250,000, and Jacob cut them up a hangings for his room. They operated all over France, being a regularly organized company, facetiously termed by the leader "Toilers of the Night Limited." The constitution of the organization set forth in part that the object was the carrying on of the trade, profession, or calling of burglars, house-breakers, and thieves in France, with extensions, as occasion arose, to other countries; that the capital was \$500,000, that the membership should be limited to forty working members, that an unlimited number of agent and spies should be appointed, at the discretion of the director, to report from various towns. These spies were paid salaries of \$100 per month each, besides commission for reporting houses offering opportunities for good jobs.

The business done by this band was enormous, and so clever were Jacob and his followers that for more than four years they operated unsuspected. But one night the landlord of a café at Abberville was kept awake with a toothache. A light in a villa that he knew to be unoccupied attracted his attention. He informed the police, and Jacob and some of his followers were surprised at their work. They fled, but were overtaken. A policeman was killed in the fight that followed. Jacob was captured, and in his pockets were found papers that caused a watch to be kept on the place in Paris. Here another man, who had killed

the policeman, was captured. He was trapped into confessing, and the whole plot came out.

Jacob, leader of the gang, is one of the most dangerous, resourceful, audacious, and intelligent criminals with whom our courts have ever had to deal. His proclaimed doctrine is that the rich and the churches have too much, and his plea in extenuation of his crimes was that he stole only from them. One woman in court identified a \$200 handkerchief that had been stolen from her. Jacob turned on the woman and passionately denounced her for possessing such a valuable handkerchief while people were starving. The president of the court ordered him to remove his hat. Jacob refused on the ground that the president kept his own head covered. The president backed down, and Jacob kept his hat on.

A very romantic affair truly, and a picturesque, interesting leader. But this side of it did not appeal to the court. Over twenty of the thieves were convicted. Jacob and his head man, Felix Baur, were given life terms in prison, and the minimum sentence imposed was five years. This is very likely to discourage imitation.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, April 20, 1905.

A Cinematograph Martyr.

How a cinematograph picture of a "Christian captive" torn to pieces to make "a Roman holiday" is made, is explained by a Paris correspondent of the *London Mail*.

In the corner of the arranged arena an overturned chariot lay, while the cardboard horses which had drawn it beat the air with their hoofs. A dead warrior lay near by, and helmets, swords and other articles which had figured in the deadly fray were scattered over the ground.

On the imperial tribune, Nero, with a silver wreath encircling his brow, sat among his favorites. When the operator was ready to begin, three bareheaded and barelegged slaves came on the scene, rolled away a chariot wheel, and carried off the dead Roman. Then Nero raised his hand, and immediately a procession of slaves and soldiers filed into the arena.

The slaves were scantily attired, and wore sandals. The soldiers were clad in chain armor, and were equipped with shields, leg-guards, and helmets. In the centre walked a noble-looking white "captive," and as the rear guard passed, the correspondent noticed a copy of the *Matin* sticking out of one of the soldier's pockets. When the procession had passed once around the arena it drew up in front of the imperial tribune, and the slaves and the noble captives knelt before Nero shouting, "We who are about to die, salute thee."

Then two guards sprang forward, seized the captive, dragged him, resisting, to the stake in the centre of the arena, and securely bound him to it. The cinematograph stopped clicking. The captive was released and replaced by a dummy figure, to which were attached several pieces of meat freshly dipped in blood. Nero nodded once more, and Juliano, a well-known lion-tamer, clad like a gladiator, entered the arena. He was quickly followed by four live lions, which roamed about the place in search of a victim. Suddenly one of them sighted the "Christian" bound to the stake. With a growl the beast rushed upon him and tore him limb from limb. And all this time the cinematograph had been working off its films.

The Reporter and the Facts.

A reporter started a story at the time Senator Platt's illness was announced, which very likely will establish as a historic fact something that never happened. It was repeated by many papers in their reports of the death of the senator, which set forth that "just one month ago to-day he delivered the funeral oration at the public obsequies over his colleague for nearly a quarter of a century, Senator Joseph R. Hawley, at the Capitol in Hartford. He went to the grave and remained there while the committal services were being read. He had his hat off during the ceremonies at the grave. It was a bitter cold, rainy day, and Senator Platt caught cold there. When he reached his home in Washington he complained that he was feeling unwell, and in a few days he was in the first stages of pneumonia."

"Now," says the *Hartford Courant*, "for the facts. Senator Platt did not stand with his hat off during the ceremonies at the grave of Hawley; there were no ceremonies at the grave; the senator did not go to the grave; there was no grave. Senator Hawley's body was placed in the receiving vault at Cedar Hill. Brief exercises were held in the mortuary chapel there, which was warmed. Senator Platt was not present."

Gramophones are at present all the rage with Chinese in China; baby organs can not be turned out fast enough to meet the demand; foreign clothes are being made wholesale for Chinese, both ladies and gentlemen. The black velvet jockey cap has gone forth on its conquering progress from the east to the extreme west of China. Knitted shawls are not only the amusement of the palace ladies, but the wear of all advanced young women. The German student must wear spectacles and a scar or two upon his cheeks, the Chinese man student also clings to his spectacles, but the Chinese girl student wears her knitted comforter or shawl around her neck, puts on her foreign black shoes and is satisfied! She is learning to play the piano, she speaks English, she plays croquet.

RECENT CALIFORNIAN VERSE.

Rain.

The rain was gray before it fell,
And through a world where light had died,
There ran a mournful little wind
That shook the trees and cried.

The rain was brown upon the earth,
In turbid stream and tiny seas;
In swift and slender shafts that beat
The flowers to their knees.

The rain is mirror to the sky,
To leaning grass in image clear,
And drifting in the shining pools
The clouds are white and near.
—Nora May French in *Out West*.

The Flight.

A SONG OF THE SULU SEA.

The hunt is up for Behukan!
The fating Datto of his ease
Is plundered by an outlawed man!
The Datto's daughter, slim and fair,
Has vanished—Allah knoweth where!
From Sihutu to Basilan
A hundred proas scour the seas
For Behukan; but he—brave heart—
His torn flesh soothed by loving art—
Is sailing south to Celebes!

For that he dared to love a queen,
His writhing form was pinned and thrust
With bamboo splinters through and through!
A shapeless shape, all blood and dust,
They left him in the reeds to die.
Black night and ghostly dawn between,
The Datto's daughter heard a cry
Beneath her hut, and, weeping saw
A man, self-dragged on hands and knees,
Each bitter inch eternity!
Brave hearts! afar from Datto's law,
Bruised cheek to cheek in his canoe,
They set fair sail to Celebes!

They sailed in no unstocked canoe—
The bamboo joints were brimming o'er
With water fresh from the village pool;
Great heaps of golden mangoes cool,
Green coconuts—all things to please
A sick man's thirst, they had in store.
I saw them last beyond the reef,
Steady and full the brown sail drew—
I warrant that the fating chief
Will search in vain to north and east!
A hundred miles away at least,
(May Allah guard them from all grief!)
They're sailing south to Celebes!
—Edward Barron in the *New York World*.

"I Lay My Lute Beside Thy Door."

What was it Colin gave to thee?
A blossom from the hawthorn-tree?
A flower of song is all I own,
A little dreamland rose, half-blown.
Oh, deck thy tresses, I implore—
I lay my lute beside thy door!

What was it Damon sent to thee?
A gleaming pearl from Eastern sea?
A gem of song is all I own,
A tiny, glistening, tear-stained stone.
Oh, wear it—'twill my peace restore—
I lay my lute beside thy door!

What was it Luhin brought to thee?
A falcon from the dewy lea?
A bird of song is all I own,
And to thy heart it now has flown.
Oh, cage it, let it roam no more—
I lay my lute beside thy door!
—Clarence Army in *Smart Set*.

To a Californian May Queen.

Goddess of hearts by beauty's right divine,
If yet in any isle of ancient seas
Or garden of the lost Hesperides
An altar to the Cytherean shine,
Go thou not thither, tho' thy gods repine;
But grant us, we that love thy dear decrees,
To know thy sway—solicitous to please
With coronals and sacrificial wine.

Permit us that the dove-voiced flutes extol
Thy grace, and ours he garlands that enthral
Of sacred myrtle to thy service grown.
Beauty hath many pathways to the soul,
And thou, O gentle queen, hast found them all,
Making each heart thou interest thy throne.
—George Sterling in *Sunset Magazine*.

Just to Be Out of Doors.

Just to be out of doors! So still! So green!
With unbreathed air; illimitable, clean,
With soft, sweet scent of happy growing things,
The leaves' soft flutter, sound of sudden wings,
The far faint hills, the water wide between.

Breast of the great earth-mother! Here we lean
With no conventions hard to intervene,
Content, with the contentment nature brings,
Just to be out of doors.

And under all the feeling half foreseen
Of what this lovely world will come to mean
To all of us when the uncounted strings
Are keyed aright, and one clear music rings
In all our hearts. Joy universal, keen,
Just to be out of doors.
—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in *Cosmopolitan*.

London's new "Vanguard" motor omnibuses are already being called "vans." This leads the *London Chronicle* to the observation that "van" is a striking instance of the manner in which the English language can arrive at the same verbal goal from widely distant starting points. The "van" of an army is an abbreviation of "vanguard," which represents "avantguard"—"avant" being French, from the Latin "ab ante" ("from in front"). The van of the showman and Pickford's, on the other hand, is "caravan" beheaded, and therefore has a Persian origin.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Belgians and the Congo Country.

In "The Story of the Congo Free State," a burning question—that of the treatment by the Belgian colonizing agents of the natives in the Congo Free State—is handled, so the author, Henry Wellington Wack, F. R. G. S., declares, in a spirit of absolute non-partisanship toward Leopold the Second, the Belgian King. Mr. Wack, who is a member of the New York bar, and an American of Belgian descent, made a long stay in the Congo Free State, and while there closely observed the social, political, and economical aspects of the Belgian system of government in Central Africa. He quotes freely from letters and speeches of Leopold the Second, in which that monarch professes his main object, aside from advancing the interests of Belgium and providing a field for its surplus population, to be the suppression of the slave trade, with consequent moral and material advancement of the people.

Mr. Wack's book amounts to a virtual defense of the Belgian King, and the sturdy conviction of his attitude is not without its effect. The author supports his contentions by calling attention to many evidences of the country's material prosperity, and the improved opportunities of the negro to better his condition. Numerous illustrations establish the existence of fine roads, bridges, railways, substantial public buildings, and those accomplishments of civilization, the telegraph and the telephone. Mr. Wack intimates, however, with considerable show of truth, that united action on the part of the British Government and English and American missionaries has, for the purpose of wresting from Belgium the command of the rubber trade, been instrumental in causing the accusations against Belgian rule for offenses whose supposed enormity might easily compel the intervention of America.

The reader, although apt to be influenced by Mr. Wack's attitude, remembering much opposite testimony from highly credible sources, is not precisely convinced, and the book will probably only serve to add further obscurity to a perplexing and unsolved problem.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$3.50.

A Lively Story of Kentucky.

Justus Miles Forman is an author who goes to stageland for the sources of his inspiration. "Tommy Cartaret" has a hero hailing direct from stageland, "young Tommy," as the author affectionately dubs him, possessing all the attributes that belong to that world of unreality. To shield an unworthy father from exposure, he takes upon himself the consequences of the other's guilt, giving up the girl he loves and going into exile with a broken heart and an undaunted front. In the Kentucky mountains he finds opportunity for further self-sacrifice. A Kentucky maiden falls a victim to the attractions of his white flannels, combined with a broken-hearted demeanor, and he feels called upon to marry her. Upon the hardy mountaineers the white flannels have an opposite and an infuriating effect, and they essay to tar and feather the owner of them. Then, indeed, does young Tommy rise to a curtain-calling pitch. Gazing imperturbably into the leveled rifle-barrels, and tilting back upon his chair-legs, he nonchalantly lights and smokes a cigarette, covering his foes the while with his revolver. The tar-and-feather act does not take place, but that episode is by no means the last of Tommy's adventures. Whosoever follows them to the end will find that the Kentucky mountains furnish forth unlooked-for possibilities.

As may be seen, the book is to be measured by a standard of theatricalism. Entertainment is its avowed object, and the reader will be well rewarded if he gains a quarter of the exuberant enjoyment experienced by the author in narrating the vicissitudes of young Tommy's career.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, \$1.50.

Pleasant and Wholesome Children's Tales.

That world apart where little children dwell is shut off from most of us, in spite of our own early years, but Sara Andrew Shafer has the passport to it, and brings it before us in the pleasantest and most wholesome of children's stories. "Beyond Chance of Change" is a continuation of an earlier book, "The Day Before Yesterday," and the scene is again that "dear and fair village" of New England in the late sixties, and the same little folks that filled up the doctor's household are here again, by no means grown out of recognition. The vivid joys or stormy sorrows that each day brought to eleven-year-old Rachel and her band of youthful associates are told with a rarely sympathetic understanding of childhood's point of view. And they are such real happenings, so full of humor in the telling, so bright with recollections of neighborly village intercourse, of moonlight sleigh rides, of days of butternutting on pleasant farmsteads, and of all the curious pranks and plays with which children fill up the year's round, that not a few grown-ups

will read the book with a reminiscent tenderness for a childhood like this of the doctor's happy little household.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

A Purposeful Novel.

A strong novel of antebellum days and of that part of the war which preceded the Battle of Bull Run, is Upton Sinclair's "Manassas," the first of a trilogy on the Rebellion which he aims to write. Sinclair is a Socialist of distinction, and has already written three books—"The Journal of Arthur Stirling" (which appeared anonymously and was afterward acknowledged), "Prince Hagen," and "King Midas." All of these books were rather more pretentious than their merit warranted; Sinclair was plainly trying to find himself; in "Manassas" certainly he has done so. An intensely graphic picture of the South is given with neither exaggeration nor minimization of the evils of slavery. Though the story interest is not so well maintained as it possibly might be, one scarcely misses that in the interest that is aroused in the march of great events. The description of the Battle of Bull Run (or, Manassas, as the South names it) is excellently well done. It is rather obvious and hackneyed to say that it is the best thing of its sort since the appearance of "The Red Badge of Courage," but that is the fact.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

A History of Caricature.

The art that appeals to humor is represented by a weighty volume, the title of which, "The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature," shows its scope. The book is divided into four parts, which treat successively of "The Napoleonic Era," "From Waterloo Through the Crimean War," "The Civil and Franco-Prussian Wars," and "The End of the Century." The volume is profusely illustrated, containing reproductions of cartoons by many famous caricaturists of several nationalities. The authors, Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Saber Cooper, have woven some very interesting text about numerous illustrations of the merry art of caricature.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$2.50 net.

Mabie's "Shakespeare."

A new edition, with a new preface, of Hamilton Wright Mabie's "William Shakespeare, Poet and Dramatist," has been issued. There are many good qualities in this work of Mr. Mabie's. His sympathy with his subject is apparent on every page, and his love for the scenes of Shakespeare's early life is manifest in his description of them. Few have so beautifully described the Stratford country—"a landscape touched with the ripest beauty of England." This part of the book is worth many readings. But it is somewhat a defect of the book that more than one reading of other parts is inflicted upon the reader—for, probably through carelessness in revision, Mr. Mabie differs from

the Bard of Avon in frequently repeating himself.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.00 net.

Involuntary Poetic Production.

Margaret Deland contributes to *Harper's Magazine* for May an account of a poem curiously composed in a dream by a person who had never written verse before. Mrs. Deland says:

A certain Mrs. Warrin, rather past middle age, charming, eminently sensible, but uninclined to poetical expression, never having written a line of verse, suddenly woke one morning from a sound sleep, and, to her astonishment, heard herself repeating the lines which I inclose. She was absolutely dumfounded, because it seemed to her that these words had no connection with her own volition; it was as if some one was using her as a machine—a machine which rapidly and smoothly ground out, so to speak, this poem. When it ran down (one involuntarily uses mechanical terms), she arose, and hurrying to her husband's room, awoke him, and, opening her lips, again heard these two verses. Mr. Warrin, knowing that she had no experience in poetic expression, was astonished as she. She copied the poem, simply as a matter of curiosity; but when I read it I asked her to let me have it, because it did seem to me to have merit, apart, as I say, from the queer circumstances of its production. I may add that, so far from having a cold and childless life, "rent in twain by sobs," Mrs. Warrin is the mother of a fine son, a woman of sane and cheerful interest in life, and as far removed from morbidity as you can imagine. In fact, the poem is so entirely impersonal to Mrs. Warrin that she finds the circumstances amusing, and is not inclined to take the verses seriously.

Here is the poem:

"In my dim room two tapestries there are, close hanging to the wall;
On one, bright colors flame and golden gleams,
And from it, in the half-light of my days,
I think I hear the low, soft laughter of sweet love,
The merry cry of children—mine, the shouts of boys at play;
Then clash of swords, and murmurs of great crowds,
And acclamations high, and loud and strong;
My life—that longed to be.
"The other, pale and sombre in the shadow falls,
I scarce can tell what faint design is traced upon its folds;
Dim shades there are, which slowly move
In misty waves the wall along;
So cold, so dark,—no love, no life, no sound;
Hark, silence shivers, rent in twain by sobs—
my own."

It would be interesting to know how common this sort of thing really is. The verses certainly contain traces of genuine poetry.

Those who have noticed the dedication of "The Amateur Cracksmen" to "A. C. D." will be interested to learn that these initials stand for Arthur Conan Doyle, the well-known creator of Sberlock Holmes. Dr. Doyle is a brother-in-law of Ernest W. Hornung, the author, whose new stories of adventure, "Stingaree," are being published in a volume by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gen. Arthur MacArthur

RECOMMENDS IN THE HIGHEST TERMS A GERMAN EYE SPECIALIST.

Office of Commanding General United States Army, San Francisco, February 6, 1905.
Mr. George Mayerle, 1071 1/2 Market Street—Sir: The glasses you recently made for me are restful and soothing, as you suggested they would be, and more satisfactory than any glasses I have ever used. Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR MACARTHUR,
Major-General, U. S. Army.

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The Masquerader

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

Here is a novel six months old, and still a brand-new book—a book claiming its hundreds of new readers daily and promising great things. It has proved itself a great story; it came sweeping all ordinary novels into the background, and it still goes on its conquering way. It's worth reading, if only to see wherein the secret of such tremendous success lies. Once take up the book, and you know.

This is a story of a strong man and a strong woman and their high-handed grasping for happiness in the face of the moral law. The woman, magnificent in her love, rises above considerations of conventions, above fear, above conscience. Circumstances give her the right to follow the dictates of an overwhelming passion. It will take rank with the few really good books.—*New York Evening Mail.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The editors of the *Dial* of Chicago send us an advance proof of the leading editorial in the last issue, which number marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of that distinguished literary periodical. The *Dial* has long occupied a unique position among American journals. It is the only periodical, exclusively devoted to literature, which is not controlled by a publishing house or by a newspaper. It has always disdained popularity, maintaining in its reviews a high level of dignity and breadth.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the publication of a new edition of Leo Deutch's "Sixteen Years in Siberia." In an appendix to the new volume is given the correspondence between Bismarck and the Russian Government relative to the arrest of Deutch before he was sent to Siberia. The book has been published in French, German, Italian, Dutch, Polish, and Bulgarian, while the original Russian has been printed in Switzerland and smuggled into Russia.

John Lane has just sent out the tercentenary edition of "The Life of Cervantes," by Albert F. Calvert, with numerous illustrations, including portraits and reproductions of early prints.

Signora Grazia Deledda, a translation of whose novel, called "After the Divorce," we reviewed last week, is a very popular novelist in Italy. A new novel of hers, called "Nostalgia," will be published simultaneously as a serial in Italy and England. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* in Paris has been publishing her "Ceneré."

Andrew Lang, in his forthcoming volume on "John Knox and the Reformation," discards the traditional and conventional view of Knox. In his preface he says: "If I am right, Knox, both as politician and historian, resembled Charles the First in sailing as near to the wind as possible. The circumstance only makes him more human and interesting."

"Isidro," by Mary Austin, has already passed into its fifth edition.

Rudyard Kipling was named after the so-called Lake Rudyard, in North Staffordshire, England, where his father and mother spent their honeymoon just before sailing for India, where the future novelist and poet was born. Although the residents on the shores of Lake Rudyard dignify it by the title of a lake, it is, in point of fact, a reservoir (three miles long) for supplying the Trent and Mersey Canal, of which Josiah Wedgwood cut the first sod in 1796.

The new novel by F. Frankfort Moore, author of "The Jessamy Bride," entitled "Love Alone Is Lord," treats frankly with the romance of Lord Byron and his cousin, Mary Chaworth. The book will bear the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is taking a few weeks rest from her literary work. She is in Florence, where the Easter celebration, while less elaborate than in Rome, is most unique and medieval in character and peculiar to that city alone. Recent authoritative lists give "The Marriage of William Ashe" as the best selling book in London, New York, Boston, Washington, and many of the smaller cities.

The property-owners in and around Greendale, Hancock County, Ind., are very indignant over the proposed spoliation of a historic place near the county seat which James Whitcomb Riley has made famous in verse as the "Ole Swimm' Hole." Property-owners along Brandywine Creek are seeking to get a court order which will enable them to straighten the creek, and in doing so the "Ole Swimm' Hole" would lose its identity, as the bend at which it is found would be cut away. People who have no property interests in the creek are signing petitions to the county commissioners to reject the proposition.

The author of "The Yellow War," recently reviewed in these columns, who masquerades as "O" on the title-page, is now reported to be Captain Lionel James, the war-correspondent of the *London Times*.

Harold MacGrath's "The Man on the Box" has been turned into a play by Grace Livingston Lurson, who dramatized Agnes and Egerton Castle's "The Pride of Jennico."

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the author, is a spirited draftsman, and usually carries a bit of crayon in his pocket to jot down such contents as may strike him. In appearance Mr. Chesterton retains some of the bohemianism of his early art student days, is unconventional in dress, and always wears a slouch hat that is the despair of his friends. Mr. Chesterton has expressed his opinions recently on the subject of dress: "There are literary men (I have even known them myself) whose costume sometimes leaves something to be desired in point of exactitude of fashion. But being intimately acquainted with the souls of these persons, I can assure you for it that they do not think there is

anything in the least artistic about this peculiarity. It is simply a small personal deficiency, partly culpable, and partly accidental. It is a little less serious than dropping one's h's."

Prince Kropotkin has written a new book, "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature."

Marie Corelli seems to find something amiss at home. She has noticed that "among the English upper classes there has been growing of late years a disregard for all that is truly sincere and honorable, and a callous frivolity to take its place." She further laments the disappearance of the "sterling virtues of mental and moral stability and weight which were once the Englishman's pride." These are samples of her "Free Opinions Freely Expressed" in the volume of that title which Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing.

R. Nisbet Bain has nearly ready a book on "The First Romanoffs and Their Period." It is a history of Muscovite civilization and the rise of modern Russia.

The Putnams have in preparation a new work on psychic research, which will be issued under the title "Metapsychic Phenomena." The book originated in France, being the record of a series of experiments made by Joseph Maxwell. Mrs. Finch has prepared the translation. The French edition contained a preface by Professor Ch. Richet, which will be included in the English book, together with a special introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge. This volume will be of interest to those people who are concerned in trying to "get a line on" the phenomena variously known as "spiritualistic," "occult," or, to use the term coined by M. Richet, "metapsychical."

Julian Hawthorne Praises "The Pioneer."

One of the notably authoritative literary critics in the United States, Julian Hawthorne, has written for an Eastern journal a very long and extremely appreciative review of Miss Bonner's new novel of California, "The Pioneer." Mr. Hawthorne says of the book:

Miss Bonner's story of California and Nevada in the seventies gathers together some of the elemental and characteristic features of the life of that time and region, and treats them with competent knowledge, fine appreciation, and delicate insight. She writes quietly, lucidly, and with restraint, yet tells a compelling and dramatic tale. The scenes which form the background of the events are described with the accuracy and sensitiveness of a loving and conscientious observer; and the persons are deeply conceived and adequately portrayed. They present themselves with easy distinctness before the eye of the reader; they are types but not hackneyed ones. The woman characters are especially well done; their deeds, words, and looks harmonize. In their development and interpretation the author proves her right to be a novelist; she has penetrated beneath the surface of human nature, and there is often wisdom and felicity in her reading of motives and rendering of action.

Speaking of the two girls about whom (and Colonel Parrish) the story revolves, Mr. Hawthorne remarks:

June is an unusual type, admirably understood and delineated by the author; a difficult type, too, to portray, because a line out of drawing would be more injurious than with a rougher or stronger character. She is well sustained throughout; there are touches in the portrait which could have been given only by genius; and the light which irradiates her comes from a deep and genial sympathy. Rosamond, her sister, is an excellent foil; she is simple and strong where June is complex and weak, and she appears before us without effort or straining, sweet, wholesome, girlish, womanly; a delightful, spontaneous figure. Excellent, also, is the mother of these two girls, whom we see but once in the story, but who immediately conquers our belief and sympathy.

Here is what he says of the death of Lupé.

The death of this woman is told with great restraint and quietude; but it is truly tragic, and, considering the temptation to make such a scene sensational, is greatly to the credit of the author.

In conclusion:

When one has read "The Pioneer" and laid it down, the things in it that linger pleasantly in the memory are not the ones that cost the author most pains to produce, but the quiet, spontaneous touches that she made easily, because she knew and sympathized with them well. If she will confine herself to what she so knows and feels, she will do lasting work, and California will have a cause to be proud of its daughter.

Source of a Kipling Title.

A reader of the *Academy* has lighted upon the source of the title of one of Mr. Kipling's most successful books, "Captains Courageous." The title will be found in the opening stanza of the sixteenth-century song celebrating "Mary Ambree," the Amazonian heroine of the siege of Ghent in 1586:

"When captains courageous whom death could not daunt
Led march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soliers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Amhree"

OLD FAVORITES.

The Twa Corbies.

There were twa corbies sat on a tree,
Large and black as black might he,
And one until the other gan say,
"Where shall we gang and dine to-day?
Shall we dine by the wild saut sea?
Shall we dine 'neath the greenwood tree?"

"As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land;
I waved my wings, I beat my heak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie—one, two, and three;—
I shall dine by the wild saut sea."

"Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,—
And no one knows that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine 'neath the greenwood tree.

"Ye shall sit on his white hause-hane,
I will pick out his honny blue een;
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theeke your nest when it grows bare;
The godden down on his young chin
Will do to row my young ones in!

"O! cauld and bare his hed will he,
When winter's storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep, nor hear the maidens moan;
O'er his white hones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound, and foxes cry!"

—Anon.

The Cruel Mother.

She has tane her cloak aboot her heid,
All alone and alonie O;
She has gane to dn a gruesome deid,
Doun by yon greenwood sidie O.

She has laid her heid against a thorn,
And two honnie habies she has horn.

She has tane the ribbons frae her hair;
She has chokit them, tho' they grat sair.

She has dug a hole aneath a tree,
She has huriet them that nane micht see.

O richt warily has she gane hame,
That nane micht meddle wi' her fair fame.

For days and weeks she was pale and wan,
But what ailed her nae ane micht ken.

As she lookit ower the castle wa',
She saw twa habies playin' at the ba'.

"O, honnie babies, gin ye were mine,
Ye wad get the white coo milk and wine."

"O, cruel mother, when we were thine,
Ye gied us nae white coo milk and wine;

"But ye took the ribbons frae your hair,
And ye chokit us, tho' we grat sair;

"And in the heavens we now do dwell,
While ye maun drie the fierce fires o' hell."

—Anon.

Apropos of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish several timely books. They include "From the West to the West," by Abigail Scott Duniway, an account in fiction of a journey across the plains to Oregon, giving a picture of travel half a century ago. "Letters from an Oregon Ranch" is another volume, illustrated from photographs, which tells of an attempt to make a home in the wilderness.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Bishop of London was once ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The bishop said it was impossible; he had so many engagements. "Well, my lord bishop," said the specialist, "it either means Algiers or heaven." "Oh, in that case," said the bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."

Lord North was wont to treat his colleagues in the House of Commons with indifference, and to affect ignorance of what was going on. On one occasion a member pointed scornfully to the inert figure of the minister, and exclaimed: "Even now, amid these perils, the noble lord is asleep." "I wish I were," groaned Lord North.

About a year ago a Kansas doctor lost a wallet containing a large sum of money. He offered a liberal reward for its return, but the party who found it thought the whole thing was better than the reward. The other day the doctor entered his coal-house, and the first thing he saw was his empty wallet, and protruding from the end was a card bearing the inscription: "Doctor, please fill this prescription again."

Lew Fields relates that once, when he was with the Weber & Fields organization, he wired on from Omaha to the manager of the Atchison (Kan.) theatre where the company was to appear: "Would like to hold a rehearsal at your house at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Have your stage-manager, stage-carpenter, assistant stage-carpenter, property man, chief electrician, and all stage hands at the theatre promptly at that hour." Three hours later Mr. Fields received the following reply from the Atchison manager: "All right. He will be there."

In Frankfort, Ky., is a quaint character named Ezekiel Hopkins, who once gained local fame by discovering a piece of broken track and flagging an excursion train in time to save disaster. So it was decided to present Ezekiel with a gold watch. The head of the presentation committee, approaching Ezekiel with a grave how, said: "Mr. Hopkins, it is the desire of the good people of Frankfort that you shall, in recognition of your valor and merit, be presented with his watch, which, they trust, will ever re-

mind you of their undying friendship." Without the least emotion Ezekiel ejected from his mouth a long stream of tobacco juice, took the watch from its handsome case, turned it over and over in his wrinkled hand, and finally asked with the utmost naïveté: "Where's the chain?"

In Italy, whenever a famous criminal trial is on, the newspapers take sides violently, search for evidence, and assume all the prerogatives of the court. That they are even more sensational than the American press in this regard is indicated by the fact that Italians reading accounts of great cases in the American papers are always struck with the moderation of tone shown, and wonder how it is that Americans take so little interest in what interests the whole world. "The Americans are a great people," say the Italians, "but cold; they don't even warm to their own criminals!"

At a certain coal mine down in New Mexico the superintendent was greatly annoyed, from time to time, by employees moving into and out of the company's houses without due notification of their frequent changes of domicile. It became quite impossible to keep the rent accounts straight on the office books, and finally the superintendent, in his exasperation, resolved upon stringent measures. He therefore posted the following notice, which is given verbatim—orthography, syntax, and all: "Notice to all employes aney Person or Persons that Mooves into A house Without My Consent shall be Put out Without anney cemmony. Dam it i Must and Will have some Sistom. —HEN FILSTER."

The great breach in the friendship between Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett occurred when Barrett was playing "The Man of Airlie" in Booth's theatre. The piece did not draw, and Booth decided to have it discontinued. So (as he afterward told of the incident) he broached the subject to Barrett, who immediately grew angry. "Do you mean to say that I can't play it," he demanded hotly. Booth assured him, in a conciliatory way, that he gave the first part fairly, but not the last. In a greater passion than ever, Barrett repeated: "Do you mean to say that I can't play it?" Booth, still trying to not offend him, said: "I don't think you have quite worked into the last act." Then Barrett's fury burst its bounds, and he terminated a torrent of in-

vective with the remark: "Your father's weakness and your brother's crime placed you where you are. But I will live to see you in the gutter, and will stand above you." In spite of this, the two grew to be friends again, and starred in the combination that drew the highest houses of the time.

A French literary man, proud of his really excellent English, visiting a British cabinet minister, had spent a delightful afternoon viewing the picture galleries and art treasures of his host. In expressing his pleasure to that gentleman, he observed that, "charming though the experience was, he must not venture, he felt sure, to cockroach longer on such valuable time." "You speak English so beautifully, monsieur," replied his host, "that I think you may like me to tell you that we do not say 'to cockroach,' but 'to encroach.'" "Encroach, of course, of course, hencroach; oh! your genders, how they do puzzle me!" said monsieur; "oh! hencroach, of course."

A good story is told concerning Emperor William's visit to Corfu. A party of English midshipmen were returning to their ships, after an excursion on foot to Achilleon, the Empress of Austria's palace. On arriving at the ferry, they found that the boat was too small to carry the whole party, and three or four of the midshipmen stripped and swam over, passing as they did so the nunnery on Ulysses Island, which is situated half way across. Emperor William, on hearing of the incident, signaled to Admiral Sir Compton Domville: "I hear your midshipmen have been shocking the good nuns by their costumes," to which the admiral replied, also by signal: "Have heard; may mention your majesty is misinformed in one particular: the young gentlemen hadn't any costumes."

Once, when in England, Steve Brodie, the famous bridge-jumper, was in a party which included Charlie Mitchell, the prize-fighter. Mitchell made some remarks derogatory to John L. Sullivan, to which Brodie rejoined with some sarcastic observations on the sprinting ability Mitchell displayed while in the ring with Sullivan. This angered the prize-fighter, who knocked Brodie flat. As he scrambled to his feet, Mitchell made another rush at him, but by then Brodie had a pistol in his hand, and thrusting it under his assailant's nose, remarked: "You tink you're goin' to make a reputation off lickin' Steve

Brodie, don't yer? Well, you just hit me once and there'll be a lot in the papers about it, but you won't read it." That closed the incident.

In the suburbs of Baltimore there is an ancient glue factory that at times floods the surrounding scenery with an odor strange and far from sweet. A street railway line runs past the building, and one day last summer, when the place was indulging in a wild outburst of inglorious incense, an open car passed, in one of the seats of which sat an Irish laborer and a middle-aged lady. The Irishman's features expressed unutterable things and the lady sniffed diligently at a bottle of smelling salts. The car came to a stop, the glue rioted worse than ever, and the son of Erin could stand it no longer. "Excuse me, mum," he said, humbly, as he doffed his hat, "but might I ask ye to put the stopper in that there bottle?"

Judge Spencer R. Atkinson, former justice of the Supreme Court, tells that early in his career he took a case for a Southern client. The amount involved being less than one hundred dollars, the trial came off in a justice's court. The jury disagreed, so a new one was called, with the same result. This went on until seven juries had disagreed. Then, just before the eighth trial, Mr. Atkinson received the following note from the justice of the peace: "I write this to let you know the case of Beckham agin Lyles can not be tried no more in this court. You have used up all the juries in the district, and it won't be possible to get no more juries until some grows up, or some new folks moves in. I have wrote the same notice to the other side." As no notice has yet been received that a new jury has grown up, the case is still unsettled.

Madge—"Did the doctor tell you that you had any pronounced disease?" Dolly—"Yes, dear; but I couldn't pronounce it if I tried for a week."—Town Topics.

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THE STABLE AND THE DRAGON.

A Diplomatic Story.

A new diplomat had arrived in Peking. The rest of the foreign ministers received him with stately courtesy and rather liked his looks.

In accordance with custom, the new minister prepared to present his credentials to the emperor. The first step in that direction was to visit the Tsung-li-Yamen, the Chinese foreign office.

"I shall then appear at the palace on that day," began Count Cassini.

The Tsung-li-Yamen suppressed their smiles with difficulty. They hastened to explain that the emperor never received the envoys of barbarian powers at the palace.

The new minister was quite well aware of that, but he appeared to be considerably surprised. He said it was impossible for him to meet the emperor in a stable.

"I understand that," said Count Cassini. "But I can not meet his majesty anywhere except in the palace."

"That could never be, the Tsung-li-Yamen said.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Count Cassini. "It desolates me to say that I can not present my credentials to his majesty."

"You will wait a long time," said the senior dignitary. "You will never be received in the palace."

"You have patience, gentlemen," said Count Cassini. "You will find that I am as patient as you."

Then he withdrew. He sent a copy of his credentials to the foreign office, but he never saw the emperor.

Interest in this wonderful barbarian spread rapidly in the celestial city. The man who refused to see the emperor became a subject for tea-cup talk.

Strange to say, Russia's interests did not suffer. The new minister negotiated several important treaties with remarkable success.

He negotiated the Manchurian Railway treaty, the treaty to regulate telegraph concessions, and others in which Russia's interests were opposed to those of the other European and barbarian countries.

One day there was to be a grand reception of the diplomats—in the stables, of course. The diplomatic corps went to the residence of its dean, Minister von Brandt, of Germany, to discuss it.

"And why not?" said Minister von Brandt.

"As the Czar's representative, I decline to be received in a stable by anybody," said the Russian.

Minister von Brandt felt that the time had come to rebuke Cassini's arrogant folly, and that as dean the duty devolved upon him.

"As for me," he said, with freezing hauteur, "wherever the emperor wishes to see me I shall be glad to go."

"Yes," said Cassini calmly, "even if he receives you in the lavatory."

Von Brandt turned purple and the other ministers gasped. Count Cassini withdrew and left them to wend their way to the stables.

A few days after this a bombshell fell in the diplomatic corps. The emperor had conferred upon the Russian envoy the Order of the Dragon, the greatest of Chinese orders.

There isn't a blooming old flower that grows in garden, or park, or plat, which hasn't turned out in a riot and rout to know where its fannels are at.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

But one small phrase annuls the curse, and that is this: "It might have been worse."—O. in New York Sun.

When he says, "O fair maid! marry me!" "But this is so Soudan!" says she.

When he says, "My dear Miss, We'll share one oasis." "O a sis I'll be, Sir!" says she.

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade in New York Times.

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powers are received in the palace of the Son of Heaven. For after Cassini had been received the favor was gradually extended to the others.

But in all the discussion this affair evoked among the members of the diplomatic corps, there was one question which recurred oftener than any other. And it was this:

When the emperor conferred the Order of the Dragon upon the Russian envoy, had he heard the story of the lavatory sarcasm? Is it possible that the Chinese have a sense of humor?

Perhaps another emperor, he of Germany, heard the story. At any rate, Minister von Brandt was soon afterward recalled.—New York Times.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Nowadays.

When Little Bo Peep Has lost her sheep, Wall Street is where to find 'em. If she leaves 'em alone They may come home, But they'll leave their wool behind 'em.

Lucy Gray, According to the Norsk Nightingale.

Ay s'pose yu know bout Lucy Gray Who used to play on moor And having quite gude time all day Beside her fader's door.

Dis Maester Vordsvorth write it down Gude many years ago, How Luey starts to walk to town In gude big drifts of snow.

"Lucy," her fader say, "yust tak Dis lantern from the shelf." Say Lucy: "Ay have kic to mak— Vy don't yu go yureself?"

But Lucy's dad ant stand no talk And say, "Yu have to go!" So Lucy Gray tak little walk To town in dis har snow.

Miss Lucy ant come back dat night And ant come back next day, And den her parents get gude fright—"Our kid ban lost," dey say.

Dey look for tracks which Lucy mak And find some tracks dat go Up to a bridge on little lak And den ban lost in snow.

And so dey tenk Miss Gray ban lost And feeling purty bum. The funeral saxty dollars cost And all the neighbors come.

But Lucy ant ban lost at all— She met a traveling man; He ban a bird—his name ban Hall, And off for town dey ran.

And Maester Hall and Lucy Gray Ban married in St. Yo. And dey ban keeping house to-day In Kansas City, Mo.

—Mittanhee Sentinel.

The Flowers of the Eastern Spring.

The roses that bloom in the spring, tra la, Have put on their heaviest furs; The leaves on the trees, That don't want to freeze, Are wearing their muffler-er-ers.

The crocus is calling for hot-water bags, The lilies, which find it no joke To shiver and shake ' In the half-frozen lake, Are getting their wraps out of soak.

The pansies, arrayed in their velvet attire Of purple and varying hues, Are trying to smile, And putting meanwhile, Cayenne in their overshoes.

The daffodils, gleaming in golden array, Aroused from their summery dream, Are kicking like steers For more engineers And an extra supply of steam.

There isn't a blooming old flower that grows In garden, or park, or plat, Which hasn't turned out In a riot and rout To know where its fannels are at.

—H. J. Lampton in Ex.

The Antidote.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

But one small phrase annuls the curse, and that is this: "It might have been worse."—O. in New York Sun.

An Arab Wooing.

When he says, "O fair maid! marry me!" "But this is so Soudan!" says she.

When he says, "My dear Miss, We'll share one oasis." "O a sis I'll be, Sir!" says she.

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade in New York Times.

Jamaica Negro Love-Letters.

The amusing letters that follow are transcripts of actual billets doux from members of a negro colony near Kingston on the Island of Jamaica:

MY DEARE LOVE, MY DEAREST DOVE: I have taken the pleasur of righbten [writing] these few lines to you, hopin when they comes to hand they may find you in a perfect state of health, as it leaves me at present.

My deare, I have never felt the enjoyment of love as I feel with you. These few lines is to let you know that it is my intention of marryin you, if it is agreeable to you.

My Deare, my mind is so taking up with you, I can not help from righting you. I am not able to go on at present, but in time to come I hope to be your man of business.

Let her kiss me with the kisses of her mouth, for thy love is better than wine. As the apple trees among the trees of the wood, so is my love with you.

DEAR LOV: I is wrote you a letter to beg of you to make me your lover, but you is not wrote me again. I is dead of lov every day, wen you look so bansom.

DEAR GEORGIANA: I take the liberty of myself to inform you this few lines hoping you may not be offend as often is. I had often seen you in my hearts.

DEAR GEORGIANA: I take the liberty of myself to inform you this kind, loving, and affectionate letter. I hope when it received into your hand you receive with peace and all good will, pleasure, and comforts.

DEAR GEORGIANA, wether if you are willing or not, Please to sent me an ansure back. Do, my dear.

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ARTICLE ON MELBA CRITICISED.

Satirical Comment by Australian Writer.

Mme. Melba's last visit to Australia was described in *Munsey's Magazine* by J. Audy-Tyson. A writer in *Table Talk*, published at Melbourne, Australia, wonders who "this musing person" (Mr. Tyson) is, and concludes with the following comment on the article in question:

The diva's early life is sketched, her father named as "one of the wealthiest men in Victoria," which is news to Victorians, who, while regarding him as a very warm man, have never ranked him among our wealthiest. The old mistake of expulsion from the Presbyterian College is repeated. There is just enough truth in it to make it stick, for she was threatened with expulsion. "It does not appear there were any local musicians sufficiently discriminating to see in the new concert singer a future queen of song," hades of poor old, Cecchi, Siede, and one or two more who used to rave about her voice!

David Mitchell is described as a rigid Presbyterian, and the unhappiness of Melba's marriage is ascribed to the fact that "Charles Armstrong was almost as devout a Presbyterian as was David Mitchell himself." This will provoke a gentle smile from those who know the gay and festive Armstrong, with his well-known little failings. The article goes on to tell how Melba's family and society sided with her husband, and how she defied the world alone—how she had sung scores of charity concerts, and friends ranged for a benefit at the Melbourne Town hall, but "the attendance was so poor that a concert is said to have yielded only about a pound. It was in humiliation, rather than triumph, that she boarded a vessel for Europe in a few days." Yet Australians who were at that concert assert the hall was full, the doors, and friends tell how Nellie had great send-off.

To quote again from this veracious history: "Five years afterward she was forgotten, until tales began to come of a series of successes won by an Australian," who hid her identity under the name of Melba, and would seem she struggled in Europe, poor and unaided, to her success. Yet those whose memories go back to that time recall how progress was known, her first comparative failure in London told, how the dour Scotsman sent his daughter to Marchesi, and launched her properly in London. After meeting his daughter at Albury we are told that David Mitchell ruptured a blood vessel in his throat, and how "for the next six days, wearing the apron of a nurse, his daughter remained by his bedside. When she resumed her journey her father went with her in the governor-general's car." Melbourne folks at the time were told she did most reluctantly to leave him there in order to come on, and that he followed her ten days later; but no matter, the funniest it is to come.

The enthusiasm of Melbourne folk is touched upon. "But the ardor of the cheers, throngs soon was dampened by the manner in which the city's guest of honor received their demonstrations. Neither by nod or smile did the haughty singer acknowledge the plaudits of the multitude. Only once was the apathetic expression of her features seen to change. This was while her marriage was passing the Stock Exchange, in which a hanner was stretched across the street, with the words 'Our Nellie' emblazoned upon it. Mme. Melba surveyed this with a moment with an expression of scorn, and shrugged her shoulders and turned away."

What say the "old girls" who welcomed Melba to the Presbyterian College to this?—Among the delegations that participated in the public reception was one from the Presbyterian Ladies' College. Scores of pupils in this institution, all clad in white, approached to welcome the diva, but the coldness with which they were received soon showed that Nellie Mitchell had not forgotten the Presbyterian College had turned her in its doors." This scarcely fits in with Melba's arrival, all laughter and gay spirits, the reception given at the college to meet her, nor her unassuming friendliness there, and her cheery allusions to old days.

Declining the suite of rooms that had been made ready for her occupancy, Mme. Melba rented one of the finest mansions in the town. Here it was announced she would give her friends "is another statement, there were no rooms taken, but her mother-in-law, T. Patterson, had secured a room" long before her coming. "All Melbourne society alighted at her door, and society was discomfited. Nearly all the menfolk greeted her as 'Nellie,' and asked if she did not remember this or that incident of the past. But 'Nellie' was the great Melba now, and she coldly told them she did not remember them at all. Within two days only carriage that rolled up to her door was her own." Quite one of the saddest things in fiction. And here is a pretty touch concerning the concert—"The ovation which greeted Melba's entrance was something which her native city is proud to describe on this day. But the heart of Nellie Armstrong was not won. Without making any attempt to acknowledge the welcome, she stood for the applause to subside. Only once her features soften, and this was when she turned her eyes toward her aged mother. . . . Not once did this haughty sovereign unbend. There was an unmistakable expression of scorn on her lips as her cold gaze rested upon the cheering throng that filled the city hall. And next morning she sent the proceeds of the concert to charitable institutions." Strange to say, no Melbourne charity is aware of this munificence.

The pretty story is told of how, reaching her mother's estate, she set off in search of her

former pets, to discover only in the opening of a log descendants of her tame kookaburras. Kookaburras in a log is good. De Rougemont made wombats fly—Mr. Tyson is taking the wings off laughing jackasses. But as these of Melba's are quite imaginary, it does not hurt them. "But, alas," concludes the article, "old domestic troubles were discussed, with the result that when Mme. Melba sailed away again her father's face was missing from the throng that assembled at the pier to see her off. Since then the great singer has frequently corrected those who have referred to her as a representative of Australia."

Shakespeare's Faults as Seen by Shaw.

The London *Mail* of recent date contains an amusing account of a lecture on Shakespeare, delivered by G. Bernard Shaw, in which, says the *Mail*, Shaw "compared himself to the poet more than once, somewhat to Shakespeare's disadvantage." With that subtle simplicity which is Mr. Shaw's chief charm, he described the demerits of the poet. There were many of them, according to Mr. Shaw. Here are a few which he dealt with at length:

- Shakespeare's ignorance of love-making.
- His pessimism.
- His hasty habit of writing easy blank verse.
- His narrowness of vision.
- His trite philosophy.

Here are some extracts from Mr. Shaw's address:

Shakespeare was not a vulgar and illiterate man who began life by holding horses' heads. Shakespeare was a gentleman, and always regarded himself as such. You will understand his respectable standing when I tell you his father was a bankrupt. People whose fathers have been bankrupts don't hold horses' heads for a living.

He regarded himself as a gentleman. He was very poor. That had nothing to do with it. My father was very poor, but I always consider myself a gentleman. People sometimes insult me by calling me a member of the middle classes.

Mr. Shaw described "Love's Labour's Lost" as "a very Bedford Park kind of play," and said that there was reason for believing that Shakespeare had never been in love. Mr. Shaw shook his head in disgust over the way "that young woman Juliet talked to Romeo," and described effectively how Hamlet, having made a powerful scene over Ophelia's grave, went off to a fencing match.

"Shakespeare," said Mr. Shaw seriously, "was an extremely able and clever man in his way." He went on to tell how he had to subordinate his great ability to popular work in order to earn money so that he might become a country gentleman. "As to 'As You Like It,' I could write just as good a play myself, and have done it, except, of course, the beautiful verse, and I'm not sure about that."

Ethel Barrymore in New Role.

The New York *Sun* says of Ethel Barrymore's appearance in Ibsen's "The Doll's House":

It was an uneven performance, and, while Miss Barrymore looked charmingly girlish, she was less successful in assuming the buoyant exuberance of Nora than she was in depicting her few really serious moments which come before her vital separation from her husband. It was in this final scene that Miss Barrymore last night gave the most earnest, sincere, and serious performance that she has yet achieved. . . . Her sincerity won you quite as much as her interpretation of the character did. Taken in its entirety, this performance marks a distinct advance for Miss Barrymore as an artist. The *tarantella* scene in the second act is still too complex and intricate a scene for so young an actress to portray. . . . Her Nora was, if anything, too much of the woman, too little of the butterfly, but the fact remains none the less that Miss Barrymore accomplished a great deal.

Nance O'Neill is appearing at the Grand Opera House, New York, and although not attracting so much attention as before, receives about the same sort of criticism, i. e., that she is crude, with flashes of genius.

The Oxford Theatre, London, has been running a racing act called "Horse vs. Cyclist," in which Blanche Sloan impersonated her brother, Tod Sloan, the jockey.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Mechanics, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

- MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
 1. "The Slanderers," by Warwick Deering.
 2. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 3. "The Mysterious Mr. Sabin," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.
 4. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.
 5. "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elmer Glyn.

- MECHANICS' LIBRARY.
 1. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel S. Gardenhire.
 2. "The Way of the North," by Warren Cheney.
 3. "The Princess Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
 4. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.
 5. "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis.

- PUBLIC LIBRARY.
 1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 2. "The Man on the Box," by Harold MacGrath.
 3. "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
 4. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.
 5. "The Gold Hunters of California," by Thomas E. Farish.

The Morality Play Becoming Modernized.

"Everyman" has been revived in London. The London *Chronicle*, commenting on the performances, says: "One could not avoid noticing how, in external matters, the simplicity that was so important a feature of the earliest performances of 'Everyman' has gone. Nowadays the atmosphere of the theatre is heavy with incense. The stage is decorated with orange trees. Above and around is scenery representing a forest. There seem to have been introduced, besides, little pieces of 'business' and of ritual, little extensions of the uses of the organ behind the scenes, and the choir of angels, and so on." It says that "there are those who remember with strange tenderness the first performance of all, in the old Charterhouse court-yard, where sparrows twittered around the plain, undecorated stage; and the whole scene and its associations, and the humble, human earnestness of the old play, combined to afford a quite unforgettable experience. That first simplicity was of more value than could ever be gauged by the half-guinea stall. This incense and organ business, introduced doubtless to make the performance more 'worth the money,' hardly serves even that end. After all can it not be enjoyed at church for a threepenny bit?"

Mrs. Fiske has two more defeats of the theatrical syndicate to her credit. She was unable to appear in Salt Lake City owing to the fact that the syndicate controls the theatres there. So the people of that city sent her a petition asking her to lecture on the drama in one of the largest churches there, which she has consented to do. In Denver, where the syndicate hodie confronted her, she is to play at Elitch's Gardens, in the outskirts of Denver—a summer resort with a well-equipped theatre. It is picturesquely situated in a grove of maples and cottonwoods, with an apple orchard on one side.

In London, where Maxine Elliott is producing Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way," both play and actress have been warmly received. The critics, however, fell heavily upon Mr. Fitch, having little to say in praise of the play.

The dramatization of Katherine Cecil Thurston's novel, "The Masquerader," has been presented in London. Although well acted, it proved to be an extremely poor play, lacking in any dramatic qualities.

William Winter, the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, is at Mentone, Cal., accompanied by his son, Jefferson Winter, and the latter's wife, formerly Elsie Leslie.

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Rare, indeed, has been our privilege this week, for we have seen the lofty tragedy of Shakespeare interpreted by the noblest talent of the American stage. In this relatively barren epoch of dramatic art, when the numbers of skill are many, but the truly great are few, we seldom see tragedy in its true guise on the boards—tragedy that exalts the soul by its haunting beauty and its romantic grandeur.

This week we are enabled to see "Romeo and Juliet" in its rightful atmosphere of poetry and beauty; and, when the hapless lovers are finally united "in the vasty hall of death" like Othello we cry, in sudden access of sorrow against their melancholy fate, "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!" For Marlowe and Sothern have awakened from their sleep emotions that for long have maintained their calm, frozen and undisturbed, under the perfunctory appeal of the bungler in art.

Whence comes the spell worked by this gifted pair? Is it through genius? Partly so, in Marlowe's case. With Sothern it is an approximation to that kind of genius which consists of an infinite capacity for taking pains. Both have the temperament that offers a fervent response to all that is imaginative and beautiful. The talent of each finds its best expression in the poetic drama. Marlowe's inspiration is surer and more direct than Sothern's. But the latter, in the congenial atmosphere of Shakespearean drama, has developed wonderfully.

I have almost grown to dread witnessing Shakespeare's plays and hearing the artisan murder the beauty of the text with his clumsy, uncomprehending delivery. But Sothern has mastered the art of acting and reading the poetry simultaneously. Take one of those passages least saturated by the enchanting imagery of Romeo, lover and poet—"I do remember an apothecary," for instance. These lines were read so beautifully that they became mournful music to the ear.

Sothern is a handsome man, and, I doubt not, fully cognizant of the fact. But neither in "If I Were King" nor "The Proud Prince" did the turban-like head-dress and stiff robes become him. But his Romeo is a dazzling being indeed, almost a stripling in looks, with his slender build and quick, graceful movements. His pointed cap is set upon a ravishing crop of dark—Italian dark—wavy hair, and his bared throat, partly revealed by the silver clasp of his tunic, is as firm and round as a youth's. Sothern's facial expression, although it lacks variety, has the tragic stamp, and the character of his features is such as to lend distinction to his appearance.

Miss Marlowe's Juliet, although no longer an opening bud of spring-time beauty, is still young and fair to see. She held us chained to our opera-glasses, held captive by her beauty and grace, while the two lovers, wrapt around in an atmosphere of poetic suggestion, met and loved to their early doom. Lovely, too, is her conception of the character, rounded out to an almost perfect development since we first saw it in its earlier promise.

Marlowe is a tender rather than an impassioned Juliet, and her highest point is not reached in the balcony scene, where she is inclined to whisper Juliet's love. A mistake, I thought, for who will willingly give up the music of a voice like hers for "the windy suspiration of forced breath"?

The potion scene, always the test of a property to express sustained emotion at an excited pitch, revealed the ripening of Miss Marlowe's art. To her, the priestess of tragedy, routine has not dimmed its power. Her tear show that her imagination is still fresh and ardent, and this scene, which lacked, during her last visit, something of the sureness of grasp necessary to awaken the thrill of awed response, was nobly done. I note a change in her style of reading, to which some will object. She introduces a slight note of modernity by making Juliet's speech more colloquial in tone. The reading, as reading purely, is consequently less musical, but from the dramatic standpoint there is a gain in naturalness and freedom.

Between them, these two lovers of the legitimate have set freely flowing the cur-

rents of romance that lie dormant in every breast, only waiting the touch of the wizard's wand. We felt again the old magic, unchanged and undimmed, of the sweetest and saddest picture of young love ever limned by the hand of genius.

As a production, "Romeo and Juliet" is much beyond the ordinary, in artistically pictorial setting, in the intelligent by-play of the subordinates, and in the general attention to detail which made the street groups, the conflicts between the followers of the rival houses, and the frolics of the merry masqueraders all contribute an unusual element of lifelikeness to the changing scenes of the play.

What manner of woman is this Mariana, anyhow? Is she insane or neurotic, a cat or a tigress? She makes love like a normal woman, but in the very moment that she kindles her lover's soul to madness by her capricious fascination, she draws back like a Puritan. I fancy that José Echegaray, the Spanish author, who is responsible for her being, made her less madly inconsistent in the original; but, as translated to the stage in the English version, she is as perverse, inscrutable, and wrong-headed a piece of womankind as we have ever seen on the boards.

Don Joaquin, her guardian—a nice, right-minded old fellow, as sane and sensible as Mariana is the reverse—says that she has a heart of gold. But Mariana's perverse treatment of Daniels begins before she knows of his filial relationship to the man who martyred her mother. For that martyrdom, she feels that she must renounce love, even while becoming unreasonably huffed because her lover puts aside pleasure and her society from dutiful regard for his sick father; a course of conduct generally approved of in their lovers by women of any insight, who foresee a like consideration extended to themselves as future wives. She does everything possible to urge Daniels to throw himself at her feet, and when he gets there, Mariana, although manifestly trembling with reciprocal love, suddenly and causelessly begins to play him off against his rival. All this is quite unlike the warm-blooded continental of Southern Europe, to whom love and its expression is an imperious necessity, of an importance undreamed of by our cooler-blooded Saxons. Echegaray, however, was not painting a picture of the average woman. He wished to turn the lens of the student of character on a psychologically strange and unnatural subject: a woman in the relentless grip of a fixed idea which first obtained its dominance in childhood, and became an obsession that eventually led to her undoing. The dramatic weakness of the motive lies in the fact that the audience regards Mariana throughout with puzzled disapproval.

Miss Anglin, in portraying the dazzling coquetry of the beautiful Spaniard, makes her auditors fully realize her sultry charm, and they extend to her the same interest we always bestow on beautiful women whose natures do not move in well-adjusted grooves. "She's dangerous!" says Don Joaquin; "one of those women who un hinge the minds of men."

And after she has placed the impediment of marriage between herself and her lover: "God," he says, when she throws herself into his arms on her wedding night with a cry of joy, "what kind of woman are you?"

Margaret Anglin has ably followed Señor Echegaray's conception of his heroine, since the audience adopts the same point of view as Mariana's guardian. We admire her, we feel to the full her strange fascination, but we look at her askance when she reveals the tortuous processes of her mind. Miss Anglin's particular feat, however, has been to throw herself with complete abandon into a phase of high-pitched emotional hysteria which all but unnerves the too susceptible listener when Mariana reviews the blighting recollections of childhood. The cooler-headed spectator, however, is apt to feel that Mariana's finish is the best solution. She is a self-torturer, a monomaniac, dedicated to unhappiness. She marries a woman-tamer; a quiet, deadly sort of personage; a most unhealthy sort of bridegroom for a bride who loves another, and confesses it.

The interest of the play can not but be felt, but its psychology is rather far-fetched, unless we are to assume that Mariana is a little unbalanced. The action of the piece is somewhat artificial, its sentiment throughout exotic, and therefore, except to those quick to absorb the spirit of the vendetta, inconceivably unnatural. The play affords a curious contrast by the throwing out of Mariana's tragedy against a background of calm, conventional society surroundings.

"Joan of Arc" is distinctly a gallery play, relying for its chief effects on well-costumed

tableaux and climactic effects which challenge the hand-clappings of the excited spectator. The character of Joan is scarcely suited for stage representation, since its appeal must lie principally in what strikes the eye. Joan was a visionary, and her dreams and visions, put in visible and audible shape, would probably be no less disturbing to the aesthetic mind than the fuzzy-haired angel (name of Murphy) in the Grand Opera House production. Florence Stone is a nice, careful, pretty little actress, but, not possessing the necessary qualifications for pictorial effect or idealized character, is out of place away from the twentieth-century atmosphere. She has a large, impartial, sexless manner of dealing with the male characters in the piece that might approximate to one characteristic of the inspired maid's, but she has not sufficiently studied the art of picturesque pose and graceful movement, and is too small to fill the eye with heroic effect in her military trappings. Indeed, when Joan first appears as the heaven-inspired general of the French forces, she looks in her glittering armor like a nice little blonde-haired girl playing soldier.

The company, too, is rather out of drawing in the piece; the king is unintelligible, Agnes Sorel turgidly melodramatic, the fool nasal, and Joan's father reminiscent of old man Kirk, the melodramatic sire of Hazel.

But the play illustrates "What's in a name?" Bernhardt tried it, so did Fanny Davenport—the latter in this same Matthews piece. She failed in the East, but a big audience assembled at the Grand Opera House at the opening representation—an instance of young America's eager curiosity about the notably romantic characters of history.

The audience listened to a rather dull, wordy, and badly constructed play with every appearance of interest, probably to appease this same curiosity. Besides, the piece is well put on and handsomely costumed. They even went so far as to mount Joan on her gayly caparisoned white war-horse, a sober and well-conducted steed, who had had his mettle so thoroughly tested in a rehearsal made up of shouts, yells, drum-beats, and the waving of swords, as to enable him to preserve his equine composure almost unimpaired.

Those patrons of the Grand Opera House who like to take a casual dip into history freely construed, or poetry with a melodramatic tinge to it, sat through cavernous waits with Olympian calm; and from various evidences of their approval the play bids fair to round out a prosperous week.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Blanche Ring, the actress, after playing almost exclusively in New York, has seen the world to the extent of touring with a road show, and sums up the result as follows: "My absence from New York has helped me wonderfully. It has reduced my bump of self-esteem, and caused me to become more ambitious to do serious things. It is well enough to be a metropolitan favorite, but that doesn't make you a box-office favorite in Oshkosh, for instance, which place you will discover to be of great importance after you have left New York and started on your travels to learn what else there may be in the United States."

Repeated quarrels between Marie Cahill and the orchestra leader at Lew Fields's theatre in New York have ended in Miss Cahill's resignation. One evening recently she stopped singing in the middle of a song, ran off the stage, returned, wept, and told the audience she could not sing with such outrageous accompaniment. The audience applauded her, and the members of the orchestra hissed. She finished the song without accompaniment, and then presented her resignation to Mr. Fields.

Orefee's opera, "Chopin," which is founded on a number of themes taken from the Polish composer's work, and has proved a success in Italy, was recently performed at Prague for the first time in German. Now one of the violinists of the Vienna Opera has followed that Italian's example and written a ballet, entitled "Chopin's Dances," the music of which is based on Chopin's melodies. The first act has Warsaw as a setting, the second Paris.

A great reception was given to Sir Henry Irving at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, when he returned to the stage recently. The play was "Becket." The entire audience rose to its feet to greet him with cheers when the curtain rose on the first scene. At the end of every act the demonstration was tremendous. Sir Henry was compelled to speak a few words of gratitude. Maud Fealy was the Rosamond.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Romantic Irish Drama.

Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern will bring their successful engagement to a close at the Columbia Theatre to-night (Saturday) with a performance of "Hamlet," for which there has been much demand. On Sunday night, after an absence of several seasons, Chauncey Olcott, the romantic singing comedian, presents his latest success, "Terence." It is a dramatization by Mrs. Edmund Nash Morgan of Mrs. B. M. Croker's novel of that name. The play is said to give the comedian good opportunities for strong dramatic work, and also comedy of the easy, quiet kind. The new piece tells of a young fellow, the last of the famous family of Desmond, who, after an absence of ten years in India, returns to Ireland and finds his estate in the hands of a scheming lawyer. To regain his property he disguises himself and drives the public mail-coach between Shule and Ballybay. A love-affair adds to the interest of the play. Mr. Olcott will sing some new songs appropriate to the story. The four which he has written for "Terence" are "The Girl I Used to Know," "My Sonny Boy," "My Own Dear Irish Queen," and "Tick, Tack, Toe." For the second and last week of Mr. Olcott's engagement he will present "A Romance of Athlone."

Florence Roberts's Season.

Manager Edward Ackerman, in conjunction with Frederick Belasco, announces a special season of Florence Roberts at the California Theatre, commencing Sunday night, May 21st, with a production of Mrs. Burton Harrison's story of American life, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." It has not yet been determined exactly how long Miss Roberts's engagement will be, but it is understood that it will at least cover a period of seven or eight weeks. The repertoire to be presented will be selected from the following list of plays: "Marta of the Lowlands," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Country Girl," "Gioconda," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "Camille," "A Suit of Sahle," "A Doll's House," and probably "La Tosca." Miss Roberts has just completed her first tour of Texas and the Middle West, where she appeared in Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. The sale of seats for the Roberts engagement commences Monday morning.

Clara Morris Success Revived.

At the Grand Opera House, Florence Stone and the Ferris Company will devote the week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee to the emotional drama, "The Creole, or Article 47." This is the play that first made Clara Morris famous, and as nearly a decade has elapsed since it was last produced, it should prove a strong drawing card. It will be elaborately mounted and strongly cast. Miss Stone will play Clara Morris's part of Cora, the Creole, and will be supported by Lansing Bowman, Marion Ballou, A. Byron Beasley, Frank Sheridan, Frederick Julian, Frederick Sumner, Walter Poulter, R. E. Johnson, and the full strength of the Ferris Stock Company. Next Saturday night, May 20th, the members of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, will attend the theatre in a body.

Scenic Play at the Central.

The Central Theatre offers for next Monday night Will H. Roberts's melodramatic success, "A Human Slave." The plot is one of interest, with good comedy and strong dramatic situations. The great scenic effect is shown in the interior of a steel machine work-shop. There are hundreds of lathes, heavy machinery, and ponderous metal bolts scattered about the stage, and one large wheel called the revolving circle of death. On this wheel the villain is tied by the angry mob and is about to be killed, when the hero intervenes and saves his life. Mr. Mayall, Mr. Corrigan, Mr. Shumer, Miss Elsmere, and Miss Elliott will all have important roles.

Tivoli Singers in "The Mikado."

Teddy Webb has added to his reputation by his rendition of the lord high executioner in the revival of "The Mikado" at the Tivoli Opera House. Simms fills the title-role with redit, and Arthur Messmer, Dora de Philippe, Jessie Tannhill, Grace Palotta, Myrtle Bunn, and the others are well cast. "The Tenderfoot," a musical comedy new here, is in reparation. New people will appear in it.

New Comedy at the Alcazar.

A piquant farce, "Vivian's Papas," will be presented at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night. This is by Leo Ditrichstein, author of "Are You a Mason?" which made such success at the Alcazar recently. "Vivian's apas" will be toured on the Pacific Coast by Caroline Hull some time next fall. It seldom that a play can be secured from its owners when a tour is in contemplation, at Belasco & Mayer have succeeded, and will give it its first stock presentation. Mr. raig, Miss Lawrence, Mr. Maher, and the tire company will be appropriately cast. Beginning with next week will be the reap-

pearance for a short season of Howard Scott. Next, on May 22d, will be presented Broadhurst's farce, "A Fool and His Money."

Variety at the Orpheum.

Charles H. Burke, Grace La Rue, and their "Inky" boys, will reappear at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon, presenting their hodge-podge, "The Silver Moon," in which they were seen here last season. Henri French will perform juggling feats, make rag pictures, give imitations, and conclude by riding a bicycle on a darkened stage, and juggling three blazing wands at the same time. Charles Barry and Hulda Halvers have returned to vaudeville, and will present the specialty in which they were seen in "Bahes in Toyland." John Birch, "the man with the hats," appears in a four-act melodrama condensed into one, and bearing the unique title of "The Mosquito's Revenge; or, The Gallery God's Delight," in which he impersonates innumerable characters. For his second week, Emmett Corrigan and company will present a new melodramatic sketch entitled "The Card Party." Other hold-overs will be Mme. Slapofski, in costume, in the looking-glass scene from "Mignon"; Lavender and Thomson, Les Dahlias, and the Orpheum motion pictures. Della Fox will make her vaudeville debut in this city at the Orpheum shortly.

Whittlesey in Dakland.

White Whittlesey closes his first starring tour at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, to-morrow (Sunday) evening. Mr. Whittlesey's tour has been successful, both artistically and financially. During the season, which has lasted for thirty consecutive weeks, he has covered a territory aggregating a total of 18,000 miles. His tour embraced the principal cities of the Pacific Coast, British Columbia, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, and the Middle West States. "Heartsease," "The Second in Command," and "Soldiers of Fortune" were presented. Plans for Whittlesey's second starring tour, to begin in the fall of the year, are now being perfected by Belasco, Mayer & Price.

Wifely Appreciation.

"The French are a delightful people," says a London exchange. "Where, save in Paris, would the wife of a dramatist rush into print to describe her emotion when her husband read to her his new play? Mme. Catulle Mendés relates how the author of 'Scarron,' after a year's meditation, wrote for fourteen hours a day till the masterpiece was done. Then he read it to her. 'He read it in the glow of creation, the triumphant joy of a task achieved. It was night. Everybody was asleep in the house. All was silent in the garden and on the high road. I heard only the sonorous voice reciting the verse, felt only the palpitation of souls out of the historic past, troubled and torn, hitler or brutal, in their new kingdom of art. Ah! what incomparable hours! This picture of Mme. Catulle Mendés listening, and all nature listening with her, while the poet declaimed, will make some dramatic authors sigh with envy.'"

The Most Popular Music.

On the invitation of an afternoon paper, several hundred New Yorkers have cast their votes for the twelve musical compositions that they like best. The result is interesting. In one thousand lists received the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" leads, having been chosen 572 times. The "Tannhäuser" overture, with 536 votes, is next, with "Carmen" a close third, only three votes ahead of the "William Tell" overture. Of the American compositions, "Dixie" leads, with 416 votes, with "The Rosary" next. Then come "Babes in Toyland," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Prince of Pilsen," "Hearts and Flowers," "Woodland," "The Stars and Stripes," and "Marching Through Georgia," in the order named.

When Greet Plays Hamlet.

When Greet plays Hamlet you will stare To note how plain the stage, and bare; For, not like Dave Belasco, he Will offer more than scenery— A plainer and more wholesome fare. The play, and not the clothes to wear, Demands this player's utmost care; The kernel, not the husk, you see, When Greet plays Hamlet. The Dane will strut and mope and swear In gladness, madness, and despair, And not be lost entirely In gilded wastes of finery, And Shakespeare will be ruler there When Greet plays Hamlet. —Chicago Chronicle.

M. Henri Lavendan's new play, "Le Duel," has been received enthusiastically at the Théâtre Français, Paris. It is a four-character comedy drama, with a wife who, married to a debauché and morphine fiend, loves and is loved by the doctor who is trying to save him; a priest to whom she turns for consolation, and who is a bitter enemy of the atheistic doctor; and a second priest who prevails upon the first one to allow the widow (the husband having died) to marry the doctor. The rôles were assumed by Mlle. Bartel, M. Lehargy, M. Paul Mounet, and M. Duflos.

CHATS

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VANITY FAIR.

A writer in a weekly publication recently discussed the change in the idea and management of New York clubs that has come about through changed conditions of city life during the last five years. He truly said that whereas the original idea of a club is that of a cooperative institution for the use of persons who unite to provide for themselves a comfortable place of abode or rest, with food and drink at as nearly cost price as possible, the average New York club is now run by committees or governors with the sole idea of preventing a deficit, and often, if possible of making a handsome profit out of the club members for the organization. He proves his statements by pointing out the fact that the Fifth Avenue clubs at least now charge as much (if not more) for meals and drinks as do the highest-priced and most fashionable New York restaurants and hotels. This change of conditions has driven and is driving more and more members away from their clubs, especially for meals, to the restaurants, and is bringing about alarm over consequent deficits in restaurant and bar receipts to governors and stewards. The average man in these days of attractive restaurants, with music and the presence of women, prefers to lunch or dine, and especially to sup, if he can do so for the same or a fortiori for less cost at these restaurants than at his club. He is not to be blamed for this, and the governors and stewards who have gradually, and in some instances quickly, forced up the prices of food and drink at their respective clubs are confronted, through their own shortsightedness, with a serious problem. Notwithstanding the formation now and then of new clubs, club life, which flourished so markedly in New York during the years between 1885 and 1900, is now at a standstill, if not on the decline.

A method has recently been invented of depositing a metal coating electrically on laces and other fine fabrics. The process is still kept a secret, but it turns out the most surprising results, in effect changing the tissues exposed into the daintiest fabrics of gold, silver, or bronze. The utility of the metalized laces covers various fields; they serve for table ornamentation and for centre-pieces; architects use them in mural decorations; in applications on upholstery and for the hangings of panels in salons, boudoirs, and rich dining-halls. The makers of fine furniture incrust wood with them in the manufacture of screens and on surfaces of any kind, plain or carved. They are also used with striking effect in ecclesiastical vestments and in ball and evening dress. Rich as they are in appearance and unparalleled in delicacy and beauty, they are very cheap. Anybody can afford them, and the extent of their use in costuming bids fair to be very great. France discovered and is developing the industry, and *Asmos* says that it starts off with all the signs that it is going to become an important business.

The market-price of garments made from sealskin, ermine, and sable will be of little interest to the American people for several months. To those who are likely to be concerned in the prices of those wares about six months from now, there is a measure of interest in the announcement that the immediate future will probably inaugurate another era of high prices. The annual London fur sales are now ended, and the prices realized show a general advance over the sales of last year, with notable in-

crease in the cost of the more valuable furs. Sea otter and blue fox advanced seventy per cent.; mink, sixty-five per cent.; otter, forty-five per cent.; silver fox, sixty per cent.; and Russian sable, fifty per cent. The hide of the humble muskrat is worth twenty to thirty-five per cent. more than it was, while that of the domestic cat has gone up fifteen per cent., although no adequate reason is given for the rise. The skins of 'varmints' are also up. The skunk takes a rise of twenty-five per cent., the civet cat and the chinchilla the same. Coonskin remains as it was, but the bear, the wolverene, wildcat, badger, squirrel, the wallaby, the wombat, and the kangaroo can all realize from fifteen to forty per cent. more for their jackets than a year ago; while the grebe can sell its skin and feathers at a seventy per cent. advance over last year's quotations. The red fox and the gray fox show a decline, which is shared by the opossum and the wolf. With diamonds up, and furs up, and uncertainty about canvasbacks and terrapin," says the *Sun*, "the coming winter threatens to be a hard one for some folks."

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's great London Academy picture for this year, "The Finding of Moses," destroys another of the beautiful Bible legends of our Sunday-school days. There is not a bulrush to be seen! Pharaoh's daughter, in a golden chair, is being borne down to the bathing-place by young priests—well-made young men, with straight, military figures and shaven heads, their brown skins set off by snowy loin-cloths. The scene is at the palace water-gate, built of polished granite, and the baby Moses, in his little basket-work cot of papyrus, lined with Nile mud and pitch, is being brought to the princess by two jeweled maidens. The cot is adorned with blue lotus flowers, and all the ground beneath is blue with larkspur. "Bulrushes?" said Sir Lawrence to a reporter, "that is all wrong—a mistranslation!" "Why is the princess white?" asked some one. "Isn't the Khedive white?" retorted Sir Lawrence; "royal families don't get sunburnt even in Egypt."

Feminine instinct for the beautiful, untamed by the laws of convention, was, the other day, the *motif* in a New York East Side drama, which called in the services of the police. The occasion was the distribution of Easter hats to the children of a Sunday kindergarten in the Italian quarter. A Lenten sewing-class of rich women had trimmed thirty hats, with a lavish display of flowers and satin ribbon, to be awarded as inducement to memorize the wonderful "Art Catechism" of the institution. The Sunday examination was held several star pupils replied glibly to such startling questions as "Who was the genius of the German nation?" or "Name the world's greatest art influences," and Lena Pelughi was rewarded with the jeweled butterfly (insignia of the kindergarten) and the golden casket. Lillie Mangini carried off the prize ring, and Josephine Ripolsi a white fan. A number of hooks were also given the deserving amid an absence of enthusiasm that was ominous. But when a tableful of fetching millinery appeared the one hundred and twenty-five youngsters rose as one woman and madly rushed for the prey. With shouts and screams they tore at one another, the mightier prevailing. C. de Lyon Nichols and his several assistants passed from moral suasion to physical force, but the eloquent clubs of two policemen were necessary to restore any semblance of order. As each prize-child was escorted to the table under guard to select her hat, the unregenerate, who had not learned their catechism, raised a howl like the Bull of Bashan. The property owners only retained their hats after a terrific fight with the enemy. Some of the Easter "creations" were badly torn in the mêlée.

This amusing letter was recently received by a London journal from no less a place than Rangoon, Burma: "'Lady Charlotte,' in her letter of January 16, 1905, says that the wasp waist has come to stay, but does not say what measurements she considers come under that head, as many girls consider a twenty-inch waist small, which is considered by others very large. Being a widower with two daughters, seventeen and eighteen years, I have been greatly interested in this lady's letters, and last autumn, when the wasp waist first came into fashion, I made them reduce their waist measurements to half the size of their chest, which is 34 inches and 36 inches, so giving them waists of 17 inches and 18 inches. They both say it is much too small, though they do not seem to be inconvenienced by being laced so. Perhaps some of your lady readers would give their opinion."

In a speech in London, the other day, Hugues le Roux discussed the comparative manners of French, English, and Americans, summing up with an illustration by Max O'Rell. "An Englishman and his wife go to a restaurant. The husband chooses his dinner, asks his wife if it will do, and she says, invariably, 'Yes, dear.' An American

and his wife do the same; she orders the dinner, and does not ask him if it will do. A Frenchman and his wife both order it at once, each choosing what the other likes, and disputing over their mutual unselfishness." "This may or may not be true," comments the *London Chronicle*, "but if the Alliance Franco-Britannique will teach the Briton to kiss a lady's hand as charmingly as M. Leroux yesterday kissed that of Mlle. Dreyfus, inaugurator of the later course, many an Englishwoman at least will wish it success."

Juvenile logic: Little Ethel was learning to sew, and one day, after vainly trying to thread a needle, she asked: "Mamma, don't they call the hole in a needle an eye?" "Yes, dear," replied her mother. "Well," continued the little miss, "I'll bet this old needle is cross-eyed."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for May 4th through 10th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 10, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Bay Co. Power, Cal. G. E. Cen., Contra Costa Water, etc.

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- By special arrangement with the publishers, an... Argonaut and Century... \$7.00 Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine... 6.2 Argonaut and St. Nicholas... 6.0 Argonaut and Harper's Magazine... 6.7 Argonaut and Harper's Weekly... 6.7 Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar... 4.3 Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly... 6.7 Argonaut and Judge... 7.5 Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine... 6.2 Argonaut and Critic... 5.1 Argonaut and Life... 7.7 Argonaut and Puck... 7.5 Argonaut and Current Literature... 5.9 Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly... 5.9 Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)... 4.2 Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine... 4.7 Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)... 4.5 Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World... 5.2 Argonaut and Nineteenth Century... 7.2 Argonaut and Argosy... 4.3 Argonaut and Overland Monthly... 4.2 Argonaut and Review of Reviews... 5.7 Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine... 5.3 Argonaut and North American Review... 7.1 Argonaut and Cosmopolitan... 4.3 Argonaut and Forum... 6.4 Argonaut and Littell's Living Age... 9.4 Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly... 6.1 Argonaut and International Magazine... 4.7 Argonaut and Mexican Herald... 10.4 Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine... 4.1 Argonaut and the Criterion... 4.2 Argonaut and Out West... 5.5 Argonaut and Sunset... 6.1 Argonaut and Sunset... 4.1

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins were recent guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Mrs. George M. Perine are sojourning for a time at Paso Robles.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway was in New York during the week.

Mrs. William B. Hopkins departed on Thursday for Europe. She will spend the summer in Geneva, and expects to return in September.

Miss Ella Morgan has returned from Del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn departed on Wednesday for New York. They will spend the summer in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and family departed on Saturday for Europe, where they will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Reilly, Mrs. Clinton Cushing, and Mr. W. Frank Goad were in Switzerland when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Elsie Sperry, and Mrs. J. C. Klein were recent guests of Mrs. L. R. Mead at Byron Hot Springs.

Captain Finch, of the Oceanic steamship *Coptic*, Mrs. Finch, and Miss M. Jansen, of Shanghai, China, have been sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin, who has gone to England for the polo season, is the guest of the Hon. Frederick Guest, of 46 Great Cumberland Place, London.

Mr. Frank Dillingham, United States consul at Auckland, New Zealand, and Mrs. Dillingham arrived on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* on Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. David Evans (*née* Le Count), who are in the Santa Cruz Mountains on their wedding journey, expect to return next week. They will occupy an apartment at Sacramento and Leavenworth Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Jr., have purchased the Walter S. Hobart place at San Mateo, and will occupy it this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels were recent guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes expects to depart to-morrow (Sunday) for her home in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs are at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. C. F. Goodrich and Miss Goodrich are among the week's guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Maynard Dixon (*née* Tohy) arrived from Los Angeles on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis will soon go to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have been the guests during the week of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Sarah Collier has returned from Monterey.

Mrs. Christian Reis will soon go to Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has returned from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ledermen have engaged apartments at the Hotel Vendome, San José, for the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden depart soon for San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Harry Macfarlane has returned to Honolulu. Mrs. Macfarlane will remain here for several weeks.

Miss Bessie Wilson departed Sunday for Boston. From there she will sail for Europe in company with Miss Bernice Wilson and Miss Alice Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Sweigert and Miss Sweigert have engaged rooms at the Hotel Vendome, San José, for the summer.

Mr. Charles Butters and his partner, Mr. David J. Pullinger, of South Africa, departed on Sunday for Mexico to look after their mining interests there.

Mrs. Henry F. Dutton and Mrs. Harry

Macfarlane have been the guests recently of Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winship, of Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have been in New York during the week.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham is a guest of Mrs. William B. Collier at her summer residence at Clear Lake.

Mr. Clarence Follis has returned from abroad.

Mrs. James Woods is the guest of friends in San José.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. Charles A. McNulty are occupying their residence at 2200 California Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau have been guests recently of Mrs. Hyde at San Mateo.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile and Mr. John Zeile have departed for Europe.

Mrs. D. D. Stubbs has been sojourning recently at the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Agnes Buchanan has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, Miss Pearl Sabin, and Miss Irene Sabin are occupying their country residence at Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer have returned from the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne have gone to their country residence at Mountain View for the summer.

Miss Dorothy Draper, Miss Audrey Shortlidge, and Miss Martha Shortlidge expect to depart to-day (Saturday) for southern Oregon, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. A. P. Brayton, of Oakland, and Miss C. B. Taft, of New York, are at the Hotel Vendome, San José, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. William B. Pritchard, Miss Elsie Pritchard, and Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb are sojourning for a few days at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Nichols, of Oakland, visited San José last week.

Mrs. Norwood, Miss Evelyn Norwood, and Miss Jeanette Hooper depart next week for a six months' tour of Europe.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hugues, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Donzel, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Beattie, Mrs. A. Graham, Miss Dudley, Mr. G. G. Hadley, Mr. W. W. Putnam, Mr. Judson C. Brusie, Mr. H. P. Nowell, Mr. W. J. Philipps, and Mr. H. Lyman Smith.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José, were Mr. and Mrs. George R. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hacker, Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Rosenthal, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Durphy, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Kincaid, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Dinsmore, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Sill, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Brickell, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Judge and Mrs. John Garber, Mr. Garrett McEnerney, Mr. C. P. Colburn, Mr. George Ashley, Mr. Edwin Duryea, Mr. James A. Wilson, Mr. M. W. Jellet, Mr. Jefferson M. Moore, Mr. Charles T. Dudley, Mr. Hendrickson, Mr. Harold E. Hacker, Mr. A. B. Costigan, Mr. W. D. Sheldon, Judge Robert D. Tobin, Mr. J. P. Edoff, Mr. S. C. Farnham, Mr. R. C. Newell, Professor Edward B. Clapp, Mr. T. P. Tisdale, Mr. B. D. Scott, Professor W. W. Campbell, Mr. Douglas Campbell, and Mr. F. H. Lane.

A Building for Women's Clubs.

The San Francisco Club Association has been formed, the purpose of the organization being the erection of a building for the women's clubs of this city. A corporation will be formed and stock issued. An option has been secured on the property on the north side of Post Street, facing Union Square, where the Red Men's Building now stands, the lot having a frontage of 75 feet and a uniform depth of 137 feet 6 inches. The building which the association proposes to erect will have twelve stories and a basement. Three or four stories will be reserved for the clubs of the association, and the remainder will be rented as offices or stores. The estimated cost of the building and lot is \$1,000,000. The board of directors of the association consists of Henry T. Scott, William H. Crocker, William Bahcock, E. W. Hopkins, and A. W. Foster.

EASTERN TICKETS AT HALF RATE.

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- Ask Southern Pacific agents, 613 Market Street.

Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., inspected the army quarters at Angel Island on Monday.

Brigadier-General William McCaskey, U. S. A., is expected to arrive here on Tuesday from the Philippines, and, in company with his son, Lieutenant Douglas McCaskey, U. S. A., will go to Denver.

Brigadier-General James Buchanan, U. S. A., Brigadier-General Edward Davis, retired, U. S. A., Colonel B. D. Price, U. S. A., and Major William Nicholson, U. S. A., will sail from here at the end of the month for Manila.

Rear-Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., has been retired on account of age.

Commander Vincent S. Cottman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cottman have arrived from Washington, D. C., and are at Mare Island.

Colonel George Andrews, U. S. A., has gone East on a month's leave of absence.

Mrs. Brooks, Miss Marian Brooks, and Miss Ruth Brooks sail on Monday for the Philippines, where they will join Paymaster Jonathan Brooks, U. S. N.

Major George E. Downey, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Denver, and ordered to report on June 30th for duty in the Department of California.

Major Francis L. Payson, U. S. A., is detached from duty here, and will depart about June 30th for the Philippines, where he will relieve Captain Charles W. Fenton, U. S. A., who is to report for duty here.

Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stone are here from Fort McPherson, Ga., and will remain until June 1st, when they will sail for the Philippines.

Chaplain J. B. Frazier, U. S. N., has been detached from the United States training-ship *Pensacola*, and ordered to Samoa.

The United States cruiser *Chicago*, as flagship, Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich in command, and the United States gun-boats *Marblehead* and *Petrel*, the torpedo-boat destroyer *Paul Jones*, and the navy collier *Saturn* arrived in port on Saturday. The fleet will remain here about a month, then will go to Puget Sound.

Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Russell J. Wilson, who died May 1st, leaving an estate estimated to be worth \$1,000,000, has been filed for probate. Decedent's widow, Mrs. Josephine K. Wilson, is named as sole devisee of the estate, all of which is given her absolutely, with the exception of 1,500 shares in the Wilson Estate Company, which is devised in trust to the Mercantile Trust Company, which is to pay the income to Mrs. Wilson during her lifetime. Upon her death these shares will go to the two daughters of the testator, Emily J., aged twenty years, and Charlotte, eighteen years of age, providing they survive their mother. Should they not survive their mother, upon her death the estate shall go to the three brothers of the deceased, John S., Frank, and Mountford S. Wilson. The testator further directs that Mountford S. Wilson be given the right to purchase decedent's interests in the law library and fixtures in the office of Wilson & Wilson for \$2,500, the option at that figure to stand for one year. The decedent's widow and Mountford S. Wilson were named as executrix and executor.

The estate of the late Pierre Barlow Cornwall has been appraised in court at \$864,961.28, the larger part of it consisting of stocks. Cornwall's interest in the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railroad Company is valued at \$275,235.84; in the Bellingham Bay Improvement Company at \$410,568.24, and in the Mutual Electric Light Company at \$42,062.50. He held only two pieces of real estate in this city, that at the southwest corner of Second and Harrison Streets, appraised at \$42,500, and that at the southeast corner of Harrison Street and Vassar Place, appraised at \$7,500. Cornwall owned the Bruce Quartz Mine in Amador County, valued at \$25,000, and a half interest in the Maryland Mine, valued at \$12,500.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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SOCIETY.

The Eastland-Wagner Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Helen Wagner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wagner, to Mr. Thomas B. Eastland, took place on Monday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 711 Leavenworth Street. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Father Ramin. The bride was attended by her little niece, Lillian Moore. Mr. Joseph Eastland acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. John Baird, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. E. Courtney Ford, Mr. Harry Pendleton, and Mr. William O'Connor. Mr. and Mrs. Eastland have gone East on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Aline Elsa Boerferding, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Boerferding, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Dr. Alfred R. Fritsch, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fritsch, of Alameda.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marion C. Voorsanger, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Jacob Voorsanger, to Mr. E. A. Waxelbaum, of Macon, Ga. The wedding will take place in August.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sadie Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harwood Morgan, of Alameda, to Lieutenant Walter C. Jones, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia D. Gordon, daughter of General David S. Gordon, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gordon, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. Isaac Oliver Upham, will take place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, June 21st. Mrs. Denis Searles will be matron of honor. Mr. Benjamin Upham will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Douglas MacBryde, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. Charles H. Tripler, and Mr. Temple Smith.

The wedding of Miss Lillian W. Tobey to Mr. L. Maynard Dixon took place on Sunday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lummis, at Los Angeles. The ceremony was performed at five o'clock by Rev. John Gowan. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Frances Newlands, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Francis Newlands, of Nevada, to Lieutenant Waldemar Leopold von Bredow, of the German army, took place at Washington, D. C., on May 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Kohl and Mr. Edward S. Pillsbury. Covers were laid for fifty-four.

Mrs. William Lyman Shiels gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence in Oakland.

Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday. Others at table were Mrs. George E. Whitney, Mrs. Jerome Madden, Mrs. Moylan C. Fox, Mrs. Lillian Everts, Mrs. Edgar E. Calvin, Mrs. M. W. Kayles, Mrs. Levan Allen, Mrs. Henry, and Miss Fox.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder gave a luncheon at the Hotel Rafael on Sunday.

Mr. D. H. Burnham gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. Charles F. McKim. Others at table were Mr. T. Carey Friedlander, Mr. B. K. Maybeck, Mr. Walter N. Bliss, Mr. Thomas Magee, Mr. W. S. Martin, Mr. P. N. Lilienthal, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. A. LeBreton, Mr. John Bakewell, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. E. H. Bennett, Mr. R. B. Hale, Mr. B. J. S. Cahill, Mr. G. A. Wright, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. Herbert E. Law, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. John McNaught, Mr. R. A. Crothers, Mr. H. A. Schultze, Mr. A. Pissis, Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. George Chismore, Mr. Wilbur Polk, Mr. Allan Pollok, Mr. Thomas McAlleh, Mr. W. B. Faville, Mr. J. K. Armsby, Mr. J. L. Houghteling, and Mr. M. Stevens.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe gave a tea on Tuesday.

Mrs. Frederick Funston will be "at home" at the Presidio on first Fridays during the summer.

Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton gave a reception on Saturday in honor of Miss Mabel Dodge.

A hop was given on Tuesday evening by the United States army officers at Fort Baker.

Tropical Scenes Pictured.

Theodore Wores, who first chose Japan, then Spain, as a field for his work, now shows a collection of paintings depicting life and scenes in Hawaii and Samoa. They make a brilliant exhibit, the tropical scenery lending itself to rich and gorgeous colorings. Nor do they lack in the other qualities that go to make up good pictures. In the portraits of natives the flesh tints are admirable, the drawing excellent, and the perspective and distance in the landscapes make them fascinatingly realistic.

The "View from the Pali, Honolulu" is a delicately done bit of work, the color bright, yet subdued, and the stretch of ocean in the distance softly tranquil—it "Sets an' smiles," as Kipling says. Then there is one of a stretch of water dotted with crimson lilies, a princess in a boat, and in the background a tropical forest. It is vivid in its coloring, yet not garish. This quality is shown in all Mr. Wores's pictures. Even those of the ponciana, a flower of flaming red, have no harsh tones. Mr. Wores has, in addition to his tropical scenes, a portrait of Mrs. Reginald Brook, of London, which is an excellent piece of portraiture.

Altogether, the exhibit is a success, and is a thorough demonstration, taken in connection with the work he has done before, of the artist's versatility. The S. & G. Gump Co.'s new octagonal gallery in which the pictures are hung makes a fine setting for them.

Rome's Dramatic Deficiency.

"It will be news to most people that Rome, the channel through which the drama was disseminated through Europe, has to-day no dramatic tradition of her own, nor even a body of actors of her own," says the London *Globe*. "Such strolling companies, operatic and dramatic, as may be traveling through Italy, often from Milan, make a brief 'season' in the capital as in other cities, and that is all. An organized effort is now being made to remove this reproach. A city orchestra of one hundred high-class performers has been formed, and this will be placed gratuitously at the disposal of the Costanzi Theatre, in return for six months of a varied repertoire of opera. In the same way, the Argentine Theatre will become a national theatre of comedy, with subventions of about four thousand pounds a year, on condition of giving a six months' season of varied dramatic productions."

How Dumas Secured the Seats.

It is said that some time before "La Dame aux Camélias" was produced, Dumas visited St. Petersburg, where he got into some slight trouble with the police. A Russian lady of rank went bail for him, as she knew him by reputation in Paris, and the author returned to France. The night before the production of "La Dame aux Camélias," the Russian lady, who had vainly tried to get a seat in the house, decided to send to Dumas, and shortly before the curtain went up he arrived at her hotel with a ticket for a box, which he said he had had great trouble in getting, but which was at her service on condition that she would accept it from him. It was not till some months afterward that the Russian lady learned that Dumas had sold the manuscript of his play for five pounds in order to buy the box from its original purchaser.

Max Grossman, of the health board of Berlin, who devotes his leisure to the study of the problems of violin building, has issued a brochure in which he tries to refute the notion that a violin can not be first-class unless it is old and has been much played on. He thinks violinists should rely less on their eyes than on their ears in judging the value of instruments. He says he has already converted some musicians to his views, and believes that the time is coming when fancy prices will no longer be paid for the old Italian violins.

"Leah Kleschna" has made a tremendous hit in London. The *Chronicle* says: "It is one of the finest plays America has sent us, the strongest piece of sheer stagecraft that we have known from any source for some years. In its great act, the fourth, it rises with something which one feels, under the thrill of the magnificent acting of Charles Warner and Lena Ashwell, to be an outburst of real, intense humanity." According to the *Mail*, "it is altogether one of the strongest and best played pieces now to be seen in London."

Art Auction.

The W. Davis art collection, including some rare antiques in Japanese ivory and satsuma, also some choice art pieces from Amsterdam, Paris, and Rome will be placed on sale next Tuesday, May 16th, 2:30 p. m., on the lower floor of the Curtis Art Parlors, 324 Post Street, opposite Union Square. This will be positively the last chance of this kind to be offered this season.

TOWNSEND'S CALIFORNIA GLACE FRUITS, in artistic fire-etched boxes 10 Kearny Street and new store now open, 767 Market Street.

Death of a Well-Known Pioneer.

The death of Dudley Haines Haskell, an old pioneer, occurred at his home in Berkeley on May 2d. Mr. Haskell, who was in the eightieth year of his age, came to California in 1849, by way of Cape Horn, and was a member of the San Francisco and Sacramento Society of California Pioneers. For thirty years he was connected with the Southern Pacific Railway Company as town-site agent, but was not engaged in active business at the time of his death. Previous to the last few years, he was a resident of San Francisco, building a home at the south-east corner of California and Webster Streets, in which he and his family lived for a quarter of a century.

Mr. Haskell came of a fine old New England family, being a direct descendant of Governor Thomas Dudley, second governor of Massachusetts, and several sisters and a brother survive him in New England. The immediate surviving relatives are Dudley Haskell, Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels, of New York, Mrs. Franklin B. Poore, of Berkeley (with whom he made his home), Mrs. John Charles Adams, of Oakland, and eleven grandchildren. Flags floated at half-mast on all Southern Pacific and public buildings in Sacramento, where the interment took place on May 5th. A special car conveyed the body and accompanying relatives and friends. Services at the grave were under the auspices of the Masons.

The thirtieth annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design will be held in the Mary Frances Searles Gallery, Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, beginning May 13th and ending May 17th. The commencement exercises took place last (Friday) evening at eight o'clock, and were followed by a reception.

It is pleasing to reflect that, within little more than an hour's ride from San Francisco, is the top of Mt. Tamalpais, from which one can obtain the finest view of land and sea in California. The pleasure of the trip is added to by the hospitality of the Tavern of Tamalpais.

There are two plans on in New York for the perpetuation of the memory of Mrs. Gilbert, the actress. A statue has been proposed; and it is also the intention to put up a stained-glass window in tribute to her.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss Edith Jordan expect to depart on May 24th for Europe. They will make a general tour, and will be gone three months.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Last Kneisel Quartet Concert.
The last concert by the Kneisel Quartet will be given this (Saturday) afternoon at Lyric Hall at half-past two. A particularly interesting programme will be given. Mozart's quartet in C-major, two movements of Tschaikowski quartets, and the "Italian Serenade," by Hugo Wolf, will be given. Great interest is being shown in the latter work, which is the only composition of that composer ever given in this city, with the exception of a few songs. On this occasion, Alwin Schroeder, the violinist of the quartet, will appear as soloist, and his offering will be the sonata by Pietro Locatelli. The opportunity of hearing ensemble music as played by the Kneisels is not offered very often.

Ysaye at the Alhambra.
It is several years since Ysaye, the violinist, has been heard here, and his reappearance at the Alhambra Theatre during the coming week has aroused interest among music-lovers. In his concerts Ysaye will be assisted by an orchestra of fifty, with Jules de Bèlve as conductor. Monday night's programme will include an overture by Bach, by the orchestra; Bach's concerto in E-major, No. 2, with organ accompaniment; Beethoven's concerto in D-major, op. 61, a ballade and polonaise, by Ysaye and the orchestra. The concert will close with Saint-Saëns's "Le Rouet d'Omphale," by the orchestra. On Tuesday evening the orchestra will play Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, and a romance by Tschaikowski. Ysaye and the orchestra will play Saint-Saëns's concerto in B-minor, No. 3; "Siegfried Idyle," by Wagner-Wilhelmj; rondo caprice by Guivaud; and Max Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia." There will be other concerts on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and are 75 cents, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00.

Paderewski's Recent Breakdown.
There is a fresh, interesting, and plausible suggestion of one cause of Paderewski's collapse in the current issue of the *Musical Courier*. Close observers of Paderewski's playing, it says, "could not have avoided seeing a peculiar action of his right foot in pedaling. Instead of resting his heel on the floor while using the pedal, he raised his whole foot, and in doing this his right leg and consequently his entire right side had to support the strain of the ligaments and muscles of both the lower and the upper limb. Sit down at the piano and pedal with the right foot through any simple sonata, reading the music, and raise your entire foot, giving it rest only when not pedaling. Of course, most of us, while pedaling, rest our foot on the heel, pressing down the fore part—the toe section; but try it as Paderewski does it, by raising, on every occasion, the whole foot, and test the results. Most pianists will be unable to do this at all and play. Paderewski has been subjecting himself to this violent muscular concussion for years, and is suffering from the inroads of such an unnatural physical movement. Modern medicine calls his illness a nervous prostration caused by myalgia (a painful tenderness) of the neck and the right scapular region. The intimate relation of the muscles and the nerves of the feet and the hands, with the muscles and the nerves of the neck and adjacent regions, is an established physiological law, as in lockjaw and other diseases of the extremities. Consequently danger was always lurking in Paderewski's idiosyncrasy in the extravagant loss of vitality through such a defect of constant muscular action."
Paderewski sailed on Wednesday for Europe, and will take a long rest at his home in Switzerland.

Should Music be Applauded?
The musical editor of the London *Truth* thus discusses the question of applause:
Periodically, some one puts forward the notion that applause in the concert room is absurd and inartistic. "Must there not be a kink in our musical intelligence," says a recent writer, for instance, "when we hasten to drown the echoes of rich and varied harmony by an outburst of the ugliest noise at our command?" In point of fact, applause is the life and soul of public music. There is nothing more depressing than musical performances—those given in churches and cathedrals, for example—at which such demonstrations of approval are prohibited. I go so far as to say, indeed, that that musical performance can be of little value which does not prompt its hearers spontaneously to applaud. The writer referred to himself admits as much, indeed, but suggests the need for a better mode of applause than that which prevails.
As to hand-clapping being cacophonous and displeasing, why should it be thought so? Some people are, of course, more sensitive in matters of this kind than others. One of the greatest of composers, it is recorded, fainted as a child at the sound of a trumpet, and Schopenhauer it was, I think, who pronounced susceptibility to noise the surest index to high nervous organization. There are those again who can not abide the harmless necessary tuning of the orchestra (which the

Shah of Persia thought the best part of the performance when he was taken to Covent Garden), and some years ago a well-known opera-goer went the length of complaining formally to Sir Augustus Harris on account of the anguish which he suffered from these preliminary exercises. Sir Augustus laughed at the complaint, however, observing that he liked to hear his men tuning up vigorously, since it ensured the accuracy of their intonation. Perhaps here and there the same kind of ultra-sensitive personage might be found to take exception in a similar spirit to the applause which follows a performance, but certainly most are not affected by it in any such fashion. Musicians, for instance, are among those who usually applaud most vigorously. Nor shall any one condemn them on this account.
On the other hand, for people to insist on continuing their demonstrations of delight long after the audience in general has ceased to do so is an obvious abuse of an otherwise wholesome practice, and audiences are often absurdly indulgent with such offenders, allowing them perhaps by sheer persistence to bring back an artist in whose fortunes they happen to be interested against the manifest desire of the audience as a whole. For this sort of bad manners there is no sort of excuse, and it can not be too sternly repressed.

Loring Club Concert Tuesday Night.
The Loring Club will give the fourth and last of the series of concerts for its twenty-eighth season in the Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening. In addition to one composition for male voices, which on that occasion will be heard in San Francisco for the first time, the programme includes some rarely heard music, such as Koschat's "Holiday Scenes in Karinthia," for soprano and tenor solos and male voice chorus; and the Strauss waltzes, which were so well received at the last concert, will be repeated in response to many requests. The club will have the assistance of Mrs. Cora Hall, soprano, and an orchestra of strings, flute, and clarinet. The instrumental numbers include a string quartet by Rubenstein, and a movement from a string quartet by Raff. Fred Maurer, Jr., will be the pianist, and the concert will be under the direction of W. C. Stadfeld.

Singers for the Metropolitan Opera Company.
Emil Ledner, the Berlin representative of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, has just made several important engagements for next season. Fraulein Bertha Morena, of the Royal Opera of Munich, has now signed for three months. Heinrich Knote, of Munich, has been reengaged for the free time at his disposal the next few years. He will sing in the United States next season forty times in five months, and in the following season twenty evenings. Fraulein Hilda Schoene, of the Mannheim Concert Theatre, has agreed to become a permanent member of the Metropolitan company upon the expiration of her present contract at Mannheim. Stage-Manager J. Goldberg, of the Elberfeld City Theatre, has been engaged for the Metropolitan for a term of years.

According to the following from the Mount Morris (Ill.) *Index*, Sousa is fortunate that ambition and genius do not always abide together: "Billy Loharer the popular, the picturesque Mount Morris cornettist, sufficiently gifted to be the leader of Sousa's famous band, drove through this region last Tuesday buying hogs."

Willie Collier is appearing in London in "The Dictator," and has scored an immense success there.

Mr. R. H. Pease and son have just returned from a two months' visit to New York.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"So the lawyers got most all the estate. Did Ethel get anything?" "Oh, yes. She got one of the lawyers."—Judge.

Employer (to new office-boy)—"Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon?" Office-boy—"Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming."—Scraps.

"Do you consider that official's career a success?" "Yes," answered the practical politician; "he went through a whole term of office without colliding with a grand jury."—Ex.

Magistrate—"You say your machine was beyond your control?" Chauffeur—"Yes, your honor. If I could have controlled it the cop wouldn't have caught me."—New York Mail.

Poet—"I see you accepted one of my poems and refused the other?" Editor—"Yes; I took one of them out of sympathy for you, and refused the other out of sympathy for the public."—Ex.

"Well," asked the architect who had been commissioned to make a set of plans for a New York hotel, "how do you like them?" "They won't do. You have provided for only six different kinds of dining-rooms."—Ex.

Hiram—"What are you waiting in this big store so long for, Mandy?" Mandy—"I wanted a pair of undressed kids, and they don't seem to have them." Hiram—"Well, can't they undress a pair, Mandy?"—Boston Post.

"I'm going to try and prove that excessive drink will weaken a man's mental faculties." "I will help you." "Good. How?" "You furnish the excessive drinks and I'll be the horrible example."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Somehow," said Mrs. Oldestad, "I can't work up an enthusiasm over Titian." "Can't you?" replied her hostess. "How do they do it—with a crochet-needle, or is it something in the drawn-work line?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Office boy—"Miss Keyes, please let me look at your face?" Miss Keyes—"What for?" Office boy—"Why, the boss said some of the paint was scratched off his typewriter. I didn't know whether he meant you or the machine."—Chicago News.

"Goodness! I'm sure I'll be late," cried Mr. Fussey; "is there any hot water? I've got just about five minutes to take a bath." "Say, pa," interrupted little Willie, "that's what you call a Rushin' bath, ain't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The gourmet—"I tell you, I certainly am fond of Swiss cheese sandwiches." The dyspeptic—"Oh! That's the cheese with the holes in it! Very indigestible." The gourmet—"They are, eh? Well, I never eat them."—Philadelphia Press.

Kind lady—"You can get work beating carpets two doors from here—they are cleaning house." Homeless Holmes—"Thanks, mum. I might have bumped right inter it if youse hadn't warned me. I'll steer clear of it, mum."—Cleveland Leader.

Mabel (not in her first youth)—"First of all he held my hands and told my fortune; and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear?" Evie—"Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling."—Punch.

"What did you discuss at your literary club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening. "Let me see," murmured his wife; "oh, yes, I remember now. Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street, and Longfellow."—Ex.

"If this municipal ownership idea goes through," said one ward politician, "there won't be any use in being an alderman." "You can't tell what may happen," answered the other; "maybe we can get more out of running the railway than we could by handling franchises."—Washington Star.

Pausing uncertainly before a desk in the big insurance office, the Hibernian visitor said to the clerk: "O! want to tek out a pawlicy." "Life, fire, or marine?" drawled the dapper clerk with infinite sarcasm. "All three, O'm thinkin'," retorted the applicant; "O'm goin' fer a stoker in th' navy."—Puck.

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admiral, Rojestvensky. Despite all that has been printed, some slight doubt still appears to exist regarding the facts of the matter. There is some conflict of statement. There has also been some misapprehension of the meaning of "neutrality." The British practice regarding the stay of belligerent vessels in her ports differs, and always has, from the French practice, and those who, arguing from the example of Britain, condemn France out of hand, are clearly in the wrong. It appears that France has never placed a limit on the length of stay of belligerents unaccompanied by prizes in her ports. Necessary supplies may be taken on, the rule being that repairs intended to increase a vessel's fighting strength shall not be made, and that munitions of war shall not be furnished. From this it may be deduced that it is still possible for France to maintain that, with a liberal interpretation of her code, explicit violation of neutrality could not be proved. On the other hand, it seems certain that at least the spirit of neutrality has been distinctly and unmistakably disregarded.

Japan has made numerous protests—no more. What else was it possible for her to do? Among nations power is a supreme necessity in order to enforce demands, and Japan already has her hands full. It would be sheer madness for the island kingdom, in a fit of rage, to run amuck at France.

But Japan has an ally. Here was the opportunity for the Anglo-Japanese alliance to show itself a vital and valid thing. Here was the chance for England to show herself the true and loyal friend of Japan by bluntly notifying France that any further aid to Rojestvensky would be considered by her (England) as a mortal affront, one forcibly to be resented without further warning.

What really happened? Instead of France's straining of neutrality during the past few weeks creating in England, Japan's ally, a storm of indignation, the exact opposite has been the effect. England appears to have resented not at all, so far as feeling goes, anything that France may have permitted her Indo-China officials to do or wink at. The King of England visits Paris, and is warmly received everywhere. It is universally considered that the visit, quiet and inconspicuous as it was, was highly important and significant as an indication of even closer binding together of the republic of France and Britain.

But what a remarkable state of affairs! France rendering real assistance to the enemy of England's ally, whereat England exhibits an unusual warmth of feeling toward France! Not only this, but the feeling toward Russia appears now to be less bitter, so that the editors of the great British newspapers find it in their hearts to praise the Russian admiral for his courage and strategic genius. Germany, also, continues to show for Russia, despite the fact that Russia is France's ally, a remarkable degree of friendship.

How shall these things be explained? In no other way, it seems to us, than by the assumption that the nations of Europe, perhaps the nations of the whole Occidental world, have at last come, consciously or unconsciously, to some sort of realization of their essential oneness; to a realization that, after all, there is such a thing as Christendom; to a realization that the war to-day being waged is essentially a contest between white and yellow; to a realization that, when all is said, blood is thicker than water.

There are many more facts which support such a view of the matter as that outlined. Take, for example, the Kaiser's already world-famous speech in which he called the Japanese "the Scourge of God"—a phrase that strangely stirs all Christendom. The Kaiser is a great man, and that he should choose the present moment to say so tremendous a thing is not a little sig-

nificant. The doubt he expresses of the ability of Christendom to offer effectual defense against so terrible a foe as pagan nations might become, is one that has been given voice continually in these columns. It is significant, too, that great British journals are permitting publicists like Arnold White to attack in the strongest terms the Anglo-Japanese alliance, whose renewal from now on will be an issue in British politics. If the alliance is permitted to terminate, then, indeed, we shall know that in the breast of the Briton has at length been aroused a sensation of shame that he should have struck hands with a man of alien thought, alien blood, alien religion, in a quarrel with a nation the blood of whose reigning house runs in the veins of the British king, and which is, after all, a part of Christendom. Even now, there are men who feel so strongly about England's treason to Christendom that they characterize the Anglo-Japanese alliance as "the league of the wild beast and its prey."

Meanwhile, the United States, with all her vast interests in the Pacific, stands apart, not yet stirred by this wave of race kinship that seems to have swept over Europe—or at least stirred only a little, despite Mr. Carnegie's opinion to the contrary. Will America, like Europe, yet come to a realization of where her real interests lie? We hope and we believe that she will.

A journalist recently put the railroad side of the controversy very neatly when he said: "The railroad interests want to be let alone to sell the commodity transportation as they see fit." This position does not seem to be as unassailable as it might have been a few years ago. In fact, it is being attacked, and with considerable vigor, by those who are in favor of the regulation of railroad rates by legislation on the lines laid down by the President. Later tendencies would seem to show a distinct growth in the confidence of these advocates of the President's policy, or perhaps it might be more correct to say in the boldness of their expressions. Thus Secretary Taft, addressing three hundred members of the International Railway Congress recently, said that railroad rate-legislation was inevitable, and that the railroad men, if they were wise, would not hinder it, but would, on the contrary, lend every assistance, and added significantly that the sentiment of the country was such that failure to regulate would mean a campaign in which the railroads would by no means have the advantage. He stated emphatically his dislike for the idea of nationalizing the railroads, but it is, at least, noticeable that this was the only solution which he put in opposition to the rate-regulation policy. There can not be any question as to the positiveness of his attitude, for his words, "you can not run railroads as you run private business. You must respond to the popular demand. If there is danger of discrimination then you must allow the establishment of some tribunal that will remedy that discrimination," were evidently directed against that attitude of the railroad interests to which we have called attention already. So obvious was the meaning of the Secretary that President Stuyvesant Fish, of the American Railway Association, felt compelled to rise at once and offer a reply.

The attitude of Attorney-General Moody upon the legal side of the same question is hardly less pronounced than that of Secretary Taft. In an opinion rendered to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, he holds that the government may constitutionally make railroad rates, and that this function may be "intrusted" by Congress to a commission, and all that the courts can do is to determine if the rates are confiscatory. He says: "Rate-making power is not a judicial function. The courts, however, have the

The present situation in world politics is highly interesting, and of a very unusual character. The varying relations of great powers to each other are, indeed, always interesting and frequently perplexing beyond the cipherment of any one not privy to the councils of European chancelleries, and it might seem that the condition of affairs at the present moment is quite unexplainable except through an intimate acquaintance with the cross-currents of sentiment and feeling among the peoples of Europe—a knowledge to which it is not conceit to pretend. Perhaps this is true. On the other hand, it almost appears as if a single fact might be made to afford a complete solution.

For weeks now, the newspapers of the world have been full of news about, and discussion of, the so-called violation by France of her position of neutrality by giving improper assistance to the fleet of the Russian

power to investigate any rate or rates fixed by the legislative authority, and to determine whether they as such would be confiscatory." It appears from his view of the law that the governmental power is vested in the legislatures of the individual States to fix the minimum future charges of carriers, as far as transportation within the limits of the separate States is concerned, and that the same power is vested in Congress with regard to all transportation other than that confined to the particular State—that is, to all interstate commerce. This rate-making power is therefore not a judicial power, and the only function which the courts can discharge in the matter is to determine whether or not the rate as imposed by the legislature or Congress is confiscatory. Moreover, such power of fixing a maximum may be vested by Congress in a commission, so that it would appear that all the machinery is intact and ready to be applied to the carrying out of the plans of the President. Charles A. Prouty, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, puts the proposition in the form that while there is no intention of compelling what may be considered a reasonable rate, there is a very distinct purpose that such rates as are unreasonable shall be set right, and that the proposal of the President in this regard can not in any way offend the honest railroad investor. All the exponents of the new idea seem to echo Secretary Taft's wish for "a body that shall decide things." There can be no question that the railroad-rate matter is taking more definite shape, and there may be more than a modicum of truth in the statement that an understanding has been arrived at between the parties interested respecting the final shape of the proposed legislation.

A good many journalists have been curious to know just why the *St. Paul Globe* died. Very few newspapers of such venerable age give up the ghost in this summary manner and disappear off the stage altogether. It is the *Mneapolis Journal* which offers an explanation of the unusual phenomenon. The *Globe* was owned by J. J. Hill; J. J. Hill got tired of sinking fifty thousand dollars a year in the *Globe*; but he feared to sell the sheet to men who believed they could make it pay as an anti-corporation paper, because he was afraid that the first thing they would do would be to "go for" him and his railway; therefore he let the *Globe* pass ungloriously out of journalistic life. A strange occurrence! Perhaps there may be a lesson in it for the editorial fraternity; namely, that corporation-run newspapers don't pay and are likely to pay less. Conspicuous examples of newspapers which defend corporate interests against all attempts at legislative control are the *New York Sun*, still supposed to attend J. P. Morgan's nod, and the *New York Times*, similarly situated. The *Tribune*, while conservative, has shown no hesitation in supporting Mr. Roosevelt's railway policies. The *Herald* avoids discussion of such topics, preferring foreign politics as a steady diet. The *World*, vigorously anti-socialistic, is the most ferocious opponent of corporation abuses in the country; it is almost Lawnesque. *Harper's Weekly* is supposed to have some ties that bind it to Wall Street, but *Collier's* convinces many of us that it secretly has socialistic inclinations. In San Francisco, the two morning Republican dailies give no evidence of a desire to defend the railways from regulatory legislation, but the *Chronicle* is strenuously opposed to any lessening of the Steel Trust profits through reduction of the tariff. It is more corporation-ridden than its party. The *Post*, it is rumored, is now controlled by Mr. Ruef, while the *Bulletin* pretends to discuss literature and women's fashions in its editorial columns, and permit McEwen to free lance it over his signature on political topics.

An important decision has just been rendered by the United States Supreme Court. It appears that one Ju Toy, a Chinese, endeavored to enter this country, setting up the claim that he is an American citizen, having been born here and having gone to China only for a visit. The immigration authorities declined to credit the assertion of Ju Toy. Ju Toy then appealed to the Supreme Court, demanding the right to prove his alleged American citizenship before a judicial body under the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution, which provides that "no person . . . shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." The court in this decision held that, "if, for the purposes of argument, we assume that the Fifth Amendment applies to him, and that to deny entrance to a citizen is to deprive him of liberty, we nevertheless are of the opinion that with regard to him due process of law does not require a judicial trial. That the decision may be entrusted to an executive officer, and that his decision is due process of law was affirmed

and explained in *Elkin versus the United States*, and other cases."

This decision, of course, applies not only to Chinese but to any person who should be denied entrance by an immigration officer (because he suffered from a contagious disease, for example), and who, asserting that he was born in this country, should desire to have his contention passed upon by the courts. According to this decision, he would not be permitted so to do, but would be compelled to accept as final the verdict of the immigration officer. The prevailing opinion was written by Mr. Justice Holmes.

The magnitude of the operations of the government in the matter of irrigation becomes apparent in the great irrigation canal in Nevada, which will be opened on June 17th, on which occasion the President will be represented specially. This is the largest project which has up to this time been approved definitely under the irrigation act. It is said that the irrigation contemplated will involve a total expense of about nine millions of dollars, and will reclaim some 350,000 acres of land. The canal, which in its total length is thirty-one miles, is to take water from the Truckee River and to act as the main artery in the conveying of it to the Carson River, where a distributing dam is constructed. A dam has been constructed at the Truckee River head-gates, three miles east of Clark Station, on the Southern Pacific, to impound the water and to direct it into the ditch. This dam is constructed of interlocking steel piling driven into the rocky bed of the river and built up with a block of concrete thirty feet wide, each side of which is filled and paved with heavy stone. This dam is supplied with gates to regulate the flow, which extends for thirty miles down the main canal to the Carson River and the distributing dam, whence it goes to the individual farms. The farm units are eighty acres, and the cost of reclamation is approximately \$26.00 per acre. Three thousand men and one thousand horses have been at work on the canal for two years. The difficulties have been somewhat troublesome. Thus four tunnels have been found necessary, of the respective lengths of 400, 450, 900, and 1,600 feet. All of these have been faced with concrete. The irrigation system is expected to have a capacity of 1,900 gallons a second. Fifty thousand acres will be brought immediately under its influence, over two hundred miles of irrigating ditches having been already dug. The possibilities of such an undertaking and the effect of its successful application are sufficiently obvious.

The work of the San Francisco Republican League for a clean city, clean politics, and a clean government appears to be progressing nicely. During the past week, the finance committee held its first meeting, and William R. Wheeler, of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, was elected chairman of the committee, and becomes treasurer of the league. Sub-committees of this finance committee are to solicit funds to carry on the work. A meeting of the executive committee was also held, and it has been decided to proceed at once to the appointment of campaign committees of ten each in all the assembly districts. These committees in turn will organize district clubs. The basis upon which they will work is the huge stack of replies received from electors to whom circular letters were sent, with inclosure of postal-cards upon which the elector might indicate, if he so desired, his wish to become a member of the Republican League. Eighty odd thousand of these circulars were mailed, and several thousand replies have been received at the headquarters of the league, 636 Market Street.

The *Call* and *Chronicle* have been printing editorials of familiar type and possible effectiveness calling upon "all good citizens to awake to their civic duties." The *Chronicle* alone warns the league that it will be dangerous to endeavor to use for the work of organization "practical politicians." The *Chronicle* suspects that these would ultimately prove traitors to the league. Among interesting developments on the other side is the rumor that Mr. Ruef will put up no ticket in opposition to the league's. That organization, however, appears to be determined not to let itself be lulled into any false sense of security by this unexpected programme on Ruef's part. On the contrary, it is suspected that he will now turn to the Democratic organization, known as the "Horses and Carts," in an endeavor to get a third ticket into the field. A significant happening is the failure of one of Mr. Ruef's henchmen, J. H. Nelson, to get the appointment to the position of Superintendent of Dredgers, left vacant by ex-Senator Frank French. This is held to indicate that the harbor commissioners will lend their considerable assistance to the Republican League. The *Sacramento Union*, which continues to take a lively interest

in San Francisco politics, discusses the Citizens' Alliance circular, to which reference is made in another column, and thinks that "nothing could have been more unfortunate" than its issuance. The *Union* also prints a long editorial, "In Reply to the *Argonaut*," in which it reiterates the views previously expressed that the McNab-Phelan movement in competition with the Republican League is altruistic. These Democrats, the *Union* thinks, are not engineering the movement in order to get spoils of office, but merely that San Francisco may "cast off the infamy involved in the dictatorship of Abraham Ruef."

The first baseball game of the present season played in New York was stopped before the fifth inning on account of the rain. Owing to lack of preparation, there were no rain-checks to give the nine thousand spectators, and so a plain announcement was made that all who had attended the game should return the next day as guests of the management. It was further proclaimed in the papers that any one having attended the game so curtly stopped by Jupiter could have free admittance the next day upon swearing that he had paid for admission the day before.

Thirty-five thousand men took oath within the next twenty-four hours that they were entitled to see the second game free. Mathematicians may calculate the number of fibbers there were to the total attendance. But the result must give pause. If, when nine thousand New Yorkers attend a baseball game, there are twenty-six thousand liars outside the gates, what standard of morals does a season's attendance point to? If for every baseball enthusiast on the bleachers we have three mendacious and false-swearing citizens outside, is it not time to discourage our national game? Are we wise to overlook the deadly menace to our American character?

A controversy of interest to every one in San Francisco who rides on street cars has been in progress during the last week or ten days between the board of supervisors and the representatives of the United Railways over the proposed reconstruction of the Sutter Street Railway. The cable cars on Sutter Street are at the present time notoriously antiquated, unsightly, uncomfortable, and overcrowded. They run anything but smoothly. The cable moves with a slowness highly exasperating to anybody who wants to get anywhere. The company now proposes to reconstruct the line as an overhead trolley system, but people who live on Sutter Street, in particular, and public-spirited citizens, in general, object. They say that the thing to do is to install an underground conduit trolley system. They say that such a system is entirely practicable; abolishes danger from crossed wires; would make the street more attractive; would permit of more rapid operation of cars, and would furnish a model after which the company would later pattern on other streets. The company, for its part, says that the conduit scheme is impracticable; that it would cost more than a million dollars; that one conduit system in the midst of a lot of overhead systems would make endless confusion and bother, and that, therefore, it can not heed the request of the supervisors. The *Examiner* represents the company as "flinging an ultimatum in the faces of the supervisors," which, of course, is a malicious exaggeration. The company is quite within its rights in determining whether it shall install an overhead or underground system. It would seem, however, that if the conduit system is indeed practicable and superior to the overhead, it would be first-rate business policy for the company to install it. Thereby it would win the good will of a very considerable number of persons. And the good will of the people is a valuable corporation asset these socialistic days.

There was recently started in San Francisco by persons deeply interested in Russian affairs a monthly periodical called the *Russian Review*. Its purpose, as stated, is to give accurate information, through the translation of articles published in responsible Russian newspapers and magazines, about Russian affairs. One of the most interesting articles in the first number is entitled "The Massacre in Baku," in which is related a story that appeals to the sense of the dramatic. It appears that the house of one Lalayeff, a rich Armenian, was besieged by a mob. Lalayeff telephoned to the police department from within, but those in authority replied that they could give him no help—the reason being that the city government was in sympathy with the attackers of the Armenians. Later, the mob set fire to Lalayeff's house, in which he with his family and servants were, and Lalayeff, over the telephone, made demands on the fire department for its assistance. The

WHAT KILLED A NEWSPAPER.

LOCAL POLITICAL GOSSIP.

THE SUTTER STREET CONTROVERSY.

AT THE END OF THE WIRE.

DESERTS, DYNASTIES, DUST.

By Jerome Hart.

In Upper Egypt the habitable strip is so narrow that the desert comes fairly down to the Nile. Only a few hundred yards to ride, and you are in the desert.

Riding over the desert has its charm. It is difficult to explain why. But there is something soothing in the solitude of the desert. True, your solitude may be only imaginary, for at any moment a camel caravan may wind its way over the hill which confronts you, or out of what looked like heaps of primitive



rocks there may start hordes of Arabs, packs of yelping dogs, and gangs of greedy children, showing that amid the rocks are the huts of an Arab village.

By the way, in a camel caravan we once met in the desert, there was a beast with a gigantic load of cases towering above and on both sides of him; on the left flank of this mountain of cases rode a small Arab slung in a sling. The reason was obvious—the camel engineers had miscalculated in loading and had put too much on the off side, thus giving the camel a heavy list to starboard. Arab-like, being too lazy to repack, they had corrected the error by using a light Arab as trimming ballast.

I was curious to see what the cases contained, so I scrutinized the labels; they read: "Moselwein." So it was sparkling Moselle that was being borne over these thirsty deserts to make glad the German heart.

With all its heat and dust, the desert has its charms. True, the desert dust is an affliction, for when certain evil winds blow the desert is shrouded in dust—vast swirling clouds through which no eye can see. But when the dust-storms have blown over and the desert is calm again, you forget the dust. For the



Hordes of Arabs start out of the rocks of the desert and gather at a diminutive mosque on the plain of ancient Thebes.

desert dust is dusty dust, but not dirty dust. Compared with the awful organic dust of New York London, or Paris, it is inorganic and pure. On those strips of the Libyan and Arabian Deserts which lie along the Nile, the desert dust is largely made up of shredded royalty, of withered Ptolemies, of faded Pharaohs, for the tombs of queens and kings are counted here by the hundreds, and of their royal progeny and their royal retainers by the thousands. These desiccated dynasties have been drying so long that they are now quite antiseptic.

The dust of these dead and gone kings makes extraordinarily fertile soil for vegetable gardens when irrigated with the rich waters of the Nile. Their mummies are also said to make excellent pigments for the brush. Rameses and Setos, Cleopatra and Hatasu—all these great ones, dead and turned to clay, when properly ground make a rich amber paint highly popular with artists.

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Around Luxor, on the vast plain of Thebes, the desert dust has been made to blossom, and a rich green carpet now extends around the stony feet of the Colossi of Memnon. But greater riches have come out of the desert hills, where dead and gone dynasties repose in rock tombs, than out of the fertile plains below.

After several visits to Egypt the wealthy traveler is often seized with a desire to dig—the excavation fever seizes him. Probably the spot which has tempted most travelers is the ground around the Sphinx.

Every few years some new excavator takes up the task, spends a barrel of money, wearies of it, and lays down his tools. The drifting desert sands obliterate his work. In a few years more another enthusiast begins. But here around Luxor, further up the river, four hundred miles from Cairo, the enthusiastic excavators find much to reward their quest. Here they find tombs that have not been touched for thousands of years. Such almost virgin soil must tempt the most hardened tomb-hunter. It is here that, not many weeks ago, an American enthusiast brought to the light of day treasures which have dazzled veteran Egyptian archaeologists.

The man of whom I speak is Mr. Theodore M. Davis. His beautiful *dahabceah* was moored below the first cataract with the American flag floating at its stern; we were told that it belonged to an American who had just discovered a tomb of the Eighteenth Dynasty. On inquiry, we found that the fortunate Davis was the boat's owner. For some time Mr. Davis had been excavating in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. But it was not until February 12th of this year that he made his sensational discovery. His workmen found the descending steps of a tomb between those of Rameses the Fourth and Rameses the Twelfth. The rock door at the foot was blocked with large stones. On removing these, another flight of steps was discovered, leading to a second door, also blocked with stones. In the outer vestibule were found a chariot yoke covered with gold, a wand of office, a pectoral scarab, and other objects. This showed that the tomb had been entered by robbers ages ago; that they had taken alarm and hastily fled, leaving some of their plunder in the vestibule, and that the tomb had never since been visited.

It happened that Professor Maspero, director of the Egyptian museums, and an archaeological authority of renown, was at Luxor on the very day of the discovery; so also were the Duke of Connaught and his suite. It was therefore arranged that the tomb should be opened on the next day, in the presence of these notable persons. They were indeed fortunate in their accidental presence near Luxor. The tomb was found to be filled with the richest spoils ever uncovered in ancient Egypt. There were mummy cases gold-encrusted, huge alabaster vases, a chariot inlaid with gold, many figurines of gold and silver,

chests containing papyrus flaps, stools covered with gold and blue enamel, mirrors in gold frames, chairs and stools encrusted with gold, golden collars and armlets, and a mass of other things of great value, intrinsic as well as antiquarian. The archaeologists say that the Eighteenth Dynasty was the most luxurious and ostentatious period of ancient Egypt; that vulgar display of wealth was characteristic of the time; that it was of this epoch that Tel-El-Amarna tablets paint Egypt as being what California was to the rest of the world in 1850—a place where gold, as the tablets say, was "plentiful as the sands."

Of course the tomb was filled with other objects not made of the precious metals, but of even greater interest. Among these were the papyrus flaps. A number of tablets and inscriptions were found, shedding much light on dark points of Egyptian history. The tomb was the burial place of Yua and Thua, parents of Queen Teie, wife of Amonhotep the Third. They lived here at Thebes with their daughter, after she became the wife of one of the mightiest of the Pharaohs.

It is the belief of archaeologists that Mr. Davis's discovery is as a whole the most important ever made in Egypt. Single objects of greater variety have been brought to light in their finds, but the number and variety found by Mr. Davis in this tomb surpass any ever before discovered. And the inscriptions and tablets will add largely to our knowledge of the Eighteenth Dynasty, which is one of the most interesting dynasties of ancient Egypt. It dates from

were fruitless, and so he and his family perished in the flames. Nothing could picture with nicer coloring the anachronism of Russia—the telephone in the house with its American bell and its French battery, and outside a dirty, unkempt mob as inchoate as any Hunnish horde of two thousand years ago—and the mob outside more powerful than the new machine. And what a dramatic thing it was—Lalayeff with the receiver to his perspiring cheek, with drawn-faced women behind him, the thunder of the rabble at the door, the flames beginning to crackle at the portico. Imagine with what intensity Lalayeff endeavored to distinguish above the singing of the careless wires the official tones which would decide the fate of all. But anyhow, when the last word was said over that cold line, and Lalayeff had hung up the receiver for the last time to turn his face toward the end, it must at least have been some faint grim satisfaction that he knew to a certainty his fate, and had not been fobbed off with "Line busy!" to madden the final moments with curses. For that ultimate benevolence, Lalayeff should have been grateful.

The Alliance Bureau of Publicity on April 15th published a certain circular bearing the signature of Herbert George, president of the Citizens' Alliance, which the daily papers with remarkable unanimity have ignored completely. These journals, which have such vast numbers of subscribers and readers, according to their own statements, and which are at least presumably engaged in the business of disseminating the news of the day, do not give us any information respecting a matter which is exciting the laboring element of this city. The circular in question has caused a wide-spread belief in labor circles that the party of political reform and municipal purity is merely a political wing of the Citizens' Alliance, and the *Labor Clarion*, the official organ of the Labor Council, does not hesitate to declare his to be the case. The *Argonaut* is, at this moment, not concerned to express an opinion about the facts, but he statements set forth in the *Clarion* are certainly of general interest.

The Alliance circular referred to expressly advises the election of a mayor of all the people, and not a class of the people," and declares that matters municipal will be in a satisfactory state should there exist simultaneously in this city, "the Citizens' Alliance, a progressive mayor in the chair, and a police commissioner favoring law and order." The *Labor Clarion* replies:

The attempt of the president of the Alliance to array class against class, in a political contest, if countenanced by the members of the Alliance generally, is certain to create conditions in San Francisco that will work incalculable injury to employer and employee alike.

So there is no doubt at all in the mind of the *Labor Clarion* that the reform party is a party which rests largely upon the Citizens' Alliance for support.

The circular in question further contains the following advice: "To examine the primary laws carefully, and if it is possible for you to do so (and you live out of town) vote in the city where you do business;" to which the organ of the Trades Council replies, with obvious tartness: "This is, of course, a blunt plea for ballot-box stuffing. Were the advice of the Alliance followed to any extent we should have a state of political corruption in San Francisco compared with which all past records would stand as a shining example of civic purity." There can be no question, here, that the organ of the trades regards the purpose of the Citizens' Alliance to push the claims of certain candidates, in this case unquestionably the reform candidates, by doubtful political manœuvring, in opposition to the laboring class. In fact the *Labor Clarion* states he issue broadly in the following terms from its own point of view:

That issue is this: Which class shall control, the working class or the business class, as represented by the Citizens' Alliance? Of course, there can be no doubt as to the answer of the working class. If politics are to be conducted on class lines, of course the workers will vote for that candidate, who, notwithstanding all that may be said and even proved against him, represents their own class. This may not be good citizenship, the kind of citizenship that we hear preached about and prayed for every day in the year, but it is good instinct, and who shall say that it is not good politics, as good at least as the brand offered by the Citizens' Alliance?

So that here we have an unmistakable opinion, on the part of the representative organ of the working class in this city, that the Citizens' Alliance is precipitating a class struggle under the name of municipal reform. Understand our own position: We do not pretend to say whether the *Labor Clarion* is right or wrong in its assumptions and opinions in this matter. We express no opinion on the point. The failure of the leading dailies to call the notice of the public so important a matter merely moves us, as an independent journal, to direct people's attention to the position the unions are taking, or have taken.

DAVIS'S
TOMB
DISCOVERY.

1545 to 1350 B. C., and includes the notable reign of Thotmes the Third.

After the discovery of the rock tomb, Mr. Davis and his servants were obliged to spend three days and three nights camped there at its entrance until they could get the requisite authority from the government to continue the excavations—an indispensable precaution, otherwise the thievish Arabs would have made short work of the contents.

At the time when Mr. Davis's discovery was reported, I had just finished re-reading Théophile Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy." I had always thought

the signs we so often see at home: "Have You A Weak Back? Try McStickem's Porous Plasters—They Never Come Off."

Leaving the desert and going to the Nile, the same painful paucity of advertising is to be noticed. All along the Nile cataracts are enormous flat cliffs and shiny, black boulders, looking as if destined from immemorial ages to bear advertisements of soap or pill. Yet we note no soap; we perceive no pill. The natives use very little soap, and as they have cholera every year they need no pills. I saw a rectangular rock which would have done admirably for the legend.



The enormous columns of the Temple of Luxor are crowned with lotus-bud capitals.

his description of the young English lord and his scientist friend entering the virgin tomb, and finding on its floor footprints in the dust left by workmen—footprints left there three thousand years before—this, I say, I had always thought one of the most telling flights of Gautier's fancy. But I had looked upon it as pure fancy. Yet after reading the fantastic prose of the French romancer, when I heard the plain narrative of the American explorer's discovery, I was forced to admit that Davis's fact was more extraordinary than Gautier's fiction.

One thing there is in upper Egypt which gives the traveling American a painful sense of homesickness. It is the absence of advertising. The familiar signs one sees along the cliffs, the trees, the fences, and the farm-houses of the United States, are missing in Egypt. Often in riding through the desert I would

SAD
LACK OF
ADS.

"Bull's Bile Balls"; a perpendicular rock which fairly pulsated to tell of "Pale Pills for Pink People"; and a beautiful curvilinear rock which in America would have borne this quatrain:

"When Baby was well, she cried for Uproaria;
When Baby was sick, we gave her Uproaria;
When she grew up, she praised Uproaria;
When she got married, she raised Uproaria."

Yet these black rocks tell no tale of tooth-powders or typewriters, of cereals or sarsaparilla. They are silent. What a waste of space!

But perhaps there are sermons in these stones.
LUXOR, March, 1905.

Baseball at Midnight.

The Yukon country went wild over baseball last summer, and crowds attended the games at Dawson twice a week between 8 p. m. and midnight, from May 31st to August 25th. There were between



The ground around the Sphinx has tempted many excavators. The exterior of the granite Temple of the Sphinx is still concealed by drifting sands and rubbish.

see a granite cliff admirably adapted for some of the mammoth announcements of our patent-medicine millionaires, but I saw them not. Not far from Shellal there is a Mohammedan cemetery, where a mighty sheik he buried. Although dead, he is still a wonder-worker, for all day long you may see Arabs rubbing the ricks against his tomb and casting small pebbles over their shoulders. This is intended to cure lame backs, which cure is miraculously effected. So long has this been going on that a mighty cairn of stones has been heaped up over the sheik's moldering bones. What an admirable place to paint on the sheik's tomb

three thousand and four thousand persons at each game. Nowhere else in the world has the game ever been played at night from eight o'clock on toward the midnight hour. The Yukon Territory authorities appropriated \$12,000 for fine baseball grounds, so that the great American game has entered the Yukon permanently, as a night pleasure during the summer months.

London lays out for poor relief \$22,000,000 a year, and 28 out of every 1,000 of the population receive relief as paupers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

According to the *Patria*, a fourth child will soon be born to the King and Queen of Italy.

Chauncey M. Depew still holds more directorates than any other man in the United States. The new directory of directors just published gives the number of such places held by him as seventy-three.

J. P. Morgan, in an interview, is quoted as saying that on his recent visit to the Pope, the Pontiff refused to permit him to kneel as provided by the etiquette of the Vatican, but insisted on shaking the great financier's hand in the American fashion.

Robert S. McCormick, the new American ambassador, is said to have caused a most favorable impression among Parisians by the fluency with which he speaks French and by his keen interest in art, literature, and sport. The leading papers publish portraits of the new ambassador, and extend him a hearty welcome.

The King of Spain has inherited his father's remarkably sure eye and steady hand, and he is already one of the best shots in his kingdom. Alfonso the Thirteenth is rich in great sporting estates, and he enjoys nothing better than entertaining a party of friends in those of his country palaces which are within easy reach of Madrid.

On his way from a sojourn in Mexico to his home in London, Sir Weetman Pearson, M. P., who is commonly regarded as the greatest contractor in the world is passing a few days in New York City. Incidentally, Sir Weetman is devoting some little attention to the task of boring the four parallel tunnels of the Pennsylvania and Long Island Railways under the bed of the East River. Various colossal enterprises which the firm of S. Pearson & Son, Limited, of London, have under way in different parts of the world, aggregate contracts for \$70,000,000 or \$80,000,000.

M. Delcassé, the French minister of foreign affairs, is now in his fifty-third year. His appearance is not at all striking, except possibly for the negative reason alleged by M. Rochefort and the caricaturists, though when the pasquinading editor of the *Intransigent* describes him as "standing on his three inches of little legs," there is obvious exaggeration. Yet in a nation not noted for stature, M. Delcassé is conspicuously small. But, on the other hand, he is wiry and tough. His round head, close-cropped hair, keen eyes, re-trousse nose, bristling mustache, and locked mouth are those of a fighter; and, moreover, his whole appearance suggests a man capable of much toil.

Homer Davenport's farewell barbecue, held at the Davenport farm at Morris Plains, was attended by over three hundred scientific, literary, and artistic people. The occasion was Davenport's departure for the Lewis and Clark Exposition with his birds, horses, and other animals. The event concluded with a barbecue. Half a beef was roasted in the true Western style. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway ran a special train to the farm. Among those present were Congressman William Sulzer, Professor M. T. Hornaday, Marshall P. Wilder, Charles Dana Gibson, Caspar Whitney, Dan Beard, Thomas A. Edison, Edwin Markham, Frederic Remington, Ernest Thompson Seton, Blanche Bates, and Amelia Bingham.

The legal position of Queen Alexandra is very curious. So far as her private business is concerned, she is not regarded by the laws and customs of England as a married woman at all. She is the only woman in Great Britain who does not come within the scope of the Married Woman's Property Act. The idea of the law is that affairs of state consume all the time of the king, and therefore no responsibility for the queen's private business rests upon him. If the queen contracted debts in her husband's name, he would not be responsible for them as any other husband would. The king can not be sued for debt, but the queen can be. Should the king die, some authorities hold that the queen could not marry again, in case she wished to do so, without the special license and commission of the king's successor.

Don José Echegaray y Eizaguirre, the Grand Old Man of Spain, her greatest living poet, her most popular dramatist, her profoundest mathematician, her most eloquent orator, and at one time her foremost statesman, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. All Spain joined in the celebration. The Nobel prize was presented, and a brilliant audience gathered in the Royal Theatre to witness the production of Echegaray's most famous play, "El Gran Galeoto." Don José Echegaray began his career at twenty-three as professor of mathematics in the Madrid School of Engineers. He rapidly rose to be the most eminent mathematician of his age and country. The revolution of 1868, which dethroned and exiled Queen Isabella, hurled him into politics. Between that year and 1874 he acted as minister of education and of finance. Upon the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty he withdrew from politics, and, at the age of thirty-nine, won a new reputation as poet and dramatist. During the next twenty-five years he produced nearly fifty plays. The earliest of these were romantic tragedies in verse. The later were often in prose and dealt with psychological problems in the manner of Ibsen, of whom Echegaray is evidently a great admirer and a close student.

WHAT HE WAS BACK EAST.

And His Shattered Dream of Rehabilitation.

All the members of the Santa Joséfita Social Club (so called since this little California city took its turn at playing prohibition) stood or sat about what once was a bar, and was still in every respect like one—all nonchalantly breaking the law. They heard the old gentleman's cabalistic knock on the door of the passage that led into the scented California night; and he, having rapped as they all had done, was admitted and appeared upon the scene.

This whole event of Mr. Weston Hodgekiss's entrance was set round with a sort of psychological jewelry of conspicuous contrasts. He was a slender man, whose deportment was rather elegant at the same time that it hinted of shattered nerves. His soft, aristocratic tread was such as he might have used on thick carpets, in rooms of splendor, and among ladies; though these were dirty old boards, the walls were greasy, and the company were all men. His riddled coat lapels had once been velvet; the battered cane had a gold head, and the hand that carried it shook. The little white point of beard was of an abandoned cut. All these inherent contrasts in turn made him as a whole stand out contrasted with those men who drank, or played cards at table, and smoked; for they were of a frank and Occidental crudeness, wore a plain-people air—were not marked by any Wild-Westness to be sure, but looked to be just of this latter-day, sprung-from-the-soil mentality which is beginning to be conscious of itself and build big south-western cities. And then—their all so nonchalantly breaking the law.

Hodgekiss's breathing was slow, suppressed, yet audible, as though he controlled strong excitement. He sat down at a table with three comrades, whom for years he had considered plebeians and proudly held at a distance. He ordered drinks. They all looked under the jaunty slant of his hat with agreeable surprise, seeing on his lined visage a high emotion, and in his pessimistic eye of scorn, still lovable though bleared, a certain light as of triumph.

"Gentlemen," he said, slowly and magisterially, "this bitter incongruity approaches its end. She's coming at last."

They looked at one another; they threw themselves back in their chairs, and their cigars were cocked up at the ceiling with a clumsy sort of revelry.

One of the three said: "The lady who married somebody else? The aristocratic lady?"

"She did, as I have before hinted, commit that error; she turned me down; so that, in an amorous sense, ruined, I left those Eastern circles of—those refined levels; and came here." He waved his hand with magnificent contempt. "Then she married—what?"

There was an impressive pause, and whisky.

"One of these scoundrels, one of these male cats! I said to her—with, of course, delicacy of language, delicacy, gentlemen, of speech—I said to her, 'Mary, this damned son of a — will ruin your life!' His eye woke here to renewed alarm at his own profanity. 'Not, to be sure, using these words. The pimp, I intimated, would disintegrate her existence.' He leaned back in spirited egotism. 'Gentlemen, he done so.'"

They looked at him with the uncommencing interest of the advancing West. They knew how in keeping he was with his little, baked, neglected, orange orchard at the edge of the town—an infatuating spot, nevertheless—on which his life had gone downward.

"But she," he said, leaning forward with a fist on the boards, "in spite of that inferno into which he led her, will be found, sirs, to have preserved her refinement. We do so! Instinctively we do it. When we have innate culture," he hit the table fiercely "damn it to hell, we never lose it!"

His way of catching himself up was here again evident. Under the hat's slant, over the liquor's still fire, some tragic doubt swept across his countenance. Then, as was also a habit of his, his fingers, following down the seam of his frayed-genteel trousers, slowly scratched his calf; which operation left a fold of the garment tucked up under a garter. The town was accustomed to see him walking, absorbed, with it tucked up so.

"And what about her husband, then?" was asked.

"Dead. Dead!" Hodgekiss replied with considerable pomp. But some of his auditors having laughed outright and shouted "Good!" he turned on them with so savage a "What!" that they were quite struck dumb. And he muttered on, as if speaking of vermin: "Californians would be flippant at the brink o' the grave—h'gad!"

The cheering glass renewed his vim, though it was fast robbing him of coherency. He swept the company with his now brilliant eyes, took from his coat an old blue letter as frayed as himself, and put it on the table. They had often seen him do this.

"Gentlemen, I have but to-day received the news. You all know Dr. Warner. A man—hem—who, though of a common stripe—a reduced family in the East—could of course make some success in his practice in a hole like this. The doctor—a distant cousin of Mary—oh, not of those refined, those elevated—you understand, gentlemen! He knows my life-long secret. He told me to-day that this pimp, this infam-

ous scoundrel," the speaker's head glowed, "has been dead one year; and that his widow will come to visit the doctor in a week."

Hodgekiss here looked about with much emotional poise.

"If her silence to me," he cried, "for one long year, is not indication of high-bred feelings—patrician delicacy, gentlemen—womanly reserve—then b'gad, gen'lmen—the drink'sh on me!"

They recalled the many stages of his degeneration and decay. They were stolidly ascending a new social scale, laboring, in some respects crudely, at advance; the while he slid back, contemptuous of the West, believing some lowness of the country to be the reason of his failure. They had a tolerant look.

"Of course," an unsentimental contractor blurted, having winked at the others, "it's really to let you understand the situation that she's coming. You used to say that old letter hinted that she would."

They all were here an interested, smoke-bewreathed pit to the high stage and spontaneous drama of the old fellow's emotions. Once more that scared look, indicative of a rotting uncertainty, was on his face; and since the hotte had been lifted in his wavering hand, he suddenly set it down hard upon the blue envelope with a heavy breath, as though he had prevented the disastrous escape of that token of love.

Now he rose unsteadily.

"Such thought—such idea, gen'lmen—though true—in case of cultured lady, too shaired, too shaired to put in words, gen'lmen!"

Uttering this rebuke he seemed like one who endeavors to pull himself together morally. Having failed, the whisky braced him instead. He went on, not without solemnity: "I will not deny, gen'lmen, that this event assumes al'gorical shignificansh. With lady comes culture. Long delaved, longed for. Refinement to the West. Life reinshtated, gen'lmen—high shircles, levels of— Pah! These shcummy frontier shivilization. The jetsam an' flotsam." He was sadly wavering. "Man o' my position—what I wash back East! Th' all due deferenshe to company here— Lemme take on moral tone for crucial moment, gen'lmen!"

He having sunk at last upon the recipient bosoms of the flotsam and the jetsam, one of that complimented company, who was a liveryman, and had a custom of telephoning for a carriage to take him home, now ordered the vehicle. Presently they helped Mr. Weston Hodgekiss out; and some of them came in a jolly mood to the curb, where the air was fine and fresh, to see him off.

On a day particularly sunny, the news of the arrival of a guest at the doctor's artistic and prosperous home, and her welcome by the doctor's engaging daughters, was passed about amid this same convivial company. During the subsequent days they watched Hodgekiss's increased nervousness and his more feverish adherence to stimulants. At length it became known that Warner was giving a reception to the lady, and on the night of that event, Weston was again, by means of the mystic rap, admitted to the unlawful bar. It was a quarter to eight.

His tread was as soft and careful as ever, yet suggestive of a certain suppressed buoyancy and the consciousness of a crisis.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he said sententially, looking around with a noble and farewell air, while, having tossed down a whisky eagerly, he stood beside the bar. "I have now come to bid you all good-by. The lady—hem!—the lady sees me to-night."

"Ha, ha!" some laughed. "You want to put your best foot foremost, old man. The refinement of the East is here!"

He swept the frippery aside with an intolerant eye; then catching sight of himself in a dirty mirror over the bottles, he braced his immediate shock with another drink.

"You have crudely expressed, sirs, perhaps to the best of your uncultured ability, what I was about to say myself!" He grew fiery and fierce. "Damn it! I here assert my level. Put on, put on, sirs, the exterior tone that shall match the inner consciousness. I will admit"—again he looked about, grew tolerant and inclusive, absent-minded, and took another drink, "I will admit, gen'lmen, that in this room I have allowed my morality to make—hem—temporary concessions, concessions now to be retracted. I have been in this place"—he waved his hand—"morally luxurious, gen'lmen, morally luxurious!"

"But say, Mr. Hodgekiss, if you're going to the reception, why, you mustn't drink no more."

"Sir! Did you think a gentleman, born as I was, educated as I was, occupying the social position I occupied in the East, need be—" but doubt was here making its miserable havoc with his haughtiness, "need be warned of this. I owe gallant consideration to the lady. I shall treat the lady, sirs, with that extreme delicacy that situation demands. Indeed I hesitate to meet her at all; knowing how hard—knit up old damaged affections—mend, gen'lmen, lady's broken heart!" His voice had fallen to a husky whisper.

Seeing him once more, however, finger the glass in his hand, they rushed to him and removed that tool of the devil. He glared on them strangely, his mind recalling the past. For one pitiless moment he half understood the greatness of his fall. They seemed to comprehend this, and let him brace himself up once more, after which, taking cloves from his pocket, he went toward the door chewing them proudly. Paus-

ing, he turned as though to speak again, grew meditative, lifted his foot to a chair, and fell into his old habit of scratching his calf. The fold of his trousers was thus tucked up under the garter; and then he left, having swept them with a look of emotional farewell.

Some of the night's spiritedness forced its way into the old fellow's blood, and gave him, as he went on amid lawns that smelled of roses, something of the jaunty that hitherto had descended no lower than his hat. His soul went happily to its rehabilitation.

The doctor's house was the crown of a long progress, the visible reward of a steady ascent to an honored place amid his fellows. He was a widower, delighting in his home. A flood of light from the porch lit up Ionian pillars, fell over the pleasant grounds, and revealed Mr. Weston Hodgekiss coming up the walk.

Within, the doctor grasped his limp hand and gave him a cordial welcome. But the old man's slow and rebellious mind would scarcely admit the possibility of the brilliant scene. He was staggered by the happy company. Ah—true—then it was true. Mary had in fact, all on a sudden, with a certain miraculous completeness, brought back to him the culture of the East!

The doctor was now leading the bewildered gentleman to her. He hesitated; then marched forward with his proud and aristocratic air. Then he perceived her coming toward him across the centre of the room, with her hand outstretched.

She was a remarkable-looking woman, having lost but little of the beauty which Hodgekiss so well remembered. The delicate lips, the kind eyes, the white forehead, spoke of a lofty life, of the spiritualized and beautified nature of a woman whose long sorrow had only added to her inner resources.

They stood still, her hand ready for his. And the old man shrank.

She spoke a little to him; it was almost nothing that she said; yet the mere sound of her voice was much. She was wondering, with infinite pity, how she could ever have loved him. She tried to picture herself married to him now. Then she suddenly divined that, had she married him, he would have been, no doubt, some entirely different being. The tangled skein of might-have-beens, illusive and fascinating, took hold of her brain while she stood looking into his bleared, shining eyes.

A curious spectacle was he. Agitated, in sorry odor of cloves, the leg of his trousers still hoisted in that dumb attitude of fleeing, the terrible doubt now changed to a certainty, and no bracing liquor to help him deny the truth—he was a soul come in out of a moral night blinking at the light.

For one minute he could not say a word. Then the doctor came in with his daughters. They were attractive products of Stanford, and looked proudly at Mary just as Warner took his stand beside his guest in a way that bore some startling, unmistakable meaning to Hodgekiss's sluggish mind.

"Well, Weston," the doctor said, "aren't you a little slow with your congratulations?"

Weston stared at her.

"Mary—Mary—" he began. He struggled with words; he turned an imploring look on the doctor and his daughters. Then he ended: "Well—I—will—be damned."

All the members of the Santa Joséfita Social Club still sat or stood about the bar—all still nonchalantly breaking the law; and talking of Weston Hodgekiss.

"Well, the old fellow's gone," some said dreamily.

"I hope she'll straighten him out," said the others.

"You remember how he walked, proud and superior-like," a shoe-dealer offered, not without the fondness that ought to hang upon our recollections.

But now suddenly was repeated the mystic knock, the psychological jewelry of conspicuous contrast, and the entrance of Mr. Weston Hodgekiss himself.

He was gaunt, and sat down, a silent and tragic-looking figure, at a table by the wall. A long time passed and they were afraid to inquire about anything. They drank, and played cards, and occasionally looked up at Hodgekiss with the calm stolidity of the advancing West. Then they heard him say in an odd, subdued way: "I have been in error."

They all turned their faces to him.

"Gentlemen," he cried, with some return to his lofty mien, "I have failed to appreciate sociological tendencies—to recollect the unanswerable pessimism of history."

They wore a solemn and silly air; they had not his historical enlightenment.

"Gentlemen!" he went on, wavering upon his seat, and speaking in his husky whisper, "I tremble for my country. I see it now—I see it now. Corruption begins at the top!"

They gazed. "You'd better have a drink," some bold fellow ventured.

But, sweeping that offer aside, he arose, purchased a quart, put it in his pocket, and, a proud and pallid ruin, went his way.

On the next night before the bar there was news: how they had found the old fellow under his orange trees.

"Don't you think," one whispered, "that maybe it wasn't the liquor—maybe he put something—"

"Sh!" they said, as they cocked their cigars at the ceiling.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREY.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1905.

NEW YORK'S DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

Nan Patterson the Centre of Strained Attention
Public's Attitude Toward the Woman—
A Cabman Who Didn't Care.

It was the first warm night of the season. The moon set, and with a suave tenderness in the air that only comes in the early spring days. You know that in the country it was very still, not a breath stirring, and the night full of fragrance of young leaves and moist earth. There was no fragrance in town, but there was a suggestion, under the city's sleepy roar of the quietness of Nature's great period of germination, a sense of rest and waiting, of fierce energies temporarily suspended.

Looking from the open window, high up among the roofs of surrounding houses, you could see vast walls rising like cliffs against the sky. Here and there, windows shone out from these cliffs in mounting yellow squares. The tower of the Madison Square Garden showed clusters of lights ornamenting its angles and edges. They were bright, sparkling lights, lunched in groups, as if they might have been agglomerations of glow-worms clinging to convenient ledges. Back of the tower and the tall buildings was the sky, a deep Prussian blue, like the night sky in Italy. Wall and tower stood clear against it, sharply defined on this background of rich, dense color, which extended up and up in a huge airy dome pierced by stars.

With your elbows on the window-sill, leaning out you could hear the night noises of the streets. Even at this hour, the heat and burden of the day over, those cañons, cleft between rows of houses, give forth a sound mighty and tumultuous. It is one of the most stimulating and inspiring noises in the world—the muffled roar of a great city. Slightly removed from it in this way, it comes up to you full of thrill and mystery, rises from those myriad, intersecting highways, carrying with it some of the life and passion and vibration that go to its creating. It is formed of the footsteps and the voices, the breath and the heart-beats, of thousands of people; thousands of people swarming up and down those narrow passage-ways between the houses—thousands of people, each life separate and distinct, and all combined into a fused, conglomerate whole, just as the sound each pair of feet makes is lost in the one vast composite sound made by all the millions of feet moving together.

Looking out and listening to this world-noise, one suddenly, from the distance, catches a higher sound, separating itself from the muffled, continuous undertone. It is a sound, raucous and hard, violently splitting the dull, sleepy roar that the open window lets into the lamplight and cigarette smoke of the sitting-room. It is a human sound—a male voice yelling, yelling as only that particular kind of a male voice can yell. You can hear it blocks away, and being a denizen of American cities you know at the first distant roar what it is—a man calling an "extra." From the figure in the arm-chair comes a movement of attention, and then the query in a quick, listening voice: "That's an extra, can you hear what it is?"

There is a pause, during which the hoarse cries approach, take shape, and become articulate. The figure at the window draws in his head with an air of excited animation: "I can't quite make it out, but it's something about the Nan Patterson verdict. Run downstairs quick and get a paper."

On that particular night the shouting of that particular extra caught the ears of all New York. The world came out on its front door steps and area-flags and bought papers. It was nothing definite after all. No verdict had been reached, the jury was still out, and the rumor of its disagreement was probably an invention. But at least it relieved the strain to get a paper, to see that the twelve good men and true who were debating on the fate of the chorus girl were not yet in a dead end, and to see more open that endless field of argument as to whether Nan Patterson had killed Cesar Young, and if she did, why she did, and if she did, how she did.

Since the paper, however, had long and serious editorial on the subject of this most sensational and tingling crime. They want to know why it exerted such an extraordinary attraction over the public mind. It is said that no case of the kind ever before—in New York created an equal amount of interest and excitement. Murder cases of more or less mysterious and hard character, have marked the annals of Gotham since its first settlement, but never before has any one trial captured the public attention in interest and in a large degree sympathy to the extent of this one where a so-called chorus girl was accused of the murder of an essayist, a well-to-do, lease-living bookmaker.

There can be no question that the trial had become the object of an astonishing amount of attention. What was particularly astonishing was in the case of people who were active. Everybody knows that there is a whole army of middle-class sneakers who delight in the details of murder trials. Of these were the women who fought hand to hand to get into the court-room, who hung round the street below the bridge which con-

nects the court-house with the Tombs, that they might catch a glimpse of the accused on her way to trial, and who followed the jurors to their restaurant dinner shouting instructions to "free Nan."

But the class who never go to court-rooms, are disgusted by the literature of yellow journalism, and generally regard people of the Nan Patterson and Cesar Young stripe as denizens of another world into which it is best not to peep, have taken a deep, absorbed interest in the case. They have followed it, in the papers, day by day. They have talked about it heatedly and at length. They have "theories" about how the shooting was done, which they will illustrate for your benefit, with a paper-knife or a teaspoon. And they have passionate opinions as to "Nan's" innocence or guilt. Of those I have met, the majority seem to think her guilty. But when an advocate of her innocence meets a believer in her culpability, then comes the tug of war, and you will see two women arguing and contradicting one another, with their voices high, and a general air of hattle brooding over them.

But why should any one be surprised at the Patterson case becoming an object of intense general interest? Why should anybody think it an odd manifestation, and go deep down into first causes to find one which could account for it? It has every element that makes an exciting romance and a thrilling melodrama. It has the attraction of the detective story, the murder story, the mystery story, and the off-color love-story. And all these attractions are intensified by the fact that it is true. There is no effort of the imagination necessary. There is no need to conjure up backgrounds and "touch in" scenery and settings. It all happened, and one can read in the papers just bow and where. Here in little old New York, this most thrilling, agitating, and startling "mystery of a hansom cab" had its dark and grisly finale, if its opening and intermediary action did take place in California.

Of course, it is a good thing to assume the attitude that the educated and decent members of the community are too right-thinking and high-minded to like a story about a light-moraled race-track man and his love-affair with a mean and mercenary chorus-girl. But that is only part of the story. Its real secret of popularity is in its mystery and its tragedy. If Nan Patterson had been a better woman, the story would have lost one of its most dramatic elements. Nobody would have suspected her of murder. But she was—like every other figure in the tale—exactly the right sort of character to fill the niche in which she was placed. Every person in it was as well chosen, as fittingly selected to make the plot good and the interest strong, as if Eugene Sue had arranged them for a novel of his own.

In fact, the Patterson case is really one of the most exciting romances the New York public has ever sat down to read. Each figure in it is interesting, typical, and vital. The heroine is young and good-looking, was born of decent parents, but admittedly has been "wayward," as the newspapers express it. Her youth, the respectability of her forebears, the attractions of her lover, have made the public lenient to her and willing to give her the benefit of the doubt. Had she been older, more hardened in crime, more toughly of the tenderloin, she could not have passed as the heroine even of a novel of the Seamy Side. But there has been a lingering touch of youth and weakness about her; the shreds of feminine feeling have still hung around her bespattered and tawdry figure. The possibility of her innocence (if not of other things, at least of murder) can be harbored in kindly minds, and so she can stand as the sombrely conspicuous central figure of the romance.

The others fill their rôles even better. Cesar Young is exactly like the hero of a certain kind of tale. He was a man of faults, of sins, but he was a genial, free-handed, kindly soul. The testimony was full of evidence of his generosity, his lightsome gaiety of heart, his equally human remorse, and his equally human relapses. He might—it is hard to think so—have committed suicide, and if he did commit suicide, depths upon depths of the mysteries of human conduct open from the suggestion. And his wife—could anything have been more perfectly fitting and dramatic than this beau-

tiful, cold woman, wronged and deserted, comporting herself exactly as she would have done had she been the same sort of woman in the same sort of position in a melodrama? In an ordinary case, she should have been ugly, shrewish, and old. In this case, she was young, handsome, and dignified. Her appearance at the trial, robed in her widow's weeds, with no ornament but a single string of pearls round her neck, placed her romantic figure in perfect harmony with its environment.

And when you come to the murder mystery itself, neither Sue, nor Poe, nor Gaboriau, nor Conan Doyle, ever conceived a more audacious, a more baffling, and a more dramatic imbroglio. The hero is killed—or commits suicide—in a hansom cab, at nine o'clock in the morning, on one of the city's main arteries of traffic. Though there must have been many people on the sidewalk, nobody saw the shooting. The driver heard it, and in order to complicate matters—like a true subordinate in a murder story—he carefully refrained from opening the trap and looking in. That normal human curiosity which would make in most of us a desire to know why the occupants of the hansom were firing pistols, does not seem to have been included in the make-up of this most remarkable man. He drove on, not knowing what had happened in his cab, and apparently not caring, thus eliminating from the matter the testimony of the one possible eye-witness. Had he been trained on the stage of a Bowery theatre, he could not have behaved more exactly in the spirit of a subsidiary character in a melodrama—careful to keep himself out of the spot light, and particularly careful to behave with the degree of idiocy requisite to leave the mystery in an unsolved state.

No, when you think it over there is no need to ask with an air of virtuous surprise why New Yorkers have taken such a mad interest in the Patterson case. If they had not taken an interest in it they would have been lacking in that passion for a story which is one of the elemental instincts of mankind. And the Patterson case in the picturesqueness of its principals, the surprises of its plot, and the darkness of its mystery, is the best story they have had offered them in the memory of man.

GERALDINE BONNER.
NEW YORK, May 8, 1905.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

- PUBLIC LIBRARY.
 - "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 - "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
 - "The Man on the Box," by Harold McGrath.
 - "The Unveiling of Lhasa," by Edmund Candler.
 - "Roma Beata," by Maude Howe.

- MERCANTILE LIBRARY.
 - "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 - "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
 - "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hibbens.
 - "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn.
 - "The Princess Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

- MECHANICS' LIBRARY.
 - "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
 - "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
 - "A Knot of Blue," by William R. A. Wilson.
 - "The Return," by Alice MacGowan and Alice McGowan Cooke.
 - "The Way of the North," by Warren Cheney.

A California club, with Mrs. Thomas H. Vivian as president, has been organized by Californians living in New York.

N. C. Goodwin, in a repertoire of three plays, will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre.

T. W. Crosland's new book "The Wild Irishman," is out in England.

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PHILIPPINES BADLY ADMINISTERED?

Mr. Ireland's Distressing Views on the Subject—Can It Be that American Officials Are Ignorant and Our Scheme Wrong?

It is not the custom of the London Times—still the world's greatest newspaper—to send out for the investigation of political and governmental conditions on the continents of Europe and Asia men incapable of drawing sound conclusions from their extensive observations. On the contrary, the men that the Times employs are noted for their impartiality, their carefulness, and for their propriety. Its correspondents in European capitals are regarded with almost that degree of respect that attaches to formal emissaries of governments.

For this reason, it is particularly distressing that Alleyne Ireland, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the author of a book or two on tropical colonization and kindred subjects, and colonial commissioner of the University of Chicago, for which he is preparing a report in twelve volumes on the Philippines, should, after spending many months in the islands as correspondent of the Times, have arrived at such incorrect and misleading conclusions as those set forth in his articles, now published in book-form under the title, "The Far Eastern Tropics." For certainly they must be misleading and incorrect, since all reports from the Philippines, governmental and other, represent American rule there as an unparalleled success. Our administration there is proclaimed the model of what a colonial government should be. This is all but the all but universal verdict. When Mr. Ireland says therefore that we have lamentably failed, he clearly must be in the wrong. He is hopelessly in the minority.

But let us see what he says. At the very beginning of the chapters on the Philippines, he remarks that "almost every act of the United States . . . has been characterized by . . . contempt for universal experience." Continuing, Mr. Ireland maintains

that the war in the Philippines could have been avoided by the exercise of the most ordinary prudence; that it could have been avoided if the advice of any British, French, or Dutch colonial governor in the Far East had been asked and acted upon, there can be no possible doubt; and it is not less certain that if the Philippine commission, which arrived in Manila shortly after the commencement of the war, had been given the power to act, instead of only the power to talk, the war need not have lasted three months; . . . [the war] was little but a long succession of errors.

Taking up the government of the Philippines since the end of the war, Mr. Ireland says that, while there, he met a great number of American officials, the majority of whom were animated by an honest and sincere desire to do the best thing for the general welfare of the islands, but:

Side by side with this excellent intention there existed an ignorance of the broad established facts in relation to tropical administration, and an absence of information as to the work of the European nations in the neighboring colonies, which could scarcely fail to impair most seriously the usefulness of the most conscientious and hard-working official.

Of what Mr. Ireland conceives to be ignorance of what has been done in colonial administration elsewhere, he gives the following example:

I was shown in the Philippines some of the most wretched roads I have seen in fifteen years of colonial travel, and was asked with pride whether the English had ever done anything like that for the benefit of their colonial subjects; and when I replied that you could travel a thousand miles in an automobile in the Federated Malay States on roads as good as the Massachusetts State roads, my statement was met, if not with absolute incredulity, at least with the last degree of surprise. Had any nation except the United States ever given the natives of a colony any voice in their own government, or given them an honest judiciary, or a good water supply, or an efficient police force, or ever governed a colony with any other object than deriving revenue from it?

Mr. Ireland lays down a broad general law (or what he conceives to be one) that political institutions of an advanced type can not exist in countries of low industrial and economic conditions. That the Philippines are in a low stage of social and economic development he contends that the following figures indicate:

Value of exports per annum per capita of population in the Philippines, \$5.00; in Ceylon, \$8.50; in Porto Rico, \$12.00; in Sicra Leone, \$19.00; in the British West Indies, \$20.00; in Mauritius, \$24.00; in Java, \$25.00; in British Guiana, \$30.00; in the Federated Malay States, \$44.00.

If it be true that the Philippines are industrially at a low level, then "the inference might naturally be drawn that the Philippine people are less able to direct their political and administrative affairs than are the inhabitants of any colonies included in the comparison. But this view has not commended itself to the United States," and "there has been established a government more expensive than any other colonial gov-

ernment in the tropics." Mr. Ireland continues:

Broadly speaking, the American policy in regard to the control and development of the Philippines is the exact opposite of that adopted by every other nation, in that political development has been taken as the standard of attainment instead of industrial development, in opposition to the universal experience of mankind, that the latter has always preceded the former.

Mr. Ireland, continuing with his arraignment, maintains that tropical people only yield their true loyalty when there is at the head of affairs one man in supreme power, whether he be king, sultan, or governor. Therefore:

The government of the Philippines by a commission violates the very first principle of successful administration in the tropics by dividing into seven parts prestige and authority, which the natives expect and desire to find in one man.

Also:

Shorn of any real authority to determine independently the measures best suited to the needs of the islands, compelled to legislate with one eye on the American public and the other on Congress, the Philippine commission can neither command the respect of the people nor carry on its own work according to the plain needs of the situation.

Another great hindrance to efficient administration, thinks Mr. Ireland, is lack of men of the first class. The Indian colonial service is looked upon by Englishmen as "a career." The Americans who go to the Philippines are, for the most part, merely after the salary that the particular position happens to pay.

Speaking of the pacification of the islands, Mr. Ireland takes his normal attitude of pessimism, but, unfortunately, hacks his statements with statistics. He says:

The latest available figures in regard to the work of the police force are those for the fiscal year 1903, and they disclose a sufficiently discouraging state of affairs. During 1903 there were 5,351 expeditions against outlaws, of which 357 resulted in engagements. The number of outlaws killed was 1,185, and the number captured 2,722.

When it is noted that these figures do not include the military operations of the army, which was engaged in serious fighting in Mindanao and Jolo, it is seen that the islands were in a state of considerable disorder in 1903; and at the time of my visit to the Philippines early in 1904 there were no indications that conditions in this respect were improving.

Speaking of industrial conditions, Mr. Ireland asserts that, with an export trade of \$32,000,000, the Philippine Islands are called upon to pay \$15,000,000 for the maintenance of the government. "That a country should have to pay forty-six per cent. of the value of its total industrial product," says Mr. Ireland, "for the privilege of being governed, is obviously absurd." Even \$15,000,000 does not cover the cost of administration, for all military expenses are paid by the United States, so that "the total reaches a sum greater than that of the whole value of the export trade of the islands."

"The corner-stone of American policy in the Philippines," says Mr. Ireland, "is education." But Mr. Ireland believes "that political progress depends on industrial rather than on educational development." Therefore he thinks the hanging of the whole administrative scheme on education is a mistake, especially as, after all, only 2.3 per cent. of the total population of the islands is attending school. Further:

It is interesting to compare these figures with those relating to education in a few British colonies in various parts of the tropics. The proportion of the total population attending school in Barbadoes is 7 per cent.; in British Guiana, 2 per cent.; in Jamaica, 6 per cent.; in Ceylon, 5 per cent.; in Mauritius, 3 per cent.

He says further:

I may add in this connection that in fifteen years of travel in tropical countries in which education has been in operation for more than a generation, I have observed no indication that the spread of instruction has had the effect of making the natives appreciate the dignity of manual labor. In fact, for every skilled workman turned out by the industrial schools in the tropics, the schools of general instruction have cast upon the country twenty men who, from the very fact of their education, refuse absolutely to have anything to do with any employment which involves manual labor.

Mr. Ireland's concluding remarks are these:

In attempting to transplant to the Philippines their social and political institutions, products of the unique conditions of the United States, the Americans show a remarkable blindness to the causes of their own development, for every natural circumstance which has contributed to the growth of a distinctively American civilization is wanting in the Philippine Islands.

As will be seen from these few extracts, Mr. Ireland's views are calculated to be very disturbing to patriotic Americans who think everything is lovely in the Philippines.

But he can not be right. Let us hope, at least, that he is not right. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.00.

Chats

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A POET'S PASSIONS.

Frederick Schiller and His Various Loves.

Innumerable articles in magazines and weeklies and daily newspapers about Schiller, Germany's great sentimental poet, have been printed during recent weeks apropos of the one hundredth anniversary of his death. "Schiller's Message to Modern Life," "Schiller's Ideal of Liberty," "Schiller as the Friend of Goethe," "The Philosophy of Schiller"—these are some of the articles whose titles, at least, we read in the magazines. Strangely enough, however, one perpetually interesting phase of the poetic life—a poet's loves—has been touched upon only lightly in the profusion of articles about Schiller that have chanced to fall under our eye. Yet what a great part love played in Schiller's life his poetry certainly attests. While it is doubtless true that a moiety of the love lyrics were addressed to, and inspired by, no one in particular, the major part must surely have been written under the influence of genuine passion.

The first woman to play a part in Schiller's life was, as often happens, far older than Schiller. She was also the mistress of a noble duke, and afterward, before Schiller ceased to think about her, the duke's wife. This lady, a woman of culture, was Franziska von Hohenheim, and Schiller, at fourteen, while he was attending the military academy of the duke, Karl Eugene, was dutifully in love with her. Indeed, some of the first poems indited by this slim, freckled, red-headed boy, who was to become great, were addressed to the duke's mistress, Franziska, and not one but many of the characters in Schiller's plays suggest her. This is notably the case in "Intrigue and Love," in which, as one might suspect, the duke's mistress figures in the first, not in the second, part of the play.

But it was mere boy love—quite innocent; and when, at twenty-two, Schiller left his studies and set up as a doctor in Stuttgart, he lost little time in falling in love—with his landlady! Her name prosily was Frau Luise Vischer, but Schiller called her Laura, and wrote about her after this intense fashion:

"How is it that my Laura's kiss
Brings to the cheek a rosy flood,
Quickens the heart with gathering bliss
And madly stirs my fevered blood?"

"Each nerve beyond its tension springs
The hursting veins would overflow,
Body to body frenzied clings,
And souls expire in amorous glow."

From which one may infer either that Schiller's first landlady was of favorable disposition, or that the poet already possessed an overleaping imagination. But hot as was, apparently, the first real passion of this young doctor-poet, it lasted not very long. Forced to flee from Stuttgart because of the anger of the duke, Schiller found an asylum in the cottage of Frau Von Wolzogen at Bauerbach, and promptly fell in love with young flaxen-haired Fraulein Lotte Von Wolzogen. Apparently, however, this was not so burning an emotion as that he had cherished for "Laura," for when, shortly afterward, he had left the Bauerbach cottage, Schiller was content to write of his passion in tender letters to Lotte's mother!

But from this point, the poet's love-affairs come thick and fast, driven, it appears, by the spur of propinquity. As the poet had first fallen in love with his landlady, then with another landlady's daughter, what could be more natural than that the third young woman to send him into poetically erotic transports should be the daughter of his publisher?—a vivacious young lady named Margareta Schwan, who, according to one biographer, he thought seriously of making his wife (as he did Lotte, for that matter). When he left Mannheim, we are told, he went with "Don Carlos in his brain and with Margareta at his heart."

Meanwhile, mixed with this affection for the fair *fraulein* was perhaps a deeper one for a fairer *frau*, one Charlotte von Kalb, married to a major to whom Schiller wrote poems, and whose enthusiastic praise stimulated his youthful ardor. The relation was very close so that her husband talked of divorce and made arrangements for the division of their property. The chief reason why the divorce was not finally obtained was Schiller's faithfulness to the lady upon the appearance of a new love. She however, was not content to have him drift away, even though their relationship was reprehensible, and was insanely jealous. She held him, and was told, guilty of infidelity as base as that with which Frau von Stein in her tury charmed Goethe. She even wrote anonymous letters to Lotte, when Schiller had become engaged to her. This Lotte, it should be explained is not the seventeen-year-old flaxen-haired one, but a new Lotte, a young woman of Legenfeld. Chronologically considered, she comes after Sophie Albrecht, an actress married, whom Schiller met in October, 1781 and about whom he wrote: "It is my joy and pride that he is attached to me. I use myself these days in her society, he only in the few few hours we became friendly, closely linked to each other, between our souls there was a mutual understanding."

And also after Henrietta von Arnim. In this latter case, at a mask ball, Schiller was accosted by a pretty fortune-telling gypsy maid who thoroughly captivated him, and whom subsequently he met at the house of Sophie Albrecht. She turned out to be the aristocratic daughter of an army officer, and Schiller rather than the lady appears to have been the most deeply smitten. She not only had Schiller's adoration, but counted among her admirers a Count Waldstein-Dux and a rich Jewish banker, so that when Schiller called to visit the young lady and found the count or the banker already there, he was quite naturally exasperated. The lady's mother, also quite naturally, encouraged the suit of the nobleman rather than that of the poet, and at length succeeded in breaking off the affair with the impecunious poet and cementing that with the opulent banker.

All these loves of the poet, more or less dovetailed together during some four years, seem to have been broken off or subordinated into mere friendships by the time Schiller loves the noble Charlotte von Legenfeld, whom he was to marry. Strangely, it was not love at first sight. Schiller, after the meeting, was able to write quite calmly to his friend Körner that the two sisters "without being beautiful are attractive, and please me much; they play the piano well, which made my evening a very pleasant one." But the attachment with the wife of Major von Kalb then was unbroken, and perhaps Schiller hesitated to express a warmer feeling. For some time he saw Lotte—Lotte the Third—rarely, and then in company with others, but his attachment steadily grew, and the two take to writing letters to each other. Once he writes: "Days have a fairer light on which I can hope to see you. And the prospects of such days helps me to endure gloomy ones." An auspicious circumstance it is that he no longer visits Frau von Kalb, and that, when he goes to spend a week with Frau von Stein, he is bored. Still, curiously enough, he dares not declare his love, and when he finally does reveal it, it is to Lotte's sister, Caroline. Caroline listens sympathetically, and tells him that she thinks Lotte truly loves him, whereat the poet plucks up courage to write her a letter, in which he speaks of what Caroline told him, adding:

"Is it true, dearest Lotte; dare I hope that Caroline has read your soul, and has given me its answer—the answer that I dare not give myself? Tell me that you will be mine, and that my happiness costs you no sacrifice. Oh! make me sure of that, and with a single word."

Needless to say, Lotte's reply was an avowal of her love. She and Schiller were married on February 22, 1790, and lived happily together for fifteen years, during which the poet proved a model husband. His wife, his children, his wonderful friendship with Goethe, and his poetry occupied all his thoughts. Married life became his ideal, and he even refused in any way to recognize Christiane Vulpius, Goethe's housekeeper and mistress. When he could not help alluding to her in a letter to Goethe, he simply made a dash instead of her name.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company will bring out in June Robert Herrick's new novel, "The Memoirs of an American Citizen."

A new anthology of Australasian verse is being prepared by A. G. Stephens for publication in Sydney and London.

Perrin issues this week in Paris, under the title of "Une Amie de Marie Antoinette," the story of Mme. Atkyns, a companion of the dethroned queen in the Temple Prison, by Frederic Barbery, with a preface by Victorien Sardou. The work gives evidence of considerable research and investigation, and is attractively presented.

Fox, Duffield & Co. have been compelled to postpone publication of two of the books on their spring list from widely different causes. One of these delayed volumes is the "Letters of Henrik Ibsen," a preoccupied messenger-boy having inadvertently lost overboard from a New York ferry-boat the bulk of the translated letters. The other volume is Okakura Kakuzo's "The Book of Tea," one chapter of which was printed in the April number of the *International*

Quarterly. The author has been summoned to Japan by no less a person than the Mikado himself, and when the emperor calls, the publisher and the public must wait. Both volumes are confidently expected to appear in the autumn.

Charles Scribner's Sons are to bring out this month "The Confessions of Lord Byron," which is a collection of personal and literary discussions in Byron's "Letters and Journals." The material was selected and arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany in chronological order. There are Byron's religious views, judgments of Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, Shelley, Mme. de Staël, Rogers, and others; opinions of himself, and other topics.

"A Modern Mystic's Way," published in England, is dedicated by an anonymous writer to Michael Fairless, "who showed the way." The author further recognizes the influence of Professor James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," while he himself often refers back to the writers of the times when the gnostics and neoplatonists flourished. Professor James is soon to come to California for the summer.

New Publications.

"The Defence of Guenevere," by William Morris. Eight illustrations by Jessie M. King. Flowers of Parnassus Series; 50 cents.

"The Crimson Blind," by Fred M. White. Illustrated. R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50—a rattling good detective story, lacking, as usual, in literary distinction, but one that will be read to the last page.

"The Quakeress," by Max Adeler. Illustrated. The John C. Winston Company; \$1.50—a quiet, slightly sad, delicately told story of Quaker life about the time of the Civil War; its idealism commends it.

"Progress of the Panama Canal," by Brigadier-General Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A., retired. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a fairly clear discussion of Panama problems by a man thoroughly informed about them.

"Justin Wingate: Ranchman," by John H. Whitson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a political story of Colorado at a time when the battle was on between the cattlemen and the irrigationists; a well-told tale.

"The Outlet," by Andy Adams. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—a fine, refreshing tale of the drive of ten thousand cattle from Texas to Dakota; told by an old cowpuncher; realistically exhilarating.

"The Aceolade," by C. E. D. Phelps. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50—a good sort of historical novel of the fourteenth century, introducing Chaucer as one of the characters, and giving much information about the manners and customs of the times.

"Adam Smith," by Francis W. Hirst. English Men of Letters Series. Edited by John Morley. The Macmillan Company; 75 cents—a brief, clear, and readable account of the life of the man whose "Wealth of Nations," published in 1776, is the basis of all subsequent political economy.

"Alaska and the Klondike," by John Seudder McLain. Profusely illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$2.00—an account of Alaska written by a trained newspaper man after a ten weeks' stay; a feature of it is the severe and apparently well-founded criticism of the American Government of the territory as contrasted with the Canadian.

"Port Arthur: A Monster Heroism," by Richard Barry. Illustrated from photographs taken in the field by the author. Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.50—a volume made up of magazine articles written during the last two or three months by Mr. Barry; it contains some of the most graphic writing about the war that has been done or is likely to be; it is dedicated to Fremont Older.

"The Other Side of the Lantern: An Account of a Commonplace Tour Round the World," by Sir Frederic Treves, Bart., K. C. V. O., C. B., LL. D. With forty illustrations from photographs by the author. Cassell & Co.—a most spirited volume of travel, running to some five hundred pages; by one of the greatest of British surgeons; deals mostly with India, China, and Japan; particularly interesting to medical men.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In Boston, the other day, a young lawyer who spends most of his time trying to seem busy and prosperous went out for a while, leaving on his door a card neatly marked: "Will be back in an hour." On his return he found that some envious rival had inscribed underneath: "What for?"

"Now in order to subtract," explained a teacher to the class in mathematics, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs." A hand went up in the back part of the room. "Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

"Was it no' a wonderful thing," said one old Scotch lady to another, "that the Breetish were aye victorious over the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the other; "dinna ye ken the Breetish say their prayers before gaen into battle?" "Aye," returned the first, "but canna the French say their prayers as well?" The reply was: "Hoot, jahbering bodies, wba could understand them?"

One of Embassador Choate's legal stories related to a Texas judge before whom a prisoner was brought, charged with horse stealing. The judge promptly sentenced the prisoner to be hanged, but his lawyer interrupted: "You can't hang this prisoner according to law, your honor," he said. "Maybe you're right," said the judge; "well, I'll discharge him, and I guess it's up to the boys to hang him according to the regular custom."

When an animal is killed on the railway it is the duty of the nearest station-master to immediately make a report of the accident to headquarters, so that the company may be prepared with a statement of the facts in case of action. This report is made on specially prepared forms, furnished by the company. On one occasion, a newly installed station-master found himself confronted with the necessity of making out his first report. Although it was a new experience, he described the cow and the circumstances accurately, and all went well down to the last line, when he discovered that he had neglected to question the owner of the deceased cow con-

cerning one important point. It seemed safe, however, for him to rely upon his own judgment, and he did it. The line was headed "Disposition of Carcass." Underneath he wrote, with all earnestness: "Kind and gentle."

Such punishments as the institution allowed to be meted out were tried without any apparent effect upon a hoy who was too garrulous in school, until at last the principal decided to mention the youngster's fault upon his monthly report. So the next report to his father had these words: "Vincent talks a great deal." Back came the report by mail, duly signed, but with this written in red ink under the comment: "You ought to hear his mother."

Barney Oldfield, the automohilist, was touring in the North-West at one time. Stopping at Hargrave, Minn., one day, he entered a little inn and asked the way to Brandon. Two old men were there, both quite deaf. One of them, the landlord, thought the stranger asked for brandy, so he set the bottle up. "I don't want a drink," said Barney; "I want to know the way to Brandon." "Oh, yes," said the landlord, "it's the best brandy. I don't keep nothin' else." In despair Oldfield turned to the other old man and said: "Can you tell me the way to Brandon?" With a grateful look the ancient native stepped up to the bar and said: "I don't care if I do."

Rear-Admiral Yates Stirling, retired, when lieutenant of one of the smaller vessels, several years ago, was taking her, with some difficulty, into a small harbor on the New England coast. A typical old down-east lobsterman, in a leaky old dory piled high with traps, managed to interfere with the ship's progress, whereat Lieutenant Stirling leaned over the side and gave him the benefit of some choice deep-sea language. "And who are you?" inquired the lobsterman, leisurely resting on his oars. "Who am I?" blustered the lieutenant; "I'm the first officer of this ship!" "Well, go get your skipper, then," replied the ancient mariner, with dignity; "I don't argue with nobody but my equals, an' I'm cap'n o' this."

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Brand Evaporated Cream is preserved without sugar. It is sterilized according to latest sanitary methods, having a delicate flavor and richness which makes it the favorite of the breakfast table for cereals, coffee, tea, and chocolate. Avoid unknown brands.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Identified.

Little bows of ribbon,
Little grains of rice,
Make the new-wed couple
Spotted in a trice.
—New York Sun.

The Norsk Nightingale.

Miles Standish ban having a courtship
Ven all of his fighting ban tru;
Master Longfaller tal me about it
And so ay skol tal it to yu,
He say to his room-mate, Yohn Alden,
"Yu know dis Priscilla, ay s'pose.
Last veek, ven ay try to get busy,
Priscilla yust turn op her nose."
Yohn Alden han neryv young faller,
So Standish yust tal him, "Old pal,
Yust boost me to dis bar Priscilla.
Yu know ay can't talk wery val,
Pleese tal her ay ban a gude soldier,
And say ay have money in bank;
Ay'd du dis myself, hut ay tal yu
My manners in parlor ban rank."
So Yohn go and call on Priscilla
And, bappen to finding her in,
He sit close heside her on sofa
And give her gude lots of his chin.
"Miles Standish," be say, "han gude faller,
Hot stuff with his musket and knife,
And so ay ban coming to tal yu
He'd lak yu, Priscilla, for wife."
Priscilla, she listen to Alden,
And den give bim cute little venk,
And say "Vy not speak for yureself, Yohn?
Miles Standish ban lobster, ay tenk!"
So Standish get double crossed dandy,
And dat's yust vat AY vant, by yee,
Ef ever ay ask any faller
To doing my sparking for me!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Essays of Little Bobbie.

HOTELS.

Hotels is places where you sine your name in a book and git ice water the first thing when you waik up next day; in hotels there is a clerk that stands behind a desk and looks at you when you want a room and he tells you it will cost you so much a day & upwards. hefoar you go it is always upwards heekaus you see lots of things around a hotel that you want, and they come high. there is different kinds of hotels; there is the family hotels where all the ladies sit

around in rocking-chaes and talk about the lady in room 8 & how much munny the men git that live there. these hotels are nice for young married women beekaus while there husbands are at work there is a nice warm place for them to stay and roast there nighbors, & there is lots of company for them so that they can play whist and not git the prize and git mad.

other hotels are mostly for show people, heekaus there rates are reasonabel & you pay in advance, at these hotels you can see the show ladies in the day time and that way you learn that they are not so nice off the stage without there make-up but some of them are pritty nice anyway.

POLICEMEN.

When I git big I think I will be a policeman, all you have to do if you are a policeman is to stand on the corner or else help a pritty gurl across the street, then when it is nite you walk along and try all the doars on your heet, and if a hurglar sboots you in the head when you are trying the door the paper will print your picter and say A noble hero who died doing his duty.

Sometimes you git a chance to arrest a man that bas a jag, and if he has any munny maybe he will give you a nise tip for taking cair of him, hut of course you can't keep the tip, you give it hack and say No, I am mearly doing my duty.

when there is a great crime and everybody wants to find out about it they look in the paper and see what the police are doing. The police doant always find the man, but thay offer a big prize and sum other people find the man, and then every one says its pretty hard to fool the police.

our cheef is the best policeman i know, he runs this town pritty slick, there is no crime here hardly, & just think how near Cbicago is, too! I know our cheef pritty well, & if i ever git in trubbel he wont arrest me, will you, cheef?

The first policeman was Cain, he took his club & told Abel to move on, and Abel said When i git reddy, & Cain cracked his skull and said The law must be respected, then Adam came and said Whare is Abel, and Cain said I doant know, and when he lied the Lord took away his star & told him to move on himself, and Cain kept moving on till he died.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over seventy years ago, Lea & Perrins first put on the market a table sauce known as



Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce

It has since gained a world-wide reputation; therefore, many manufacturers have used the name Worcestershire, and some even called their crude imitations the "genuine." But the Original and Genuine is Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce.

Take No Imitations!

Do Not Be Deceived.



Chauncey Olcott should number in his staff a physical trainer and a beauty doctor. For, to an actor who plays the part of a romantically attractive hero that has the whole countryside at his feet, who fascinates an heiress, coquets with the village children, and lays himself out to be generally irresistible, *embonpoint* and the unromantically jovial countenance that goes with it are foes to be dreaded.

In "Terence" the stage entrance of the hero is carefully and rather too lengthily prepared in advance by numerous recitals testifying to his dash, bravery, good looks, chivalry, and all the qualities that were wont to embellish heroes in dramas of an earlier epoch. Terence is a "broth of a boy" until he comes on, and then his appearance acts something as a cold douche to a well-warmed imagination. But your theatre-goer is wont to cling desperately to kindly illusion, and, besides, Mr. Olcott still retains no inconsiderable share of his former magnetism. His voice has sharpened and hardened, but he tosses off his tunes engagingly enough, and makes rather thin musical material go a long way. There were flashes of his more youthful and magnetic manner during his beguiling siege of the Widow O'Hara, and he utters the very neat repartee that falls to Terence's share with a crispness and snap that make his scenes telling enough to warm up the house. But the entertainment he offers is not quite up to first-class pitch. He seems out of place at the Columbia, more especially as his company is less than mediocre in quality.

The *mise-en-scene* is carefully prepared for smart women and well-groomed men, but the people are so uninteresting that everything falls flat except the goings-on of the lively Terence. There was, indeed, really some element of absurdity to the scene when, in response to hand-clappings aimed at Mr. Olcott, the curtain would occasionally rise revealing a group of undramatic sticks howling gratefully for applause they didn't get.

The very high character which stamps Mr. Sothern's remarkable and scholarly assumption of Hamlet as the means of inducing a sufficiently general demand for its repetition. "Hamlet" was thereupon billed for the closing night, and drew a good-sized and profoundly appreciative audience, the personnel of which was noticeably divergent from that of the regular Columbia Theatre clientele.

As with "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Sothern's masterly performance of Hamlet is characterized by dramatic dignity, scholarly distinction, and that quality of spiritual exaltation which makes for true tragedy.

It is now some five years since Mr. Sothern made his essay as Hamlet before Eastern audiences, and, judging from the published criticisms of that time, which, though favorable, were not wholly eulogistic, both his conception and execution of the rôle have undoubtedly been altered and improved. As the portrayal stands now, it is a distinct achievement a notable addition to the annals of American dramatic art. Mr. Sothern does not indulge in any eccentricities or notable deviations from the canons laid down by tradition. He has evidently made an exhaustive and enthusiastic study of the character of Hamlet, using as guiding marks the many footprints left upon the sands of time by renowned actors who have preceded him in the rôle. Added to this, Mr. Sothern brings to bear great natural intelligence, an intellectual appreciation of the contemplative philosophy which so informs the text, a sound respect for the superb dramatic possibilities of Hamlet, and a general harmony of aspect with the rôle, which adds greatly to the poetic beauty of the impersonation.

It is one thing to look a character and another to act it. Mr. Sothern can do both; and, furthermore, he gives the text with such significant, such harmonious, such musical delivery, as to throw an authoritative illumination upon passages whose familiar beauties we can over with a mental skip of the mind when certain phases of their meaning fade.

All this is not to say that Sothern is a second Booth, although, oddly enough, in all his appearances in this Hamlet costume is strangely suggestive of Edwin Booth's Hamlet. Look at the Scott crayon of Booth as Hamlet and you will see the resemblance. Mr. Sothern's Hamlet had faults, but they were minor ones compared to the general value and dignity of the conception. It is impossible for an actor who has been

playing "stagnant" characters to be always simple, grand, and sincere. Sometimes he raised his beautiful eyes heavenward too theatrically. His expression of sorrow was not always deep, and only a genius like Booth's, which escapes by its own paths from the limitations imposed upon lesser souls, can express the spiritual sublimity and the poetic grandeur which in all times attract both the sage and the school-boy to a loving study of this remarkable creation of a poet's mind.

Mr. Sothern, although occasionally inclined at such moments to over-rapid delivery, shone in Hamlet's accesses of sudden emotion. He gave the soliloquies with finished effect, and was graceful and princely in his reception of the players, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Nor was he so wedded to a melancholy demeanor as to fail to indicate Hamlet's satirical diversion at the expense of old Polonius and his pensive amusement at the clownish callousness of the grave-digger. Even in tragedy, a little lightness, if not too trivial, refreshes the saddened spirit. The scenes with Polonius, in which Sothern was ably seconded by Mr. Crompton's very excellent assumption of the officious dotard, were played with that lifting of the gloom which made them seem like the interludes of broken cloud that recur on a day of threatening storm. Even here, however, there were minor faults. Hamlet exchanges so many meaning glances with Horatio during the scene with Polonius as to slightly detract from his princely dignity. Remember, he said to the players, speaking of Polonius, "And look you mock him not."

The tendency to a stately monotony of delivery, generally so marked a characteristic of Mr. Sothern, might have been expected to mar the reading of Hamlet's lengthy soliloquies; but the actor has evidently stoutly combated this fault, for it was little evident. It may perhaps be considered hypercritical to say that, on the other hand, his emotion inclines more to fiery declamation than depth; but, after all, few actors who stand on a lower plane than genius can hope, within the space of five years, to approach so nearly to wearing with grace and understanding the inky cloak of the introspective Dane.

John Forster, in an article on Macready's Hamlet, once said: "We try in vain to conceive of an actor who should present with effect the exact Hamlet of Shakespeare." Since Macready's time, we in America have had reason to believe that we have loved and honored such a man; for, as William Winter once wrote of him, "Booth seemed to live Hamlet rather than to act it." And it is to Sothern's lasting honor that his Hamlet, by its outward beauty and intellectual sympathy, has resurrected to vivid life our hoarded memories of the matchless, the imperishable Hamlet of Edwin Booth.

And the Ophelia of Miss Marlowe! Beautiful exceedingly, both in conception and execution, is the personation of this deep-souled artist. Never have we seen the character of that hapless maid more touchingly indicated. Miss Marlowe sheds a new light upon Ophelia's character, which, whether or not it was wholly Shakespeare's idea, she makes us accept as the true one. Ophelia, to her, is not merely the gentle puppet of a father's will, a slight-souled creature too spiritually fragile to challenge with her love the intellectual isolation in which Hamlet dwelt apart. Her Ophelia is a woman, who, although tutored to outward submission, recoils at the deception practised upon Hamlet, and who loves so deeply and suffers so exquisitely as to lose her hold on reason.

As memory instinctively kept pace with the lines the actress uttered, we could not but recognize in them new meanings, greater depth, the vitality of a lovelier, a richer, and more profound nature, than we had credited Ophelia with possessing. We had hitherto believed her to be the traditional Ophelia, a "poor dove, beating with weary wing, bewildered amid the storm." But Miss Marlowe's presentation permits us to believe that the ghost-haunted prince, were he but marked for a happier fate, had instinctively chosen his true mate, a woman in whose tender and abounding love his spirit, weary with excess of intellect, and burdened with spiritual awe, might have found succor from the problems that perplexed his fighting soul.

It has never been our fate to see this tragedy of a picturesque epoch set with more harmonious accessories. Each scene was a picture in which the colors of the costumes

seemed to find their natural complements in the dim rich hues of the background. In the closing scene Fortinbras does honor to the dead prince by having his soldiers bear him upon a bier improvised of warriors' weapons, under an archway of gleaming spears. It added several minutes to the four hours necessary for the complete performance, but the effect was so imposing and so in harmony with the emotions that ruled in every breast that the audience sat in spellbound silence to the end.

It is pleasant to record that the attendance increased so steadily as to make the engagement a success, and it is said that the two stars have already in contemplation a second visit to this Coast with a different repertoire. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Orpheus Inspires the Muse.

The appearance of Schumann-Heink in "Love's Lottery" in St. Louis has inspired the following outburst in the *Post-Dispatch* of that city:

"Hoch der Schumann-Heink, Mother of eight! Merry Frau Ernestine— Isn't she great? Hark ye the voice of her! Mark ye the poise of her! Ach! But the joys of her! Mother of eight.

"Was iss der fun about? Hush, little child: Mamma cavort about— Peebles go wild! Mamma's in touch with them, She won't do much to them! Hear her talk Dutch to them! Ach! Mamma, quit it!

"Hoch der Schumann-Heink, Mother of eight, Wonder-voiced Ernestine! Isn't she great? Maker of vocal chimes! Famed in a dozen climes! Babies to raise be-times! Hoch! Schumann-Heink!"

Charles H. Keep, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, G. C. Bantz, Deputy Assistant Treasurer, and T. E. Rogers, chief of the redemption division in the Treasurer's office, are here from Washington, D. C., on a visit of inspection.

The corner-stone of the new library at Stanford University was laid on Monday. The library is to cost about \$600,000, and will have an annual income, from a fund left by Mrs. Stanford, of \$20,000.

The semi-annual dinner of the Merchants' Association is to be given on Wednesday evening in the Ladies' Grill of the Palace Hotel. About five hundred of the leading men of the city will attend.

Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin arrived here from New York on Tuesday, and on Thursday sailed for Australia, where, with the company they are taking with them, they will play for six months.

If you are tired of town, cross the hay and take a trip to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, the grandest view-point in California, and only a short ride from San Francisco. The Tavern of Tamalpais is ideal.

Commander Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, will be given a reception at the Alhambra Theatre on Thursday evening. She will deliver her lecture, "Under Two Flags."

Robert L. Dunn, the war-correspondent, gave a lecture at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening. The Japanese-Russian war was his subject.

A recent traveler to Tahiti remarks: "For a tired-out business man, a nervously exhausted individual, this is the ideal ocean passage, possessing advantages which probably are not to be found in any other part of the world. A distinct change from the coast climate of California to the balmy breezes of the southern ocean brings to the voyager a feeling of restfulness and peace which is unattainable elsewhere. S. S. *Mari-rosa* sails May 26th. Reduced rate for this voyage, \$125. Send for circular, 653 Market Street.

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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.
Only matinee Saturday. Beginning next Monday night, May 22d, the great musical comedy triumph, **THE TENDERFOOT** Book by Richard Carle. Music by H. L. Heartz. Elaborate production. Splendid cast. First appearance of Charles A. Morgan, Harry Conlin, and Zeta Lovelle. First time at popular prices—25c, 50c, 75c. This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Beginning Sunday night May 21st. Second and last week of **Chauncey Olcott**, and first time here of the romantic comedy success, **ROMANCE OF ATHLONE** Hear Olcott's new songs. May 29th—John Drew in **The Duke of Killcrankie**. This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager
To-morrow night (Sunday) Frederick Belasco presents the favorite emotional actress, **Florence Roberts** for a special engagement, commencing with **THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH** By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays. To follow—Miss Roberts in **The Country Girl**. This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

ALGAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar" BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICK, Gen. Mgr
Week commencing Monday, May 22d. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company in the hilariously funny farce comedy, **A FOOL AND HIS MONEY** George H. Broadhurst, author of "The Wrong Mr. Wright" and "What Happened to Jones." Evenings—25c to 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, May 29th—a play of California, Tennessee's Pardner. This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, **Florence Stone** and **Dick Ferris**, supported by the Ferris stock company in Ferdinand Graham's comedy drama of army-post life, **WAY OUT WEST** First time in this city. Bargain matinees Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Best seats, 25c. Special summer prices—15c, 25c, 50c. Sunday matinee, May 28th, **The Holy City**. This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall. Week beginning May 22d. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. A play of thrilling interest, **A CONVICT'S DAUGHTER** Comedy, tears, pathos, and humor, with scenic effects. Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. Next week—**Why He Divorced Her**, with the Central's new leading people, Theodore Gamble and Grace Hopkins. This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

Orpheum
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, May 21st. A Galaxy of Stars. Della Fox, Mabelle Adams, De Onzo Brothers, Chas. H. Burke, Grace La Rue, and the "Inky Boys" Henri French; Barry and Halvers; John Birch Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Emmet Corrigan and Company, presenting, for the first time here, "Jekyll and Hyde in Twenty Minutes." Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c. This theatre does not advertise in the *Bulletin*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Florence Roberts Season.

To-morrow (Sunday) night Florence Roberts begins a special season, under the direction of Frederick Belasco, at the California Theatre, opening in the dramatization of Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." There are a number of good character sketches in the play, which add largely to the pleasure of the performance, and some pretty scenes, notably the second act, showing a scene in Central Park, New York, with a large heavy of children playing around the May pole. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays. The play to follow will be "The Country Girl." Later on during the engagement Miss Roberts will present "La Tosca," which will be her first appearance in any of the Sardou plays.

Olcott in a New Play.

For the second and last week of his engagement, commencing to-morrow (Sunday) night at the Columbia Theatre, Chauncey Olcott, the singing comedian, will present "A Romance of Athlone," which was written by his manager, Augustus Pitou. The action of the play transpires near Athlone, Ireland, in the year 1800, and it is full of love, comedy, and adventure. Mr. Olcott's songs are entitled "My Wild Irish Rose," "The Irish Swell," "Many Years Ago," and "Olcott's Lullaby." John Drew will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre, commencing Monday, May 29th. He is to appear in Captain Robert Marshall's successful comedy, "The Duke of Killcrankie." The advance sale of seats begins next Thursday morning.

Broadhurst Comedy at the Alcazar.

On Monday night the Alcazar offering will be "A Fool and His Money," a farce-comedy in four acts by George H. Broadhurst, author of "What Happened to Jones," "The Wrong Mr. Wright," and other successes. The play is a society drama revolving about a young chap, the son of a wealthy man, who, becoming convinced that the associates who clustered about him were his friends simply for the good he might do them, tested their friendship by sending out the report that he and his father had become estranged. By his means the true friends were separated from the false, and the love-affair that is part of the comedy comes out beautifully. To follow, May 29th, "Tennessee's Partner."

Change of Bill at the Tivoli.

Richard Carle's musical comedy, "The Tenderfoot," will be put on at the Tivoli Opera House, beginning Monday night. The piece deals with the tour of a party of college girls, under the guidance of a staid and dryly humorous professor (the tenderfoot) touring the South-West. As a contrast to this party are señoritas, vaqueros, cowboys, Indians, peons, cavalry troopers, and ranchmen, affording unlimited opportunities for gorgeous and picturesque costuming. The music for "The Tenderfoot" was written by I. L. Hertz. There is a large number of catchy songs. Charles Morgan, who appeared successfully in the piece in the East, is to play his original character, Sergeant Barker. Other new people will be Harry Conlin and Meta Lavelle.

Comic-Opera Star in Vaudeville.

Della Fox, comic opera star, will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. She will be heard in many of her old-time song successes from "Wang" and other operas. Mabelle

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Adams, a character violinist, will make her initial appearance before a San Francisco audience. She plays in the ragged garb of a Spanish street musician. The De Onzo Brothers, known as "the acrobatic coopers," will specialize in long distance and high jumping into and out of barrels in all sorts of somersaulting ways. For their third and last week, Emmett Corrigan and his capable company will present Corrigan's twenty-minute condensation of "Jekyll and Hyde." Other hold-overs will be Charles H. Burke, Grace La Rue, and their "Inky" boys, Henri French, Charles Barry and Hulda Halvers, John Birch, and the Orpheum motion pictures.

Frontier Play at the Grand.

Florence Stone, Dick Ferris, and the Ferris Stock Company will appear to-morrow (Sunday) matinee and all next week in Ferdinand Graham's comedy-drama of army life, "Way Out West," which has never before been played here. The play deals with love, Indian fighting, and crooked finance, and the scene is Fort Gibson, Arizona Territory. It is full of exciting incidents, and has a most interesting plot. Florence Stone will play the part of an Indian girl, "Bright Light," while Dick Ferris portrays the twin brothers. The next play will be "The Holy City."

A Tramp the Hero.

"A Convict's Daughter," a melodrama in which a tramp, with his heart in the right place, is the central figure, will be the offering at the Central Theatre next week. The most thrilling scene of the play is that in which the tramp jumps from the jail wall to the top of a moving train and makes his escape. The play will be well cast.

Tangled Stars.

"Trilby" was revived in New York recently with Virginia Harned in the title-role, Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, and with William Courtney, Leo Ditrichstein, and other well-known people in the cast. The play was received with enthusiasm, and on the first night, at the end of the third act, there was a demand for a speech that resulted in amusing complications. According to the Times, when the curtain had been raised again and again upon the company, and at last the din was punctuated with cries of "Speech! Speech!" Virginia Harned started for the centre; Wilton Lackaye started for the centre. Miss Harned stopped; Mr. Lackaye stopped.

He who hesitates is lost. The curtain descended before either of them had time to make another move.

Then once more the welkin rang. Once more the curtain rose. And the cries for a speech continued. And once more Virginia Harned started toward the centre. And once more Mr. Lackaye did likewise. And, incidentally, they both paused once again.

Another time the descending curtain hid from view these rivals for forensic honors.

In the annals of the theatre this question will go down along with that historic query of "The Lady and the Tiger?" Who did the audience want to speak the speech? No names were mentioned in the general outcry, but when the little comedy was being repeated Miss Harned gracefully withdrew from the stage, motioning to Mr. Lackaye that he must respond to the demand.

French Drama for New York.

It seems that a New York theatre for the production in English of plays by contemporary French dramatists is to be a reality. An association for the purpose has been formed by James H. Hyde, Oakleigh Thorne, William H. Chesebrough, and other well-known New Yorkers. The capital required is \$125,000, and all but a few thousand dollars has been subscribed. Victor Mapes is to be the managing director. The Society of French Dramatic Authors has agreed to allow the plays of French writers to be used in this country by the society for a royalty of only one per cent. Klaw & Erlanger have offered to acquire for use outside of New York all those plays that meet with sufficient success there. The company to be engaged will include the best of American actors, who will be employed for the entire term of six months, and will, in addition to a salary, receive a share in the profits.

Shakespeare Bowdlerized by a Frenchman.

Alfred de Vigny's French adaptation of "The Merchant of Venice," "Shylock," which was written in 1828, was produced in Paris for the first time recently, and fell flat. According to London Truth, this is because De Vigny, who was one of the last representatives of the moribund school of imitators of Corneille and Racine, the so-called classical school, cut from Shakespeare's play everything that was in "had taste," then everything that was "unreal," "flippant," and contrary to classical gravity. He suppressed the parts of the Prince of Morocco, of the Prince of Aragon, and of Launcelot Gohho. The plot, thus taken out of its original atmosphere of fairy-tale, is woefully threadbare, and Vigny's hexameters

are as flat as he could have ever made them. Yet the cast was good and the scenery evidently expensive.

A correspondent of the New York Times protests against the proposed presentation next autumn by Arnold Daly of G. Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." He says that "after the intellectual feast he has served up" in "You Never Can Tell" and "Candida," it is proposed to put on a nauseating play which "will undoubtedly reap shekels and cause talk."



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(Established in 1889)
301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Guaranteed Capital \$16,000,000.00
Paid In Capital 3,000,000.00
Profit and Reserve 400,000.00
Monthly Income Over 200,000.00
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,
President.
WM. CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco
Authorized Capital \$3,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve 1,725,000
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. O. A. HALE Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital \$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets 5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,414,921.16

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
216 Sansone Street. Department.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus... \$ 2,474,518.82
Capital actually paid in cash... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1904... 37,281,377.60

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, EMIL ROHTE; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIOT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., and E. T. Kruse.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION
532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1905 \$33,940,132
Paid-Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve and Contingent Funds... 976,109

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY,
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, Wakefield Baker, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK
316 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.
Authorized Capital \$1,000,000.00
Paid-Up Capital 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 265,000.00
Deposits, January 1, 1905... 4,230,379.59
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK President
S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President
FRED W. RAY Secretary
Directors—William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Fesse, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin, Jas. L. Flood, Joseph A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK
710 Market St., opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital \$1,000,000
Paid-Up Capital 300,000
Surplus 265,000
Deposits, January 1, 1905... 9,579,000
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. STORV; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Rolt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

ARTHUR A. SMITH, Pres. A. N. DROWN, Vice-Pres.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier and Secretary.
EDWIN BONNELL, Asst. Cashier.
JAMES F. MCGAULEY, Auditor.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
101 Montgomery St., cor. of Sutter St.
(Formerly 619 Clay St.)
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The Oldest Incorporated Savings Bank in the State
GUARANTEE CAPITAL..... \$1,000,000
Capital stock, paid up in gold coin... \$750,000.00
Reserve Fund 175,000.00
\$925,000.00

Directors—Arthur A. Smith, Horace Davis, G. E. Goodman, A. N. Drown, Willis E. Davis, Chas. R. Bishop, E. C. Barr, W. E. Dunning, Vanderlyn Stow.
Loans made at lowest rates on approved collaterals, and on city and country real estate.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.
CAPITAL PAID UP \$600,000

Charles Carpy President
Arthur Legallet Vice-President
Leon Boqueraz Secretary
Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, Leon Boqueraz, J. A. Bergerol, Chas. Carpy, J. B. Clot, J. S. Godan, Leon Kaufman, A. Legallet, J. M. Dupas, A. Ross, J. J. Mack

ARE YOU GOING TO
MAKE A WILL?
IF SO, SEND FOR PAMPHLET TO
California Safe Deposit and Trust Company
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS - - \$1,500,399.46
TOTAL ASSETS - - - - 7,665,839.38
ADDRESS:
COR. CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS
San Francisco, California

VANITY FAIR.

Cockaigne," the Argonaut's London correspondent, sends us an amusing letter about the great and laughable "break" made by the editor of England's most widely read newspaper, Sir Alfred Harmsworth, Bart. (so writes "Cockaigne"), is a very clever man, but like all clever men, he is only human after all and he sometimes makes a mistake. However it is not often that he does so, it must be said to his credit. But, what spoils the advantage of this infrequency of error, as generally happens when a continuously successful man makes a slip, is that when one does occur, it is a pretty bad break, and makes up in quality what has been lacking hitherto in quantity. Unfortunately, he made a fair pas last week—the first for a very long time, as his friends and admirers very well know. Now, before saying just at this point what the bad break was, and in order that your readers may have a more understanding idea of its gravity, let me remark that Sir Alfred is possessed of a few brothers. Just how many there are, I do not exactly know, nor do most people, if you ask them. They are none of them men of fame and wealth like the great Alfred, but the halo of his glory considerably reflects on them, and as the surname is by no means a common one, whenever people see the name of Harmsworth in the papers without Alfred prefixed, they naturally assume that it is one of the brethren. Two peculiarities about them, too, give them distinguishing marks, as it were, and have considerably fixed them in people's minds. The first is that they possess elaborate Christian names, and the second, that they all want to get into Parliament. Everybody believes that the successful hero, Alfred (than whom according to Max Pemberton no greater man—in his way, and the qualification is fortunate—ever lived) is very good to his brothers. Of course no one would ever have heard of them at all had it not been for him and his genius. But, at the same time, it is a matter of very common credence that they are rather a bore to him.

"Why don't he set them up—one each—in the different colonies, anywhere out of England?" I heard a man ask once. "Alas why? He knows best himself. And so you go on reading things like this—and have done for some years past: "Mr. Nencocrates Harmsworth has just purchased a twenty-four horse-power Daimler"; or "Mr. Tallyrand Harmsworth (Sir Alfred's sixth brother) is seriously spoken of as the Liberal candidate for Wormwood Scrubbs at the next county council election"; or "Mr. Peregrine Harmsworth will contest the vacant seat for Brighton in the Liberal interest"; or "Mr. Machiavelli Harmsworth is thinking of setting up racing stables at Newmarket, preparatory to contesting the Liberal stronghold of Dorchester in the Conservative interest at the next general election"; or else it is "Mr. Roderick Harmsworth is now yachting in the Mediterranean, but will return in time for the polling at the Bangor by-election on the 13th, a seat he is contesting as a Liberal Unionist." Of course, I can't swear to the names, and there is no way of verifying, as the baronetcy begins in Delrett with Sir Alfred. It is only the impression that has been left on my memory that I take as a guide. As a matter of probable fact, Mr. Leicester Harmsworth is now member of Parliament for Dartmouth. So you see they do get in sometimes.

Well, on last Thursday week a distressing motor car accident occurred in the little village of Markyate in Hertfordshire, close by

the famous seat of the Cecils-Hatfield. At about four in the afternoon, a little boy of between four and five, named Willie Clifton, was knocked down and killed in the village street by a motor car going at a furious pace, which rushed on without stopping and disappeared in a cloud of dust in the distance. There were three people in the car and it was painted green. That was all the clue the horror-stricken villagers had. The car went so fast, no one could take the number, much less to see it, although English motorists have a way of using false numbers and hanging them out when they go faster than the law allows, so as to confound the lurking hobbies who lie in wait in hedges and ditches along the road. The owner of the false number is summoned, proves an alibi, of course, and the guilty party goes scot free. On this occasion every effort was made to trace the offending motor car; telegrams were sent all over the country, but no trace could be found. Naturally there was much public indignation, and popular clamor, and the "miserant," the "demon," who killed the poor little boy with his accursed "juggernaut," was gibbeted and abused in the papers—in none so much as in the Daily Mail. As usual, it is a way he has when he goes off half cock—Sir Alfred Harmsworth jumped into the breach with brandished sword and flaming eye, like the true knight he is.

£100 REWARD.

"DAILY MAIL" AND CALLOUS MOTORISTS.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE VILLAGE FATALITY.

Search for Missing Car.

The motor tragedy at the little Hertfordshire village of Markyate has sent a thrill of indignation throughout the countryside. The motorists must be found. Many people must have seen the car, both before and after the occurrence. In order to stimulate their interest the Daily Mail offers a reward of £100 for such information as will lead to the identification of the person or persons responsible, so that they may be brought to trial.

And so on, and so on. Of course, the reward soon secured tidings, and the result was that it was discovered that the motor car belonged to Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth (of whom we never seemed to have heard before), a brother of Sir Alfred. Poor Sir Alfred! You can not wonder that he should kick himself, or want to, for he has made a mess of it, if you like. Not only has he unearthed his brother as a "miserant," but he has exploited the fact that he has another brother known as "Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth of Heathlands, Hampstead Heath," for that is how he figures on the charge sheet. Fancy an h-dropping cockney reading it out! Of course the chauffeur, poor scapegoat, is kept in jail, hail being refused. Meanwhile, the Daily Mail remains calm, compared with what it was, and Sir Alfred is continuing his Eastertide at his palatial country house, Sutton Place, and inwardly (probably) cursing fate. For he himself is a keen motorist and loves a rattling pace as well as anybody. I have heard it whispered that so chagrined is he—so completely and utterly flahbergasted over the whole business—that it is not improbable that he will give up motoring for good and all. And all England is rather amused at the satirically poetic justice of the whole thing.

Miss May Sutton, of Pasadena, America's woman tennis champion, has left for England to compete for the world's championship. On the Wimbledon Courts in London she will meet Miss K. Douglass, reputed to be the greatest woman tennis player in the world. As a preliminary to the championship tournaments, scheduled to begin June 26th, Miss Sutton will compete in the northern tournament at Manchester June 12th, playing as a representative of the Southern California Tennis Association. Not only will America's woman champion attempt to wrest the honors from the English players, but the four best men players—Holcomb Ward, Beals Wright, W. A. Larned, and W. J. Clothier—will also compete. Ward is now the American champion, and in all probability Miss Sutton will be asked to play with Ward for the mixed doubles championship of the world. The United States has never made such a bid for foreign tennis honors, and the results of the matches in England will arouse the interest always occasioned by international contests of this class.

Miss Sutton won the American championship with comparative ease, but she will have a fight abroad worthy of her racket. Miss Elizabeth Moore, who lost the championship to Miss Sutton last year, and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, formerly Miss Marion Jones, both visited England while they were champions, and were beaten before the finals were reached. The class of tennis played there by the women is far above that in the United States, and Miss May is not over-confident of winning world honors. The trip to England will prevent Miss May competing in the United States championship tournaments. Throughout the Continent and Great Britain the tournament at Wimbledon is looked upon

as the supreme test for tennis champions. Honors won there are world honors. It comes at the conclusion of many tournaments of minor importance throughout Great Britain, and the winners of all other meets will gather in London. It is expected that as many as fifty women, all players of ability, will compete. Former American champions who have visited England have been beaten unmercifully. But Miss Moore suffered no worse defeats than those administered by Miss Sutton in the matches at Philadelphia and New York last year. In the first tournament Miss Moore was beaten 6-2, 6-1. On the Crescent Club courts in New York Miss Sutton won 6-0, 6-0. No English player could have done better, and from every indication the matches next month will stand forth as the greatest ever played between women. Miss Sutton's California admirers are confident she will win. America's champion, who goes to win honors from the English, was born in England, the daughter of Captain A. de G. Sutton, a retired officer of the British navy.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for May 11th to 17th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 17, 1905, were as follows:

Large table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various securities like Bay Co. Power, Cal. G. E. Cen., Hawaiian C. S., etc.

Starr & Dulfer STOCK COMMISSION BROKERS TONOPAH GOLDFIELD BULLFROG OFFICES Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco; Tonopah, Nev.; H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Members: S. F. Stock and Exchange Board.

Portrait of a woman with text: A most marvelous transformation in your facial defects can be accomplished by visiting the greatest beauty specialist of America, M. ELLA HARRIS. She removes the lines of time, sickness, worry, and all facial blemishes; her 16 years' experience guarantees permanent and successful results. Consultation and beauty booklet free. M. ELLA HARRIS, 128 Geary Street.

JOHN G. ILS & CO. MANUFACTURERS HIGH-GRADE FRENCH RANGES Kitchen and Bakery Outfits 814-816 KEARNY STREET San Francisco, Cal.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS, 112 SUTTER STREET, Bicycle and Golf Suits. Upstairs, opp. Li-k House.

JUST OUT SAN FRANCISCO Office Building and Business Directory FOR THE YEAR 1905 PRICE \$2.50 Containing an Alphabetical and Classified Directory of all Business and Professional Men, Firms, and Corporations, giving Room Numbers, where located in buildings, and Telephone Numbers.

SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION 45,000 NAMES, 900 PAGES If you have not yet ordered send us a postal, or telephone Main 560, and we will submit the volume for your inspection. SPAULDING - BONESTELL CO., Publisher 414 Clay Street, San Francisco

THE CALL Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation. THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers on topics of interest to everybody. The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every store. All this in addition to a superior news service both local and foreign. Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cent per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year. JOHN McNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKEL Manager, Proprietor.

What's your Trouble? Anything we can do for you, if so, telephone or write. Our specialty is good light and fuel, both gas and electric. We've got it, you need it, and if it's not what you expect, let us know and we will try and fix it to suit you. THE GAS CO.

INVESTMENTS. Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks. A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24 304 Montgomery St., S. F. 238 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1960. J. P. HOPKINS STOCK BROKER Comstock, Tonopah, Goldfield, and Bullfrog Stocks traded in.

CAMPING

Make Your Outing Economical

You can easily do so if you are supplied with our carefully arranged provision boxes. Filled to suit all wants—necessaries and delicacies. The combinations so prepared that you not only get a proper assortment of foods, but it enables us to make the price astonishingly low. Packed for any number of days. They beat all other provision supplies, private or otherwise. Our printed camping lists sent for reference. We pay the freight to your nearest station.

Smiths' Cash Store, Inc.
25 MARKET ST., S. F.
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VACATION 1905

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

"VACATION" is issued annually by the **California Northwestern Railway**

The Picturesque Route of California

and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

MINERAL SPRING RESORTS, COUNTRY HOMES AND FARMS WHERE SUMMER BOARDERS ARE TAKEN, AND SELECT CAMPING SPOTS.

This year's edition "VACATION 1905" contains 200 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, etc., with terms from \$7.00 per week up.

To be had at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; General Office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

Applications by mail will receive immediate response.

A. L. FRAZIER, Gen'l Manager. **R. X. RYAN,** Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.

St. Paul	June 3	St. Louis	June 17
New York	June 10	Philadelphia	June 24

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
London
 June 3 | Haverford | June 17 || Woodland | June 10 | Friesland | June 24 |

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Osaka	June 3	Minehaha	June 17
Minneapolis	June 10	Minnetonka	June 24

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.

Woodland	May 31	Ryndam	June 14
Rotterdam	June 7	Rotterdam	June 21

RED STAR LINE.

ANTWERP—DOVER—LONDON—PARIS.

Leeland	June 3	Vaderland	June 17
Finland	June 10	Kroonland	June 24

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Antonic	May 31	Majestic	June 14
Bellic	June 2	Cedric	June 16
Atlantic	June 7	Baltic	June 21

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Lyonic	June 8	July 13, August 17
Atlantic	June 22	July 20, August 24
Atlantic	July 6	Aug. 10, Sept. 7

J. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast, 21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1905

S. Dorie (Calling at Manila) Saturday, July 1
S. Coptic " " " " Wednesday, Aug. 2

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 10 Merchants Exchange, 7th floor.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

10,000 tons | Sonoma, 6,000 tons | Ventura, 6,000 tons

S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, May 26, at 11 A. M.
S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, May 27, at 11 A. M.
S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, June 8, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 653 Market Street. Freight Office, 320 Market St., San Francisco.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown and Miss Drown have been sojourning at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are automobiling through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters and Miss Marguerite Butters, of Oakland, depart soon for St. Helena, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd have postponed their trip to the Orient, and are at their country residence, "Casa Boyd," Alameda County, for the summer.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark and her mother, Mrs. C. F. Mullins, are making a three weeks' stay at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Mr. Eyre Pinckard were in Paris when last heard from. They are expected home in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will soon give up their apartments at the Palace Hotel, and will spend the summer at various resorts.

Mr. E. R. Folger and Mr. J. A. Folger were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Breese and family will remain at "The Abbey," Mill Valley, until autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Letts Oliver (née Smith) have been in Yosemite Valley on their wedding journey.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean, who have been abroad, returned last Sunday night, and are at the Palace Hotel, where they will remain for a few weeks before going to their summer home.

Mrs. L. S. Sherman, Miss Elsie Sherman, and Mrs. Horace Wilson expect to depart today (Saturday) for Europe, where they will remain for a year.

Mrs. James F. Smith arrived from Manila on Sunday.

Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall are at San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned from Del Monte, and are at their residence, 1315 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Bishop have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stent will spend the summer at San Mateo as the guests of Mrs. Christian Reis.

Mrs. Conrad Weil and family will spend the summer at "The Abbey," Mill Valley.

Miss Virginia Vassault departed on Tuesday for New York, from which city, after a visit with her brother, Mr. Lawrence Vassault, she will sail for Europe.

Mr. H. D. Chichester, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, arrived from Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Charles G. Huse and his mother, Mrs. Helen C. Huse, who are traveling in Japan, will be home early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt and Mrs. Clement have returned from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes has returned to Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Murphy (née Turnbull) are home from their wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Beardsley, and Mr. and Mrs. John D. Richards are at "The Abbey," Mill Valley.

Mrs. M. H. Warren, Miss Etta Warren, and Miss Stewart were recent guests at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

Mrs. Sydney Marsh and Miss Marsh are making a short stay at "The Abbey," Mill Valley.

Mr. J. S. Jenks, of Oakland, with Mrs. Jenks and their little son, will spend May and June at "The Abbey," Mill Valley.

Mrs. Frederick Palmer arrived from India last week, and will remain for some weeks.

Miss Cornelia Dean Gordon is expected to arrive from Washington, D. C., next month.

Mr. John Lawson has been spending a few days at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey are at Ross Valley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin were among recent visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Dutton and Miss Mollie Dutton were cruising on the Mediterranean when last heard from.

Miss Elsie Sperry has returned from Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Clarence Folliis has returned from abroad.

Miss Patricia Cosgrave is the guest of Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winship, at Ross Valley.

Among recent guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McEwen, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. John Perry, Jr., Mr. Bruce Cornwall, and Baron and Baroness Von-Schroeder.

Among recent guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Ethel Dean, Mr. William O'Connor, Mr. Lindsay Scrutton, Mr. C. V. Cross, Mr. Frank S. Washburn, Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. M. Stone, Dr. and Mrs.

A. K. Marshall, Mr. David T. Hanbury, Mr. Alex Williamson, and Mr. C. R. Tohin.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. L. Brechemin, Mr. C. B. Morgan, Mr. R. T. Ball, Mrs. J. Adelsdorff, Mr. W. Powers, Mr. J. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Sperry, Mr. W. L. Dreyfus, Mr. E. B. Halden, Mr. J. H. Follis, Mr. and Mrs. J. Buckley and child, Mrs. L. Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fleishhacker, and Mr. E. K. Hurlbert.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richards, of New York, Mr. J. F. Dillingham and Mr. F. W. Dillingham, of Honolulu, Mrs. H. J. Noonan, Mrs. P. Ward, Miss H. J. Kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. N. Blaisdell, Miss H. Blaisdell, Mrs. James A. Ford, Mrs. M. D. O'Kane, Mr. E. Courtney Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Costigan, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Koehlin, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Marriot, Miss Augusta D. Ames, Mr. O. H. Greenwald, Mr. B. E. Remmel, Mr. S. H. Chase, Mr. A. J. Donzel, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Devlin, Mrs. George Treadwell Cadwalader, Colonel S. S. Bromwell, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ravens, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Klein.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, were Mr. and Mrs. J. de la Montanya, Mrs. John Everding, Mrs. Maurice L. Asher, Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. J. W. Fricke, Mr. H. A. Campbell, Mrs. Albert Gerberding, Mr. Charles T. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morris, Miss Marion Lally, Mr. Albert C. Hooper, Mr. W. O. Radford, Mr. W. W. Carson, Mr. J. C. Everding, Mrs. George W. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. George Fredericks, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown, Mr. Emil B. Dreyfus, Mr. and Mrs. John Twoby, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Horton, Mr. A. W. Sperry, Mr. R. E. Martinez, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Deming, Mr. F. R. Sprague, Mr. W. S. Goodfellow, Mr. A. W. Goodfellow, and Miss Marian Goodfellow.

A Plan for Attractive Homes.

Too little advantage has been taken of the opportunity San Francisco offers for picturesque streets. The checkerboard plan on which it was laid out, gave it, to a great degree, a prosaic air. But this fault is to be remedied in one locality at least. A plan has been formed, and is being carried out, for what is to be known as "Presidio Terrace." Several blocks at First Avenue and Lake Street, adjoining the Presidio, within seven blocks of Golden Gate Park, and commanding a view of the city, ocean, and bay, have been laid out with lots surrounding a park. The lots, of which there are forty, are irregular in formation, and are situated on a gentle slope. Presidio Terrace is to be strictly a private residence park, with a private thoroughfare running through it. Green lawns, trees, shrubs, and fountains will make the surroundings most attractive. The blocks are thoroughly sewered, and have gas and water mains and electric conduits laid. Plans are made for a most artistic lighting system with no poles in sight. Privacy and beauty of environment will be the main consideration.

Baldwin & Howell, who have the matter in hand, announce that, unless thirty of the forty owners of the lot wish it, no buildings other than family residences will be erected, and none of these latter are to cost less than seven thousand dollars.

W. E. Zander, for the past ten years manager of the Pacific Improvement Company's hotels at Del Monte, Castle Crags, and Santa Monica, has been chosen by the Union Trust Company and the Doe estate to manage the Hotel St. Nicholas. Mr. Zander opened and for some time managed the Hotel Rafael at San Rafael.

The British Benevolent Association will hold a ball and dinner on Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel.

John Drew has been elected president of the Players' Club to succeed the late Joseph Jefferson.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Pearl Saban, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Saban to Captain Alfred W. Bjornstad, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, to Mr. Frederick Houghteling, of Chicago.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jean Downey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Downey, of Oakland, to Mr. Hugh Goodfellow, of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Minnie Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker, of Grass Valley, to Mr. Edwin Oliver, of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emehe Stevenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stevenson, to Mr. Franklin Fogg, son of Judge Fogg, of Tacoma. The wedding will take place early in June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Wolsbinger, of Austria, to Mr. Samuel Hubbard, of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Leontine Blakeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, to Lieutenant Robert F. McMillan, U. S. A., will take place at Trinity Episcopal Church on Wednesday, June 21st. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock by Rev. Frederick Clappett. Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Robert Greer, and Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson will be matrons of honor.

The wedding of Miss Belle Harmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harmes, to Dr. Alanson Weeks, will take place on Wednesday evening, June 7th, at St. Dunstan's. The ceremony will be performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Frederick Clappett. There will be no attendants.

The wedding of Miss Alice Newhall, daughter of Mrs. Henry Gregory Newhall, to Rev. John Alexander O'Meara, will take place on Thursday afternoon, June 1st, at St. Paul's Church. The ceremony will be performed at half after three, and will be followed by a reception at the Newhall residence, 3521 Clay Street.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia M. Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank D. Curtis, to Dr. Calvin W. Knowles, will take place on Wednesday evening, June 7th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2813 Webster Street. Miss Laura B. Markey will be maid of honor, the bridesmaids will be Miss Ruth Morton and Miss Vera Pixley. Mr. Ernest Livingston will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Eugene Knowles and Mr. Farrington Pixley.

The wedding of Miss Madeline Davis to Dr. George Herman Powers will take place at the residence of the bride's parents in Boston on June 20th.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Tuttle, daughter of Captain Francis Tuttle, U. S. N., to Mr. Robert Armour, took place on Wednesday evening at the Swedenborgian Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Worcester. There were no attendants. After returning from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Armour will reside at 2918 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. William Greer Harrison gave a breakfast at the Bohemian Club on Sunday in honor of Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern. Others at table were Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Dr. and Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold, Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Lisser, Mrs. Youngberg, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. John McNaught, Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing, Miss Anna Strunsky, Miss Ednah Robinson, Miss Virginia Barstow, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Jules Mersfelder, Mr. Charles Sedgwick Aiken, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. Jerome B. Landfield, Mr. Amadee Jouillon, and Dr. Wagner.

Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday. Others at table were Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Charles H. Wood, Mrs. James Neill, Mrs. Allen Knight, Mrs. William Dunning, Mrs. Le Count, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. William Cunningham, and Miss Livingston.

Mrs. John R. Loevely gave a luncheon on Saturday. Others at table were Mrs. A. H. Vail, Mrs. William P. Shaw, Mrs. Frederick N. Wood, Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray, Mrs. William J. Landers, Mrs. John Bokewell, Mrs.

J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. Frank W. Sumner, Mrs. C. H. Huffman, Mrs. Frank D. Bates, Mrs. Walter E. Dennison, Mrs. Edward B. Young, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Mrs. Oscar Mansfield, Mrs. L. A. Kelley, Mrs. C. H. Wilson, Mrs. S. B. Sanborn, Miss Charlotte Hughes, and Miss Fannie Danforth.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters gave a dinner at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. William Lynch Shiels, Mrs. Cook, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Chrissie Taft, Count de la Rocca, Mr. Edward Davis, and Mr. Paul Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. William Letts Oliver will give a reception at their residence in Oakland on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Letts Oliver (*nee* Smith).

Mrs. Joseph Chanslor will give a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Helen Chase. Miss Anita Oliver gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence in Oakland.

Professor and Mrs. John Galen Howard gave a reception on Monday at their residence in Berkeley in honor of Miss Julia Marlowe.

M. Eugen Ysaye will be given a dinner by the Bohemian Club on Monday evening.

A dance was given at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday evening.

Army and Navy News.

General Charles Coolidge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Coolidge, expect to depart June 1st for Portland, Ore., where they will remain for several months.

Major-General William Shafter, retired, U. S. A., Mrs. McKittrick, and Miss Redmond are here from Bakersfield, and are occupying the Shafter residence at Pacific Avenue and Pierce Street.

Brigadier-General William McCaskey, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on Thursday. He will take command of the Department of Colorado.

Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunn have been sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Blue, wife of Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., sailed on Monday for Honolulu, where she will be joined later by Lieutenant Blue.

Major George Squier, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as chief signal officer, Department of California, and is ordered to report on August 5th at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for duty as assistant commandant of the signal school. His duties here will be assumed by Captain Eugene Frehm, U. S. A., who will continue to be commanding officer at Benicia Barracks.

Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N., Mrs. Goodrich, Miss Goodrich, and Miss Lewis are in the Yosemite Valley.

Commander James H. Bull, U. S. N., sailed for Manila on Monday in command of the United States transport *Solace*. Mrs. Bull will be at Vallejo for the summer.

Captain E. R. Loundes, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Loundes were among recent guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Luke McNamee, U. S. N., and Mrs. McNamee, and Lieutenant George C. Sweet, U. S. N., and Miss Sweet sailed on Monday for Guam.

The United States transport *Logan* arrived from Manila on Thursday, bringing the officers and men of the Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mrs. Julia Crocker Buckbee, wife of Samuel Buckbee, died at her residence, 2510 Pacific Avenue, on Wednesday, after a short illness. Mrs. Buckbee was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Clark Crocker, and was a native of Sacramento. She is survived by a husband, a three-year-old daughter, by three sisters—Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Robert McCreary, of Sacramento, Mrs. Frederick Green— and one brother, Henry J. Crocker.

Sir Henry Tichborne, the noted English sportsman, arrived from the Orient on Sunday, and will spend some time in California. The Tichborne case, resulting from an attempt of an Australian to gain the estate by passing himself off as a member of the family, is one of the most celebrated in English court records.

Omega Chapter of the Beta Theta Pi gave a banquet on Tuesday evening in the conservatory of the Palace Hotel in honor of Professor Charles M. Bakewell, who has been called from the University of California to the senior professorship of philosophy in Yale.

E. H. Conger, United States minister to Mexico, who for the past seven years has been United States minister to China, arrived from the Orient on Sunday.

Commander Rychokoff, of the Russian transport *Lena* which is at Mare Island, departed on Wednesday for St. Petersburg.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

"MEL IN THE MOUTH"—THE PASTRIES AT THE Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

The Race for the Kaiser's Cup.

On Wednesday, eleven sailing yachts, eight owned by Americans, three by Englishmen, and one by a German syndicate, but all of American or British design, started in a race from New York to the English coast. The prize is a five thousand dollar cup offered by the Emperor of Germany. The start from New York was an imposing one, although the weather was bad, and the boats sailed into a head wind. The American boat *Atlantic* was leading when the yachts, strung out in a line six miles long, disappeared from view.

The largest boat in the lot is the Earl of Crawford's *Valhalla*, entered from the royal yacht squadron. She has a tonnage of 647, is ship-rigged, and is built on the lines of an old privateer. The other British entry is Lord Brassey's *Sunbeam*. The American entries are Henry S. Redmond's *Ailsa*, Commodore Robert E. Tod's *Thistle*, Dr. Lewis A. Stimson's *Fleur de Lis*, Commodore George Lander, Jr.'s, *Endymion*, E. R. Coleman's *Hildegard*, Edmond Randolph's *Apache*, Wilson Marshall's *Atlantic*, and Allison Varmour's *Uotwana*. The German boat is the *Hamburg*.

Miss Dorothea Kern Jewett has been awarded the University of California medal pronouncing her the "most distinguished graduate of the year." Miss Jewett fulfilled all the requirements of her degree by doing the highest work in each study that could possibly be expected of her.

Miss Sallie Bienenfeld, whose pictures and posters, signed "Bien," have made her well known, has returned from New York, and will remain for several months in California.

Holbrook Blinn, the well-known actor, and Mrs. Blinn have arrived from the East, and are visiting relatives here.

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While the problem of building a piano-playing mechanism inside of the modern piano case has proved indeed a difficult one, it has been successfully solved in the Autopiano (price \$500) and the Auto Grand (\$785), which instruments we take pleasure in offering as the finest product of the skilled piano-maker and piano player mechanics. These "complete pianos," as they have been termed, are surprisingly simple in their construction; there is nothing about them to get out of order; and we guarantee them exactly as regular pianos. Unless otherwise specified, they are equipped to play the regular pianola music.



The Auto Grand as it appears when played by hand. Not even a lever or pedal is in view to distinguish it from a regular upright piano.



The Auto Grand with pedals extended and opened to admit music-roll. This cut also shows the novel method of exposing tempo and expression levers.



The Auto Grand with front removed, showing simplicity of mechanism, every part of which is readily accessible. All tubing is black tin and not rubber.

By means of these Autopianos, the army of music-hungry men and women who have long ago given up hope of playing come immediately into a heritage of all the music there is; but instead of easy waltzes and polkas that mark indifferent performers, they give forth the stimulating and inspiring German and Italian operas, the charming compositions of Chopin and Beethoven, Liszt's wondrous rhapsodies, the tone poems of Wagner—all and everything, in short, in the enchanting world of music.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Music Critic's Duties.

W. J. Henderson, writing in the New York Sun on the duties of a critic of music, says, in part:

It is not the duty of the critic to write at or to the artist. The composer and the performer are the furnishers of subject matter to the critic. The critic does not aim to teach them their business. He writes about them, and that is all.

If he helps them or hurts them, that is none of his business. He writes wholly for and to the public. His principal purpose is to induce the public to think about art, not to take it as a passing amusement. He ought to occupy a position very similar to that of a judge upon the bench.

The public is the jury. In the end it pronounces the verdict which must be final. It is for the men and women of the world of music-lovers to decide what masters shall live and what shall die. It is for these same men and women to decide which singers and players shall be acclaimed as supreme and which shall be relegated to secondary positions or to utter oblivion.

But the critic endeavors to charge the jury. It is for him to set forth calmly and judicially the law. The law is the standard of high art, and he must charge the jury to render its verdict accordingly as it finds that the musician complies with the law or not. In a word the critic stands between the artist and the public. Fortunate is he if he be not ground between the two as between the upper and nether stones of a mill.

If the art of music is benefited by criticism, it can be so only indirectly through the increase of good taste in the public. Good taste in music comes only to him who thinks about the art, who considers the technics of composition and performance, the tendencies of schools and the characteristics of masters. The critic should be the agent who strives to lead his public toward this habit.

If, in so doing he can also influence the final judgment of the public, so much the more to his credit. But he does not necessarily fail in his calling if he does not succeed in doing this. The public may disagree with the great majority of his opinions, but if it accepts high standards and rigorously applies them, it becomes a truly musical public.

Death of a Noted Singer.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, one of the best-known comic and grand-opera singers in the United States, and a great favorite in San Francisco, died in Chicago on Sunday, after a short illness.

Mrs. Davis was forty-six years of age. She was born in New Hampshire, and as a young girl attracted attention by her voice. She went to Chicago to study when fourteen years of age, and appeared there later as buttercup in "Pinafore." In 1880, she married Will J. Davis, a Chicago theatrical manager. She went to New York to study, then spent a year in Paris, and on her return joined the American Opera Company, where she sang with Mme. Fursch-Madi, Emma Juch, and Pauline L'Allemond, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The venture was not a financial success, and Mrs. Davis returned to Chicago.

Later she accepted the position of leading contralto of the Bostonians, and there she gained wide fame, singing many rôles with success, showing equal proficiency in comedy or tragedy, and as either a contralto or mezzo-soprano. She was best known for her Maid Marian in "Robin Hood." Of late years she has appeared successfully in vaudeville.

Ysaye's Last Concerts.

The farewell concert of the Ysaye engagement at the Alhambra Theatre takes place on this (Saturday) afternoon. The following numbers are announced: Concerto in E-flat, No. 6, Mozart; adagio et minuet de la first suite de l'arlisienne, Bizet; "Symphony Espagnole," Lalo; rondo capriccioso, Saint-Saëns. Seats for the concert are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music-store. The prices are \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents.

A new comic opera, "Heirath wider Willen" ("An Involuntary Wedding"), by Englebret Hünperdinck, author of "Hansel and Gretel," has been produced in Germany. It is a free adaptation of a comedy written by the elder Dumas sixty years ago, but never produced. The opera is pronounced one of the best, both as regards words and music, that has been produced in Germany for many years.

The opera season at Covent Garden, London, has started rather sluggishly, even though Richter is in command of a superb orchestra, with a new Munich soprano, Mme. Bosetti, and with Mauré and Gilbert singing in "The Barber of Seville."

At the handicap tournament of the California Women's Golfers' Association, held at the Claremont links on Wednesday, Miss Alice Knowles won the silver medal, and Miss Violet Whitney won the second handicap prize. A special prize for the best gross score was won by Mrs. Gilman Brown.

Douglas Volk, the New York portrait painter, arrived here early this week, and has been a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

To a Fair Lady.

Fairest, mourn not for thy charms,
Circled by no lover's arms,
While inferior belles you see
Spur up husbands merrily.
Sparrows, when they choose to pair,
Meet their matches anywhere;
But the Phoenix, sadly great,
Can not find an equal mate.
Earth, tho' dark, enjoys the honor
Of a moon to wait upon her;
Venus, tho' divinely bright,
Can not boast a satellite.
—William Maxwell.

Nocturne.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Thorn.

"Every Rose, you sang, has its Thorn,
But this has none, I know."
She clasped my rival's Rose
Over her breast of snow.

I bowed to hide my pain,
With a man's unskillful art;
I moved my lips, and could not say
The Thorn was in my heart!
—William Dean Howells.

Youth and Age.

Youth hath many charms,
Hath many joys, and much delight;
Even its doubts, and vague alarms,
By contrast make it bright:
And yet—and yet—forsooth,
I love Age as well as Youth!

Well, since I love them both,
The good of both I will combine,—
In women, I will look for Youth,
And look for Age, in wine:
And then—and then—I'll bless
This twain that gives me happiness!
—George Arnold.

Eva.

I've seen bright eyes like mountain lakes,
Reflecting heaven's blue;
And some like black volcano-gulfs,
With wildfire flashing through;
But thine are like the eternal skies,
Which draw the soul afar—
Their every glance a meteor,
And every thought a star.

Some lips when robbed seem cherries sweet,
—Small sin to those who stole;
But thine are like the Eden fruit,
Whose theft may cost a soul.

Oh, coral fruit of Paradise!
Who would not grasp the prize,
With heaven so near to bring him back,
In those eternal eyes?
—Charles Godfrey Leland.

Snowdrop.

When, full of warm and eager love,
I clasp you in my fond embrace,
You gently push me back and say,
"Take care, my dear, you'll spoil my lace."
You kiss me just as you would kiss—
Some woman friend you chanced to see;
You call me "dearest."—All love's forms
Are yours, and their reality.

Oh, Annie! cry, and storm, and rave!
Do anything with passion in it!
Hate me an hour, and then turn round
And love me truly, just one minute.
—William Wetmore Story.

A White Rose.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.
But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

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Coquelin in a New Role.

Catulle Mendes's new play, "Scarron," has been produced in Paris, with M. Coquelin in the title-rôle. Scarron was an atheistic poet who flourished in the seventeenth century, and who had the gift of powerful satire and a pungent wit. He died with coarse hispanisms on his tongue. Mendes has drawn a faithful picture of him. The other principal character is Françoise d'Aubigie, who, to escape a convent, married Scarron, and who in after years became Mme. de Maintenon, wife of Louis the Fourteenth. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "M. Coquelin has found steel worthy of his practiced hand. The audience is spellbound with the realism of his presentation. The depth and power of his comprehension, not always seen in his latest rôles, is here triumphantly in evidence."

One of the most remarkable benefit performances given in Paris for a long time was the matinée at the Odéon on May 2d (the date of the Mme. Modjeska benefit in New York) for Mme. Irma Crossnier, the Mrs. Gilbert of the French stage. She is now eighty-five, and since the age of twenty-two has played duenna rôles. She has acted at the Odéon for thirty years.

Kirke La Shelle, the well-known musical-comedy writer and theatrical manager, died at Belport, R. I., on Monday. He was forty-three years of age. He was the author of "The Ameer" and "Princess Chic."

The Stanford English Club gave Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," at the Greek Theatre, University of California, on Saturday.

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Table with columns LEAVE, MAIN LINE, ARRIVE. Lists various train routes and times.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. A for Morning, P for Afternoon. Monday excepted.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Stranger—"Is Pizen Pete still hanging around here?" Bad Mike—"No. They cut him down yesterday."—Ex.

Johannie—"Mamma, I just feel ill all over, somehow." Mother—"Where do you feel it worst?" Johannie—"In school."—Half-Holiday.

Jicar's Daughter—"Well, John, I see you are looking as young as ever." John—"Yes, miss, thankye. An' they tell me I'll soon be an octogenarian."—Punch.

"Do you take an interest in society?" "No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I make the investments, but mother and the girls take all the interest."—Washington Star.

"I'm surprised, really, Mr. Jones! You mustn't kiss me! What would my husband say? Put yourself in his place." "Er! that's what I'm trying to do."—Judy.

"I suppose those feasts given by Lucullus were the most expensive ever served." "Lucullus? What insurance company was he connected with?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You're such a wretched writer it's a wonder you wouldn't get a typewriting machine." "I would, only that would show what a miserable speller I am."—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Ascum—"I've often wondered, Mr. Rymes, why you poets always speak of the moon as 'silver.'" Mr. Rymes—"Well—er—I suppose it's because of the quarters and halves."—Philadelphia Press.

Fat gentleman (gasping)—"W-what do you m-mean by making m-m-me run after the car so? I'll probably die of apoplexy!" Polite conductor—"Yes, sir. Transfer to some car going past the morgue, sir?"—Ex.

Rosenbaum—"I dined with Eckstein last night. Very swell affair—silver spoons." Cohen (incredulously)—"Not real silver?" Rosenbaum—"Real solid silver, s-help me!" Cohen (still incredulous)—"Show us one."—The Tatler.

The dentist—"I'll have to charge you two dollars and a half for pulling that tooth." The patient—"Oh thought yez charged fifty cents?" The dentist—"Yes; but you yelled so loud you scared four other patients out of the place."—Judge.

Hicks—"How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day." Wicks—"Well, I always have. But it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish."—Somerville Journal.

Marmaduke—"Before we were married she used to say 'hy-hy' so sweetly when I went down the steps." Montmorency—"And what does she say now?" Marmaduke—"Oh, just the same thing, 'huy, huy.'" Montmorency—"Ah, I see! She exercises a different spell over you."—Washington Life.

"Oh, George, dear," she whispered, when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred. None of the others were ever so thoughtful." George was staggered for but a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear; you overate me. This is the one I've always used." She was inconsistent enough to cry about it.—Cleveland Leader.

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Dr. D. White, sometime president of Cornell University, attaché of legation, commissioner to Santo Domingo, minister and ambassador to Russia, commissioner on Venezuela boundary line, minister and ambassador to Germany, president of the American delegation to the Hague Peace Conference, has written his memoirs. In them we find, among many interesting things, a striking and instructive story of the folly of many men. It is a tale of words, words, words—no men talking, talking, talking fluently, pitilessly, concerning a matter of which they were entirely ignorant, while others who were partially informed thereon remained silent. What was the profession of the two talkative gentlemen? Can you guess?

The incident took place when the Venezuela Commission met at the call of President Cleveland to settle the boundary between that Spanish-American republic and British Guiana. The commissioners were David J. Brewer, justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Chief Justice Alvey, of the District of Columbia; Andrew D. White, president of Cornell University, New York; C. F. Coudert, an eminent member of the New York bar; and Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland, president of Johns Hopkins University.

In this boundary controversy, Great Britain took title in 1815 from the Netherlands; Venezuela in 1820 from Spain; "certain other people" were obscurely referred to in the original treaty of 1648, under which the Netherlands took from Spain. It was uncertain who they were. Thereupon, at the first session of the Venezuela Commission, Mr. Justice Brewer and Mr. C. F. Coudert locked horns. They assumed the doubtful point to be a question of law rather than of fact. The possibilities for interminable legal discussions fascinated them. So they went at it. During the whole of the first session of the commission these two legal giants struggled and strove. The rest of the commissioners politely listened. The commission then adjourned. When the second session was convened, Justice Brewer and Mr. Coudert shied their castors into the ring, stepped over the ropes, shook hands, and again began metaphorically battering one another. Again the other commissioners politely listened. Again the session passed away with no result, save a stream of legal discussion. Again the commission adjourned. When the third session was convened, and the two adversaries, like giants refreshed, began again to spar, President White ventured to interrupt the combatants long enough to point out that the obscure point was an historical, not a legal, question; that it could not possibly be settled by legal argument; that an historical expert only could ascertain by research why the clause was put in the treaty, and what it meant. To this the other commissioners eagerly assented, and George L. Burr, professor of history at Cornell, and a noted historical expert, was called in. In a few days, with the aid of the vast collection of maps and charts in the libraries of Congress, the State Department, and other Washington institutions, he determined the question to the satisfaction of all the commissioners, and subsequently to the satisfaction of the historians and geographers of the civilized world.

Is it not remarkable that two men of more than mature years, of high standing in their profession, should engage in futile discussion on a grave matter like this—not only taking up the time of other prominent and busy men, but retarding the adjustment of a question affecting the comity of nations and involving peace or war?

Lawyers are notoriously windy, judges proverbially platitudeous. Most of us have heard attorneys fight their battles o'er again, retry their cases, and overrule the Supreme Court in clubs, cafés, country stores, and at their friends' dinner-tables. But rarely do we remember to have read a more striking instance than the foregoing of the propensity of the bench and bar to become, as Disraeli said, inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity.

It inevitably happens that when you read in a newspaper something about which you have a particular and special knowledge, you find the article packed with misinformation. Does the article relate to international politics, it sounds well enough, and you are quite convinced

that its writer was a man of broad information. But if it relate to an accident, two doors from your office, about which you know the facts, you are liable (as you read with wonder) to conclude that a tenth only of the "news" that appears in print is really true. Take, for example, the article, "The Coming of the Jap," in *Collier's*, by one W. S. Harwood. The whole East, undoubtedly, will look upon it as an essentially correct statement of the facts about the agitation in California against the Japanese. But Western readers of this Eastern weekly will read with amazement this article which betrays real ignorance and misunderstanding of the feelings and sentiments that inspire Californians in this matter. Mr. Harwood begins his article with a misstatement. He leads his readers to infer that the reason the present Japanese immigration is objected to is because a large proportion are afflicted with "a loathsome disease," and for that reason the Japanese Government looks upon their departure with favor. Nothing could be further from the fact. You might seek South-of-Market all through, discussing the Japanese question, without finding a man who would base his argument on the health of the Japanese. And as to this immigration "being a contingent of which Japan is well pleased to be rid"—it is quite certain that, so far from being the dregs of the population, as Mr. Harwood intimates, we get here a class slightly above the average in intelligence. That is the universal testimony of long residents of Japan who visit San Francisco. Mr. Harwood continues:

It is set forth by those who argue in favor of speedy action that the mass of the Japanese now coming are an unclean, morally depraved mass, reeking with loathsome disease, utterly unreliable as servants or laborers, threatening, unless checked, to make the white population urban instead of rural, by driving out orchard, farm, and ranch labor; to be feared not because of superior skill—save in stealing American ideas—but because of absolute unscrupulousness in private affairs and in business life.

It is difficult to conceive of a statement which, while containing elements of truth, is calculated to convey a more misleading impression than this. Mr. Harwood concludes with a statement almost as grossly false. "While the Chinaman is a Chinaman to the last in dress, bearing, and spirit, the Japanese is precisely the opposite—he is an American in dress, in character, in methods from the first." Mr. Harwood is deceived by appearances. Because the Jap wears a white collar while the Chinese sticks to his queue, it is no reason at all for supposing there is any essential change in the Japanese character. There is not. The Japanese have become and will become no more "American in character" than the grinniest coolie that ever came out of the narrow streets of Canton.

The idea of reelecting Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency in 1908 will not down. The prediction of the unusually sagacious New York *World* that he will be renominated and reelected still disturbs the dreams of the railway magnates, and stands like a spectre before the eyes of the pork-packers of Chicago. In a speech, the other day, Senator Depew said: "The people admire Roosevelt so much and have such confidence in him that he is going to have a harder job to keep out of the Presidency for another term than he had to get that twelfth bear." Certainly Mr. Roosevelt's acts have given not the slightest basis for any assumption that he has considered or will consider a renomination. On the contrary, he has not once, but several times, reiterated his intention to quit the office of chief executive without fail on March 4, 1909. Those newspapers which have taken offense at the *World's* prediction, holding it to be an impeachment of the President's sincerity, are quite justified in so arguing. It is singular, never-

A THIRD TERM FOR ROOSEVELT.

theless, how the talk keeps up. Mr. Taft, as a Presidential possibility, is mentioned, but nobody appears to be in the least enthusiastic, though admitting his great qualities. The astute Mr. Fairbanks is named, but there is no evidence of anticipatory emotion outside of Indiana. The atmosphere seems charged with the expectation that some crisis in affairs in 1908 may hold Mr. Roosevelt to his post with the chains of the desire of the majority of eighty millions of people. We shall see.

The United States Government is not only a beneficent institution whose laws we obey; it should so conduct itself that, further, the humble citizen might have in its public operations an example for private imitation. If the United States post-office is well managed, private concerns have a high standard of efficiency always before their eyes to inspire emulation. But if a public institution is badly conducted, then there is a sort of excuse for private indolence. If great grafters are to be found in high places governmental, then little thievery in dark corners is promoted. In brief, the government ought not as some untaithful pastors do, to enjoy upon the citizenry adherence to the steep and stony path of careful observance of the law of the land, while it itself treads the primrose path of dalliance with its own principles. But that is precisely the reprehensible course of procedure upon which Uncle Sam has just this moment entered. While legally enjoining his loyal subjects to submit quietly to the spectacle of the Steel Trust selling steel rails in England for \$22 a ton, while American citizens are cheerfully charged \$33, he himself, having need of steel rails in the operations at Panama, kicks over the traces and wants to buy in the cheapest market. Fie, fie, this will never do. This is perfectly outrageous inconsistency. In fact, it is our belief that not only should the material needed in canal construction be bought of our patriotic American manufacturers, but that the awards should be given the highest bidders. Let the government be generous to the poor American workman and the pitiable American manufacturer, say we. The high-protection organs, in their outcries at the President's proposal to "buy in the cheapest market," make it very clear that the reason for the construction of the Panama Canal is to put money into the pockets of American manufacturers and their employees rather than to get a waterway through the Isthmus as quickly and cheaply as possible. Why not, then, do the thing in fine style—put millions into the pockets of the poor manufacturers, the Steel Trust, et al? And think, also, of the vitiating effect of the government's attempt to buy in the cheapest market upon the business virtue of the heretofore meek and patient citizen. For a long time now he has been paying through his nose, with scarcely a kick or a whimper, the highest of prices for almost everything. Now he sees the government, whose tariff laws he has been sweetly obeying, trying to evade its own regulations. What effect can there be other than that this heretofore meek and patient one will become somewhat morose. Why, he is liable to ask himself, should I buy in the dearest market and Uncle Sam in the cheapest? Or, as a contemporary puts it, "If low prices are a good thing for Uncle Sam, why are they pernicious for me?" Truly, it was very thoughtless of Mr. Roosevelt thus to inject the venom of discontent into the bosoms of those who, heretofore, have been placidly paying, paying, and paying, and watching "infant industries" grow into creatures of gigantic proportions still with lips applied to the nursing-bottle of a high tariff. If Mr. Roosevelt hadn't kicked over the kettle in this unseemly fashion, we probably would have kept right on forever helping out the industrial infants. Now nobody knows what will happen. Really, Mr. Roosevelt, it was very, very indiscreet.

The people of Oregon have never been afraid of progress. They have kept the good and that without much compromise. When a better appeared the Webfoot has generally looked upon it with a kindly eye, and if the degree in favor of the better was large, the good has been sent away to await the judgment of experience. In all things apart from weather your Oregonian is modern. And most modern of all his adoptions is that of a law providing that wife beaters be not only jailed, but be given not to exceed twenty lashes in the city or county jail-yard.

It will be interesting to watch the education of public opinion by the actual operation of a law which, the Oregonian hints, is not a threat and will not be administered as a joke. Hereafter that gentle beast who wakes up by the rippling Willamette and so far forgets the setting of his life as to go forth and thump the partner of his rainy days, will afterward howl in the ear of the sturly policeman or deputy sheriff to

the edification of wives defenseless and the training of husbands flagellative.

But while Oregon is trying a new law, there is a very remarkable, and, it is to be feared, radical change in the way in which our general criminal laws are being executed where women are the criminals. It is a safe assertion that you can not hang a woman. Every State in the Union has in prison a murderess, whose crime has been judged by a jury to deserve the death penalty. But not one of them will be hanged. California has two over whom the noose has been judicially suspended, but it has never been and never will be drawn.

In other words, constant appeals, public sympathy, and the softening influences of time have brought about in law, as in morals, a double standard, the reverse of the moral standard—the criminal who is a woman shall suffer more lightly than the man.

Such standards as these were really once the basis of the law as we have it. Public opinion made the first statute, and the creator of our code has the prerogative of destroying its own handiwork. In time, if the code is to command respect, the law must be changed so that the sentiment of the people, if it has so weakened, shall distinctly be expressed that in morals the woman who offends shall suffer trebly, but that when woman's sin takes the form and shape of physical violence and the taking of the life, her burden shall be less by death than that of the man equally guilty. And the women themselves have brought this about. A strange result of tears!

At this writing (Thursday) it looks like war between the strikers and the employers in Chicago. So far as prospects of a settlement of the difficulty go, the situation is worse now than at any time before. The agent of the Express Drivers' Union has demanded the reinstatement of all strikers who have not been guilty of violence. The employing expressmen replied to this that they would not take the men back under any circumstances. Following this, the teamsters for the lumber firms went out, and that line of business is practically paralyzed, planing mills, sash and door factories, and similar establishments shutting down. The lumber-yard employers were waiting, at last accounts, for drivers to be sent them by the Employers' Teaming Company. One reason for their lack of energy has been that the police force was inadequate for their protection in case of riot. Mayor Dunne has issued a call for one thousand policemen, to be sworn in as rapidly as they qualify.

The strikers assert that there will be no violence. Sheriff Barrett announces that at the first outbreak of trouble he will call upon the State troops. About four thousand men are available. But past experience indicates that these would be of little use. The United States regulars are the only ones who can cope with the situation that threatens. An announcement that they would be called upon in case of rioting would have a salutary effect.

No longer do the citizens of the Quaker City walk in their sleep, and the humorists will have to seek new game. The gas steal perpetrated by the city council of Philadelphia has awakened that commonwealth, and it is going through a violent attack of insomnia. Mass-meetings, the formation of committees, preachers marching in line to the mayor's office, denunciatory sermons, inflammatory speeches, the switching of the rope, have marked the last few days in Philadelphia. And all these things are but preliminary to the exciting things that threaten if the city council passes the gas bill over the veto that Mayor Weaver is confidently expected to put upon it.

Philadelphia presents an example of the evils of municipal ownership. The city has for years owned its own gas plant, which for a long time it operated. In 1897, it leased the plant to a corporation, the lease to extend to 1927, and the city to receive a rebate until 1918 of ten cents per thousand feet on each dollar charged the consumer, and after that, twenty-five cents per thousand feet. This was fairly satisfactory. But now the city council has passed a measure extending the lease of the plant to the same corporation—the City Gas Improvement Company—until 1977, the rebate to remain during that period at ten cents per thousand feet—the consumers to pay one dollar per thousand feet until 1927, and after that ninety cents per thousand feet. In consideration of this, the gas company is to pay to the city \$25,000,000 within three years—less than the city would receive by 1927 under the old lease. The defense of this measure is that Philadelphia needs cash immediately. From all appearances, the councilmen are the needy ones.

However, it is gratifying to see the citizens of Philadelphia in revolt. "It is reform or political revolution," said the *Argonaut* of May 8th in discuss-

ing needed governmental reforms. The rebellion of Philadelphia citizens is a confirmation of what we said—a thorough demonstration of our contention that in this country there is a limit to public endurance.

New York City has been sailing under false colors. Westerners have been gulping down columns anent the wild riot of money-spending that encarmines Gotham night and day, until they have come to believe that the average New Yorker goes through life scattering greenbacks recklessly to the winds. But not so. There are penny-spenders in New York—people who consider anxiously the disposal of coppers, and wail most feelingly when the returns are inadequate. One of them wrote a letter of protest to the *Sun*, concealing beneath light words a heavy heart. He had dropped pennies into the chocolate caramel slot-machines in the subway, and there were times when the machines refused to deliver the goods. His complaint was corroborated later by another sweet-toothed correspondent, who, however, gloated over the fact that one machine had yielded, for the penny, not only a piece of gum, but a chocolate caramel—a week's supply, we doubt not.

Now, all of this leads us to believe that New York's reputation for liberality has been made by Westerners who have gone East to spend their money, and that the average born-and-bred New Yorker can count his pennies he spends more easily than those he keeps. But how the machine-swindled complainants got their wails into the editor's hands is somewhat of a puzzle—for letters take postage, and postage takes pennies, and pennies are precious. They must have delivered their letters personally.

That organization, commonly known as the Adornment Association, unlike many bodies with decorative names, is doing things really worth while. What it intends to do within the next few years is much more worth while according to the plans it has briefly published. In Hamburg on the crest of Twin Peaks, Architect D. F. Burnham has the following matters under consideration: a plaza at the foot of Market Street and the continuation of that thoroughfare to the ocean; "civic centre," with its administrative, literary, and other elements; a system of boulevards and avenues built with regard to present and future centres of activity; a system of parks and playgrounds; modification of grades on busy and important streets, and the parking of impassable blocks; a bay and ocean boulevard around the city from the proposed plaza at the Ferry by way of the Presidio and to San Mateo County; the reclamation of Chinatown; a boulevard approach to Golden Gate Park, both from the heart of the city and from the Mission—all these matters with a host of corollaries.

What has been done so far by the association is the sale of \$2,000,000 worth of municipal improvement bonds, which have made possible the creation of a park drive connecting Golden Gate Park and the Presidio two children's playgrounds, and the beginning of the construction of a new library.

But the *Argonaut* feels that in this broad and comprehensive scheme, involving years and the expenditure of many millions, there should not be forgotten some of the lesser things which in a month could tremendously improve San Francisco. Why not, while we are debating a plaza at the foot of Market Street stop long enough to tax bill-boards by the square foot and thus both increase our revenues and decrease the evil whose atrocity is in direct proportion to the sightliness of a neighborhood? A tax by the square foot would quickly bring them within limits, and would likely not so diminish the sale of patent medicines as threaten the city's prosperity. Why reclaim Chinatown when the Western Addition is hoarded like a storehouse? All the beauty in the world poured on top of San Francisco's delights will still lack perfection if we do not turn on every hand and stare at the pink and voluptuous artifices of the painter of the bill-board. Begone, ye pacific folk, disinclined to use axes when ordinary will do, let us tax our misery and therewith buy pleasures set forth so attractively by the Adornment Association.

A late development in the local political situation is the friendliness that has sprung up between the *Post* and the *Examiner*, lately avowed enemies. It is said that back of this is the allegiance of both papers to Feil and Schmitz, as indicated by the *Examiner's* quiet endorsement of Schmitz through refraining from criticism of him, and the *Post's* open espousal of Ruef, it is thought, will keep his hands off Republican primaries, but will aim to have Sch-

THE LATEST IN LOCAL POLITICS.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAS STEAL.

REAL PRINZIED FINANCE.

THE CHICAGO STRIKE.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FUTURE BEAUTIES.

LAW AND SEA DISTINCTION.

nominated by the labor unionists. "The Labor Union Convention will nominate Schmitz again, and we will beat you by ten thousand," he is reported to have said to George D. Clark, chairman of the San Francisco Republican League. At any rate, the wiseacres are of the opinion that it would not avail Ruef anything to fight the reform Republicans at the primaries, so many leaders has it on the rolls. Still, he is said to be advising his friends not to support the reformers, but to take chances on an independent fight in November.

But, if rumor is correct, Ruef is not to depend altogether upon the Union Labor people to defeat the Republican League. He is said to have in mind the defeat of a plan laid by McNab to swing the Democrats toward the Republican League. McNab has the enmity of the *Examiner*, which lends credence to the prediction that that paper and Ruef will fight McNab, and will try to capture the Democratic party, and either have it indorse Schmitz or work in Schmitz's interest.

There are conflicting rumors over the attempted appointment of Senator Nelson, a Ruef man, to the position of inspector of tugs and dredgers. The Sacramento *Union* correspondent says that Harbor Commissioner Spear, a Republican League man, is for Nelson, but that Henry T. Crocker, who remembers Ruef's fight against him two years ago, is not in favor of Nelson. "The Knave," the Oakland *Tribune's* San Francisco correspondent, asserts that Spear stood with Crocker against French, and that Governor Pardee is with them, and therefore against Ruef.

At Monday's meeting of the board of supervisors, the finance committee presented a budget for the next fiscal year, calling for an appropriation of \$7,287,000 for municipal expenses. Of this, \$716,000 goes for public improvements, in which amount is included \$350,000 to build a municipal railway on Geary Street—good money gone wrong. The total school fund is \$1,505,000, an increase of \$144,000 over last year's fund. Besides this, about \$1,000,000 will be derived from the sale of bonds. This amount will be devoted to badly needed new school-buildings. The \$150,000 set aside last year for a salt-water fire system was re-apportioned, as it had not been used on account of the high price asked for the required reservoir-site on Twin Peaks. The city has decided to acquire the site by condemnatory proceedings—the sooner the better. The sum of \$25,000 is set aside for the purchase of property on Telegraph Hill, with a view to stop the quarrying being done there. The appropriation for the police department is \$991,260—an increase of \$54,380 over that of last year; for the fire department, \$884,250—an increase of \$27,620; for the department of elections, \$144,730—an increase of \$2,730; for the health department, \$359,790—an increase of \$20,740; for parks, \$357,000—an increase of \$31,500. Various small sums, ranging from \$600 to \$25,000, will be expended on various public buildings. The amount appropriated for repairing streets and sewers is \$184,500. For lighting streets and public buildings, \$350,000 has been set aside. Street-sweeping will be done by the city, the amount apportioned being \$215,000. The public library will get \$76,500, an increase over last year of \$6,750.

There were slumbering traitors in the last State legislature. And while they slept a law went through that, on the face of it, prevents the selling or giving away of liquor in the larger part of San Francisco. A startling condition of affairs is foreshadowed—a droughty, spongy, arid, parched, sapless, nerve-racking and shaky condition of affairs. The boozers are stunned, the sellers are thunderstruck, the prohibitionists are trying to grasp the joyful fact; and if the law goes into effect, as is threatened, these conditions of mind will be illimitably aggravated.

The plain facts of the case are that formerly the law prohibited the selling or giving away of liquor within a mile of the State university property in Alameda County. But at the last session of the legislature, through a slip that nobody will dare to explain, a law went through that prohibits liquor traffic within a mile of any building belonging to the State university. The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and the Affiliated Colleges come under that head, say most of those who know. Governor Pardee says that perhaps they do, but that possibly the University of California title to these San Francisco institutions is not vested directly in the university, but in the trustees.

Our governor is, so far, the only one who holds out a glimmer of hope, for Mayor Schmitz says that the law, whatever it is, will be enforced. The courts may help out by injunction if the thirst comes to the worst—or, if that fails, what's the matter with a special session of the legislature?

DOWN THE NILE TO CAIRO.

By Jerome Hart.

Toward Egypt, as the winter waxes, wayfarers flock from all over the world. From Egypt, as the winter wanes, they fly back again, much like birds of passage. At the beginning of the winter Cairo is empty. As the weather in Europe gets worse, Cairo grows full; later, Cairo is jammed; then the great crowd pours up the river; trains, tourist steamers, express steamers, everything is packed. Upper Egypt then becomes congested, and Cairo much less crowded. As the winter wanes, the crowd pours down the river once more, and again

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

cognito as Comtesse de Pierrefonds, otherwise Eugénie, sometime empress of the French.

The presence of the ex-empress in Egypt during the winter of 1904-5 brought forth interesting recollections from many old residents in Egypt. In conversation with Dr. Sandwith, head of the Egyptian Government's hospital department, he narrated some of the tales which have come down from the time of Khedive Ismail. Lord Houghton's account of the great festivals given by the Khedive at the time of the Suez Canal celebration in 1869 is a most graphic one. In all these fêtes Eugénie was the central figure. She came to Egypt in an imperial yacht, escorted by French ships of war. For her arrival every one waited. She was the only imperial lady, by the way, who accepted the Khedive's invitation to the celebration. More



Groups of Arabs watching a sailing race around Elephantine Island. Dahabeeah of Explorer Davis flying the American flag. Dahabeeah of ex-Empress Eugénie flying the French flag.

Cairo becomes crowded. For a few weeks all the Cairo hotels are full; then the outgoing steamships leave, with every cabin crowded, and through the great hotels of Cairo stalk brass-bound porters and swallow-tailed head-waiters, their footfalls echoing loudly through the empty halls and lounges.

At the beginning and at the end of this great hegira, one may observe in Cairo scores of the world's notable personages; it is only at these periods that they are numerous, for on arriving at Cairo they scatter all over Egypt, and on returning they scatter all over the world. There are among them representatives of all countries. This season, there have been

than once Lord Houghton saw her surrounded by a brilliant circle of royalties, including the present Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and many other royalties. What great changes have taken place in these thirty years! The Austrian emperor's beautiful consort, Elizabeth, is dead, foully murdered in Switzerland by a fanatic assassin. His dashing son Rudolph is dead, either the victim of a mysterious assassin or of a more mysterious self-murder. The Crown Prince of Prussia is dead, victim of an incurable and loathsome malady, after having been emperor for but a few weeks. Of that brilliant circle most are gone into the other world. Eugénie's hus-



The fine road from Cairo to the Pyramids was constructed by order of Khedive Ismail, in 1869, for the celebration of the Suez Canal opening.

here members of the imperial or royal families of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Saxony, Wurttemberg, Baden, Italy, and Greece, together with diplomatic, literary, and dramatic notables, and hundreds of ordinary persons of title. On the Nile one sees the flag of nearly every nation fluttering from the peaks of dahabeeahs, and the identity of the charterers of these private boats, steam or sail, is often patent by the yacht club burgees and private yachting signals which often may be seen flying with the foreign flags.

In addition to the imperial and royal personages, there are some of the sort whom Alphonse Daudet so happily entitled "Kings in Exile." One of the most notable of these this winter was the lady traveling in-

band and her son are both dead, and she is left old and alone.

At that time her slightest wish was law. When the Egyptian ministers learned, in advance of her coming, that she wished to visit the Pyramids, the Khedive ordered a road to be constructed from Cairo to Cheops. It was done by forced labor. The *mudir* of the district ordered all able-bodied males to report for duty, and they constructed the present fine road without food or wage, not even being given tools. Most of them dug up the sand with their hands, and carried it on their backs in cloths or baskets. A magnificent palace sprung up on an island in the Nile in which to house the beautiful French empress—a palace which is now turned into the Ghezireh Hotel. There was nothing

that Oriental munificence and Khedivial pomp could not do for the French empress. Eugénie was then at the very zenith of her womanly beauty, her conjugal pride, and her imperial splendor. Yet all this preceded by only a few short months the Franco-Prussian War, when her gilded empire fell like a house of cards.

How changed the conditions after thirty years! When this whilom imperial lady, three months ago, revisited the scene of her former triumphs, there were with her no royalties, no dazzling imperial suite. Two young ladies accompanied her; her secretary; and the son of a former imperial court official—that was all. More than once we saw the white-haired old lady clad in quiet black, bent, and sometimes walking with a cane. We saw her in Upper Egypt, whither

man could go through what he suffered, and still show no signs of mental or physical strain, was beyond my ken. Many an American business man, a Chicago pork-packer, a Pennsylvania coal baron, or a New York political boss, shows more signs of stress and strain at forty than Slatin Pasha does at fifty—for he must be surely that. And yet for twenty years of his life he lived in the midst of horrors which make the blood run cold even to read of them—where men were killed with less compunction than slaughterers stick pigs, and where white men go to death as a lover goes to his bride, rejoicing that they were not to perish by the slow refinements of African torture. Later in the day again I saw Slatin Pasha. This time he had changed his brilliant uniform for the khaki service rig, and was accompanying Sir Reginald Win-

from the contempt expressed by the Mohammedans for the bloody fights of the brawling Greek and Latin monks at Jerusalem. Secretly I had writhed under this contempt. The very looks of the Turkish military officers, seated smoking on their divan within the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, are looks of contempt for all who can believe in the same creed as these brawling monks. Therefore, when I was in Cairo on this recent visit, I was much gratified to hear that there was trouble in the University of El-Azhar. The pious person who presides over El-Azhar—and who fills about the same office as our college presidents—found the dogmatic nut too hard for him to crack, so he "passed it up" to the Khedive. "Passing up," it seems, is not peculiar to our younger country of America. It is found in the older countries, too.

The Khedive took the matter under advisement, and finally issued a proclamation to the students, of whom there are many thousands. He told them that their quarrels caused great scandal among all true believers, and that these dissensions must cease. However, in order to see that his decrees were carried out, he prudently ordered a strong, high wall to be erected between the domain of the Syrian students and those next to them, who happened, I believe, to come from Tripoli. It seems that the Syrians could get along with no students, but they were particularly prone to take a fall out of the Tripolitans.

The Khedive, by the way, has many troubles, although he is said to have only one wife. While Great Britain kindly relieves him of most of the practical details of government, the social, family, and ecclesiastical details which remain are enough to keep him busy. For example, in December, 1904, an aged pasha died, leaving a fortune of many millions acquired in slave-dealing. He left but one heir, a son, who had been imprisoned for life as a punishment for treason. During all of our stay his friends were moving heaven and earth to get the Khedive to pardon him, that he might enjoy his large estate. If this was not done, it seems, the estate would escheat to the Khedive. What an extremely embarrassing dilemma! To be forced to choose between a fortune of millions on one hand, and, on the other, an altruistic act of mercy to a man who had attempted to destroy your dynasty.

Apropos of dynasties, one of the questions which greatly bothers the Khedive is dynastic. There is a horde of princes in the Khedivial family. Every male child of his grand-uncles, uncles, brothers, nephews, and nieces was immediately on his birth styled prince. As a result, the number of Khedivial princes in Egypt is so large that it is ludicrous. The Khedive saw that it was necessary to call a halt. Still, the Khedivial princesses were extremely fertile, and the output of princes could scarcely be checked. But their titles might. So a decree was issued declaring that the title of prince could only be considered valid with princes in being; that any child born to any member of the Khedivial family after the date of the decree should be a plain Egyptian and no prince. No sooner was the decree issued than there was a howl. Uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, hastened to pour their troubles into the Khedivial ear. Ladies who had loved their lords fondly and well sent



Groups of students at their studies in a court of the University of El-Azhar.

she had gone, making the ascent of the Nile in a *dahabeeah* with her small suite of faithful followers. We saw her again in Cairo, when she had returned, just prior to sailing for her home on the Riviera at Cap Martin. Here she stopped at the Savoy Hotel, which is now the caravansary most affected by the great ones of the earth. It was a melancholy yet a touching spectacle to see this old lady on her way to the dining-hall followed by her suite. It was the custom of the guests to draw up in two lines on either side of the corridor and salute her respectfully on her way. She returned these salutes most penitentially. It was a kindly act, and I did not set it down to snobishness, for abroad I have noticed that much less attention seems to be paid to titles than in America, and none at all to royalties incognito. But it seemed to me as if the guests of the hotel were moved more by a sympathetic feeling toward a stricken lady—old, widowed, and alone—than toward one who once had been an empress.

There were a number of interesting notabilities at the Savoy Hotel toward the end of the winter, and one of the most remarkable to me was Sir Rudolph Von Slatin Pasha. Those who have read his book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," will remember the extraordinary hardships that he suffered during his fourteen years' imprisonment; the mental torture to which he was exposed under both the Mahdi and the Kahlifa; the traps which were set for him almost daily, which, less warily watched, would have led to his death, or what is worse, to torture; the hard and scanty fare and degrading tasks which were imposed upon him; the humiliating ordeal of becoming a convert to Mohammedanism, the hideous negroesses and other unpleasant wives sent him by his sardonic master; the increasing distrust lest those around him should be his master's spies, which many of them were; and finally the difficult and dangerous negotiations with the outer world which led to his escape across the desert with an escort on swift camels, pursued by the bloody-thirsty dervishes, until finally he dismounted in safety under the British flag at Assouan.

There was a large dinner party at the Savoy one day, at which there were many diplomats and Egyptian notabilities. Among them, I was told, was Slatin Pasha. I looked eagerly around me to see if I could detect the modern victim of the dungeon. Finally I picked out Slatin—a military-looking man, seemingly about sixty, with white hair, a close-cropped white mustache, a stern and haggard face with weary eyes. But when I asked an acquaintance, he laughed and told me I was wrong.

"Here is Slatin Pasha," said he. I turned. Near me stood a handsome, red checked man of apparently less than forty, with brown hair, a long blond mustache, bright eyes, perfect teeth; his face lighted up with animation as he talked. He was in a brilliant uniform, and his breast was covered with orders. I gazed at him in wonder. That any

gate, Sirdar and governor-general of the Soudan, back to Khartoum.

I wonder if Slatin Pasha ever thinks of that other soldier who perished at Khartoum. General Gordon would never speak, or write to, or have ought to do with Slatin Pasha on account of his conversion to Mohammedanism. He called him a renegade. Yet Gordon is dead by British laches in Khartoum, and Slatin is living, with a palace given him by grateful Great Britain in Khartoum; with British and Egyptian titles and honors, happy, prosperous, the curled darling of the world. Gordon is dead and almost forgotten. Yet if Providence looks out for consistent Christians, it ought to have been the other way round. The Christian soldier who remained faithful was



Arab boys swimming in the Nile at the First Cataract.

chopped into bloody hash by a Mohammedan mob, while the Christian soldier who became a Mohammedan is heaped with honors by Christian kings.

Well said Stephen Blackpool: "It's a' a muddle."

The great Mohammedan institution of learning is the University of El-Azhar at Cairo. Here come Moslem students from Tangier to Singapore, from Stamboul to Dongola, from hither and from farther Ind. There are sects in Mohammedanism; the Persians, for example, belong to the Shiite branch, and even that was partly split off into Sufites. There are four sects in Islam which differ slightly. But I had supposed that their differences were purely academeal. This belief grew upon me

word that it would be a bit of rank injustice to the coming little stranger to bar him when he was only six weeks behind the decree. Such was the number of unborn infants to whom his decree did foul wrong that the Khedive was induced to modify it. He extended the time limit on the ladies, making it, if I remember correctly, five years. After that time no more princes—that is, of course, outside of certain specified members of the family, such as the brothers of the sovereign.

The persistency of the little princes and their low rate of mortality differs widely from that of the poor Egyptians. According to statistics, as I have said, out of all the deaths in Egypt seventy-five per cent. are made up of children under ten years of age. But they are the lucky ones. We have an English proverb that

it is a wise child that knows its own father. In Egypt, I think, it is a wise child that dies in infancy. When one notes the hard, grinding labor and hopeless semi-mendicant condition in which they must spend their days, one would think that it would have been better for most of them had they never been born.

CAIRO, March 30, 1905.

THE LETTER-BOX.

What the Priest of Saint-Philéon Lost Through the Birds.

No one could describe the peace which enveloped that country parish. It was small, fairly respectable, well-to-do, accustomed to the aged priest who had guided it for thirty years. The village ended at the parsonage. The parsonage was close to the sloping meadows which ran down to the river—meadows from which there rose in summer all the songs of the birds mingled with the fragrance of the wild flowers. Behind the large house a kitchen-garden encroached upon the meadow. The first and the last rays of the sun shone upon it. There you saw cherries in May, gooseberries often came even earlier, and, generally, one could not pass within a hundred feet of the garden the week before Assumption without scenting the heavy perfume of the ripe melons.

Do not suppose that the priest of Saint-Philéon was a glutton—he was of the age when appetite is only a remembrance, his back bent, his face wrinkled, with two little gray eyes (one of which was sightless), round spectacles, and one ear so deaf that he was compelled to turn around when he was accosted upon that side. Oh, no; he did not eat all the fruit in his orchard! The small boys stole a large share of it, and the birds still more: the blackbirds, who lived there comfortably all the year round and sang their best in return; the orioles, pretty birds of passage, who helped the blackbirds during the harvest weeks; the sparrows, the warblers of all kinds, and the tomtits, a swarming and a voracious species, tufted with feathers as long as your finger, hanging to the branches, climbing, turning, picking the seeds out of the grapes, scratching the pears, real beasts of prey who only know how to give in return a little, sharp cry like the noise of a saw. Even for them old age had rendered the priest of Saint-Philéon indulgent. "Animals can not reform," he said. "If I were vexed with them for not changing, with how many of my parishioners also I ought to be vexed!" And he contented himself with clapping his hands when he went into the orchard so that he should not see too great depredations.

Then there was a rising of wings, as if all the wild flowers, struck by a high wind, had taken flight; gray, white, yellow, striped wings; a light flitting, a rustling on the leaves, and then peace for five minutes. But what quiet minutes! Consider that there was not a factory in the village, not a loom or a blacksmith's forge, and that the noise of the men, of their horses and oxen, spread over the isolated, invisible fields, melted and died away in the quivering of the air, which rose all day long from the warm earth. Mills were unknown, the roads were little used, railways were far off. If the repentance of these garden robbers had lasted, the abbé would have dozed in silence over his breviary.

Fortunately, their return was prompt. A sparrow set the example, a jay followed; the whole aviary set to work again. And the abbé passed to and fro, opening or closing his book, murmuring: "They will not leave me anything this year." That was all. Not a bird left his prey.

Birds know very well that those who pity them will not do anything. Every spring they built their nests around the parsonage of Saint-Philéon in greater numbers than anywhere else. The best places were quickly taken: the hollows in the trees, the holes in the walls, the forks in the apple trees or the hornbeams; and there might be seen a brown beak, like the point of a sword, coming out of a handful of coarse hay between all the roof rafters. One year, when all the places had been taken, I suppose, a tomtit, in her embarrassment, saw that even slit, protected by a small board, which was buried in the stone wall at the right side of the parsonage door. She glided inside, came out again, satisfied with her exploration, brought her materials, and built her nest, neglecting nothing to keep it warm, neither the feathers, nor the horsehair, nor the wool, nor the bits of lichen which cover the old wood.

One morning the maid-servant, Philomène, came with a furious air, holding out a paper. It was under the laurel arbor at the bottom of the garden.

"See here, monsieur! Here is a paper all ruined. They play fine tricks!"

"What is the matter, Philomène?"

"Your wretched birds, all the birds which you allow here! Before long they will make their nests in your soup-tureens."

"I have only one of them."

"They have a notion to lay their eggs in your letter-box. I opened it because the postman rang the bell, something which doesn't happen every day. The box was full—hay, horsehair, spiders' webs, enough feathers to make a quilt, and in the middle of all this a beast which I could not see, which hissed like a viper!"

The priest of Saint-Philéon burst out laughing, like a grandfather to whom somebody tells the pranks of a child.

"This must be a tomtit," he said. "No other birds would think of such tricks. Above all things, do not touch it, Philomène."

"There is no danger! A fine piece of business!"

The priest made haste and crossed the garden, the house, the yard planted with asparagus, until he came to the partition which separated the parsonage from the public road, and there, with great caution, he half opened the box which could have held the entire correspondence of the commune for a year.

He was not mistaken. The form of the nest, like a fir-cone, its color, the composition of its web, and of the transparent lining, all pleased him. He listened to the whistling of the invisible brooder, and said: "Make yourself easy, little one, I know you: twenty-one days for incubation, three weeks for raising the family—that is what you ask for, isn't it? You shall have it. I will take away the key."

He took it away, and after he had attended to his morning duties—his visits to his sick or afflicted parishioners, his directions to the carrier who was to choose garden seeds for him in the city, his going up into the steeple, where a storm had unfastened some stones—he again remembered the tomtit, and considered that she might be annoyed by the arrival of correspondence, the fall of a letter into the midst of her brood.

The hypothesis was unlikely to come true: at Saint-Philéon no more letters are received than are sent. The postman was little more than a stroller, eating a plate of soup at one house, drinking a glass at another, and bringing, at long intervals, a letter from a conscript, or a tax notice for some remote farm. However, as his birthday was near at hand, the priest deemed it prudent to write to the only three friends worthy of that name, spared to him by death—a layman and two clergymen: "My friend, do not congratulate me upon my birthday this year. I ask this from you. It would be disagreeable to me to receive a letter at this time. Later I will explain to you, and you will understand my reasons."

They thought that his eye was giving out, and did not write to him.

The priest rejoiced over it. For three weeks he never passed through his doorway without thinking of the eggs speckled with rosy spots which rested in the box near at hand, and, when the twenty-second day had come, bending over, he listened, with his ear leaning against the opening of the box; then he raised his head, smilingly: "They are twittering, Philomène; they are twittering! They owe their lives to me, and neither of us will regret what I have done!"

Old as he was he had in him the marks of a child-like soul which had not grown old.

Now at the same time, in the green parlor of the bishop's palace in town, the bishop was deliberating upon the nominations to be made, assisted by his usual counselors, his two vicars-general, the dean of the chapter, the general secretary of the bishopric, and the director of the large seminary. After providing positions for several vicars and priests, the bishop said: "Gentlemen of the council, I have a perfectly good candidate for the parish of X—; but, none the less, it seems to me to be proper to offer this charge and this honor to one of our oldest priests, he of Saint-Philéon. No doubt he will not accept, and his modesty, no less than his age, will be the cause. Still we shall have done what we could to pay our homage to his virtue."

The five counselors were unanimous in their approbation, and that same evening a letter went from the Episcopal palace, signed by the bishop, and having this postscript: "Reply at once, my dear abbé, or, better, come to see me, for I am obliged to send my proposition to the government in three days from now."

The letter reached Saint-Philéon on the very day when the tomtits were hatched. The postman slipped it into the opening of the box with some difficulty; there it disappeared, and there it stayed at the bottom of the nest, like a white pavement at the bottom of a dark room.

And the time came when the tomtits' pin-feathers, the blue tubes full of blood, became covered with down. Four little ones, screaming, trembling upon their soft feet, with their heads open to their eyes, never ceased from dawn till nightfall to expect a beakful to eat and to digest, and to call for more. This was the first period, when the little ones have no mind. With birds it only lasts for a short time. Very soon there were disputes in the nest, which began to give way under the efforts of the wings. The young ones turned somersaults over the edge of the nest; they made excursions along the sides of the box to places near the entrance, through which came the air of the world outside. Then they ventured out.

From a field close by the priest attended this garden-party with great pleasure. Seeing the little ones appear under the cover of the letter-box, two and three together, watching them take their flight, return, go back like bees to the door of a hive, he said to himself: "Here is an infancy brought to an end, and a good work finished: they are fledged."

On the next day, during the leisure hour after dinner, he went again to the box, the key in his hand. He knocked. There was no response. "I thought so," murmured the priest. He opened the box, and, mingled with the rubbish of the nest, the letter fell into his hand.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, upon recognizing

the handwriting. "A letter from his lordship! And in what a state! And how long has it been there?"

He grew pale as he read it.

"Philomène, harness Robin at once!"

She came to see what it was before obeying.

"What is the matter, monsieur?"

"The bishop has been expecting me for three weeks!"

"That can't be helped," said the old woman.

His absence lasted until the evening of the next day. When he came home he had a peaceful air; but sometimes peace does not come without effort, and we must struggle to maintain it. When he had helped to unharness Robin, had given him his oats, had changed his clothes, and emptied the box in which he had brought back twenty little parcels bought during his visit to the city, it was the time when the birds in the branches talk over the affairs of the day. A shower had fallen; drops of water still rained down from the leaves which were stirred by those bohemian couples seeking a good place for the night.

Recognizing their master and friend coming down the sandy path, they descended, flew around, and made an unusual noise. The tomtits, the nestlings, the four young ones still poorly feathered, tried their first spiral flights around the pear trees and their first cries in the open air. The priest of Saint-Philéon observed them with a paternal eye, but with a melancholy tenderness, as we regard those who have cost us dear.

"Well, my little ones," he said, "but for me you would not be here, and but for you I should be curate of the canton. I have no regrets, no. Still do not insist: your gratitude is somewhat noisy."

He clapped his hands impatiently.

He had never been ambitious, no, indeed; and at this very time he was truthful. However, on the next day, after having slept badly, he said, while talking to Philomène: "Next year, Philomène, if the tomtit comes back give me warning. This is decidedly inconvenient."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of René Bazin by Edward Tuckerman Masan.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Protest Against Immigration.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is earnestly to be hoped that the startling statement published in last Sunday's Examiner concerning the character of immigrants now landing by tens of thousands at Ellis Island will impel our government to immediate action to stop this inflow of European scum, riff-raff, and criminals.

It seems strange that the authorities have not exercised more faithful and rigid scrutiny over the admitting to our country to become citizens—in the most part, probably, voters—the hordes that have of late weeks and months been pouring into the port of New York.

If what the Examiner says is true as to the character of those who have immediate supervision over the landing of immigrants at the ports of landing, then it is readily explained why the matter of gaining admission is so easy.

It is time this department of government service was overhauled, and none but American-born citizens entrusted with the duties and responsibilities of determining the fitness or unfitness of immigrants to be admitted. It is a crime against our nation and its institutions for the Washington authorities to be so lax and so remiss in diligence in the vital matter of adding tens of thousands weekly to our population from the worst elements of European peoples!

Are we asleep? Have we no conception of the danger to our liberties and our lives, incurred by taking in among us this horde of ignorant, superstition-ridden cutthroats?

Think of what might result from the presence in our land in such alarming numbers of these vicious elements were our country thrown into a chaotic condition by a revolutionary uprising! Would we not be practically at the mercy of these domesticated foreign assassins?

Is it not true our government found out the true source whence starts this flow of ignorant, degraded, vicious, human scum to our country? There is unquestionably a system at work, and with motive and purpose boding no good to our nation. May not this be verified by prosecuting investigation intelligently and vigilantly through instrumentality of citizens native-born of the United States?

This is a very serious matter, and it should be dealt with accordingly and without delay. Let us ever remember "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" PATRIOT.

Queer Taxation Methods on the Mexican Frontier.

MAZATLAN, May 13, 1905.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You will greatly oblige myself and some of my friends by deciding in the columns of your valued paper a discussion we have had as to whether there is really an immigration tax of two dollars and a half per head on foreigners entering the United States; and if there is, why it is collected at some times and places, but not at all of them. The facts are as follows:

A friend of mine a short while ago visited the United States for a few days, paid the tax on entering, and got a receipt for it, and tried to get it refunded on his return, but failed. I am also informed that it has been collected on some steamers entering San Francisco from this coast; yet it certainly was not collected on the ship in which I went to California last fall, and the officers of the ship scouted the idea that there was or ever had been such a tax. My friends state that at Nogales it is not collected, or very seldom; yet at another frontier town called Naco, on another line of railway, but within a short distance of Nogales, the trains are regularly stopped and the passengers held up. Even in this case, however, the victims appear to be confined to Mexicans and Germans, other nationalities generally passing through unharmed.

Either there is no such tax and the collection of it is an imposition on the confiding foreigner, or the tax exists, but is very negligently collected. Yours very truly, M. A. Z.

[There is an immigration tax of two dollars per head on all foreigners coming into the United States, with the exception of Canadians and Mexicans, unless such travelers state that they are "making a continuous journey" through the country, intending to leave without any delays of consequence. Tourists who are to remain any length of time, or who are to flit from one point of interest to another, are subject to the tax. According to our correspondent, the system of taxation on the Mexican frontier is open to many reforms.]

LEAPING THE GAP.

New York's Latest Amusement Sensation—Daring Feat of Mlle. Tiers—Rides Strapped to an Automobile Which Flies, Upside Down, Through the Air.

Are we becoming so accustomed to excitement and high pressure in New York that even our amusements have to be sensational and perilous? This was the question I put to myself, the other day, at the Madison Square Garden when I saw Mlle. de Tiers leap the gap in an automobile.

Everybody has been talking about this handsome young Frenchwoman and the dreadful and blood-curdling nature of her performance. It is the feature of the circus, and the circus is a feature of the New York spring. People who long ago lost their desire to see that sort of entertainment, and on whom even the accumulated treasure of three rings have palled, troop to the Garden to see a good-looking young woman go through a five-second act so unique and horrible that it has made even jaded New York sit up and take notice.

One of the most curious things about it is that the general comment has been: "Of course, you know, she'll be killed some day." Everybody says that with a sage wag of the head. One would suppose this was a good reason to stay away. But it is quite the other way round. As soon as you hear that a young and lovely girl may be dashed to pieces under your eyes, you rush to the circus and buy a seat as close to her as you can get. Is this the natural perversity of human nature, or is it a sign of the decadence of the New Yorker? Is New York striking the gait of ancient Rome, and will we some day go cagerly to see the followers of—say John Alexander Dowie—eaten alive by wild beasts in the very arena where they once sang the hymns of peace? Who can tell? But it is queer that the main recommendation to see Mlle. de Tiers is that she may be killed while you're there.

The traditions of the great P. T. Barnum are still preserved at the circus. Nobody has ever been better advertised than this daring young lady. She has been interviewed and photographed and talked about till she is one of the recognized topics of the day. Her performance takes a short five seconds, and she does it twice in the twenty-four hours. She is said to be paid one hundred dollars a second, and the metropolitan mind, nourished on stories of great fees, gloats over the thought of one thousand dollars a day so quickly and yet so perilously won. All sorts of surmises have been given forth as to the effects produced upon her by her wild ride. Even if it does not kill her outright it will eventually disable her in some dreadful manner. The impact with which she strikes the track after the leap is enough to shock the spine and cause all sorts of awful damage; the flight head downward through the air is sure to create disastrous conditions in the brain. And all this adds to the charm of Mlle. de Tiers's performance. Lygia, tied to the horns of the wild aurochs, was safe and comfortable by comparison.

Undoubtedly Mlle. de Tiers's prestige is intensified by the fact that she is all that they say she is in the way of looks, style, and nerve. She is not a newspaper beauty—"a beautiful brunette of eighteen," whom, when you come to see, you find a hard-featured old character, who has weathered many fierce winters and sultry summers. She is young, handsome, and of a distinguished and winning gracefulness of manner. There is nothing stately about her; rather she has the gracious naturalness of a gently bred and attractive Frenchwoman. She is tall and rather of the Juno build, with a fine, upright carriage and an admirable walk. Her skin is of pale brunette kind, and she has jet-black hair, rolled close and tight round her head, which is small and well modeled. Her costume—a fashionable evening dress—is entirely white, and this sleek, black head, topping the tall, elegantly clad figure, looks as if it had been dipped in ink.

I heard some newspaper men talking about her, the other day, and they said she was as charming in manner as she looked. One of them—he was interviewing her—had asked her if she had experienced any ill effects from her ride, and she said none whatever. The only noticeable thing had been that when she had first done it her eyes had been darkened all around, as if they had been blacked in a fight. This, they had discovered, was due to a suffusion of blood in the upper part of the head, caused by the aerial passage made head down. She had never, she said, experienced a qualm of nervousness. From the first she had regarded it as rather an amusing episode.

The day I saw her I had a seat in the balcony quite close to the end of the Garden where her act takes place, and facing her as she starts down the incline. The Ancilotti Brothers, who, in the language of the programme, "Leap the Quadruple Chasms" on bicycles, have their tracks close beside hers. The poor Ancilotti have been running off the tracks and breaking teeth and noses till one wonders how they can have any nerves left, not to mention features. I found their performance almost as agitating as Mlle. de Tiers's. Mounted on bicycles they go down two almost perpendicular paths of wood, strike an obstruction, and, leaping across an open space, come down on the track again with a shattering thud that must jar them from their heels to their heads.

They are a pair of solemn, pale young men, and

enter with an air of somewhat melancholy indifference, clad in regulation evening dress. Their bicycles are held aloft at the top of the wooden tracks by uniformed attendants, and in mounting to them the pathway is so steep that they hold to a rope and go up it hand over hand. As soon as they are seated, their feet held clear of the sides, the attendants loose their hold and the wheels shoot down the incline in an undirected, lightning-like rush. At the foot of it they strike what children on a slide call a "thank you, ma'am." They come up against this with crashing force, and the bicycle leaps into the air as a horse does taking a ditch. It springs up and out, the wide-stretched legs of the man upon it held far out on either side. In a frantic leap it clears the space and strikes the track beyond. The man who was on the bicycle facing me struck the track slightly to one side, and dashed down it on a slant. He had a ghastly appearance, his face contorted from the two nerve-shattering blows with which the bicycle had left and regained the path, his long hair standing upright in the wind of his flight. He ran off the track before he reached the bottom, and a bunch of attendants caught him and pulled him off his wheel, when he stood making limp bows and looking, I thought, decidedly sick and shaken.

When Mlle. de Tiers comes into the arena the audience has had its appetite whetted with these prefatory performances and is ready for the last and most stimulating sensation on the programme. She appears in an automobile which takes her slowly round the outside ring. She wears over her white dress a long white cloak made of frills of some soft fleecy material and hung with dangling fringes. This she takes off before ascending to her aerial starting place, and is revealed in a very handsome dinner dress, slightly décolleté. The starting place of the automobile's track is in the air about midway between the floor and the summit of the roof. To get to it she is placed in a little chair with ropes on either side, like a swing, and drawn up facing the audience. There are some half-dozen men round the car waiting to receive her. They draw the chair in, help her alight, and presently are all bending over her buckling her in. She is held in the seat by something like a corset, which goes over her shoulders and is strapped tightly around her, and it takes some minutes to adjust this. Then the car is pushed slowly and cautiously to the head of the incline and tilted, still with the utmost care and precision, over the edge, where it dips down, head first, held motionless by restraining fastenings.

To give some idea of what this act is like let me try to describe the track. It is of wood and is in two detachments—that on which the automobile starts out and that on which it finishes after the leap. The first part, which is high in the air, is shaped like the letter J, with the hook turned inward. The second part is in the form of a comma, the upper end of the comma about thirty to forty feet away from the hook of the J and a little higher up. This is the leap, the car springing from the end of the J's hook, straight through the air, its wheels uppermost, for the top of the comma, which it strikes with an appalling crash, turns round upon, almost at right angles, and rushes down. The end of the track is a little sort of wooden gangway, where a group of attendants are ready to receive the car and the lady.

The ride starts from the top of the J, running down the outside on two small rails, which look like the track an ore-car runs on. It is almost perpendicular; the automobile, as it is lowered over the curve of the landing, has the appearance of standing on its head. Mlle. de Tiers is to be seen reclining comfortably on the back seat, her hands folded in her lap, a happy smile on her face. A young man in evening dress—I believe the inventor of the car—leans from the landing above over the end of the machine, ready to loose it at a certain signal. This comes in the form of the hollow, melancholy toot of the automobile horn. The young man leans farther forward, he, too, having the appearance of standing on his head, and removes some restraining force. With a rush the car plunges down the track.

It is all so quick that one has nothing but the briefest kind of an impressionist vision, to the accompaniment of a rattling noise and the crash of the landing thud as the machine strikes the top of the comma. The first downward movement is simply a dash, and before you have grasped it the ear has turned under the J, rushed along the hook, and with all four wheels in the air, leaped the chasm and struck the track opposite with a blow that seems as if it might knock the building down. As it flies down the comma, facing you, you have an impression of Mlle. de Tiers with her sleek, black hair seeming to strain away from her head, her eyes staring and wild, and her face set in the same contorted expression as that which marked the Ancilotti man's. All the men run to assist her out of the car and un buckle her bonds. It takes a minute or two, and she has time to recover her equilibrium before she moves forward into the arena, bowing with a gracious and smiling dignity, her black hair once more smooth and neat, her handsome dress disposed in graceful lines.

The most startling moment in the act is undoubtedly that when the machine leaps. It does not seem possible that it could clear that distance and from an inverted position so rapidly right itself. Its effect as it flies through the air, with its four squat, rubber-tired wheels uppermost and the woman's head protruding from its lower side, is extraordinarily grotesque. It

looks less like a piece of machinery than like some desperate, live thing leaping for its life—a thick-set, clumsy creature of the primeval ages, something like a hippopotamus. Its spring carries it to a slightly higher point than that from which it launched itself and there is something suggestive of intelligent effort in the fury of its precipitation into space. You can almost imagine its lamps bulging like a pair of agonized, glaring eyes as it comes down on the track again, and that its shaken bulk might breathe out, "Did it, by gosh!"

GERALDINE BONNER.
New York, April 24, 1905.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Grimthorpe, the noted English lawyer, died in London recently. His pet hobby was clock-making, and he was responsible for "Big Ben," the famous London clock.

Frank Bosworth Brandegee, the United States senator chosen to succeed the late Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, has an inherited gift of oratory, his father, Augustus Brandegee, having for years been the chief spellbinder of Eastern Connecticut.

Señora Alvarado, who died in Chihuahua, Mexico, a short time ago, was the wife of Pedro Alvarado, the richest citizen of Mexico. Señor Alvarado was born a peasant, and his wife was of the same class, and possessed the same thrifty characteristics which enabled him to rise to such wealthy prominence that he recently offered to pay the entire public debt of Mexico.

A paralytic girl having expressed a desire to see King Edward during his recent visit to Paris, he asked M. Paoli, the special commissary in attendance, to accede to her wish. The girl was accordingly brought on a stretcher to the foot of the staircase of the Hotel Bristol, and the king came down; and, after shaking hands with the girl, conversed with her for several minutes.

The Emperor of Germany drinks very little beer, perhaps a glass or two a day. Whisky he does not drink once a week. The chief steward of the Hamburg-American steamship *Hamburg*, on which the Kaiser recently took a two weeks' trip, says that he takes one glass of Rhine wine at dinner. He allows the steward to fill his glass a second time with champagne before the glass is emptied. When he comes the third time with a fresh bottle the Kaiser places his hand over the glass as a sign that he wishes no more. On the *Hamburg* he drank orangeade all the time. There was always a glass filled with ice to keep it cold, and the Kaiser drank many glasses.

"The longest time I ever worked continuously," says Thomas Edison, "was five days and five nights without sleep. That was during some of my lighting experiments. Once I worked four days and four nights—that was just before the opening of the Pearl Street station in New York. We did not know what was going to happen; we expected something would explode when we turned on the current. Everybody said it was going to be a failure. When we turned on the current, however, it started all right, without a hitch, and ran for eight years." Mr. Edison believes that most people sleep too much. "Three or four hours are enough if it is good, solid sleep, not dreaming—that isn't sleep."

Hiram Cronk, the last known survivor of the War of 1812, died at Ava, N. Y., last week. He was born at Frankfort, N. Y., on April 29, 1800, and in 1814 enlisted with his father and two brothers. They served at the defense of Sackett's Harbor. Cronk's death closes the pension list of the War of 1812. At first his pension was \$12 a month, but in 1903 Congress increased it to \$25. Some years ago the State of New York granted him a special pension of \$72 a month. He learned the trade of shoemaking after leaving the army. Cronk was a Methodist, but constantly chewed tobacco and drank two gallons of wine a month. His principal nourishment was milk. Cronk was married eighty years ago, and five children survive him. Last year, while Cronk was in poor health, the board of aldermen of Albany outlined plans for his funeral, which was very elaborate.

Patti is the first operatic singer to be decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. According to *Truth*, she owes the distinction, first, to the far-back admiration of the French president; second, to that of M. Dujardin Beaumetz, minister of public instruction; third, to royal Swedish influence, Baron Cederström's family being high at the court of Sweden; and lastly to a wish in France to pay a compliment to Sweden, which Patti "ouseted," as they say, in marrying the baron. M. Louhet said he never felt more pleasure than in signing the decree that makes Patti a *chevalière* of the Legion of Honor. It paid, he said, "a small installment of a great debt I owed her. I contracted that debt long before there was a white hair on my head. What prodigies of economy I used then to accomplish to hear Patti as often as I wished! She sang at the Italian Opera House, now a branch of the Bank of France. Tickets ran up to fabulous prices. I liked her best in 'Lucia' and 'La Sonnambula,' and I still think she never had a match in the Italian style of vocalization and in the Rossini *floritura*. She marked the glorious sunset of the Italian school in this part of the world."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Eight American Novels.

Those American novel-writers whose popularity warrants them in publishing a new book every season, have not fallen off in industry this summer. Hamlin Garland, for one, is to the fore with a new novel and a new subject; new, that is, relatively, for W. D. Howells many years ago chose for the heroine of "The Undiscovered Country" a spiritualistic medium, so-called, whose youth was highlighted by the mysterious physical phenomena which usually attended her presence. Like Mr. Howells, Hamlin Garland makes his heroine reveal her inexplicable powers through the intervention of a fanatic spiritualist; and again, like her prototype, she is innocent of willful wrong-doing or trickery. And yet again, as with his more famous predecessor in this field of fiction, Mr. Garland abstains from explaining the inexplicable. Readers of "The Tyranny of the Dark" will, however, probably conclude that the attitude of the scientist lover in the story, who is left baffled, but unconvinced, after his researches into the causes of the phenomena, is Mr. Garland's own. Naturally, after the reader has had his curiosity highly excited, the unsatisfactory close leaves him in a somewhat irritated frame of mind. For the story is more of spirit rappings than love, and the interest is absorbed much more by the state of Viola Lambert's subjective consciousness than by her affairs of the heart. Quite an interesting glimpse is afforded into the mental processes of those who contribute fat tithings toward the "spiritists" and other fakers who prey upon the affliction of their fellow-men, and old explorers into the mysteries of psychic phenomena will recognize in Simeon Pratt the personality and experiences of Mr. Marsh, who was duped by Mme. Diss de Barr.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.00.

Judge Grant, not having quite said his say on the subject of divorce in "The Undercurrent," has written another novel on the same subject, briefer, much lighter in treatment, but, underneath its sprightly descriptions of manners and men in the fast set of the Westfield Hunt Club, showing the same thoughtful observance of the conditions toward which the more radical class of American society is tending.

"The Orchid" is the term used to designate the heroine, Lydia Arnold, an American woman of breeding and beauty, who lives quite frankly and unaffectedly for herself, and who is an epitome, in her elegant and beautiful person, of the American divorcée of the Four Hundred—the woman who chooses her husband as lightly as she chooses a summer resort, and with as little thought of permanence. Judge Grant damns his heroine irretrievably by having her commit a particularly heartless act to secure her freedom with money, and inferentially points out the inevitable effect on the natural affection which follows these easy dissolutions of family ties.

"The Orchid" is very interesting reading from another point of view, in that it forms a faithful transcription of the breezy, outdoor life of those lucky and leisured individuals who hunt, play polo, tennis and golf, and gossip and take tea on the verandas of country club-houses through all the long, golden summer season.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

Of much lighter weight is "Sandy," a story from the prolific pen of Alice Hegan Rice, who is rapidly following up her success in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" with more or less entertaining successors—generally less. "Sandy" strikes one as a story written to appease a demand from the publishers rather than from anything in particular that the author has to tell. But the same qualities of optimism and faith in the goodness and kindness of human nature, together with a sprinkling of humor somewhat akin to, though less spontaneous and pervasive than, that of Kate Douglas Wiggin's hooks, will insure "Sandy" a welcome from Mrs. Rice's admirers. The story is located in the South, where Sandy, a poor Irish nobody, makes his way among the haughty Southerners through sheer manly worth.

It should be added that the extreme youth of the hero and his associates is such as to almost class the hook with juvenile fiction. Published by the Century Company, New York.

Perhaps Ruth McEnery Stuart's stories, which so winningly illustrate the oddity, the childlikeness, the matter-of-fact fealty, and the piquant combination of joyous immorality with unctuous piety of the Southern darkey, are as purely representative as any of the particular phase of American life upon which they throw the light of kindly realism. An interesting collection of these admirable and ever humorous tales is at hand under the title of "The Second Wooing of Selina Sue."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

Another story of the South, her first novel, in fact, comes from the pen of Virginia Frazer

Boyle, author of "Devil Tales." "Serena" has the fascinating atmosphere of the old South of ante-hellum days, when owners of the great plantations ruled over a sort of patriarchate whose dusky subjects yielded them adoring homage and implicit obedience. The author has woven into her tale many of the characteristic happenings of the South of that time; the proselytizing by secret agents of the "Underground Railway," threatened uprisings of the slaves, the practice of the voodoo. In the course of the story the war breaks out, and all the pleasant, prosperous, leisurely course of life is disintegrated into poverty, affliction, and calamity. There is quite the atmosphere of the sixties in "Serena," and much of the old-fashioned romance of these days; a quality which will appeal to those who find the atmosphere of modern fiction too stimulating for their tastes.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A couple of small volumes form Anna Katherine Green's contribution for the summer season. One, "The House in the Mist," a tale designed to awake emotions of horror, is modeled somewhat after the style followed by Robert Louis Stevenson and Arthur Quiller-Couch in their tales of mystery, murder, and sudden death. The other, "The Amethyst Box" by name, is a regular detective story, but of less length than the generality of tales of that class, and with a decidedly gauzier foundation for the unwindings of the usual mystery.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Oddly enough, of this group the one containing the most solid and lasting merit is a first novel, "The Master Word," by L. A. Hammond—a very interesting story of the South of to-day. It is located in the phosphate region of Tennessee, and incidentally contains an acute analysis of the relations of the negro laborers in the mines to the local politicians. Interestingly as this phase and other incidents in connection with it are presented, the root and fibre of the story is the contrast in the lives of two half-sisters, who grow up side by side, united by a close affection, yet each ignorant that the octoroon is the illegitimate offspring of the white girl's aristocratic father. The element of tragedy is developed by the instinctive recoil of the more unfortunate of the two girls against the race whose dark blood in her veins makes the refinement and mental superiority she has inherited from her white forebears a crushing misfortune. Mrs. Hammond has worked out the solution of the problem, if solution it can be called, to the possible satisfaction of her white readers in the South; but a verdict which awards agony, sacrifice, and renunciation as the share of the darker sister can scarcely be regarded as a clearing up of the problem. "The Master Word" is not all sombreness, however; there is much vivacity, wit, and grace in the telling of the tale, and readers of this book will look forward with keen interest for another story from Mrs. Hammond's pen.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

A. E. Houseman, professor of Latin in the University College, London, and a writer of verses which have won praise from able critics, consistently refuses to accept pay for his work. An American magazine recently printed fragments from a book he printed and sent him a check, which was returned with thanks.

Charles Scribner's Sons are to publish a uniform edition of Henrik Ibsen's plays, to be sold singly or in sets.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Thirty-eight languages and have been subjected to every degree of hutchery, the changes in some cases extending to interpolations of whole pages. Therefore the news will be welcome that the Funk & Wagnalls Company is bringing out a complete and authorized English edition of his works in twenty-six volumes, and that an edition in twenty-four volumes has been published by Dent of London.

George Meredith has written an introduction to "The Japanese Spirit," by Okakura Yoshisaburo. It is to be published in London and is intended by the author as a succinct explanation of the social, political, and religious qualities of modern Japan.

Frances Hodson Burnett has gone to England, and will spend the summer at her country home, "Meytham Hall," in Kent.

In his new volume "The Life Worth Living," Thomas Dixon, Jr., has a dissenting chapter—"The Horrors of City Life."

The London Academy thinks that William Cullen Bryant is not entitled to a place beside Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante. If the Academy had spelled correctly the name of the author of "Lines to a Water-fowl" and "Thanatopsis," the opinion expressed would carry more weight.

One of the characters in Burton E. Stevenson's novel, "The Marathon Mystery," is Rankin, of the Planet. Now Mr. Stevenson has discovered that Miss Mary Sinclair also has in her story, "The Divine Fire," one Rankin, of the Planet. Certainly a curious case of parallelism, made more odd by the fact that both books were published by the same firm—Henry Holt & Co.

The statue of Victor Hugo, presented by the French-Italian League to the city of Rome, was unveiled recently in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel, the French ambassador, and many distinguished guests.

It is reported that his recent imprisonment has completely broken Máxim Górký's health. Yet according to a writer in the Fortnightly, he has never been the hunted, nervous, anæmic-looking man some of his photographs show him. Says this writer: "The Máxim Górký I left a week ago among the evergreen woods of Bilderlinghof, on the Baltic coast, is a tall, straight, deep-chested, large-boned man."

There is to be a Joaquin Miller day at the Portland fair, when distinguished honors will be paid to the gray poet of the Piedmont hills, who, in his early days, was a prominent figure in Oregon.

Judge Albion Winegar Tourgée, American consul at Bordeaux, died at that city on Sunday. He was sixty-seven years of age, and had been soldier, lawyer, and author. He gained fame through "A Fool's Errand," a political novel, "Bricks Without Straw," and other works of more than ordinary merit. They dealt largely with the changed conditions brought about in the South by the Civil War.

Stewart Edward White, the author, and Mrs. White will spend the summer in their lodge at North Fork, Madera County, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. White will entertain Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., son of President Roosevelt who will join the party at North Fork on July 1st, and will spend several weeks in the Yosemite with White.

Gouverneur Morris was married to Miss Alice Waterbury Bishop in New York on Monday. The wedding was a brilliant social event.

Herbert Whitaker has returned from Mexico. He spent several months among the rubber plantations of that country, and gathered much interesting material regarding the labor conditions there. He will return to his home in Berkeley.

Marjorie Hewlett in spite of his apparent contentment of expression and his florid style, is a most systematic worker, and has a method which is thoroughly unique and most interesting in view of the results achieved. Having planned out a story, Mr. Hewlett writes fast without revising. Then, when he has finished, he tears the written sheets apart and puts them into the waste basket. Beginning again he writes the entire story through, and coming this to the waste basket a final copy generally gives the first two and sometimes three or four of the copy manuscripts. Attempts are made and destroyed, and the author rapidly writes the final copy and sends it to press without revision.

Gertrude Atherton told an interviewer, the other day that Elmer Glyn, the well-known author, is a most curious-looking person. She is the sister of Lucile, the court dress-maker, continued Mrs. Atherton, and through that connection she has obtained material for her very daring novels in English society. She has not a color of red hair and a face that is absolutely colorless. It is as white as ivory, and in comparison

with the conventional English complexion, it is positively weird. I made a bet with a lot of London women that I could find out how she did it, for not one of us believed that her complexion was real. I lost my bet, for her color or lack of color is natural, and makes her the most striking-looking person in a roomful of celebrities all striving for distinction. Her hooks are very popular in London, for every one knows that her characters are real, as are the episodes themselves."

The Macmillan Company will publish in the spring "Principles of Sociology," by Professor Edward Ross, formerly of Stanford University, and now of the University of Nebraska.

New Publications.

"Moral Education," by Edward Howard Griggs. B. W. Huebsch—a study, according to the author, of the whole problem of moral culture.

"The Physical Culture Life," by H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25—the sixth volume that the author has written on this and similar topics.

"The Right Life and How to Live It," by Henry A. Stimson. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.20 net—devoted particularly to young men and women whose minds are still in the formative stage.

"The Outlook Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.00—a volume dealing with the mystery of death and the relations between the life that now is and that which is to come.

"The Psychology of Beauty," by Ethel D. Puffer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25 net—a collection of essays in which beauty in nature and art is defined, and its influence on our pleasure in pictures, music, and literature is shown.

"Lynch Law," by James Elbert Cutler, Ph. D. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50 net—altogether a history of lynching, but also an investigation into the causes of it, and of the social conditions under which lynch law operates.

"The Gospel of the Childhood of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Translated from the Latin by Henry Copley Greene, with an introduction by Alice Meynell. Illustrated. The Scott-Thaw Company—both the Latin and the English versions are given.

Piacanda Est Chicago.

Owen Seaman, of London Punch, after quoting a news item to the effect that Chicagoans, more than any others, resent Henry James's alleged remark that American girls lack elusiveness, assumes the rôle of an expositorial Chicagoan in the following lines:

O Henry James, this is a shock! One has to pay for being fair, But you have dealt a nastier knock Than we have ever had to bear! Critics, who like an easy prey, Have been from time to time abusive, But none, till now, was known to say The Gibson girl is not elusive. We therefore wish to have a few Plain, but emphatic, words with you.

Envy of our unrivaled race May prompt the alien's vulgar sneer— It is her fortune, not her face, That captivates the British peer"; But here is one of Western birth, Though stamped with various foreign stigmas,

Who doubts that we, of all the earth, Present the most profound enigmas! We take the view that this is not Becoming in a patriot.

Nurtured within the Eagle's nest, From babyhood you must have heard How many features we possessed Common to that elusive bird; Brought up beneath the Stars and Stripes (Another strangely subtle symbol), You knew by heart the type of types, How fine his nerve, his brain how nimble; (No true American is blind To our agility of mind).

Yet you, whose art has nobly earned The right of being misconstrued, Allege that we have never learned That primal law: Thou shalt elude! Master of riddles most obscure, Expert in periphrastic fiction, Whose devious characters allure A too pellucid style of diction— Could it escape you, Henry James, That we can play those little games?

Perhaps your brain was overwrought With analyzing woman's lore Over in London, where you caught That British brogue we so deplore; Well, anyway, when you appear, We have a word to say in season, And, speaking for the hemisphere, Will see that you recant your treason, And own that what you said in haste Betrayed a lamentable taste.

We shall not bug you, cheek to cheek (Our way with heroes as a rule). But make you sit, demure and meek, Upon the penitential stool; And all Chicago's pure (élie (No other set is so exclusive) Will ask you from the judgment seat, Are we, or are we not, elusive? And you, before that awful bar, Will say, You are! Of course you are!

Facts About Shaw.

In a recent article on G. Bernard Shaw, James Huncker referred, speaking of Shaw before he became famous, to the "empty stomach" and "those starving beautiful days." Now comes a letter in the Sun, written from Berlin, and signed "Stanley Shaw," in which the writer takes exception to these references to poverty, saying that, while the Shaws were never millionaires, they were always comfortably situated. He writes this on the authority of a "near relative" (he may be quoting himself), and adds the following regarding Shaw's family: "His parental grandfather, Bernard Shaw, was high sheriff of County Kilkenny, a post only given to men of social standing in the county. His father was a younger son. The present representative of the Shaw family in Ireland is Major Sir Frederick Shaw, Bart., D. S. O., of Bushey Park, Dublin. His maternal grandfather was Walter Bagnall Gurley, squire, master of fox hounds, and an extensive landed proprietor, whose entailed estate G. B. S. inherited in 1898." The Sun, in another column, says that Shaw "eats nothing but vegetables, drinks nothing but water, and smokes nothing at all. He blacks nothing and starches nothing, and is probably the cleanest man on earth."

Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, and, reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years a hook in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions, and was held in high repute.

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"WHEN THE PRINCE CAME"

A California Story

By FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD

BEGINS IN THE

JUNE

Sunset Magazine

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NOW ON SALE

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old darkey was watching the G. A. R. parade one Decoration Day, and was vociferously cheering the band. "I suppose you were through the Civil War, uncle?" said a bystander. "Ever' step of it, suh!" "At the surrender, too?" "Ever' step of it, suh!" "What did General Lee say to Grant?" "Never said nuttin', suh—des chopped off his haid an' went on!"

An astronomer does not hail the discovery of a new star with any more enthusiasm than the average physician displays over a new or rare disease. It was in this spirit that Sir Frederick Treves received the account of ailments which a distinguished patient gave him. "Let me congratulate you," he is reported as saying; "you have, you lucky dog, a disease which was thought to be extinct!"

During the South African war, the censorship of soldiers' letters home was very strict. One soldier, who always sent an account of the doings of the regiment, which account was always blotted out by the censor, laid a plan for revenge. At the foot of his next letter he wrote, "Look under the stamp." The censor did so, after spending considerable time in steaming the stamp from the envelope. And he found these words: "Was it hard to get off?"

J. W. Brooks, a great railway manager of Michigan, whose penmanship was very poor, once wrote a letter to a man on the route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for two years on the company's trains, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.

A certain Massachusetts doctor who lived among the Berkshire hills was very fond of hunting, and at the same time he was very slow in answering the calls of his patients. One morning he was aroused by a servant of one of his patients who lived at a distance, and told to go and see him right away. The doctor began to prepare, but was, as usual, very slow. After he went out to the buggy he turned to go back into the

house. He thought he would be able to do some hunting on the way after he had seen the case. Reaching the door he turned and asked the nervous servant: "Do you think I had better take my gun along?" "Gun? No! The man will be dead enough at this rate before you get there."

An excited Londoner met a friend outside a public-house in Whitechapel. "These men in here," he exclaimed, furiously, pointing behind him, "have gone and insulted me. Now, just watch me go in and kick them all into the street, one after another. You can count 'em off as they come through the door." The friend stood and watched. Presently a human form whizzed by him, and fell with a cruel smack in the gutter. "One!" he called. "Stop counting, you fool!" cried the other, as he rose in anguish; "it's me!"

There is a pitiful story told in the *Bookman* of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours, and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again.

The first conductor who played with a large orchestra in New York was Louis A. Jullien. One of his pieces was a "Fireman's Quadrille," during the performance of which an alarm of fire was regularly sounded, and a brigade of firemen appeared in the hall! Theodore Thomas was one of Jullien's violinists for a time, and this may help to explain why he himself, in 1867, when he gave his Terrace Garden concerts, once created a sensation by making the piccolo players climb up into the trees before the piece began. On another occasion the tuba player had been sent behind the audience into the shrubbery. When he began to play, the police mistook him for a practical joker who was disturbing the music, and tried to arrest him. "I shall never forget the comical scene," Thomas writes in his "Autobiography," "as the poor man fled toward the stage, pursued by the irate policeman, and trying to get in a note here and there as he ran."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Wag.

He laugheth best who laugheth last.
So on the mundane ball,
The dog, who chuckles with his tail,
Must laugh the best of all.
—Houston Post.

Judge and Jack Tar.

It's like this here, your honor, see!
As near as I can tell,
A gentleman hired my boat, and he
Was quite a proper swell.
He brought a lady down with him
To make a longish trip,
And so we scrubbed her thoroughly—

JUDGE—The lady!
TAR—No! The ship.

Well, cutting off my story short
To come to what befell,
We started, but put back to port,
Which much annoyed the swell.
She fell between two waterways
And got a nasty nip,
So we rigged her out with brand new stays—

JUDGE—The lady?
TAR—No-o! The ship.

At last we put to sea again
And started for the west,
All spick and span without a stain,
When all at once, I'm blest,
Her blooming timbers got misplaced,
Which quite upset the trip,
The water washed around ber waist—

JUDGE—The lady's?
TAR (nodding)—And the ship's.

That's all, I think, your honor; now
I'll state to you my claim.
Five hundred dollars, you'll allow,
Won't build her up the same.
Her rudder's gone, her nose is broke,
Her flag I've had to dip,
She's lying now upon the mud—

JUDGE—The lady?
TAR—No-o-o-o! The ship.

—Henry B. Cornish in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Mother's Milk

alone, as a food for babies, excels in safety, nutrition, and convenience Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Its use for infant feeding is constantly increasing, as both physicians and mothers find it is just what the infant needs for health and normal increase in weight.

Billy's Joke.

"See that," said Billy W—
"That" was nothing less than a stylishly but simply dressed young lady, just entering a Third Street office building.

"Yes."
"Well, that's old man B—'s daughter. She's going up to the old man's office to pin one of those roses in the buttonhole of young Sprigg, the old man's clerk. They're sweet on each other, but they fear the 'stern parent,' you know. The old man always goes home or to his club about three-thirty, and, after telephoning, the young lady goes up for a little chat with Spriggs, *tête-à-tête*, you know."

"So? Good for them! Love will find a way, won't it?"
"Sure; but think of the possibilities the situation offers for a little joke, now — a 'phony joke.'"

"But—"
"Oh, come! I'll show you."
Billy led the way upstairs to his own office in the building opposite to the other. Taking down the 'phone, he called up old man B—'s office. After an interval we heard an impatient "Hello! What is it?"

"Mr. B— in?"
"No—he's never in this time o' day. Call up green—double-pink-o."

Then we waited a few minutes at Billy's window, glancing now and then at the charming little scene across the street in B—'s office. Billy went back to the 'phone and again called up Spriggs.

Again the interval, followed by the impatient:
"No! I tell you he's never in after three-thirty."

"Strange," returned Billy; "they told me at his house that he left for the office a quarter of an hour ago."

"Bang!" went the other 'phone, and Billy and I hastened to the window. Such a scurrying! She couldn't find her hatpin; then her handbag was shy; but she was out of that office in forty seconds by Billy's watch. One minute later we saw a stylishly dressed and very rosy young lady hurrying north on Third Street, while a somewhat agitated-appearing young man hurried south on the same pavement.

Billy seemed to enjoy it; but really it was rather heartless.—Portland Oregonian.

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Lea & Perrins' Sauce

adds enjoyment to every dinner. There is no other near as good!

Remember, Lea & Perrins' Sauce was in universal use a generation before any other so-called Worcestershire Sauce was ever heard of. Beware of Imitations.



"Way Out West" is one of those hurrah-boy plays that lack logic, scorn consistency, but please a public that is out for purely superficial entertainment.

A mind, however, that has even faintly defined ideas on general ethics might be a little puzzled by the easily dissipated scruples of wholly respectable characters.

Miss Aida Hemmi, who, although young, is of rather massive presence for musical comedy, has a voice of considerable volume and richness of tone; and Nellie Lynch fills the rôle of the pretty stage butterfly who flits around with dancing ribbons and a flirt of brief petticoats, inspiring by her pert presence deep-seated approval in the bosoms of the youths who form the masculine complements of the chocolate-cream young ladies.

There are several other new people, and the large cast includes these members of the company who are still almost new, so that there is a general flavor of novelty about the production which adds greatly to its power to please.

H. L. Hertz, the composer, has turned out a lot of music that is fluent, tuneful, infectiously gay. And the male chorus has caught so much zip from Morgan, who is as lively on his feet as a flea, that the whole band are as brisk as if they had dynamos in the soles of their feet.

The jokes are good, the business is good, and everybody's spirits are booming; so the Tivoli is the place for the man with the blues.

Nor is the Alcazar an unsuitable place this week for him who is haunted by blue devils, although John Craig, for all his talent as a leading man, is far from fitting very easily into Willie Collier's comedian's shoes.

If you are economically inclined this week, and want the pick of the low priced shows, try "The Tenderfoot" at the Tivoli; new people, new songs, new business—for musical comed—lively comedians, lively dances, lively dialogue everything that tends to raise the spirits of the lover of light entertainment.

praisers of feminine attractions will always find grist for their mill in the Tivoli chorus. The Tivoli chorus, indeed, is quite an institution in its way. One is always discovering that women of all ages, in all ranks of life, in various stages of prosperity or poverty, and with widely varying kinds and degrees of talent, have risen or descended from the ranks of the Tivoli chorus.

This celebrated band of beauty is very much in evidence, in a great variety of costumes, in "The Tenderfoot." The fact that Texas is the locale of the play has not deterred Richard Carle, who wrote the book, from ingeniously evolving a variety of choruses which permit the girls to appear, in the first act alone, in khaki, in riding habits, in Spanish dancing-costume, in anything that will lend variety and brilliance to the stage picture.

Of the new-comers, Charles A. Morgan, the Sergeant Barker of the cast, is the most important, as he is not only an irrepressible figure of fun on the stage, but has the necessary business talent to superintend a very excellent production. Mr. Morgan is so animated by spring and energy that he caroled straight into the bull's-eye of a hit during his first three minutes on the Tivoli stage; and Mr. Wallerstedt, as I have already intimated, with his big voice, his curly front locks, his good looks and romantically upturned gaze, will favorably affect the susceptibilities of those young ladies who animatedly and exhaustively discuss their stage favorites with the inspiring accompaniment of a box of chocolate creams.

Miss Aida Hemmi, who, although young, is of rather massive presence for musical comedy, has a voice of considerable volume and richness of tone; and Nellie Lynch fills the rôle of the pretty stage butterfly who flits around with dancing ribbons and a flirt of brief petticoats, inspiring by her pert presence deep-seated approval in the bosoms of the youths who form the masculine complements of the chocolate-cream young ladies.

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Nor is the Alcazar an unsuitable place this week for him who is haunted by blue devils, although John Craig, for all his talent as a leading man, is far from fitting very easily into Willie Collier's comedian's shoes. He is not quite up to expressing the irrepressibly high spirits of the young inventor-hero, but the farcical humor in "A Fool and His Money" pleases the audience enough to keep the laughter going pretty steadily, and when Mr. Craig's humorous inspiration falters a little, Mr. Maber steps in and tosses the ball back so deftly that the gurgle of satisfied laughter from the audience breaks out afresh.

The ladies in the company have to step aside for the nonce, and, looking the while very attractive in their pretty white dresses, leave the centre of the stage for almost the entire evening to Mr. Craig. "A Fool and His Money" does not show off the talents of bright people. Indeed, it seems to me a waste of their abilities to set their intelligence to work on such gauzy material. But the regular clientele demands its favorites, and perhaps they draw both zest and rest from its lightly woven and humorously improbable situations.

Jessie Bartlett Davis.

[IN MEMORIAM.]

The Choir Invisible shall gain
A voice so wondrous sweet and rare
That it must feel it had been fain
Long time to have that sweetness there.

O voice now stilled in hush of death,
The earthly choir remembers thee,
As hush'd Memory whispereth
The cadence of "O Promise Me!"

—New York Mail.

Early Theatrical Day Recalled.

The following communication, from an appreciative Denver reader of the Argonaut, will be found to contain some interesting facts regarding bygone theatrical stock companies in San Francisco:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In Mr. Hart's very interesting reminiscences of some of the early day theatricals he omitted to mention several notable casts of plays that were given here during the sixty and seventy decades, when nearly every name on the programmes was that of a star—or who shortly afterward became such. Take, for instance, the testimonial to E. L. Davenport at Maguire's Opera House, where he had just finished an engagement, in July, 1868. The play chosen was "London Assurance," Mr. Davenport appearing as Dazze, with the support of Lawrence Barrett as Charles Courtly, John McCullough as Max Harkaway, Harry Edwards as Sir Harcourt, Willie Edouin as Dolly Spanker, Harry Jackson as Mark Meddle, Mrs. Davenport as Lady Gay Spanker, and Emelie Melville as Grace.

Next in line came the benefit of C. W. Coudock at the Metropolitan, on Montgomery Street. The play on this occasion was "The School for Scandal." Mrs. D. P. Bowers was the Lady Teazle of the cast to the Sir Peter of Harry Edwards; E. L. Davenport was Charles Surface; James McCollum (Mrs. Bowers's husband) was Sir Benjamin Backbite; Coudock played Joseph Surface—and a worse one it would be difficult to imagine; Charles Wheatleigh was Crabtree; old Bill Barry made an excellent Moses; Stephen W. Leach had the singing part of Sir Harry; John Howson the small part of Trip; and Miss Coudock was Maria.

In August, 1869, Niel Warner was given a benefit at the then new California Theatre in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." He himself played Sir Giles Overreach, with John Brougham as Justice Greedy, John McCullough as Wellhorn, John T. Raymond as Marall, Harry Edwards as Lord Lovel, Willie Edouin as Tapwell, Viola Crocker as Lady Allworth, and Emelie Melville as Margaret. Little Elsie Holt, the English blonde, made her first appearance that night in the after-piece, "Lucrezia Borgia, M. D.," and curiosity to see her helped to make the house a brilliant one. Her costume—or lack of it—would not be thought anything out of the way these days; but the public had not then been sufficiently educated up to it. It was rather a shock, it must be confessed, almost a panic, and in a very few minutes the majority of the ladies in the audience had left the theatre.

"The Octoroon" was played as an ordinary production at the California in 1870, with the following cast: Jacob McClosky, Lawrence Barrett; George Peyton, John McCullough; Salem Scudder, John T. Raymond; Uncle Pete, William Mestayer; Wah-No-Te, Harry Edwards; Captain Ratts, E. J. Buckley; Mr. Sunnyside, W. H. Sedley Smith; Paul, Minnie Walton; Colonel Poindexter, Willie Edouin; Zoe, Emelie Melville; Dora Sunnyside, Marie Gordon; Mrs. Peyton, Mrs. Judah.

It has often been said that the stock company of the first California Theatre, when it opened its doors to the public, was one of the best, if not the best, that had ever been gathered together; but the stock company of Maguire's Opera House should not be forgotten, numbering as it did among its members Frank Mayo, Charles Thorne, Louis Aldrich, J. B. Booth, D. C. Anderson, William Barry, W. M. Leman, Mrs. Judah, Agnes Perry Booth, Emily Jordan, Soppie Edwin, and Mrs. C. R. Saunders, nearly all of whom appeared among the support of Charles Kean during his engagement at Maguire's in 1865.

AN OLD THEATRE-GOER.

Andrew B. McCreery, who gave the city a public library, situate on Sixteenth Street, near Market, has contributed five thousand dollars toward the purchase of books for it.

Herman Schussler, of this city, has been appointed a consulting engineer to the Isthmian Canal Commission.

EASTERN TICKETS AT HALF RATE

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2.—Choice of four routes—via Ogden, Portland, El Paso, or New Orleans.
3.—You can go one way and return another.
4.—Tickets good on Overland Limited, Golden State Limited, or any Southern Pacific train.
5.—Liberal stop-overs allowed. Return limit, 90 days. Tickets on sale: May 10, 11, 27, 28, 29; June 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30; July 4, 5, 6, 24, 25, 26. Ask Southern Pacific agents, 613 Market Street.

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The Ocularium Perfect Fitting Eye Glasses \$2.50 Broken Lenses Replaced 50c Henry Kahn & Co. 642 MARKET ST.

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CURTAS IS THE NAME WE ASK YOU TO REMEMBER WHEN ABOUT TO PURCHASE A PIANO 16, 18, 20, O'FARRELL ST. S. F.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE Corner Eddy and Mason Streets. "He's still your mother." Second week begins Monday night of the great musical-comedy success, THE TENDERFOOT Book by Richard Carle. Music by H. L. Hertz First time at popular prices—25c, 50c, 75c. Matinée Saturday and Decoration Day. This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

COLUMBIA THEATRE. Beginning Monday, May 29th. Matinée Saturday only. Charles Frohman presents John Drew in the farcical romance, THE DUKE OF KILLCRANKIE By Captain Robert Marshall. Complete New York cast and production. This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager To-morrow night (Sunday) Frederic Belasco presents the gifted actress, Florence Roberts, in her favorite play, and the daintiest and most charming achievement of her career. THE COUNTRY GIRL A famous comedy, teeming with brilliant wit and satire; full of clever incident and situation. Next—Miss Roberts in Marta of the Lowlands. This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr. Week commencing Monday, May 29th Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. Extra matinee Memorial Day. The Alcazar stock company in Bret Hart's famous romance, TENNESSEE'S PARDNER An idyl of the Nevada mining camp. Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, June 5th—first time in stock, Mistakes Will Happen, Charles Dickson's favorite farce comedy. This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. Last week of Florence Stone and the Ferris stock company. First production in this city of the Biblical drama, THE HOLY CITY Next Monday and Wednesday nights, benefit of the Youth's Directory. Extra bargain matinee next Tuesday, Decoration Day. Bargain matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Best seats, 25c each. Special summer prices—15c, 25c, 50c. Monday night, June 5th, Barney Bernard in "The Financier." This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall. Week beginning Monday, May 29th, with special matinee Decoration Day, May 30th, and usual matinees on Saturday and Sunday. Will C. Murphey's latest society melodrama, WHY HE DIVORCED HER Introducing the Central's new leading people, beautiful Grace Hopkins and Theodore Gamble. Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. Next—The Eleventh Hour. This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

Orpheum Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, May 28th. (Special matinee Tuesday, Decoration Day). An All Star Show. La Jolie Titcomb; John C. Rice and Sally Cohen; Empire City Quartet; Warren and Gardner; Sisters McConnell; Mabelle Adams; De Onzo Brothers; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Della Fox. Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c. This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

STAGE GOSSIP.

John Drew's Engagement.

"The Duke of Killicrankie" has not only played the longest engagement of any piece at the Empire Theatre, New York, this season, but it is even now being given in London, where it was first produced by Mr. Frohman's English company.

Comedy at the California.

For the second week of the Florence Roberts season at the California Theatre, Miss Roberts will present her favorite portrayal of Peggy Thrift in "The Country Girl."

Pioneer Days Depicted.

"Tennessee's Pardner" will be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next Monday for the first time in nearly four years. This half-comic, half-humorous idyl of the Nevada mining-camp, which made Bret Harte a commanding figure in American literature, is sweet and wholesome, and is always popular.

New People at the Central.

The play at the Central Theatre next week will be "Why He Divorced Her," a society drama. This play will introduce two new people to Central audiences: Theodore Jamble and Grace Hopkins, both well known in the East.

The Orpheum's Offerings.

La Jolie Titcomb, known as the South American nightingale, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum on Sunday afternoon. La Jolie Titcomb has three medals in her possession, given on account of her good looks—one awarded in Paris, another in St. Petersburg, and a third in Buenos Ayres.

A Wise Precaution

While remaining in or leaving the city you had better store your valuables in the

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CROCKER BUILDING

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SAFE-DEPOSIT BOXES \$4.00 PER YEAR

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many novelties. The McConnell Sisters, eccentric dancers, will make their initial appearance in San Francisco. They are the first of their sex to adopt the George M. Cohan style of dancing, and they are said to be decidedly clever.

A Biblical Play at the Grand.

The week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, which will be the last of Florence Stone and the Ferris Stock Company at the Grand Opera House, will be devoted to the Biblical drama, "The Holy City," by Thomas W. Broadhurst.

"The Tenderfoot" Drawing Well

The second week of the musical comedy hit, "The Tenderfoot," begins Monday night at the Tivoli. It is drawing large audiences, and everything points to a long and prosperous run.

For the San Francisco Maternity.

An entertainment and reception for the benefit of the San Francisco Maternity will be given in the Palace Hotel ball-room on Wednesday afternoon, May 31st, beginning at 2:30 p. m.

The San Francisco Maternity is doing excellent work in attending poor women in their own homes, during confinement, and is worthy of support.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Pelham Ames, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. James Black, Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. James A. Cooper, Mrs. Margaret Deane, Mrs. H. F. Dutton, Mrs. W. D. Fenimore, Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray, Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mrs. Albert Houston, Mrs. W. H. McCormick, Mrs. John Metcalfe, Mrs. F. Pointdexter, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. C. H. Suydam, Mrs. M. K. Wallis, Mrs. J. K. Wilson, and Dr. A. B. Spalding.

Wills and Successions.

The will of Julia Crocker Buckhee has been filed for probate. The property left by Mrs. Buckhee is valued at \$150,000. In the will one-half of this property is devised to the widower, Samuel G. Buckhee, and the other half to their little daughter, Margaret Crocker Buckhee.

The estate of the late Senator Frank J. Moffitt, who died in Oakland on November 24, 1904, has been appraised by W. J. Dingee, James Allen, and W. G. Palmanteer at \$235,468.50. It consists for the most part of stocks and bonds.

The will of the late Frank H. Willis has been filed for probate. The estate, which, according to the petition for probate, exceeds ten thousand dollars in value, is left to the widow, Helen R. Willis, and a son, Frank Gloucester Willis.

Changes in the Southern Pacific.

There have been several managerial changes in the Southern Pacific Company this week. The office of manager of the Pacific system, heretofore occupied by James Agler, has been abolished. W. S. Palmer, superintendent of the Western division, will be general superintendent of the Northern division of the Pacific system, with jurisdiction over the Coast, Western, and Sacramento divisions, and the Carson and Colorado Railway.

Angeles division is to be H. V. Platt, superintendent of the Salt Lake division. His headquarters will be in Los Angeles. No successors to Scott or Platt have been announced. These changes take place June 1st.



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Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA (Established in 1889) 301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital \$16,000,000.00 Paid in Capital 3,000,000.00 Profit and Reserve 400,000.00 Monthly Income Over 200,000.00

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Authorized Capital \$3,000,000 Paid-up Capital and Reserve 1,725,000

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Cash Capital \$1,000,000.00 Cash Assets 5,340,136.94 Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,414,921.16

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY 526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus \$ 2,474,518.82 Capital actually paid in cash 1,000,000.00 Deposits, December 31, 1904 37,281,377.60

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, EMIL ROTHE; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEBELLOW.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION 532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1905 \$33,940,132 Paid-Up Capital 1,000,000 Reserve and Contingent Funds 976,109

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. 8. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier. Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, Wakefield Baker, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

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Established March, 1871. Authorized Capital \$1,000,000.00 Paid-Up Capital 500,000.00 Surplus and Undivided Profits 265,000.00 Deposits, January 1, 1905 4,230,379.59 Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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Guarantee Capital \$1,000,000 Paid-Up Capital 300,000 Surplus 265,000 Deposits, January 1, 1905 9,579,000 Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

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ARTHUR A. SMITH, Pres. A. N. DROWN, Vice-Pres. CVRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier and Secretary. EDWIN BONNELL, Asst. Cashier, JAMES F. MCGAULEY, Auditor.

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Directors—Arthur A. Smith, Horace Davis, G. E. Goodman, A. N. Drown, Willis E. Davis, Chas. R. Bisbop, E. C. Burr, W. B. Dunning, Vanderyn Stow. Loans made at lowest rates on approved collaterals, and on city and country real estate.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK 315 MONTGOMERY STREET SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$600,000 Charles Carpy, President. Arthur Legallet, Vice-President. Leon Buceraz, Secretary.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Sozio, Leon Socqueraz, J. A. Bergerot, Chas. Carpy, J. B. Clot, J. S. Godeau, Leon Kauffman, A. Legallet, J. M. Dupas, A. Ross, J. J. Mack.

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MAKE A WILL?

IF SO, SEND FOR PAMPHLET TO

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,500,399.46 TOTAL ASSETS 7,665,839.38

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VANITY FAIR.

New Yorkers who took up their residence in Newport on account of the low tax rate will find that by the assessment just made their personal property tax has been considerably increased.

The action of the mismanaged woman's club, the Lyceum, in blackballing Miss Ellen Terry on account of her supposed lack of literary qualifications for membership has not only made the organization a laughing stock, but is also menacing its existence.

Twenty-eight hundred muskrats were eaten by the fifteen hundred guests at the great muskrat feast recently held at Monroe, Mich. Statesmen, lawyers, doctors, and men of all professions were included in the list of attendants.

ers declared it was exceedingly sweet—far superior to wild duck or venison. Every bit of flesh was stripped from the last bone of the rats. It was nearly daylight when the feast ended, and no one has yet complained of bad after-effects—that is, from eating the rats.

George Crocker, who arrived in New York last week from Liverpool, had a bundle done up in a shawl-strap that seemed to be of little consequence. When he was asked what was in the bundle, which he had already declared to Deputy Collector Williams while the liner was coming up the bay, Crocker said it was just a bit of tapestry and that he wanted to pay duty on it.

Mai-trank, noblest of punches, infallible sign of spring in the German quarter, is best compounded of a blend which includes three bottles of Rhine wine to two of Moselle and one of champagne, according to the New York Sun. The better the wine of each sort the nobler the punch.

Miss Alice Roosevelt proves her patriotism in her taste for candy. She spurns the productions of the Frenchman's shop for the Yankee gumdrop, and is one of the best patrons of a Washington branch of a New York store.

"Fancy waistcoats continue to be much worn, and they are most fashionable when they are somewhat quiet in style," says a writer for the Haberdasher. "Loud flannel Tatts are not much liked by the fashionable crowd, though, of course, there will always be a contingent that thinks something of this sort necessary for racing purposes."

Another writer for the same publication says that "the simplest cut and the elemental colors will rule in summer dress. Thus, loose suits of white serge and flannel, white kid belts, white lisle hose, white cotton cravats, and white buck shoes are to be 'the ultimate' of good form."

taken up eagerly by the younger set. White is so obviously the cleanest and comeliest color for the grilling days, that it needed only to be introduced to be accepted. Of course, we must heed the danger of overdoing one color and thereby rendering the whole scheme of summer dress insipid.

"Art is long," began the man who was fond of quoting. "Huh!" grunted the poor artist; "sometimes it isn't long enough to make both ends meet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infalible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

To SUIT THE MOST EXACTING EPICURE—Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for May 18th to 24th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 24, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shaves, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like U. S. Coup. 4% Old, Associated Oil Co., etc.

Table with columns: Stocks, Water, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Mercantile T. Co., Hawaiian C. S., etc.

The market has been one of general decline. The sugar stocks have been weak, with the exception of Onomea, which sold up two and a quarter points to 38 1/2 on sales of 675 shares.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Rush 24 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

238 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1960.

J. P. HOPKINS

STOCK BROKER Comstock, Tonopah, Goldfield, and Bullfrog Stocks traded in.

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THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers on topics of interest to everybody. The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every store.

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We've made a study of camping and know just what's needed. Ask about our specially arranged provision boxes, containing necessities and appetizing delicacies—fresh and best quality. Packed for one day, six days, or any number of days. These boxes save you time, worry, and expense. Delivered free to your nearest station. Send for our printed camping lists.

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This year's edition "VACATION 1905" contains 200 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, etc., with terms from \$7.00 per week up.

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From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

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Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
New York—London Direct.

New York	June 3	Haverford	June 17
New York	June 10	Friesland	June 24

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ANTWERP—DOVER—LONDON—PARIS

New York	June 3	Vaderland	June 17
New York	June 10	Kronland	June 24

WHITE STAR LINE.
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

New York	May 31	Majestic	June 14
New York	June 2	Cedric	June 16
New York	June 7	Baltic	June 21

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
New York—London Direct.

New York	June 8, July 13, August 17	London	June 14
New York	June 22, July 20, August 24	London	June 21

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Accidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:

1. Doric, Saturday, July 1.
2. Coptic, Wednesday, Aug. 2 (Calling at Manila)

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Through Tickets at reduced rates. Freight and passage apply at company's office. Merchants Exchange, 7th floor.
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1. Alameda, for Honolulu only, May 27, at 11 A. M.
2. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, June 8, at 2 P. M.
3. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 1, at 11 A. M.
4. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 653 Market St. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and Miss Eleanor Morgan have returned from the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay will spend the summer at Harbor Hill, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Dutton, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Grimwood made up a party which visited Byron Hot Springs on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Black are sojourning for a few weeks at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Mahel Watkins, of Sausalito, has returned from the Philippines.

Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, N. Y., is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stockdale Grayrigge departed last week for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William Dargie, of Oakland, is having a residence built on Vallejo Street, near Gough Street, and when it is completed will make this city her future home.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., expect to occupy within a short time their new residence on Pacific Avenue and Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Pease, and Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge departed on Monday for Europe. They expect to remain abroad until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney have gone East, and will join Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney at their camp in Maine.

Mrs. John Mackay and the Princess Colonna have sailed from New York for Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Seward Wehh will spend the summer at Shellburne Farm, in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark and Miss Agnes Tohin have returned from Jerome, Ariz.

Mrs. C. B. Stone and her daughter, Miss Emily Stone, expect to leave for the Yosemite Valley in a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Freeman are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., will remain on Long Island until July.

Miss Octavia Holden leaves to-day (Saturday) for Los Angeles, on a visit of several weeks to her sister, Mrs. Charles Stockton Pope.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, owing to the recent death in Italy of her niece, Miss Geraldine Boardman, has given up her trip to Europe. She will spend the summer partly with her sister, Mrs. Boardman, at her country place at Southampton, Long Island, and partly with relatives in New England and Canada.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is expected home soon from abroad. She will spend the summer at Newport.

Miss May Sutton sailed from New York on Sunday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond are in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins was among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Fife and Miss Beatrice Fife have gone to Palo Alto for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore and Miss Carol Moore will spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Hiram A. Tubbs was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. de Golia, Miss de Golia, Mr. J. O. Cadman, and Mr. F. S. Stratton, of Oakland, spent several days recently at the Hotel Rafael.

Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Macon have gone to the Grand Cañon, Colorado, and from there will go East, spending some two months in Georgia, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier will leave within a day or two for Sonora, where they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory G. Fraser for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson are in Mill Valley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Metcalf, Mrs. Edward Fowler, and Mr. John B. Metcalf, of Berkeley, went to Byron Hot Springs by automobile on Saturday, returning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle were among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and family sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant were in Germany when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton sailed from New York last week for Europe.

Miss Helen Hyde is expected here soon on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. David Bixler. She will sail from Yokohama for San Francisco on June 3d.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cuyler Smith sailed from New York for Europe on May 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Houghteling, of Chicago, have been guests at the Hotel St. Francis during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Minor, Mrs. W. H. Minor, and Miss Minor spent Saturday and Sunday at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. Richard Sprague, Miss Sprague, Miss Fanny Sprague, Miss Alice Sprague, and Miss

Oxnard have taken a residence in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander are occupying their country place at Tuxedo.

Mr. Charles Baldwin is here from Colorado for a short visit.

Among the week's arrivals at the Riverside Hotel, Santa Cruz Mountains, were Mr. Roy A. Badt, Mr. A. W. Nordwell, Mr. Harry W. Darling, Mr. Harold Farnsworth Gray, Mr. Jeffrey Schweitzer, Mr. Edward L. Stenge, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. White, Mrs. Frances Bridge, and Mr. G. Corwin Keyes.

Among the week's visitors at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. David T. Hanbury, of London, Mr. G. G. Hadley, of Toledo, Mr. W. B. Boardman, of Colorado Springs, Mr. W. C. McInerney, of Honolulu, Mr. E. O. Miller, of Visalia, Colonel G. C. Royce, of Chico, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn, Colonel M. W. Brady, and Mr. Levi L. Roos.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. George R. Newhall, Judge and Mrs. B. A. Dornin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cheney, Mrs. Irwin, Miss Irwin, Mr. M. E. Griffith, Mr. Charles K. Lipman, Mr. R. H. Lloyd, Mr. Arthur B. Watson, Mr. J. A. Healy, Mr. H. T. Scott, Mr. H. H. Scott, Mr. W. P. Scott, Mr. Samuel Hopkins, and Mr. Howard S. Morton.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Rittler and Miss R. Walter, of New York, Mr. S. M. Phillips, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hutchinson, Mrs. W. D. Squires, Mrs. S. E. Murry, Miss M. A. Marriner, Mr. J. Lawson, Mr. H. C. Phillips, Mr. P. S. Baker, Mr. L. Williams, Mr. G. Sutro, Mr. E. J. Vogel, Mr. J. H. Speck, Mr. W. J. P. Lawton, Mr. R. J. Soutter, Mr. F. W. Grace, Mr. H. L. Cook, and Mr. N. Bowden.

Bunker Hill Day.

The executive committee of the Bunker Hill Association is completing arrangements for its forty-fourth annual celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The celebration will take place at Los Gatos on June 17th. Senator George C. Perkins will be president of the day, the Hon. Samuel M. Saortridge will deliver the oration, patriotic songs will be rendered by a male quartet, and Alfred Wilkie will sing a song, entitled "The Sword of Bunker Hill." The following societies will participate in the celebration: the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, the California Society of the Native Sons of Vermont, the Society of California Pioneers, as well as other patriotic New England societies. Excursion trains will be run, and the 1st Corps Cadets, with hand and drum corps, will take part in the celebration.

Raphael Peixotto, an old resident of this city, died on Monday. Mr. Peixotto was born in Ohio in 1837, and came to California in 1863. He was prominent in mercantile circles, and was, as well, a deep student of Semitic literature and history. He is survived by four children—Edgar O. Peixotto, the lawyer; Ernest Peixotto, the painter; Sydney Peixotto, who is interested in the public playground movement; and Miss Jessica Peixotto, the well-known student of economics.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

You Live in a Cottage, not an Echoing Hotel
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Season Opens **ROWARDENNAN** June 1, 1905
SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS
WM. G. DODGE, Lessee . . . BEN LOMOND, CAL.

Riverside Hotel and Cottages SANTA CRUZ CAL.
Thirty acres in beautiful lawns, shrubbery, flowers, and fruit. Near beach. Running water and electric lights. Bus and livery in connection. Rates reasonable. Send for booklet.
FRED BARSON, Proprietor.

The leading Hotel and Resort Place of the **SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS**
Is just 73 miles from S. F. on the main line of the Narrow Gauge R. R.
Comfort, Pleasure and Health are awaiting you at charming and beautiful Tuxedo.
FRANCIS W. SMITH, Manager.
Write for Booklet. Felton P. O.

REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the spring and summer at Hotel del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.
Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.
CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.
J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

BLITHEDALE

Mill Valley, California

The ideal Summer Resort of Marin County. Season from May 1st until October 1st. Local train direct to hotel meets all trains at Mill Valley (Fare 5 cents). Long-distance telephone "Blithedale."
J. A. ROBINSON.



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"THE ABBEY"

Now Open Cottages and Tents

Carriage connects with local trains
Rates \$10 to \$17.50

CLOYNE COURT—BERKELEY

APARTMENT HOTEL

A few high-class apartments will be available for summer months. Forty minutes, via Key Route, to San Francisco. One block from Euclid Ave. electric car-line. Marine view—away from winds and logs.
JAMES M. PIERCE, Manager

Season Opens **ROWARDENNAN** June 1, 1905
SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS
WM. G. DODGE, Lessee . . . BEN LOMOND, CAL.

Riverside Hotel and Cottages SANTA CRUZ CAL.
Thirty acres in beautiful lawns, shrubbery, flowers, and fruit. Near beach. Running water and electric lights. Bus and livery in connection. Rates reasonable. Send for booklet.
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Comfort, Pleasure and Health are awaiting you at charming and beautiful Tuxedo.
FRANCIS W. SMITH, Manager.
Write for Booklet. Felton P. O.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leslie Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weaver, of Berkeley, to Mr. Howard J. Huntington, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Huntington.

The engagement is announced of Miss C. L. Steiner, daughter of Mr. Peter S. Steiner, of Chicago, to Mr. C. H. Crocker.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Whittier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Whittier, of Oakland, to Mr. Edward S. Wick Cooley, of Marysville.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ella Sterrett, niece of Mrs. George Wheaton, of Oakland, to Mr. Edwin Parbur.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charolotta Klemm, of St. Louis, to Captain Charles I. Boyd, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Bernadette Robinson, daughter of Mrs. Luke Robinson, to Lieutenant David Trezzi, of the Italian army, took place in Rome on Thursday. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Harrington Moore, Mrs. George Tallant was matron of honor, Lieutenant and Mrs. Trezzi, after a time spent in traveling, will reside in Sicily.

The wedding of Miss Florence Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benton Turner, of New York, to Mr. Simon T. Price, Jr., of St. Louis, took place on Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. Frederick Clappett. Miss Grace Doane was bridesmaid, Mr. Earle Robinson acted as best man, Mr. and Mrs. Price will reside in St. Louis.

The wedding of Miss Nelle Carpenter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, to Mr. Samuel C. Foltz, took place Saturday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 1494 Fulton Street. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock by Rev. Mr. Bell. There were no attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Foltz have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Mrs. Emily Rathbun to Mr. R. Porter Ashe took place at Bethlehem, Pa., on Monday.

Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday. Others at table were Mrs. L. A. Kelley, Mrs. Frank Fredericks, Mrs. Aylett Cotton, Mrs. Robert Wallace, Mrs. F. A. Pinney, Mrs. John M. Swift, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst, Mrs. Addie M. Krebs, Mrs. J. E. Tucker, Mrs. J. M. Litchfield, Mrs. Wallace Carpenter, Mrs. Alice B. Chittenden, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. Davis Louderback, Mrs. Cyrus Wright, Mrs. Willis Perkins, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. Wesley A. Gordon, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Eugene Chauvet, Mrs. William P. Buckingham, Miss Maude A. Smith, and Miss Jennie Partridge.

A dinner was given at the Bohemian Club on Monday night to Eugen Ysaye, the violinist.

Mrs. William Lynham Shiels gave a luncheon in Oakland on Sunday in honor of Miss Florence White.

Mr. Jerome B. Landfield gave a luncheon on Monday at the Clarendon Club, Oakland, in honor of Sir Henry Tichborne.

Oregon's Exposition Ready.

When the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition at Portland opens its gates on Thursday, June 1st the big fair will be complete in every detail. A positive declaration to that effect has been made by President H. W. Goode.

"The bulk of construction has long been done," he said, "leaving only the finishing touches to be given to the landscaping this spring, and the installing of exhibits has proceeded with such speed that there has never been any question about our ability to be ready on time."

"As the exposition will continue for only four and a half months, compared to five, six or seven months at other world's fairs, our own best interests have required that we should have a completed exposition on the opening day. His situation, I am happy to say, we have been able to meet, aided by excellent weather throughout the winter for construction, favorable conditions for labor and material, and the cordial cooperation of all interested in the success of the enterprise. The exposition will be substantially as complete on the opening day as when it closes."

The Lewis and Clark Centennial is the first

international exposition under the patronage of the United States Government ever held west of the Rocky Mountains. Although not so large as some former expositions, it is still a world's fair in every sense, and, unlike its predecessors, it combines with its broad scope the idea of compactness without crowding in the laying out of its buildings.

The exposition occupies four hundred and six acres of the most beautiful site ever utilized for such a purpose. A natural lake, two hundred and twenty acres in extent, takes the place of the grand basins of former fairs, and there is no need to build papier-mache mountains as scenic accessories.

Situated as it is at the base of the low range of hills surrounding Portland, with an unobstructed view of sixty-five miles, which embraces four snow-capped mountain peaks, the fair-site presents a picture entirely original in exposition building.

Almost every nation is represented in the exposition by a comprehensive display, and the best of the exhibits which foreign countries sent to St. Louis have been transferred to Portland, and have been supplemented by new features. The United States exhibit represents an outlay of \$800,000, and is confined to five buildings.

The Navy Department shows a live exhibit of a fleet of cruisers and battle-ships anchored in the Willamette River. Visitors may inspect the fighting ships, and daily drills will be given on board. Fifteen States are officially represented, and twelve of them have erected handsome buildings.

In Chicago one took in the Midway. In St. Louis one went down the Pike. Visitors to Portland will hit the Trail when they travel along the street of concessions to take in the sideshows.

Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., on Wednesday visited the department rifle range at Point Bonita, Lime Point military reservation, and called on Colonel Luigi Lomia, U. S. A., commanding Fort Baker.

Major William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter, of the Presidio, Monterey, have been guests during the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Major Cassius E. Gillette, U. S. A., has returned from Montreal.

Major Henry M. Morrow, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morrow are spending a few days at the Hotel del Monte.

Major C. R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff were guests during the week at Byron Hot Springs.

General D. S. Gordon, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gordon arrived last week from Washington, D. C.

Major J. Walker Benet, U. S. A., ordnance department, Benicia arsenal, has been appointed chief ordnance officer of the department.

Colonel George M. Dunn, Judge-Advocate, Department of California, U. S. A., has leased a residence in San Rafael, which he will occupy with his family. Colonel Dunn and family are at present at the Hotel Rafael.

Colonel Gaines Lawson, U. S. A., was a recent visitor at Byron Hot Springs.

Captain A. W. Bjornstad, U. S. A., who was a guest at the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, at Mountain View, has departed for Fort Snelling.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Barnett, U. S. M. C., arrived from the Asiatic station last week on his way to Washington, D. C.

Entertainment for Old Ladies' Home.

The young peoples' auxiliary to the board of managers of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, organized January, 1902, for the purpose of refitting and keeping in order the rooms of the ladies residing at the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, will give its second entertainment, "Mother Goose's Market," at the home building, Golden Gate Avenue, between Central and Masonic Avenues, on Saturday afternoon and evening, June 3d, between the hours of two and five and eight and eleven. Various articles will be sold, and there will be a dramatic and musical programme. A special matinee for children will be given in addition. The patrons are as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Boardman, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Dorr, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hamm, Dr. and Mrs. Sidney Worth, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Buckingham, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. J. G. Clark, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Woodward.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, has gone on a month's trip east. He will visit many of the larger educational institutions of the Middle West and the Atlantic Coast. It is announced that during his journey he will interview a number of new men for vacant places in the faculty at Berkeley.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schiesler Bros., 119 GRAY STREET.

A. Hirschman.

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry

DECORATION DAY VERSE.

Memorial Day.

From out our crowded calendar One day we pluck to give; It is the day the Dying pause To honor those who live.

—McLandburgh Wilson in the Atlantic Monthly.

Memorial Day.

Draw aside the drapery of gloom, And let the sunshine chase the clouds away And gild with brighter glory every tomb We decorate to-day:

And in the holy silence reigning round, While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere, Where loyal souls of love and faith are found, Thank God that peace is here!

And let each angry impulse that may start, Be smothered out of every loyal breast; And, rocked within the cradle of the heart, Let every sorrow rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley in the Reader.

Samuel G. Murphy has donated twenty thousand dollars to the Golden Gate Park fund for the purpose of building a Dutch windmill in the south-west corner of the park, to be used in pumping the water necessary to irrigate that section.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

—WANTED—BY A YOUNG WOMAN STUDENT OF Stanford University, employment for the summer vacation. Address "M. S.," Box 776, Stanford, Cal.

—DAINTY LUNCHEON FOR LADY SHOPPERS—Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

Pears'

Soap, like books, should be chosen with discretion. Both are capable of infinite harm.

The selection of Pears' is a perfect choice and a safeguard against soap evils.

Matchless for the complexion.

Full Dress, Tuxedo, and Prince Albert Suits

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Now at 21 Stockton Street, second floor Phone Bush 484.



SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

On Monday, May 15th, the Security Savings Bank opened its new building, 316 Montgomery Street, a building unique in architecture and in material used, and in keeping with the progress of this city. "Technically, it is Class 'A,'" that is, a building of steel construction, concrete floor-arches, terra-cotta fire proofing, and all that makes a strictly modern fire-proof structure. The street-facing is of white marble, and the order of architecture is Ionic. The same order of architecture is maintained in the interior of the bank, giving a most pleasing effect. Verde antique and Pavanazzo marble are used in wainscoting, counters, etc., while the grill work above the counters is bronze. The entire interior fittings are of stone or metal, and the vault is of chrome steel, burglar-proof, electrically protected, Marble is used for floors, for lavatories and stairways. There is a most comfortable sitting room for women, and the directors' room in the second story is designed and furnished to meet the requirements of the handsome fittings of the public part of the bank. A brief history of the bank will doubtless be of interest, as its organization goes back to a period when many of our prominent business men were, if alive, at least in the pinacore stage.

The Security Savings Bank was organized in March, 1871, with a capital of \$300,000, the first directorate being composed of the following leading business men of their day:

John Parrott, F. D. Atherton, Adam Grant, James Otis, Jerome Lincoln, James D. Walker, John Morton, I. Friedlander, and W. F. Babcock,

The bank has always enjoyed a prosperous and conservative existence, paying its depositors as large a rate of interest as compatible with absolute security. Recently the growth of San Francisco has been such that the shareholders increased the authorized capital from \$300,000 to \$1,000,000, of which \$500,000 is paid up, and in keeping with the enlarged sphere of the bank the present building was erected.

The officers and directors are:

DIRECTORS

WM. BARCOCK, Parrott & Co. S. L. ABBOT, Security Savings Bank O. D. BALDWIN, O. D. Baldwin & Son JOSEPH D. GRANT, Murphy, Grant & Co. E. J. MCCUTCHEM, Page, McCutchen & Knight L. F. MONTEAGLE, Capitalist R. H. PEASE, Pres. Goodyear Rubber Co. WARREN D. CLARK, Williams, Dimond & Co. JAS. L. FLOOD, Capitalist J. A. DONOHUE, Pres. Donohoe-Kelly Banking Co. JOHN PARROTT, Capitalist JACOB STERN, Pres. Levi Strauss & Co.

WILLIAM BARCOCK, President S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President and Manager FRED W. RAY, Secretary SIDNEY V. SMITH, Attorney

Banking by mail is a feature recently introduced in order to reach those living remote from savings bank facilities.

ROYAL Baking Powder. Makes bread in an hour—no standing over night. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

NOTES FROM VENICE.

The Cathedral of San Marco—Easter Church Processions—The New Patriarch of Venice—Some Royal Visitors.

There is no cathedral I know that is so well adapted for witnessing church processions as is San Marco of Venice. It is cozy at the same time that it is grand; the atmosphere is agreeable at any season of the year; and there is a narrow gallery perched midway between the outer walls and the centre of the plan connecting the broad gallery over the entrance with numerous more or less commodious ones, situate among the major supports of the structure. These interior galleries connect also with a series outside the cathedral, which enable one to look comfortably down upon the piazza, the piazzetta, and the patriarchal court, or the Court of the Lions, in front of the Patriarchal Palace. From the inside galleries a procession may be seen at many points of its progress; the sermonizing of the patriarch may be intimately enjoyed; and, around Easter, the fashion-prescribed millinery of the new social year may be seen to the best advantage.

There is no place in the cathedral where the music of organ, orchestra, and choir may not be enjoyed equally well; and free circulation about the whole enclosure seems to be assured by the happy arrangement of the spaces, while the unconscious disposition of the multitude, no matter how large the crowd or how interesting the occasion, permits movement in any direction. The plan of the structure somehow lends to the breaking up of masses of people, and does not tend to pack them in inextricable tangle, as is often the case in church arrangement. This freedom from jamming is also noticeable in the galleries. They are only wide enough in places for two slender persons to pass each other, and then only by each drawing in his breath at the moment of passing. Convenient widenings behind the great square columns relieve congestion, and permit fat persons to signal to each other from either end of a narrow connection in time to avoid mutual obstruction in the centre.

From almost any point of any of the galleries a view of almost any point within the screen around the high altar may be had through some of the openings, or looking between the statues of the apostolic group surmounting the screen.

Around Easter, for more than a week, there is something going on in the Cathedral of San Marco every day or evening. The principal ceremonies are the washing of the feet of twelve poor old men by the patriarch, and the "procession of the relics." This year Saint Mark's Day—the great *fiesta* of Venice, April 25th—occurred on the day following Easter Monday; and the opening of the Sixth Biennial Art Exposition, with royalty attending, was arranged to follow Saint Mark's Day, making a gay festival season covering two weeks.

It was particularly interesting this year to look down upon the new patriarch as he said mass, or as he preached to the multitude in his rich, full voice; and to see him as closely as might be desired as he circulated about the old Byzantine architectural masterpiece over which he presides in princely state, in the holy processions which close the lenten period. It was interesting to think that he, too, might succeed to a place in the Papal line, as did his simple and democratic predecessor; but, as lightning is said never to strike twice in the same place, it is now less likely that San Marco will again become a stepping-stone to the Papacy than it was before the recent election, prior to which it had never occurred. Such are the chances; but not necessarily the rule. The present patriarch is a superb, priestly figure, with abundant weight of dignity and over-nourishment, and has all the earnestness, enthusiasm, and industry of his predecessor in the See, and whose choice he is in filling the envied position of Patriarch of Venice.

This recent Easter, German royalty was conspicuously represented by the eldest sister of the German Kaiser, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Her royal highness is not brilliantly beautiful in the style of La Morossini, the Venetian countess whom her imperial brother so ardently admires, but she is very stately withal, and in spite of her small stature. The princess has a Madonna-like face, neither Italian, nor Spanish, nor Flemish in character, but wholesome and sisterly.

The King of the Belgians also has been here recently, but in strict incognito; the Shah of Persia is coming for a considerable stay; the King of Greece and the Prince of Montenegro are often here; and Don Carlos, the Spanish ex-pretender, luxuriating in his pathetic exile and isolation, bangs the banner of pretending royalty on the outer walls of the Palazzo Loredan, and also at both ends of the royal gas-line launch; and, always accompanied by his royal Danish bound, is a perpetual reminder that Venice is a favorite royal resort.

VENICE, May 3, 1905. VAN FLETCU.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN COBALT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 745 MARKET STREET.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats. Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 746 Market Street.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "Constance Trescott," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.
2. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
3. "The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart.
4. "Autobiography of Andrew D. White."
5. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elionor Glyn.
2. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
4. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.
5. "The Fire of Spring," by Margaret Potter.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "Isidro," by Mary Austin.
2. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. "Autobiography of Andrew D. White."
4. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
5. "The Man on the Box," by Harold MacGrath.

Ysaye, the violinist, will say good-by to San Francisco music-lovers at the farewell concert to be given by him to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at the Columbia Theatre. The programme for the afternoon will include some of the biggest numbers in the artist's repertoire for this year. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music-store. A popular scale of prices has been arranged for this matinee. Among the numbers to be rendered are the Mendelssohn concerto, the Bruch concert in G-minor, and the Faust fantasia by Wieniawski.

The way up Mt. Tamalpais—within less than two hours of San Francisco—is over the crookedest railway in the world; and one on arriving there sees not only the finest view in California, but has at his disposal the comforts of the Tavern of Tamalpais.

—TOWNSEND'S CALIFORNIA GLACE FRUITS, in artistic fire-etched boxes 10 Kearny Street and new store now open, 767 Market Street.

Teeth preserved to middle age are pretty sure to last out one's lifetime. The great preservative of teeth is

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Liquid, Powder or Paste.
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Artificial Eyes AND Aids to Hearing Apparatus
The Largest Stock on the Pacific Coast
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THE PALACE HOTEL

Have you heard the pipe organ in the Palace Hotel Court?
Twice daily Herr Franz Adelman, the talented director, and an orchestra composed of a pipe organ, piano, violins, flute, and other instruments, give concerts in the Palm Garden of the Palace from 12:30 to 2 and from 6:30 to 9. They are the talk of the town.

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A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

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N. W. cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts.
Special reduced rates during June, July, and August.
FINEST FAMILY HOTELS ON THE COAST

THE BUCKINGHAM
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San Francisco's New and Exclusive Apartment Hotel.

American plan. European plan. Arrangement: 1 room with bath; 2 rooms with bath; and 3 and 4 rooms with 2 baths. Furnished or unfurnished.
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F. E. SIGNOR, Manager.
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MODERN APARTMENTS
Convenient to the principal car-lines.
All suites light and sunny
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HOTEL COLLINGWOOD
35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY
New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS 209 MONTGOMERY STREET

\$90,000—Post Street corner, not far from Mason; 3 frontage lot; 140 feet street frontage; stores, basement, and 4 floors above; 10 years secured lease; 2 tenants; clean 6 per cent net—bargain.

\$30,000—Business corner, Western Addition; 3 stores, basement, and 6 flats; building cost \$25,000; lot 68.9 feet frontage; rents \$2,850 annually.

\$32,500—Residence of 15 rooms and baths; cost over \$55,000 originally; stable for 6 horses and carriages; lot 75 x 137 1/2 feet; commanding panoramic view; must sell on account departure to Europe; reasonable offer will be entertained.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.
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The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.
RECEIVED GOLD MEDAL—HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR ST. LOUIS, 1904

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(The National Dish of the Hawaiians)
WITH RELISH
A natural health food
A great delicacy



A godsend to people who suffer from dyspepsia.
For sale by Goldberg, Bowen & Co., or sent prepaid by mail for 50 cents by
The Hawaiian Poi Flour Co.
HONOLULU, H. T.

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Manicuring, Hairdressing, Shampooing, Scalp and Face Massage
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Presidio Terrace
THE FIRST AND ONLY
Residence Park
In San Francisco

First Avenue, adjoining the Presidio Reservation

SUNNY EXPOSURE
PERFECT DRAINAGE

Panoramic View of Golden Gate Park and Ocean

Lots on Sale after June 1, 1905

Building restrictions which protect residents, but which are not onerous. Streets, sidewalks, park plots, trees, grass strips, street lighting under the care and control of a private company, insuring competent management at a minimum of expense.
Only 40 lots in the Terrace. Sizes run from 45 feet to 130 feet frontage. Prices reasonable. Terms to suit.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Pauline—"It is hardly fair to blame our faults on our ancestors." Penelope—"Oh, they blamed their faults on their ancestors." Ex.

Askitt—"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?" Digwell—"I don't believe in the survival of anybody; I am an undertaker."—Toton Topics.

"Can't I go out in the back yard and play in the garden, mamma?" "Certainly not child. You must stay in and study your nature books."—Life.

Little Clarence—"What do people mean when they say a man is right in the prime of life?" Mr. Callipers—"They mean, my son, to be considerate of an old man's feelings."—Puck.

"Do you think that republics are ungrateful?" "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "they may be more or less ungrateful, but they are not necessarily unremunerative."—Washington Star.

"Our cashier," said the bank president, "has recently acquired a half interest in a yacht." "Well," rejoined the vice-president, "I hope he won't become a full-fledged skipper."—Chicago News.

"He used to complain because he never got what he wanted to eat." "Yes, but he's very rich now." "Yes, and now he complains because he never wants what he gets to eat."—Philadelphia Press.

"How does it feel to be knocked out?" they asked him. "Well," said the defeated pugilist, "if ye git a third of the gate money, and the fight ain't long, it don't feel so durned bad."—Chicago Tribune.

Barter—"They say your uncle has cut you out of his will?" Carter—"Yes; but it won't make any difference if I can only get him to keep on playing bridge with me a few weeks longer."—Boston Transcript.

Gladys—"I call it an automobile engagement?" Maude—"What's an automobile engagement?" Gladys—"One that starts off all right, but nobody's quite dead sure that it will be able to keep on going."—Life.

Hoskins—"I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after." Wilkins—"I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too?"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Nuritch—"I want to get a pair of the most expensive gloves you got." Clerk—"Yes'm. How long do you want them?" Mrs. Nuritch—"Don't be impudent, young man. I want to buy 'em, not hire 'em."—Ex.

Miss Stocksanbons—"I thought I saw the baron come in. Where is he?" Mr. Stocksanbons—"He has just had an interview with me; and at present he is in the library trying to figure out whether he loves you or not."—Life.

An excited voice—"Hello, hello, is this the city editor? Well, one of your men down here at this fire has fallen down the elevator-shaft and is very badly hurt." Busy city editor—"Never mind; I'll send down another."—Commercial Tribune.

Dr. Wipe—"No, you haven't got appendicitis. Booze is all that ails you—stop drinking and you'll soon be well." Lushington—"Great heavens, Doc, don't say that. Why, I had no idea it was serious. I thought that all I needed was an operation or two!"—Ex.

Nell—"It's an opal ring Mr. Cheapside gave me." Bell (examining it)—"Er—do you like it?" Nell—"Yes, but there's that old superstition, you know. I'm afraid it will bring me bad luck." Belle—"Don't worry. The worst this could bring you would be an imitation of bad luck."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Give you a nickel?" said Miss De Style; "oh, no. I never dispense promiscuously thus. Why do you not obtain employment?" "Please, mum," was the timid reply, "I have a small baby, and people won't be bothered by a woman with a child." "Then, you absurd creature, why not leave the child at home with its nurse?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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He—"Do you read all the popular novels of the day?" She—"Gracious, no! I have just time to see how they end."—Ex.

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The arrival of a Russian warship off Iwami with a white flag, and the notification of the safety of the cruiser *Almaz* and two torpedo-boat destroyers, represent the total savings of the Czar's fleet from the wreckage of the great catastrophe. It is very doubtful whether any naval victory, where the forces engaged have been at all comparable to those in the present instance, has been so sweeping and so complete. Even the admirals have shared personally the humiliation of the forces which they command; for, according to the latest reports, they have all been captured, and are at present prisoners of war. There has not been even the saving grace of dramatic death to relieve the gloom of disgraceful and utter rout. The laconic dispatch, "All the ships of the Russian fleet have been either sunk or captured," is so near the truth that its slight inaccuracy only tends to show its general correctness. Togo reports that he has sunk or captured twenty-two Russian ships, including all the eight battle-ships of Rojestvensky's fleet. Admiral Togo, in one of his dis-

patches, as given out by the Japanese legation, says that on the evening of May 27th the Russian destroyer *Biedovg* was captured by the Japanese destroyer *Sazanami*, and that on the captured Russian ship were found Admiral Rojestvensky and the staff officers of his flagship, *Kniaz Suvaraff*, which had been sunk at half-past five in the evening of the same date. According to the reports, the result of the battle from May 27th to May 29th gave the following spoils to the Japanese: the battle-ships *Kniaz Suvaraff*, *Alexander III*, *Barodina*, *Dmitri Danskai*, *Admiral Nakhimaff*, *Manamach*, *Jamtchug*, *Admiral Oushakoff*, *Oslibia*, and *Navarin*, one converted cruiser and two destroyers, sunk; and *Nicholas I*, *Orel*, *Admiral Apraxin*, *Admiral Senjavin*, and the destroyer *Biedovg* captured.

Perhaps even more striking than the tremendous havoc wrought upon the Russian ships was the slight damage inflicted upon the Japanese, if the statements of Admiral Togo, as reported in the press dispatches, are to be entirely relied upon. He says: "The full particulars regarding the injury to our ships are not yet to hand, but so far as I could ascertain none were seriously injured, all being still engaged in operations." Against this there is nothing to be set except the reported statement of certain of the Russians who escaped to Vladivostock that they saw two Japanese warships sink and two cruisers badly injured. Certainly no great importance can be attached to such utterances. The Japanese have frequently been accused of minimizing their losses, but circumstances point to the fact that in comparison with the relative magnitude of the operations the slight loss suffered by the victor is as remarkable as that which marked the victories of the American fleet in the two naval battles of the Spanish war. Admiral Togo reports the casualties of the first division to be about two hundred. With this exceedingly slight loss, the Japanese succeeded in destroying an aggregate of 153,411 tons of Russian shipping. The details of the engagement are not yet to hand, but it appears that the Japanese strategy succeeded at every point, and that the crews of their vessels managed to place the Russians at a disadvantage from the commencement of the action, and displayed qualities of fight and seamanship against which the Muscovite struggled in vain.

From a technical standpoint, the engagement is particularly interesting in that the submarines are understood to have really proved their efficiency for the first time, even under conditions not usually considered best suited for the employment of this means of warfare, as the roughness of the sea on the first day of the engagement should theoretically have told against them. Sunday, however, was a particularly favorable day for the employment of submarines, torpedo-boats, and torpedo-boat destroyers, and the dispatches seem to indicate that the victory was for the most part achieved by these means, a conclusion which speaks volumes both for the scientific skill and personal bravery of the victors.

The annihilation of the Russian fleet may well cause Christendom to pause. Once we might have said "all Europe." But now the United States is a world-power, and must be reckoned with the world. No graver event has happened since Charles Martel checked the Saracen flood at the Battle of Tours.

This naval battle is more than a blow to the prestige of Russia. It is a menace to the entire white race. It is a warning to all the Western world. The steady advance of the Japanese land forces against Russia's broken battalions is also ominous. What is to save the twentieth century from seeing another Mongolian warlord, a new Genghis Khan? Certainly not the prowess

of Occidental armies or navies. Would any Occidental power to-day enter the field against Japan single-handed without a qualm? If so, what power?

Will this new power content itself with taking from Russia her Asiatic holdings? Will it not the rather encourage China to lift up her head, to shake off the hated Occidental yoke, to arm and let loose her swarming millions, and to make all the Asiatic coast Mongolian again? What will become of France's holdings on the Cochin-China coast? What of Germany's "sphere of influence" around Tsing Tau? What of Great Britain's crown colonies like Hong Kong? What of the United States' holdings in the Philippine Archipelago? And if Japan should endeavor to make these ex-Asiatic holdings Mongolian again, can the United States wage a more effective war at a distance of ten thousand miles from Washington than Russia has from Petersburg? Can Germany from the Wilhelm-Strasse? Or Great Britain from Downing Street?

Since the outbreak of this bloody and ill-starred war, the *Argonaut* has persistently deprecated Occidental encouragement of Japan. We hold no brief for Russia—no citizen of this free republic could have any feeling but that of contempt for Russia's corrupt autocracy. Yet there are more matters in peril than the Russian prestige or the Romanoff dynasty. There are at stake to-day the prestige of the Occident, the integrity and freedom of the white race. Still, in the entire press of the United States, the *Argonaut* has stood almost alone in pointing out this peril. The journals of this country have echoed those of Great Britain in their encouragement of Japan.

It was easy to understand Great Britain's motives. They were ignoble ones. Great Britain made an alliance with Japan, and, while apparently maintaining neutrality, has secretly aided Japan in her campaign in order to cripple Britain's ancient enemy, the Russian bear. But if Great Britain's motives were ignoble, those of the United States were not only ignoble but sordid as well. Babbling of the "open door"—that will-o'-the-wisp which our statesmen have been chasing, an "open door" which we want open on the Asian mainland, shut on the Philippines—the United States has feared that Russia would monopolize our markets on the Asiatic coast. Nothing could be more fantastic. Russia has not and may never be a manufacturing nation; her millions of untutored hinds can produce nothing but raw material for export. Therefore had Russia seized all of Corea and Manchuria, she would have made a market instead of a menace for our shop-keeping statesmen. As it is now, the whole Asiatic coast will speedily pass under the open dominion or the suzerainty of Japan.

The Japanese are distinctly a manufacturing people. Already they are selling imitations of American goods under forged brands in China and Corea. In not many years they will cease selling the goods under forged American brands, and will have replaced them with genuine Japanese brands through all of Eastern Asia, and the United States will lose entirely the "open door" and the "open market" which our statesmen have crawled through so much indirection to obtain.

So with the other Great Powers: for various selfish reasons they have secretly egged on this disastrous war. Thrifty Great Britain, aside from her political motives, has been selling millions of tons of Cardiff coal to Russia, with which to drive her ally's flag from the seas. Germany has been selling ships to Russia at preposterous prices—prices almost as high as those exacted by American patriots from our own government during the Spanish-American War of 1898. In fact, so numerous are the ships sold by Germany to Russia that for the first time in years the Hamburg-American Line has paid its stockholders a dividend—a thump-

benevolence of ten per cent. It is only now that Russia's crushing defeats on land and sea have so alarmed Germany that her statesmen and her journals are giving voice to their fears for Europe.

And they have reason for their alarm. Americans are brave; Britons are brave; Germans, French, Spanish, Italians, Austrians—all of these white soldiers are brave. But so are the Russians brave. No one can deny their courage in the face of their history. Where was ever braver or bloodier fighting done than that through the Balkan peninsula and in the Schipka Pass? Yet what Occidental bravery can withstand the fatalism and fanaticism of the Shintoist, of the Buddhist, of the Mohammedan? Do Western soldiers fight on equal ground with the fatalists of the East? History does not seem to say so. There is something in the fatalistic spirit of the Oriental which in battle is akin to madness. Who ever heard of white generals hurling whole armies of white soldiers to such certain death and destruction as the Japanese met at Port Arthur? The world has not forgotten the shambles in the Soudan, when the half-naked Dervishes, armed only with spears and knives, threw themselves in compact masses on Kitchener's artillery. They could not be stopped. They could not be checked. They could only be killed. And they were blown into bloody bits by the fire from the machine-guns. Now these Orientals have machine-guns of their own. They are meeting the West with Western weapons, and the West must have a care. We have trained them to war. We have taught them tactics. We have shown them how to build battle-ships. They are docile pupils—they have studied the art of war; they seem to have acquired it quite well; they do honor to their instructors; they build very practical battle-ships; when they lack the time to build more, they capture a few. We have sown the wind. Are we to reap the whirlwind?

The idea that the British Government has decided not to appeal to the country this year is gaining ground, and the opposition, balking in the agitation which has taken for its motto, "Turn the government out," is annoyed, not to say exasperated. This feeling has found expression in one of those turbulent scenes with which the usually decorous House of Commons occasionally likes to scandalize the world, and to bring a certain amount of discredit upon itself. This particular fracas was of sufficient magnitude to provoke comparison with the splendid shindies which marked Mr. Gladstone's administration during the Irish agitation in the early eighties. Mr. Balfour was understood to have given a pledge earlier in the session that the fiscal policy should not be made a matter of governmental legislation until the constituencies had considered the question and pronounced upon it at the general election. He has now so far modified this pledge that he has stated the intention of the government to take up the matter of colonial preferential tariffs. This provoked the Liberals to wrath, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman categorically accused the prime minister of violating his undertaking, an accusation which seems to be a little far-fetched in the face of the facts. To everybody's surprise the premier did not condescend to answer the accusations in person, but put up the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to perform that task. At once uproar broke out, and the Liberals, angered at what they considered to be cavalier treatment, created such a disturbance that the prime minister was forced to appeal to the House for a hearing for his deputy. He explained his own abstention from the debate upon the grounds that he was "a prisoner at the dock," and wanted to hear the charges made against him before he put in his defense. This did not improve the feeling of the opposition, and the Speaker was obliged, in order to quell the disorder, to put into force the new rule which empowers him to adjourn the House in case of grave disorder. The facts of the matter appear to be that Balfour and Chamberlain have arrived at some understanding on the tariff question, and that they have agreed to postpone the dissolution until after the first Colonial Conference, which will meet in London in the spring of 1906.

At the time of the war with Spain, much was heard of the desire of the European powers to squeeze the United States. That desire is again becoming evident. In this matter the wish is so evidently the father of the thought that the statements of a portion of the Continental press, showing the usual inability of the European journalist to comprehend this country or its policy, are really funny. Thus the *Kreuz Zeitung*, an influential organ of states, with really ludicrous serenity, that the President has "hurriedly" terminated his trip because his policy is not progressing as

smoothly, as he would desire. Other Teutonic journals state more bluntly that pressure has been brought to bear upon our government for the sake of detaching it from sympathy with the British-Japanese policy in the Far East. Both English and French papers convey somewhat similar notions, and there is a wide-spread idea that the policy of the Kaiser is just now being directed to the bringing of sufficient weight to bear upon this country to cause it to join in the world-conference in which Russia sees a chance of terminating the war, and of which that power is very desirous. Germany is a supporter of this policy, to which Japan objects very strenuously, and is supported in her objections by Great Britain. The idea therefore prevails that the Kaiser is inducing the powers of Europe, to bring this pressure upon the United States, and is himself contributing his share by raising awkward questions in connection with the tariff, as well as by interference with the American policy in Venezuela, Morocco, and China. The bugbear of South American expansion still seems to haunt the minds of German politicians, and it is said that Berlin will insist upon a satisfactory arrangement with regard to that part of the Continent before she ceases to inspire the pressure which the Continental countries are at least supposed to be exercising against this country. It would seem that some European pressure is being applied, and it is very certain from the tone of the German press that the feelings of that country toward ourselves are by no means altogether friendly.

The Russian Government, much to the surprise of the diplomatic corps and the officials of the State Department, has seen fit to order the transfer of Count Cassini from Washington to Madrid. No reasons are given other than the usual formal ones, and it therefore appears evident that the government of the Czar had some special policy in the matter, which it is not convenient at present to make public. The statement is made by the friends of the ambassador that the removal is really a promotion. To the citizen of this country who contemplates the disparity in strength and influence between the two positions, this will seem absurd, but there is little doubt that technically speaking the Madrid legation ranks above that of Washington in the eyes of the old-school diplomats, who are governed by precedence and the red tape attached usually to diplomatic proceedings. No practical-minded person can doubt, however, that even in the eyes of the Russian autocracy the post at Washington calls for a stronger and abler man than would be chosen in the ordinary course of events to fill the position at Madrid. Whatever the theory of diplomatic preferment may be, there is no question that Count Cassini himself must regard it in the light of a sort of humiliation rather than as a preferment. It would not perhaps be polite to commiserate with him, but it certainly would not be discreet to congratulate him. Baron Rosen is to be his successor, and the court of St. Petersburg evidently expects a different sort of work from the baron than it has received from the count, with all his diplomatic gifts and his undoubted popularity. It has been suggested that the unpopularity of Russia, which has been so obvious during the war, has been a source of annoyance to the Russian foreign office, and the baron is expected to change the current of American opinion. But things have gone too far to make such an explanation of the change entirely satisfactory. Is it not more likely that the imperial government desires as a representative a man of Rosen's well-known diplomatic strength to represent its interests in the endless discussion which is likely to arise in connection with peace negotiations? Russia is looking to the future, and is in all probability choosing the man considered the most capable of managing a complicated and dangerous diplomatic mission. But whatever reasons of state may lie behind the change, it is undoubtedly a little hard on Count Cassini.

Just why the Senate has never been able to pass a pure-food bill is rousing discussion at the present time when the crusade against adulterated food and drink has reached the sound basis of science. It is pointed out that every time such a measure as will make purity in either pickle or jam or whisky an essential to its exposure for sale is brought up, there is an immediate and dark mysterious power that seems to throw the shadow of defeat over it. According to some, it is the Whisky Trust that is fighting the necessity of labeling all mixed and compounded liquors. Others assert that the big corporations dealing in every article of food are vehemently opposed to any bill which will cut into their profits. The patent-medicine man is arrayed against it, and the druggist considers that such legislation is an invasion of the rights of citizenship. The present pure-food bill has an even worse enemy to fight than had

some of its legislative ancestors. It is openly said that a fund of \$250,000 is being raised as a campaign fund to prevent the outlawing of poisoned food.

All this opposition, fortunately, apart from that of a few Southern senators, who think such a bill is an infringement of States' rights, is on the side which has little to do with the public welfare. The mere fact that this firm and compact body of adulterators is in opposition to a measure openly for the people's health, makes it dangerous for legislators to be too candid in their obedience to the lobby. There may be money in insisting that the American must take his victuals with a grain of poison, but there is very little honor. All senators are honorable: ergo, your pure-food bill must eventually pass.

The bone of all the real contention lies in the inclusion of alcoholic liquors among the foods. Naturally, if the American wants not only his biscuits but his beer to be genuine and unmixed with small poisons, he has the beer-maker as well as the baker to fight. At the bottom of it all is the rather despicable desire of the manufacturers to get rich in any possible way, even if a few sickly babies and dyspeptic adults die from too much saltpetre and borax. In the present struggle, of course, the adulterators are mightily helped by their wares. Does some one speak too shrewdly of this, our brand? Send him a case, see that his grocer supplies him with it, and forthwith you have won your suit, your suitor being too busy with a doctor and his will to go a-lobbying.

There has been serious trouble between the sugar planters in the Hawaiian Islands and their Japanese laborers. The Island of Maui was for a time almost in a state of siege, and it was only after the display of force on the part of the Territory that peace was in a measure restored. Being so remote, the disturbance was unfelt in this country, but its cause and its portent are easily discernible here by those who are not blinded by the epigrams of folk who would lead us to believe that brown and white are indeed blood-brothers. A Japanese is the same the world over.

Here in California the Japanese laborer is a very important part of the working population. He is employed on the ranch and in the factory; his shops are on every street; his swarthy and foreign face is in every gathering on the street corner. We have practically driven the Chinese out of industrial life, and his felt-shod feet no longer make our sidewalks slippery as polished marble. In his rather peaceful and unobtrusive stead we have the leather-shod Japanese—alert, inquisitive, wearing American clothes, and cocky as any bantam. When will he suddenly assume the final aggressiveness, and strike?

That the presence of large numbers of Japanese will lead to trouble, the *Argonaut* has steadily maintained. It has as constantly pointed out that the Chinese and the Japanese differ, and that the cause which will finally bring the American and the Japanese into conflict will be one not wholly a matter of wages and competition. The Chinese no longer gives us a race problem. He was content to work, to save his money, and then depart in the Asiatic steamer with a sack of coin, in the hope of a blessed existence in a little village among the paddy fields.

On the other hand, we are now receiving hundreds every month of bright, quick, and sturdy men who have ambitions, whose country is too small, who have met one European power and held their own. They demand equal rights with the American citizen. They get cross when a school is shut to them, and they vehemently protest to the Department of State if anything goes not to their liking. They are building hotels and buying ranches. The land is good and they want it. Lesser causes have led to war.

Whether exclusion is possible or practicable after this long forbearance, is doubtful. It would be a hard thing to pass a law now similar to that under which the Chinese have been shut out. We have them, we can not assimilate them; we are faced with the eternal problem to which the answer has always been that two races of different origin, of different inheritance, morals, and religion can not long dwell together in unity.

Wilson Marshall's American boat, *Atlantic*, has earned double honors. Not only did she win the yacht-race from America to England for the Kaiser's cup, but she established new records. She made the run of 3,034 nautical miles in twelve days, four hours, and twenty-two minutes. Practically, she made it in eleven days, sixteen hours, and twenty-two minutes, for when she reached Bishop's Rock, within thirty-one miles of the finish, a calm came, and it was nearly twelve hours later that she crossed the line that marked the end of the race. The best sailing for one day was three

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hundred and forty-one miles, thirteen miles more than the best previous record, made by the *Dauntless* in 1888. In 1867, the *Sapho* sailed from New York to Queenstown in twelve days, nine hours, and thirty minutes, and that record had stood up to the present time. It was thought, from news brought by incoming ships, that the German boat, *Hamburg*, would lift the cup, but she finished twenty-two hours behind the *Atlantic*, and was followed twenty-three hours later by the British boat, the *Valhalla*. It was an interesting contest, and a decisive, clean-cut victory, due, in a great measure, to the skillful seamanship of the skipper, Captain Charles Barr.

Edward J. Smith, former tax collector of San Francisco, has achieved his course, and another knight of the Tenderloin has been gathered to his fellow-grafters, his shield painted in stripes, and his lance locked up in the jailer's property-room. The whole matter is, as the papers say, ended for Smith, who was sentenced to ten years in Folsom prison by Superior Judge Lawlor, in the presence of a crowd of Smith's former companions in that industry which fills the pockets of the Wise People.

The whole thing has been largely a Tenderloin family matter. The characters in this dubious drama have all been of it, from it, and steeped in it. There has been no touch of honor about it, no sudden flash of manliness—all soggy, flabby, degenerate humanity, feeding like snails on anything "green." And Smith was very green and a very good thing all around. His loss will be felt deeply—not the loss of a good fellow, but the loss of the Bank Roll. This loss, it must be admitted, is not confined in narrow limits. Nearly every one in the Tenderloin has touched our tax collector, and naturally nearly every one thinks that he has been the victim of misfortune in having so easy a source of income suddenly put in stripes and carted weeping to prison. For there is more joy in the Tenderloin over one sinner that yieldeth up freely than over ninety and nine just persons guarding their employers' money.

The close of this little and rather dull play is not much more inspiring than the beginning. The "good fellow" loses flesh and weeps on street corners while his guards light their cigars. He calls out the name of the one woman, his wife, who knew him in honor, and falls to bewailing his "weakness" in having disgraced her. He "comforts" his family by assuring them that he will be paroled and will be "back inside of a year." Possibly Mr. Edward J. Smith will be back in a year. If he is, it will be because he has filched sympathy as he has taken public money. But his return will not be hailed rejoicingly by the old gay fellows of the Tenderloin. Edward will press his nose against the lighted panes and view another Good Thing being parted from his money to the clink of glasses and the roar of laughter.

The arrival this week of Colonel Daniel M. Burns, after a two years' absence in Mexico, is a subject of gossip among local politicians. Several of them met him at Los Angeles, but he would not state definitely how prominent a part he would take in the coming municipal campaign. He did say, however, in a subsequent interview, that he would not work in the Schmitz-Ruef interests, but would certainly enlist under the Republican banner.

It is reported that the Republican League will appoint a committee of ten for each district in the city, these committees to have full charge of the primaries in their respective districts. The members are also empowered, according to rumor, to settle all difficulties and disputes that arise within their assembly boundaries.

Meanwhile, according to the *Examiner*, enthusiastic meetings are being held in many districts, especially those south of Market, and leaders and citizens in great numbers are presenting themselves at league headquarters and declaring fealty to reform. It is said that they have been assured that they will have home rule, and that no boss shall dictate to them as to their political course.

An interesting phase of the situation is Governor Pardee's alleged interest in the local campaign. Gossip credits him with anxiously desiring renomination, and the chief with opposing him. It is pointed out that if the chief forces win in November, thus giving him control of the San Francisco delegation to the Republican State Convention, and if Hayes (who, it is said, is the chief's choice for governor) can dominate the Santa Clara delegation, the combination will be hard to beat. Meanwhile, Harbor Commissioner Crocker is credited with being a Pardee man, willing to help him all he can against Ruef.

POMPEY'S PILLAR TO BUNKER HILL.

By Jerome Hart.

Travel to Egypt has so much increased of late years that new lines have been added to the old ones, and new steamers added to the old lines. This past winter the North German Lloyd put on a special line of fast steamers between Marseilles and Alexandria—this service being in addition to its two lines, Asian and Australasian, which call at Egyptian ports. The P. and O. Company also added a special service between Marseilles and Alexandria, in addition to its two far-Eastern services, calling at Port Said. The White Star Company purchased the old Commonwealth steamers, and put them on as a direct line from Egypt to the United States. Thus there are now giving passenger service between Egypt and the Western World five German lines, two English, two Italian, one French, one Austrian, one Turkish, one Greek, and several miscellaneous lines of mixed freight and passenger service, such as the Moss Line of Liverpool. The highest priced of all is the new North German line from Marseilles to Alexandria. The most convenient for Americans is the new White Star service from Alexandria to New York and Boston, touching at sundry cities en route. These ports of call are varied, differing on the New York and Boston service, and differing again on the inward and outward bound ships. The steamers are staunch and reasonably fast; the discipline is not quite so good nor is the table fare so choice on the North Atlantic White Star steamers, but both are good enough. The White Star Mediterranean steamers carry Italian crews, which prevents their captains from flying the flag of the Royal Naval Reserve. I asked one of the officers why they carried Italian crews. He replied, briefly: "We carried English crews for a couple of voyages, but they used to get drunk at every port, lick the dagoes, get into jail, and leave us short-handed. So now we ship Italians." A disagreeable feature of these west-bound White Star steamers is that at Naples, Genoa, and Ponta Delgada they ship fifteen hundred or two thousand emigrants for the United States. These steerage passengers are allowed all around the space between the superstructure and the bulwarks. As a result, the first-class passengers, who pay high prices for the best rooms on the ship, get the poorest; for the loud talk, concertinas, quarels, cigarettes, and other odors under their cabin windows poison the air, and render life a burden.

On previous voyages between Egypt and the Occident we had sailed on steamers under other flags. It must be admitted that the ship's passenger list in such cases was more interesting than on the White Star. On one occasion I remember that we carried an Oriental pasha and his entire harem, together with a most remarkable assortment of Sicilian priests, Greek monks, French abbés (they did not fraternize), English army officers, Anglo-Indian civilians, Italian actors, French officers from Madagascar, German honeymooners, Greek dandies, and Levantine ladies of various nationalities, including some Cypriote beauties with languishing eyes. This winter on our White Star steamer, however, the passengers were made up of American and British travelers, all eminently respectable, and entirely uninteresting.

Between Alexandria and Naples the ship was so crowded that the chief steward was forced to have "first" and "second sittings," as he called them, or "first" and "second tables," as they are usually denominated on American steamships. I was amused at the difference between the practical American and the more conventional Britisher. The Britons greatly preferred the late dinner hour at half-past seven as being more swell. As they selected that hour for their dinner, they were also obliged to take the late breakfast hour. As the British largely outnumbered the Americans, there was a grand rush for the "second sitting." The Americans thus found themselves with first choice of seats for the "first sitting." After the first day out the Britons realized their dreadful mistake. As the Americans trooped in at half-past six, the hungry Britons gathered round like Peris at the gates of Paradise, and greedily watched them eat. As they saw the tureens, dishes, and pyramids of hash borne in and out—all cooked at the same hour, and destined to regale them an hour or so later—they grew visibly perturbed.

On the second day out, at the eight-o'clock breakfast sitting, I was just about to take my seat, when I collided with another gent, to whom I said, sweetly: "Beg your pardon; this is 106—my number, please." He looked at me gloomily, and responded: "It's mine, too," whereupon he appealed to the chief steward to be allowed to breakfast then instead of at half-past nine. But the steward was obdurate and refused, and Cox withdrew. For he was Cox and I was Box. He was my *alter ego*, my *doppelganger*. So Cox retired and glared hungrily at me through the cabin skylight, while I lingered tantalizingly over the breakfast delicacies. Only once during this sitting did I feel my serene sense of satisfaction disturbed. It was when I suddenly thought of the napkins. "Great heavens!" said I, "if Cox uses the same numbered chair as I do, does he use the same numbered napkin-ring?" I called my table-waiter to my side, and with a faltering voice asked him to shed light on this dark matter. He relieved me mightily by at once producing Cox's

napkin-ring. True, it was numbered "106," but it had a circle under it. I, being Box, had the first napkin-ring, and mine was numbered "106" straight with no circle. The sight of these cryptic napkin-rings relieved me greatly. Cox was rather an inoffensive-looking man, but—

For this and other reasons I was extremely glad that I had signed articles for the first sitting instead of the second. The sight of a breakfast battle-field, with its gouts of gravy, its awful grub-stains, its exploded egg-shells, and other signs of carnage, confirmed me in my preference for pictures of peace rather than war.

When a steamer touches at Malta, the view on entering the harbor of Valetta is most remarkable. The effect of these terraced buildings, rising like rocks out of the sea, is indeed peculiar. It looked almost like a scene-painter's fantasy. I once was struck by the temple scene in the opera of "Salammbo" in Paris; in this scene, stairs rise on stairs, from the water-gates to the lofty temple-summits—perfect vistas of staircases, seemingly from sea to sky. The view of Valetta at once brought this scene to my mind. The effect of human figures against this marvelous sky-line at sunset was most picturesque. Standing high up above us were half a dozen red-coated British soldiers, sharply outlined against the sunset sky. They were some hundreds of feet above us, standing on the lofty parapet, in among the great guns, yet they could easily toss a biscuit upon the big steamer's deck below.

When we were in Malta the Carnival was in progress. The Maltese population is a childish one, and derives greater pleasure from hurling strings of colored paper at one another than their colder brethren of the north. Personally, I have never been able to see why throwing strings of colored paper all over buildings, trees, trolley-poles, and telegraph-wires, where they hang limply through the day and night, to be swept up next morning by scavengers—I have never seen why this curious proceeding should be supposed to add to the gayety of nations. Still no doubt it does.

We had an English-speaking guide. Although Malta is an English colony, the Maltese have a language of their own. It is based on Italian, but has much Arabic mixed with it. Of course, the better classes speak Italian, which is the "literary language"—or the language of the press, which may not be the same thing. The English are trying to make our tongue the official language, but are having comparatively poor success. English is by no means generally spoken among the lower orders. Very proud of his Anglo-Saxon speech was our English-speaking guide. But his English was better in intent than in syntax, for he told us that "Malta is heavily fortified," and also that "Malta produces much of rock." This was very evident. Never in my life have I seen so much rock to the acre. One of Bret Harte's stories begins in the Sierras, with the words: "Snow. Snow. Everywhere snow." These words rose to my mind as I gazed around me in Malta, and I mentally modified them to "Stone. Stone. Everywhere stone." I used to be surprised at the enormous stone walls to be found in Southern Europe, but I have never seen anything on the Continent to equal Malta. The ordinary roadways running from Valetta to Citta Vecchia are lined with miles and miles of stone colonnades. These are made up of Roman arches. The openings in these arches have subsequently been filled in with rubble masonry, for what purpose heaven only knows. In fact, the wild efflorescence of stone-work on every hand in Malta leads one to believe that when the natives had nothing to do they put up these long arched stone colonnades along the roadway, and when they ran out of a job again they went to work and filled up the arches with rough stone to keep themselves out of mischief.

On a roadside tavern I saw the sign "WINE AND SPIRITS—WELCOME TO ALL—ENGLAND FOREVER." This Maltese mixture of thrift and patriotism was evidently concocted for the British tar.

Sailing westward from Alexandria, traces of the Levant may be seen at Malta. Dates, for example, are for sale there on every hand. Once I used to like dates. But since I have visited Oriental ports I never eat dates. Never mind why. The things that happen to them have cured me. I have nothing to say, I cast no imputations on their fair fame. I do not wish to disquiet any person who is fond of them. But I never eat dates. So with macaroni. When I first visited Italy I used to see along the roads, in front of squalid houses, curtains of wet macaroni hanging on the line to dry like the family washing. Little dogs used to run in and out and between the curtains of macaroni. This saddened me. I used to be fond of macaroni, but after that I never ate it, at least in Italy.

Like Malta, the harbor, the city, and the sky-line of Algiers are so beautiful that they at once recall the higher flights of scenic artists in the great theatres of the world. If there be those who will smile at likening reality to simulacrum, let me assure them that some of the architectural compositions of scenic artists are so grand, yet so impossible, that they bring an involuntary sigh to the architect that they can not be realized. What is the colossal plan which Mrs. Hearst's competition brought forth for the University of Cal

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innia save a grandiose scene-painting? Let us hope that some day it may be realized, and instead of scene-painting in wash and listemper, be carried out in steel and stone.

And what was the Court of Honor in the Chicago Fair in 1893 but glorified stage-setting and scene-painting? Yet fragile and ephemeral as was that creation of lath, plaster, and staff, it was one of the most bewilderingly beautiful sights at night my eyes ever rested upon.

I never dreamed that Algiers, the harbor, the promontory, and the bay could be so beautiful. True, Guy de Maupassant raves over it, as does Edmondo de Amicis over everything. But De Maupassant was an ardent yachtsman; his book, "Sur l'Eau," is an apotheosis of the Mediterranean. He saw everything in nature in rose-color as he saw everything in human life in black.

Algiers in its central part is well built and handsome. It looks exactly like a provincial French city—with, of course, the addition of the picturesque natives. Their picturesque is largely due to rags. Never in my life have I seen such ragged rags as in Algiers. There you will see Moors clad in old sacks which have once held grain, then held junk, then been thrown away, and then picked up by the poorest of the Moors and used as garments to cover their nakedness. Sometimes they have not even enough of the ragged sacks to cover themselves, for they are clad only above the middle and promenade in bare legs.

The street pavements in Algiers are much better than those of some European cities—Madrid, for example. They are better than those of any American cities of which I have knowledge. The roads, too, are patterned after the roads in France, which are the finest in Europe. I speak only of the environs. Even outside the city, Algiers has magnificent roads leading to the suburbs of Mustapha Supérieur. You see odd contrasts there, viewed from our labor and land prices, such as a five-thousand-dollar stone wall around a fifty-dollar lot.

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Our stay in Algiers was short—only a day—so my opportunities for observation were not great. We took luncheon ashore in a handsome café, exactly like those on the Paris boulevards, and the morning and afternoon we spent in driving around the city and the suburbs. I transcribe from my note-books the flying impressions that I jotted down.

In Algiers you see long lines of asses in procession, as you do in Spain. In fact, they will push you aside, as the sacred cow does in India. For an American it is a very curious experience to be pushed aside in the street by anybody. But when you turn around indignantly and see that it is a meek ass or a sacred cow, your sense of humor overcomes your indignation. On the walls we saw placarded everywhere this: "A vote for Drumont means a vote for the ruin of Algeria." And this: "Whoever votes for Drumont is an enemy of the Republic."

Looking from the heights of Mustapha Supérieur one sees in Algiers many chimneys. Are they factories? No, they are gas-houses and electric light and power-houses for tramways. Wherever we have been, we have failed to find a people too poor to travel around. Even in Egypt the poorest of the natives seem to delight in traveling on an electric tramcar and going Some Where. Most of them have nothing to do when they start, and nothing to do when they get there, but they like to get there all the same. They remind one of the islanders who made a living by taking in one another's washing.

Among the random notes I find in my memorandum book is one of a sign over a shop, "African Grocery," which struck me as odd. True, we were in Africa, but none the less the sign seemed odd. It reminded me of hearing a tourist once in Switzerland, who wanted some *gruyere*, ask the puzzled waiter for "Some Swiss cheese, please." Another odd sign was over a drinking shop, "Boer Bar."

All over Algiers you see the flowering vine, bouganvillea. This one sees in nearly all points in the tropics. It is very plentiful in one American city—Honolulu. It is not odd that it should be so popular, for it is of a hideous magenta color, and is a blot upon the landscape.

On the streets one sees a most remarkable variety of old cabs, cars, and buses. They probably served their time in Paris, then went to the cities of the south of France, and then crossed the seas from the south to Algiers. That is the fate of old vehicles in many lands. I once traveled from Newport to New York by the slow Stamford local, having missed the Sound steamer. When we reached these curious Connecticut cities—North Haddam, South Haddam, East Haddam, West Haddam, and Haddam nor nor west a point nor—I saw a still more curious collection of vehicles running to rural retreats in Connecticut. They were old Broadway buses, old Boston herdies, and nearly every wheeled contrivance from every city on the Atlantic Coast, none of them less than half a century old.

There is a fine botanical garden in the outskirts of the city of Algiers, which, among other attractions, possesses an ostrich farm. The guides grow first excited and then stupefied if you pass the gigantic birds indifferently by. They are also stricken with wonder if you go into estates over a magnificent avenue of gnolias, which to them is as the primrose is to the

plowman. We Californians are frequently indifferent to many sights that people from colder climes rave over—notably open-air plants flourishing in the winter.

On every hand in the outskirts of Algiers one sees the sign "Lots for Sale." It seems to me I find that sign wherever I go. The universe seems to be for sale. Sir Robert Walpole is said to have cynically remarked that every man has his price. The same thing might be said of every lot.

While driving we meet soldiers continually on practice marches. They often carry folding litters for the wounded and sick, and frequently they will, at the word of command, quickly unfold their litters, hoist some comrades into them, and bear them along the road. Probably the practice is necessary in Algiers. For three-quarters of a century it has been a fever-hole, a graveyard for the French army. I would like to know what it has cost France. But it abounds in fat berths for office-holders, and doubtless office-holding statisticians could figure up a fine profit on the colony. In Algiers I observed that the School of Medicine was housed in a magnificent building, and that there were many hospitals there. They need them—they are needed in all these tropical colonies. Most of the European countries which have indulged in colonialism have found it rather costly, and the cost is measured only in money and not in men. Nobody counts the lives of the lusty young soldiers who are laid down uselessly to rot in these fever-holes. I never read anything which impressed me more than the story of the fever-ships returning from the Philippines to Spain, after the war of 1898, when the gaunt and fevered skeletons of what once were men knocked vainly at the doors of port after port in Spain only to be turned away.

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In driving from Algiers to the suburb of Mustapha Supérieur, we passed a statue to MacMahon. From this it appears that worthy but thick-headed soldier is remembered in Algeria if he is forgotten in France. However, the circumstance that he was governor-general there may account for the statue. It is related of MacMahon that once, when he visited the military school of St. Cyr, he encountered a negro cadet. The color of his skin at once attracted the worthy marshal, who said, with some surprise, "Vous êtes nègre, n'est-ce pas?" "Oui, Monsieur le Maréchal." "Ah, très bien; continuez de l'être."

I give it in the French, as it is almost impossible to translate in its primitive stupidity, but it might be rendered, "Ah, I see you are a negro." "Yes, Monsieur le Maréchal." Here the marshal paused. Not knowing what to say, he added: "Ah, that is well; continue to be so."

Another anecdote of the marshal is this: A new consul had been appointed to San Francisco. He had called on the marshal to make his farewell bow. Just as he was leaving, the marshal said to him: "Oh, by the way, Monsieur So and So, the governor-general of Tahiti is a great friend of mine. If you ever run down there over Sunday, say hallo to him for me," or words to that effect. The gist of this story is that it takes about thirty days for a steamer to sail from San Francisco to Tahiti. MacMahon was a brave and worthy soldier, but certainly rather a pudding-headed person. This proves that a soldier may be brave, but pudding-headed. No—I mean that it proves a worthy soldier may be brave, although pudding-headed. No, no—a pudding-headed soldier may be worthy, even if brave. No, that is not what I mean, but it certainly proves something about soldiers.

When MacMahon, in the Crimea campaign, took the Malakoff by storm and wrote his celebrated dispatch, "J'y suis, j'y reste" ("Here I am, here I stay"), these words made him famous all over the world. Yet his friends said that the worthy soldier had written them in the most matter-of-fact manner, with no thought of phrase-making. The most surprised person over the success of his epigram was MacMahon himself. When the parliamentary crisis of May 16th came, and he was driven from power, the marshal was as much surprised as grieved. He was so stupid that he did not know that he had irretrievably alienated the people of France. It was his wife who made him do it. He had a smart wife; so had Napoleon the Third. In fact, both ladies were too smart.

Talking about MacMahon's epigrams, while we were in Algiers harbor, an elderly American gentleman, looking at three American men-of-war which lay moored not far away, said, sententiously:

"The most remarkable thing about the warships of our navy is the accuracy with which the gunners seem to hit with their pieces the objects at which they are directed."

There was unanimous assent. Everybody seemed impressed. For a moment I was impressed, too. But on reflection and dissection, I found that this profound utterance merely meant that our men "shoot straight."

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As we boarded our vessel preparatory to leaving Algiers, I gazed down from our lofty bulwarks on the many scores of natives carrying coal into the bowels of our big ship; some were striplings, some white-haired, the latter probably pirates in their youth, the former probably sons of pirates. It made me reflect that these men now carrying coal in baskets on their heads for the hated Anglo-Saxon, were descendants of Saracen

sires who used to kidnap these same Anglo-Saxons and make them slaves. At sea, without any books, my history gets a little mixed; I may not have quite got Morocco and Tripoli sorted out, and we are here at Algiers. It was at Tripoli, I think, that the American flag first flew in conquest over Old World soil—the first time, I believe—the last time I used to believe. It was when our infant republic determined to suppress the insolent Moors of the African coast in their toll upon European commerce and their trafficking in white slaves. But these pirates came from all along the northern coast of Africa—from Algiers as well as Tripoli.

By the way, a century or two ago it was not at all uncommon for rich Englishmen while traveling to disappear suddenly. Sometimes the younger son of a noble family would become a belted earl or a baron by reason of his elder brother having seen stolen by the Moors. Picture it—suddenly to cease the luxurious life of an English peer, and instead to be chained to an oar in a filthy Moorish barge with other slaves of every race and color; yet many an Englishman has so died, toiling at his oar. Then, too, many of the Enoch Ardens of the elder day were simply gentlemen who had been kidnaped while away from their loving wives. Escaping, they were injudicious enough to return at a malapros time when their loving wives had taken other husbands. What is it that Menelaus is told in "La Belle Hélène"—that "un mori soge en voyage qui se prépare à revenir. . . . Doit avertir sa femme. Autrement il s'exposé, s'il rentre tout d'un coup, à éprouver du désagrément."

In that curious book, "Judicial Puzzles," by John Paget, there is a remarkable narrative of the disappearance of an English gentleman, who was kidnaped on English soil by a gang of Moorish pirates, who landed suddenly in a boat, dragged him to their ship, and set sail. If I had read this in a novel, I would not have believed it. Yet it is a matter of judicial record. How remarkable, how incredible, that a man, walking in safety on English soil, should suddenly be kidnaped by Moorish pirates and dragged away to life-long captivity in Algiers. It brings up to my mind the story told—was it not by Marryatt?—as happening when he was a midshipman, under his own eyes. The ship's crew were engaged in gunnery practice when the lieutenant observed a man walking on the shore several miles away. The distance was so great that purely out of whim he ordered the gunners' captain to train their piece on the distant pedestrian. It was done. Smoke and flame belched forth, and as the cannon-ball reached the shore they saw the unfortunate stranger fall. Young Marryatt was one of the men in the boat, and he relates that when they reached the beach they found the body cut in twain by the cannon-ball. It was the body of a gentleman richly clad. There was nothing else to be done, so they buried the body in the sand and sailed away.

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The Azores group is a strange and interesting one. It consists of nine islands extending over some hundreds of miles of ocean. Flores and Corvo, the westernmost, are nearly two hundred miles from the central group, made up of Fayal, Pico, San Gorge, Terceira, and Graciosa. Far to the eastward again, some two hundred and fifty miles, lies Formigas; near it are Santa Maria and St. Michaels, the largest island of all, with the largest city, Ponta Delgada, where we stopped.

One of the attractions of the White Star service from Egypt to America is the day's stop at the Azores. Several times we had passed through this group of islands, pausing at Horta Angra, Pico, or Ponta Delgada, but never coming to anchor. On this voyage the steamer stopped in the chief harbor of the Island of St. Michaels, Ponta Delgada, remaining there practically a day, and embarking a number of Portuguese emigrants. It is hardly a "harbor," for these islands are stornbound specks in the rude Atlantic, and have little semblance of bays. At Ponta Delgada a breakwater has been run out into the ocean, under the lee of which vessels may moor or anchor. The people of the Azores have been about half a century building this breakwater; one end of it is not yet completed, while the other end is tumbling down from old age.

The Azores Islands lie some eight hundred miles from the coast of Portugal, of which they are a political part. They are volcanic, and remind one slightly of the Hawaiian Islands. Like them, the climate is extremely humid, but it is not so hot. Like them, also, there are sharp peaks, the highest of which, Pico, is nearly eight thousand feet in altitude. The cities are substantially built in the Portuguese style, but present an appearance of extreme age, not to say decay. The Azores are evidently not troubled with booms; in fact, since the inauguration of this White Star service, a large part of the population seems bent on emigrating to the United States. There are some beautiful gardens on the Island of San Miguel, with the usual luxurious growth found in semi-tropical islands. Both northern and southern fruits are grown, although the vine and the orange have been the mainstay of the islands.

I bought a little book at Ponta Delgada giving a grandiloquent account of the history of the islands, of which I had been previously blissfully ignorant. But on reading it I found that the Azores had been overstocked with history. These little islands, it

seems, have had their little wars—wars with the outer world; wars with the parent government on the mainland; wars with each other. Often it would happen that civil war would break out on the mainland, and the islands would remain in ignorance of it for months. On the arrival of the news, however, civil war would at once break out in spots on the islands. It would naturally break out first in the easternmost as nearest to the mainland. Thus it would happen that Santa Maria would learn of the new civil war, and its dwellers would make haste to sail some hundreds of miles westward to attack Flores, which knew nothing about it. Then again it would happen that the terrible Atlantic winter would howl over the islands, and it would be impossible for warlike patriots to embark or disembark. Thus they would perforce be obliged to bottle up their patriotic ardor until spring. Then, the sea permitting, they would set sail, fall fiercely upon their fellow-countrymen in other islands, and shoot, stab, burn, and hang. Often in the midst of this patriotic occupation, news would come from the mainland that peace had been patched up in midwinter, and that the cruel war was over a couple of months before. It was embarrassing for a hostile expedition of Florianos, say, to be on the Island of Fayal burning and destroying, when all hands in the mother country were beating their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. It was embarrassing also for a solitary island—remote, melancholy, slow, about a year or so behind the news, and doing nothing but just tilling the soil and praising God—to have a shipload of fellow-countrymen approach and threateningly demand “under which king, Bezonian, speak or die!” It must have been extremely awkward when they did not know that the old king had croaked, nor when, nor how, nor who the new king was.

I said but now that the vine and the orange had been the mainstays of the islands. I put it in the past tense, because of recent years both the vine and the orange have succumbed to parasites, which have completely destroyed them. As a result, the people have suffered much, and many have been reduced practically to starvation. But of late years Providence has intervened to save the Azorians. It has indicated to them that they can grow potatoes and turn them into alcohol. Potato alcohol is one of the most deadly beverages consumed by man; properly disguised, however, with burnt sugar, prune juice, and other flavoring extracts, it masquerades as “fine old malt whisky,” “choice brandy,” “Maraschino de Zara,” “Curaçoa,” “Kümmel,” and almost any other liquor you like. Result: prosperity; the Azores are looking up.

Really, the decrees of Providence are indeed inscrutable. That the Azorians should have their harmless vines and innocent orange trees eaten up by parasites, thereby causing many of them to starve to death; that they should then turn the innocuous potato into deadly methylic alcohol, with which to poison innocent and distant strangers who never did them any harm—inscrutable, indeed, are these decrees of Providence.

OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS, April 16, 1905.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Concerning a Gay Lothario, a Pretty Wife, and a Jealous Husband.

There were two of them, Malivoire and Polonceau. One evening Malivoire would slap Polonceau's face, the next Polonceau would return the compliment. This may seem an absurd and inexplicable practice to those who do not understand it, but to those who do it is the most simple thing in the world.

But, like all simple things, it needed a genius to discover it. Malivoire was that genius. He had tried many schemes to ingratiate himself in women's good graces, but had generally failed. Even when he accosted some belated woman in the streets and offered her his protection against too adventurous gallants, she either became frightened and ran away, or laughed in his face—both of which were sufficiently embarrassing. But one day the idea came to him all at once: “Why not do just the contrary? Why not follow the men who follow women? And as soon as a woman is accosted and calls for help”—as they generally had done with him—“I will spring to her side, slap the man's face, and offer him my card. Then the fair and trembling heroine will take the arm of her brave defender, who will call at her house the next day to inquire if she has entirely recovered from her recent fright, etc.—why, the whole thing's as clear as day! Only!” reflected Malivoire, “the scheme is a perfect nest of duels and fist-fights. No, I must find a friend who would be willing to stand a little discomfort—he could have his turn, of course. Egad, Polonceau's the very man!”

He submitted his plan to Polonceau, who found it very droll; and from that day forth these two ingenious fellows made innumerable conquests by boxing each other's ears.

“There is a pretty woman,” said Malivoire, one evening, when it was his turn to be the protector of insulted innocence. “See, she is making for that dark little street, which is quite deserted; besides the moon is not up, and it's dark enough for the devil to trip off his tail. Everything seems to favor me. Now, you follow the adorable creature, while I hurry up and get ahead of her.” And Malivoire sped up the little street. Presently he heard voices in a discussion.

“Let me pass, sir!” cried a woman's voice. And the figure of a woman appeared from the darkness, quickening her steps to escape a man who had seized her arm.

“Now for it,” said Malivoire to himself; then, stepping forward: “What is this? You insolent black-guard!” Slap, slap! He struck the man twice, and then added: “There is my card, sir.”

But as he spoke he started back thunderstruck. It was not Polonceau!

Our Lovelace had not time to recover from his surprise when the lady seized his arm, saying: “Conduct me to a carriage, sir. I implore you.” And she led away her amazed defender.

At this moment Polonceau came up.

“Sir!” cried the victim of the mistake to him, “I am that lady's husband. The wretch who struck me is her lover. I secured his card, and am going to have him arrested. You saw the assault, and I call upon you to testify to it in court.”

“I, sir?” replied Polonceau, in a surprised tone; “it is true that I saw you accost a lady a few steps from here, and ask her where she came from and where she was going, but she ran away from you; you followed her, and I lost sight of both of you. I have witnessed no assault; indeed, I was in the next street when it took place. A thousand regrets, sir, that I can not—”

The furious husband waited to hear no more, and hurried off in pursuit of his wife.

Polonceau, left to himself, remarked: “Her husband! Well, this is a daisy!” And he indulged in various and sundry exhibitions of mirth.

The husband, M. Dufourré, may be concisely described as a fool. And when it is added that he had made a fortune of twenty thousand francs a year by inventing an improved process for drying codfish, and had become jealous of his wife as soon as he retired from business, you know the good man as well as if you had lived with him all your life.

His jealousy irritated his wife so much that one fine day, after a violent scene, Mme. Dufourré left his house and installed herself in the apartments of a relative who had gone to Nice on the advice of her physicians, leaving at Mme. Dufourré's disposal the rooms and one servant. It was toward this domicile that she was going when her husband met her, at the very moment when Polonceau was about to offer her his arm.

Believing that he had had to do with another pursuer of women like himself, our Don Juan Malivoire spoke of the matter in that light to his fair charge as he conducted her to a carriage-stand; the lady, a prey to violent excitement, confined herself to thanking him, without initiating him into her family troubles. The carriage found, she quickly got in and gave her address to the driver. Malivoire made a note of the address, you may be sure.

The next afternoon, at about two o'clock, just as Mme. Dufourré was preparing to go out, she heard an alteration in the hall, and a visitor entered, in spite of the servant. It was her husband.

“You here, sir!” cried Mme. Dufourré.

“Yes, madame, I am here. You would like to know, perhaps, how I discovered your retreat? Nothing more simple. Last night I pursued you and caught up with you just as you were saying something to your lover from the door of the carriage. I took the cabman's number, easily found him in the morning, and so I have discovered the place of your meetings.”

“Of our meetings? Have you demanded an explanation from that gentleman, whom I never saw before he constituted himself my protector against the man he thought had insulted me?”

“We'll see soon enough whether she really doesn't know him,” said Dufourré to himself; and he prepared for his wife a trap.

“The explanation, as you call it, took place this morning, madame,” he said, aloud; “and resulted in a sword-wound which will, I hope, keep the gentleman in bed for several months.”

Mme. Dufourré was astonished. The idea that her husband would risk his life on her account was a revelation; and she could not refrain from a slight expression of admiration for the man whom she had so misjudged.

“Well, sir,” she said, at length; “you have made a great mistake. I repeat that I do not know the victim of your insane jealousy, and a letter I wrote this morning to the relative whose apartments I occupy, a letter containing an exact account of last night's adventure, is now in my room ready to be mailed. I will give it to you to read, and you will see if what I say is not true.”

Mme. Dufourré quickly left the room, and Dufourré began to ask himself if his suspicions were unjust.

At that moment the sound of the street door-bell was heard; Dufourré, who was about to follow his wife, stopped.

“A gentleman has called to see madame,” said the maid, appearing at the door.

“A gentleman!” cried Dufourré. “Where is he?—what is he—young or old?”

“But, sir,” replied the astonished maid, who did not see this man's right to question her, “the gentleman is in the parlor. I shall go and announce him to madame.”

The gentleman who was in the parlor carried one arm in a sling. It was Malivoire.

Mme. Dufourré entered the room, and started back

on seeing him. “You, sir!” she cried, in a voice trembling with emotion. “Ah, God be praised, your wound is less severe than they had told me.”

Malivoire was dazed. “Wha—what?” he stammered; “they have told you?”

“Yes, sir; your adversary himself.”

“She must be crazy,” said Malivoire to himself; then he added aloud: “Er—my adversary; you know him, then?”

“Perfectly, sir; he is my husband.”

“What! the gentleman whom, last evening, I—”

“Was my husband.”

At this moment the voice of Dufourré, disputing with the maid, was heard in the hall.

“Tis he!” cried Mme. Dufourré, distracted; “if he finds you here this time he will kill you—he will kill us both.”

“But, my dear madame, I ask nothing better than a chance to get out of this. Which way shall I go?”

“Here, this way. Go through the dining-room, it opens on the hall,” and she pushed him out of the room. It was barely time—at this moment Dufourré entered.

“Madame,” said he, “a man was in here with you just now; don't attempt to deny it! However, he can not get away; I have locked the hall door and here is the key, and I am going to—”

Mme. Dufourré seized him at once. “You would have the cowardice to attack a man who can not defend himself, a man you wounded two hours ago in a duel?”

“What,” gasped Dufourré, “the man who is here is—”

“Your adversary. He has come, his wounded arm in a sling, to inquire about me. It is the simple act of courtesy of a well-bred man. His name I have learned from his card.”

The poor woman was as one crying in the wilderness. Dufourré heard nothing. He was cudgeling his brains to explain this wound which he had not given, but which his adversary had nevertheless received.

“Besides,” said his wife, “here is the letter I told you of; read it.”

“Aha,” said Dufourré to himself, when he had read the letter; “the Don Quixote of last night is an impostor, who hopes to excite my wife's sympathy by a pretended wound.” He smiled sardonically as he thought how he would expose the wretch.

“Well, you are convinced?” demanded Mme. Dufourré.

The husband, whose sardonic smile had suddenly disappeared, did not reply; he was thinking that to expose the man would expose himself.

“That letter does not prove anything to you?” said the latter. “Very well, I shall tell the maid to show the gentleman in.” And she started toward the bell-rope.

“No, no, I believe you, my dear,” cried Dufourré, quickly; “and I will myself show the gentleman out.”

He had not time, however. Malivoire appeared at that moment. Having found the door locked, he believed himself in a trap and was looking for a means of escape. Naturally he had taken his arm out of the sling to turn the door-knob.

“Good heavens!” he cried, on seeing the lady and her husband; and, losing his head, he quickly put his arm back in place; but in his confusion it was the left arm that he inserted in the sling.

“Come in, come in, my dear sir,” said Dufourré, hastening toward him. “The mistake is all explained.” Then, in a low voice, he rapidly added: “I have given you a sword-thrust in the arm; you have received it; not a word—leave things as they are.”

At Mme. Dufourré's request Malivoire recounted his share in the adventure of the evening before; her letter was confirmed in every detail.

“And this is the gallant gentleman whose life you would have taken!” exclaimed the injured wife. “That you did not succeed is no fault of yours, and you have, at any rate, wounded him in his most useful arm.” And, pointing to the wounded arm of poor Malivoire, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

The two men stared at one another without being able to see what was wrong.

“Why—it's your left arm that is in the sling!” she said.

“Confusion!” muttered the perspiring Malivoire, and he managed to stammer out: “Yes, yes; you see, in fact, it was the left arm—”

“Strange,” murmured Mme. Dufourré; “a few minutes ago I was sure it was the right.”

“It was because I stood this way, perhaps,” said Malivoire, turning his back. Then he bowed to make his departure.

“Sir,” said Malivoire, when he was alone with Dufourré, who accompanied him to the door, “I was not aware. I assure you, that the gentleman to whom last evening I gave a—”

“You wanted to rob me of my honor, sir,” said Dufourré, in a low and menacing tone.

“To whom I gave a slap,” continued Malivoire, who wanted to finish his sentence.

Dufourré interrupted him again, and, still harping on his honor, with a threatening air, said: “I shall preserve it, sir, at the risk of my life.”

“The slap? Keep it, by all means; I wish you joy of it!” and Malivoire, who had not heard his first remark, burst into a laugh as he went out.—Adapted from the Argonaut from the French of Jules Moineaux.

THREE NOTABLE BOOKS OF VERSE.

Miss Tobin's Translations from Petrarch.

It is far from an unbecoming thing—and, perhaps not even a thing without significance—that from California, the Italy of the Western Continent, should come the first sympathetic translations into English of the exquisite sonnets of the great Italian, Francesco Petrarch. In Italy, Petrarch is today a living and a vital force. The celebration last autumn of the six hundredth centenary of his birth was in the country of his nativity marked by impressive ceremonies of a week's duration—conclusive indication, indeed, that, with the single exception of Dante, Petrarch must be reckoned the greatest of Italian poets. Yet, despite the place that he holds in the hearts of those who are linguistically his kinsmen, Petrarch has never had an English translator who adequately conveyed the sweetness and beauty of his vast number of sonnets to Laura. That such a translator should have come out of the West is to us of the West a matter of no small interest, and also of no slight literary importance. Of course, it is true that Miss Agnes Tobin, in "Love's Crucifix," which appeared a few years ago, and in "The Flying Lesson," which is just from the press, has given us only a few of the many sonnets that Petrarch wrote, both during Laura's life and after her death, but it is perhaps not too much to hope that future years will give us further books, until the whole splendid task has been splendidly performed.

"The Flying Lesson"—containing ten sonnets, two canzoni, a ballata, and a double sestina—is a book of greater poetic charm than "Love's Crucifix," good poetry as that volume was. Miss Tobin appears now to handle the tools of her art with a fine facility. The mere feat of translation is everywhere transcended, and we have, rather, new English poems of rare, wistful beauty. Such lines as

"She shames the whitest burning seraph down" or "How shrank thy kingdom when those white hds fell"

are and would be exquisite whether or no they have parallels in the Italian of the great sonneteer. "The Flying Lesson," regretfully few as are the poems it contains, holds within its covers more poetry than is to be found in any book produced in the West during the past two years. And to those—and they are many—who are of the opinion that its author needs no staff of greatness upon which to lean, but should rather relinquish the work of translation for that of creation, we commend, as further evidence for their faith, the dedication. This original poem is undoubtedly the loveliest of them all.

There is space for but a very brief quotation—a part of the sonnet called "An Anniversary":

"When all her golden beauty did unclose In Love's great noon and glory of desire Slipping her sheath, and yearning higher, higher,— Laura, my life, did leave me to my foes— And lying, lovely, disembodied, rose To the white wicket and the shimmering choir"

Published by William Heinemann, London; imported by Paul Elder, San Francisco; \$2.00 net.

"Judith of Bethulia."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, like others of his brother poets, has succumbed to the temptation of writing for the stage. "Judith of Bethulia," his tragedy in blank verse, which was written for Nance O'Neil, and in which she has appeared with success last season in Boston, is now in print, and will be read with curiosity, interest, and admiration by the thousand of readers to whom the name of Mr. Aldrich is a household word.

The tragedy has the customary fault of modern drama in verse: a deficiency of closely related and always progressive action, and the tendency, ever shown by the poet dramatist, to allow the characters to declaim at too great length. The art of musical declamation has almost lapsed on the American stage, hence the lengths of lovely verse might possibly be better enjoyed when read in the study than when heard over the footlights. As a purely literary work, "Judith of Bethulia," while lacking in an epic breadth and grandeur of style, has many beauties, bits of lyric sweetness, a smooth and dignified sweep of verse, numerous bits of fine descriptive effect, a sobriety and elevation of tone appropriate to the subject and every page full of that smooth, melodious phrasing which make Aldrich's poetry so agreeable to the ear.

The following selection affords a pleasing instance of the undiminished music of Mr. Aldrich's verse:

"O come, sweet music, let us rest! Too soon the herald day is born; Her forth let the counted night, And midnight close the morn. O come, sweet music, let us rest! A fearful, languid spirit lies,

Like the dim scent in violets, In beauty's gentle eyes.

"There is a sadness in sweet sound That quickens tears. O music, lest We weep with thy soft sorrow, cease! Be still, and let us rest."

A frontispiece photogravure of Nance O'Neil, in the costume of the Hebrew widow, makes a striking addition to the small volume.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.00 net.

George Cabot Lodge's Symbolic Poem.

"Cain," a poem of curious and powerful symbolism, by George Cabot Lodge, forms a striking contrast to the smooth and melodious texture of Aldrich's verse. "Cain" also is cast in dramatic form, but solely for the purpose of allowing to stand unweakened by description or comment those soul-communings of Cain which express the birth struggles of that mighty monster, Truth. For Abel, "his face as young and tranquil as a child's," typifies the timid soul, content with the limitations imposed by a mightier will, chose

"To take the hire and bondage and forego The inherent spiritual arbitrament Of manhood for the sins and deeds of life."

Cain is the torch-bearer of Truth,

"A fugitive from fear's safe prison-house. A vagabond of truth's confessional realm, A homeless pilgrim of the Great Idea!"

To Eve, who mourns his exile, he says:

"... For life's sole sake Wast thou creative. Ask no more of life Than life, for life has nothing more to give— No alms for misery, no wage for toil— And nothing less in all the days to come. Beauty and happiness are casual gifts, Superfluous splendor of the spendthrift days."

God is described as

"The creature of our cowardice The name by which we conjure, when at last Suddenly revelation racks the soul With presence of the inexorable truth."

This poem, constituting a bold assertion of a Godless nature, is written in a lofty strain of thought and imagery, and although its author, placed before a device and convention tribunal, may

"Wander, alien in the Academe, . . . Slandered and scourged before the shrines of God,"

the poets will unhesitatingly welcome him as one of themselves.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.00 net.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paderewski is the only living commoner who has had his portrait painted by a member of the royal family of England. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) was the artist.

Mrs. William J. Bryan and her daughter Grace will leave on June 8th for Germany. In September they will be joined by Mr. Bryan, and the winter will be spent in some part of the Orient.

Signora Cousino, of South America, is said to be the richest woman in the world. Her silver, copper, and coal mines yield her \$185,000 a month. Receipts from her stock farm are large, and she owns a large interest in a fleet of steamships.

Up to the outbreak of the war, the Czar had prepared for his use a special newspaper, containing what the editors thought would interest him. Or late, however, he has insisted upon seeing uncensored copies of certain English papers.

Four children of Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the War of 1812, attended his funeral. They were Philander Cronk, eighty-two years old; William Cronk, seventy-two years old; Mrs. Sarah Rowley, seventy-one years old; and John Cronk, sixty years old.

Since beginning his law practice, Judge Alton B. Parker lives quietly at a New York hotel, going to Esopus for Saturday and Sunday. He confines himself to consultation practice. Judge Parker tells his friends that he is out of office forever, and has no desire to return to the bench.

Dr. Joaquim Aurelio Nabuco de Araujo, the Brazilian ambassador to the United States, is a writer, a scholar, and an orator. He has been in the foreign service of Brazil since 1876. The embassy at Washington is the only one that Brazil has established, that country being represented at other capitals by legations.

Some time ago, in anticipation of King Alfonso's present visit to Paris, his mother wrote to President Louhet, asking him to look out for the young monarch, saying, in part: "His majesty is still only a child, and at his age it is easy to be carried away and get adrift. Alfonso has so little experience." That the queen-mother's request may be well-timed is indicated by a report which says that the director of the opera house has received instructions, presumably through the Spanish embassy, to put on the stage at the gala representations as few as possible of the

venerable cantatrices generally drawn on for state occasions, whose reputation and accomplished art would scarcely atone in the eyes of the young king for their lack of spring-time charm.

A new parliamentary debater has sprung to the front in France. He is M. Aristide Briand, who brought forward the church and state separation bill, and has been one of its most eloquent defenders. Briand is forty-three years old, a Socialist, a lawyer by profession, and sprung from the bourgeois class.

In New York, recently, an automobile skidded on the wet pavement and ran into the curb. Two wheels were snapped off, and the driver, Albert Milan, was hurled through the air. A two-hundred-pound policeman named Hudson saw him coming, braced himself, and caught the flying chauffeur, saving him from landing on an iron fence.

Mrs. Jane York, who came to California in 1845, died at Santa Rosa last week. One of Mrs. York's delights was to relate how she had helped to make the Bear Flag out of an old skirt behind the fort at Sonoma. She had been married sixty-four years, and in 1891 the celebration by herself and her husband of their golden wedding was a notable event in Sonoma County.

In Thurmond, W. Va., is a mayor who has distinguished himself. An Italian committed suicide by drowning. A reward of \$50 was offered for his body, which was found. Of the \$130 in the dead man's pockets the finder received his reward, and the mayor confiscated the rest as a fine because the Italian had broken the law by committing suicide. The dead man's father protested, and the mayor fined him \$17 for contempt of court.

The Duke of Sutherland, K. G., who arrived in this city on Monday, owns in Scotland alone estates that embrace a fifteenth of the entire area of the Northern Kingdom, or about a million and a half of acres, thirty thousand acres in Staffordshire and Shropshire, besides his landed property in other countries. He is the most quiet, unassuming, and democratic of men, with an almost morbid aversion to notoriety, a good sportsman and a fine yachtsman.

When the liner *St. Louis* was hundreds of miles out at sea on a recent voyage from Europe to New York, news was received by wireless telegraph of the strike in the porcelain works at Limoges, France, and of the siege of the Haviland mansion by the workmen. William D. Haviland, a member of the porcelain-manufacturing firm, was on board the boat. He immediately began sending messages by wireless to New York, then by cable to France, and in return received news of all the details of the strike.

Mrs. Crawford, wife of F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, although the mother of two grown daughters, is said by an American woman, who recently met her abroad, to look not a day over twenty-six. She is a blonde, slender and graceful, and exceedingly fond of society; quite a butterfly, in fact, and altogether different in her tastes from her husband. The home of the Crawfords is in Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, and there Mrs. Crawford spends most of her time. Mr. Crawford spent several months in New York only a short time ago.

The evidence is accumulating from many sources to refute the recent underrating of the population of California by the Census Bureau. In a bulletin issued last month, the population of the State is estimated in June, 1905, at 1,620,883, or only 27,166 in excess of that of June, 1904, and only 135,833 in excess of the official census of 1900. San Francisco is credited with a population of 364,677, or only 21,895 in excess of that of 1900. Figuring on the water service of the city, the chief engineer of the Spring Valley Company estimates the present population at 440,000, while the California Promotion Committee is confident that it can prove a population here of 480,000.

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Father, an endowment policy for your son won't cost any more than a whole life policy for you. An investment at age 20 in a 15 year policy gives the young man all his money back with about 4 per cent. compound interest at age 35. That's in the Pacific Mutual of course. San Francisco Branch in the Crocker Building Walter Heely Manager.

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More beneficial than any after-dinner liqueur known to the epicure.
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are too numerous by far in San Francisco. This is a deplorable fact, much commented upon by visitors. In St. Louis there are many hundreds of superb homes which is entirely due to the beautiful residence parks there—Van deventer Place, Westmoreland Place, and Portland Place have made St. Louis famous. Presidio Terrace will help to make San Francisco so. It is not pretty now, but it will be when we are through beautifying it.
BAIDWIN & HOWELL,
Send for Illustrated Booklet 25 Post Street

LITERARY NOTES.

Four Striking New Novels.

Two young San Franciscans, the Misses Esther and Lucia Chamberlain, have collaborated in writing a society novel in which no little skill is shown in following up the complicated mental processes of a group of women who are enamored of the same man. The locale of the novel is purely Californian, all the scenes of the story transpiring in a handsome country seat, in a neighborhood whose denizens follow the hounds, situated near Del Monte. The claim, set forth in the publishers' notice, that "Mrs. Essington" is a society novel of distinctly smart people, is made good, for the characters move in a sublimated atmosphere of elegance, fashion, and wealth.

The particular merit of the story lies in the acute feminine perception shown by its authors of the subtleties of intercourse resulting from strong undercurrents of feeling which agitate a social group who are engaged in narrowly watching for signs of each other's amatory preferences. The experience of the Misses Chamberlain in writing short stories has been of great assistance to them in acquiring the kind of style suitable for a society romance, and "Mrs. Essington," with its half-dozen dainty illustrations in color, will prove agreeable company during an idle hour or so.

Published by the Century Company, New York.

The two Castles, as usual, have evolved something fantastic and novel for their last book, and have elaborated it into a good-sized story, characterized by that grace of diction and mosaic-like finish of phrase upon which their readers have learned to confidently rely. "Rose of the World" has for its heroine a woman of exquisite beauty—that goes without saying—the Castles never tolerate heroines whose beauty is in less than the superlative degree. Lady Geraldine is a Lady Dedlock sort of person—cold, proud inaccessible, impenetrable—who has firmly locked the doors of her memory upon a sorrow-haunted past. When forced to open them that she may bring forth to light the records of her first husband's heroic struggle in a beleaguered Indian city, she yields at last to an anguish long held at arm's length. The story is, indeed, one of an agonizing posthumous love that almost wrecks the reason of its victim. The healthy-minded reader will probably look askance at this neurotic heroine, who lives in a world of sick dreams, but the art of Agnes and Egerton Castle suffices to make her case romantically interesting. It is an interest in which psychology plays little part, for the idea is too fanciful to invite whole-hearted credence, but the authors have plenty of plot, excitement, and surprise, and even an element of comedy, and the book will prove wholly absorbing to those who love a good story, told in finished and artistic style.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The love-story of Louis Napoleon and Eugénie de Montijo has been written out by William Dana Orcutt in the form of a short romance, entitled "The Flower of Destiny." In this story, Mlle. de Montijo is first seen figuring as a belle and beauty in London society. And thither goes Louis Napoleon, newly escaped from the fortress of Ham. There he is met by his noble friends, introduced to Mlle. de Montijo, the friendship of whose house toward him and his was a tradition in the family, and that regard which finally was the means of lifting the noble Spanish lady to an imperial throne has birth. "The Flower of Destiny," however, is less a historical romance than a picture—which makes no pretense to be other than superficial—of the society of the times, Count d'Orsay, Disraeli, Baron Rothschild, Lord Eglinton, and others appearing as courtly figures in the brilliant society that assembled in Lady Blessington's drawing-rooms at Gore House, and exchanged the elaborate compliments and stately courtesies then in vogue.

The author presents Louis Napoleon as a man characterized by quiet dignity, and an observant, thoughtful aspect, and well used to the elegant society in which he moves. Eugénie is presented merely as a beautiful, sincere, warm-hearted girl, floating gayly down the stream of a life which is bounded on all sides by the faces of admirers and suitors.

The author occasionally gives a brief résumé of political events as rapidly as may be, in order to keep his narrative abreast of history, and the book closes with the familiar episode of the emperor crowning his future bride with violets in the forest of Compiègne, the while announcing the newly consummated betrothal to his guests at the chateau.

The volume is daintily illustrated and handsomely decorated, each page containing a marginal embellishment in color of interwoven violets, the blossoms of the Bonapartes.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.25.

There is something in "Jörn Uhl," with its atmosphere of rural village life, the long,

leisurely course of its narrative, which extends over a couple of generations of the Uhl family, and the fanciful fairy-tales with which the narrative is interspersed, that recalls Hans Andersen, the good, the gentle, the philosophic, the poetic.

"Jörn Uhl" was written by Gustave Frennsen, a man sprung from the people, and one whose struggles and ambitions, during the long years of waiting preceding his appointment to an obscure pastorate in Holstein, best fitted him to interpret to the hearts of his countrymen the pathos, the loneliness, the patience, and the long, dulling tragedy in the lives of Jörn Uhl and his prototypes. The book took Germany by storm; and many readers in America, the fibres of whose hearts are still strongly rooted in the soil of their fatherland, will read with the interest of those who have lived it this record of the life of yeomen and peasant on German soil.

The book, although inartistically expanded in length, has the stamp of reality, but it will not please the reader who is looking for plot and action. It is too much like life, with its slow, gradual, steady unrolling of the long, checkered map of one man's destiny—a destiny in which the inner as well as the outer life is revealed with a healing sympathy that, whether or not it will win its way with restless American readers, has touched the heart of modern Germany.

Published by Dana Estes & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Adre on Indiana Authors.

At Lakewood, N. J., recently, the Periodical Publishers' Association entertained more than three hundred authors, editors, artists, and public men. George Ade, who was a guest, and the first speaker, grew enthusiastic over Indiana authors, as the following extract from his speech will show:

Every Hoosier is an author by instinct. You gentlemen are in the publishing business, and no doubt you are looking for hot stuff. If so, do not worry for another moment. I bring you tidings of great joy. There are now being incubated in the State of Indiana enough manuscripts to keep all of you going for the next ten years. Every summer the authors of Indiana meet at Eagle Lake. They assemble in the open air because there is no building in the State large enough to hold all of them.

Do you know how many authors we have in Indiana? I do not speak haphazard. I make no careless estimate. I give you the figures compiled by the Society of Authors, and we have in Indiana 22,837 authors, classified as follows:

Historical novels, 8,903; dialect poets, 6,397; magazine poets, 1,625; real poets, 430; dramatists, 1,216; syndicate humorists, 674; short-story writers, 3,532.

We can give you anything you want. If you wish the scholarly essay, with a dash of statesmanship and politics, go down into the Beveridge belt, where the *Saturday Evening Post* is a household word, where John Hay started, and where Schuyler Colfax, Benjamin Harrison, and Daniel W. Voorhees labored. There you can get an essay while you wait. If you wish a novel with burning love interest go and inspect what is known as the Tarkington outcrop in and around Marion County. Here you will find F. Meredith Nicholson, Charles Major, and hundreds of others, each writing the hook of the year.

North-west of Marion County you will find the McCutcheon family, and eight members of the McCutcheon family are now writing and illustrating for Dodd, Mead & Co. They have day and night shifts, each author working eight hours.

South of this tribe and east of Indianapolis is the romantic-novel region made famous by General Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson, Will Thompson, David Graham Phillips, Matty Hartwell Catherwood, and countless others. John Clark Ripdath, of Green Castle, is one of the pioneers of what has now become a permanent industry. He wrote school histories and sold them to college students for fifty cents a copy, and afterward it was discovered that by putting in Christy pictures and distorting minor incidents, the books could be sold for \$1.50 on all trains and news-stands.

The present activity in the region between Vermillion and Posey is something unprecedented, and every young man in this region says: "Well, if Tarkington and the McCutcheon boys can get away with it, there's a chance for me."

Go through any village in the corn belt on a peaceful summer evening, and you will hear from out of the vague somewhere a low, buzzing sound. At first you will think it is the dynamo of an electric-lighting station. Not so. It is some sixteen-year-old maiden thinking out a romance. Next year she will have her picture in the *Bookman* unless she is careful. Go south and west of Indianapolis and you are in the home of J. Whitcomb Riley, Tod Sloan, and "Kid" McCoy. I will not burden you further. Suffice it to say that whatever you want you can get it in Indiana.

A paper from a North Dakota town contained the following editorial paragraph: "It is reported that one of the fastidious newly married ladies of Harvey, N. D., kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of his delinquent subscribers pay up before long he will need bread without a garden in front—and North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in winter time."

Literary Clothing.

"Dress demands brains; more, I boldly assert, it demands education. A course of literature, taken very seriously, will prove of more value afterward than most women would believe."—*Society Paper.*

When first my dearest Delia faltered "Yes,"
And put a period to my years of pining,
I thought to temper down her taste in dress
By raising in her soul a taste for reading.

As one who deems his plan holds naught amiss,
I entered lightly on the undertaking;
Result: for her, delirious dreams of bliss,
For me, a rude pecuniary waking.

I bought her books, she read them, and displayed
Forthwith the spirit literature rouses
By a kaleidoscopic masquerade
Of skirts and coats and picture hats and blouses.

Each to me brought some new thrill; her tender heart
Was in its beat a thousand times arrested;
And every single time she dressed the part
The author's most insistent mood suggested.

Green serge reflected Swinburne's sea-tossed lines;
Asbestos, "Lucifer's" Corellian sorrow;
John Stuart Mill brought Liberty designs
Embroidered with Lent lilies (due to Borrow).

Elia gave lamb's wool; Bacon, porpoise hide;
"Beauchamp's Career," some guinea Worth confection;
"The Light That Failed" meant black, and this was dyed,
And made anew for Tolstoy's "Resurrection."

Thoughts of the day of reckoning left me pale,
But yet I lacked the firmness to disparage,
Till "Double Harness" brought a bridal veil,
And sackcloth came from "William Ashe's Marriage!"

'Tbat roused me. Bills for dress and bills for books
Having attained dimensions past defining,
I stated plainly that my cloudy looks
Were unsupported by a golden lining.

'Twas useless. Funds are low; my credit's dead,
Or nearly; now, with imminence appalling
The sword of fate hangs quivering overhead,
And one thing only can prevent its falling.

The world would haply look askance, or smile,
But my financial prospects might grow wider
If Delia would, by favor of Carlyle,
Study Professor Teufelsdröck's "Die Kleider."—*Punch.*

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It is now more than twenty-five years since "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE" was first published, and it still remains the standard of comparison for all later detective stories, the most successful of which have been announced as equal to "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE" The aggregate sales of this engrossing and brilliant book have been far in advance of those of any detective story published before or since.

After wearing out two sets of plates, the publishers have decided to bring out an entirely new edition in full 12mo size, with frontispiece in colors and other striking illustrations by G. W. Peters.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Books on Music.

An important contribution to the history of music in America has been made by the publication of "Theodore Thomas," a musical autobiography, in serial form, although the part written by Mr. Thomas himself fills less than a quarter of the two good-sized volumes which make up the work. Brief though it is, Mr. Thomas's autobiography contains much of interest bearing on the development of a taste for music of a higher class in America, and readers whose recollections extend back over a quarter of a century will find themselves going over old ground with interest. There are brief résumés of the inception, development, and final accomplishment of great musical enterprises: the Cincinnati Musical Festival, the festival tour from ocean to ocean, and the formation, rise, and disastrous fall of the American Opera Company. As a complete portrait of the personality of the great musical leader, the book is deficient. It remains for other hands to take up the work and fill in the outline. The work includes several papers by Theodore Thomas on music and also an "Introduction" to the programme collection in the second volume, in which the pithy comments he offers on the encore habit and habitual late-comers will recall the firm stand always taken by this great conductor in protecting the rights of real music-lovers.

The book is a record of a long life full of achievement in which hard work, tenacity of purpose, and a firm adherence, sometimes against popular clamor, to the highest ideals of music, as Mr. Upton very truly says, will cause history to "record his name as that of the pioneer of the higher music in America." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Two works are at hand bearing upon the subject of music. "Wagner's Music Dramas," by Gustave Kohlbé, is a hand volume of convenient size, containing a full account of the story and copious analysis of the music of each of these famous operas. The countless separate motives are described and musically located, and the text is so arranged that the reader will find the volume equally convenient, whether listening to an operatic performance or himself playing from the score. The three operas of the Nibelungenlied—"Tristan," "The Meistersinger," and "Parsifal"—are the compositions treated, and each department includes a portrait of some one of the famous artists of European fame who have been identified with the most notable rôles.

Published by G. Schirmer, New York: \$1.00 net.

"Chopin," another hand-book of music, by Ashton Jonson, is not, as the author states, a book to be read straight through, but to be used when occasion requires by concert-goers, pianists, and pianola-players. "Chopin" includes a biographical sketch of this famous apostle of the romantic school, a table of his works, and brief accounts of each composition, together with excerpts selected from the vast mass of sympathetic and explanatory comment by writers who have best demonstrated their ability to comprehend and explain Chopin's compositions.

The book will be found particularly acceptable to the daily increasing number of those to whom the whole domain of music, notwithstanding its most insurmountable technical difficulties, has been thrown open by the invention of the mechanical piano-player. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.40 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new novel by Maurice Hewlett, to contain one hundred and thirty thousand words, will be published within a few months by the Macmillan Company.

Three volumes of hitherto uncollected writings by Robert Louis Stevenson, under the titles of "Essays of Travel," "Tales and Fancies," and "Essays in the Art of Writing," will be published by Chatto, of London.

Charles Henry Webb, who for two years edited a San Francisco weekly called the *Call*, died in New York last week, aged seventy-one years. He was a contributor to the *Times Tribune* and other New York papers, wrote two plays, "Our Friend from Victoria" and "Arra Na-Poke," and several books, mostly treatises or parodies, of well-known novels.

Hemans of London, is about to publish a finely illustrated edition of Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle." It has been drawn in color by Arthur Rackham. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies at two guineas each, and they are all sold in advance.

When Henry George was making a tour of the world, he reached Melbourne on the day of the Melbourne Derby, and was invited by his friends to attend the race. He went to go as his guest. Reluctantly Mr. George accepted, and the friend, desiring to honor his distinguished guest the highest honor,

asked the president of the race-course association to make Mr. George an honorary member. "But Mr. George doesn't own any horses, does he?" inquired the president. "Oh, yes," replied the friend; "he owns two, Progress and Poverty, and they are running in the United States every day."

Edward J. Wheeler, who for the last ten years has been the editor of *Literary Digest*, has assumed the editorial control of *Current Literature*, to which he will give his whole time and attention. Two other members of the *Literary Digest* staff, Alexander Harvey and Leonard D. Abbott, also go to *Current Literature*.

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady has gone back to the ministry, and is occupying the pulpit of Trinity Church, Toledo, O.

The old house occupied for over a quarter of a century by the late Richard Henry Stoddard on East Fifteenth Street, near Stuyvesant Square, New York, has recently been destroyed to make room for new buildings. The house was a meeting-place for the most prominent writers of Mr. Stoddard's generation.

William F. Kirk, who has been doing the "Norsk Nightingale" verses and "Little Bobby Essays" for the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, has gone over to the Hearst papers.

London has a new magazine, *Nursing Times*, in which the professional side will be paramount, but which will also contain matter of general interest to women.

Where did Dickens come across the "Blue Dragon" hostelry of his novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit"? Most commentators have said that his original was the "George Inn" at Ameshury. Charles G. Harper, who may be called the historian of the high-roads of England, thinks that is a mistake. He believes that the "Blue Dragon" of "Chuzzlewit" was, in fact, the "Green Dragon" of Alderbury, and he has written an article for the *May Dickensian* to prove it.

Gustave Frenssen, the author of the successful novel, "Jörn Uhl," has received for it about sixty-three thousand dollars, an unprecedented sum in Germany.

Of Gray's "Elegy," a contemporary reviewer wrote: "The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its lack of quantity—that and nothing more. Of 'In Memoriam,' again one contemporary estimate was that its 'simple but touching verses' were evidently inspired by 'the full heart of the widow of a military man.'"

Henry Harland has almost recovered from his serious illness of nearly a year.

Irving Bacheller has purchased a home in the heart of the Adirondacks, situate in a primeval forest, far away from a railway station. Three streams and three lakes, all well stocked with fish, are on his estate, and deer are plentiful. The author went the first of June to this sylvan retreat, to work on a novel that is to be published in the autumn.

The *Booklovers Magazine* will pass into the hands of D. Appleton & Co. this month, and the July issue and those following will be of *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*. The new owners propose to offer a twenty-five cent magazine which, in general features, is planned to be similar to *Harper's Scribner's*, and the *Century*. It will contain serials by well-known novelists, short stories, and special articles on topics of interest, and each issue will consist of from 125 to 160 pages of reading matter.

President Roosevelt's Hunting Stories.

President Roosevelt will write an account of his recent hunting trip, but whether it will appear in a magazine or form part of a book of hunting stories has not yet been determined. Uncertain, too, is the date of publication. Some of the President's friends are anxious for the work to appear now, but he is inclined to wait until he retires to private life. Twice before, President Roosevelt has been somewhat put out over the publication of his writings at times when he did not expect to see them in print. Before he was elected governor of New York he wrote a story called "Our Boys" for the *Youth's Companion*. The publishers of the magazine held it for several months, writing to Mr. Roosevelt from time to time that a crush of other matter had crowded out his contribution, but that they would expedite matters to the best of their ability. Just as soon as the voters of the Empire State expressed their preference for him for governor, however, the publishers rushed "Our Boys" into print. Soon after he became Vice-President he wrote a hunting story, called "With the Cougar Hounds." Again the publishers' delay was responsible for deferring the issue several months. In the meantime the Buffalo tragedy occurred, and the author of the hunting story was elevated to the highest office within the people's gift. The publishers did not fail to grasp the opportunity thus afforded them of advertising a President of the United States as their leading contributor. The President protested by letter, it is said, at such use of his manuscript, and asked that the contract be cancelled.

This the publishers refused to do, replying that they had advertised the publication, had made the plates for the issue, and could not undo the work without great sacrifice of money and reputation.

New Publications.

"A Knot of Blue," by William R. A. Wilson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.—a historical romance of old Quebec.

"Velasquez," by M. Augustus Bréal. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.—a monograph on the great Spanish artist, confined mainly to an intelligent estimate of his work, much of which is reproduced in the volume.

"My Lady Clancarty," by Mary Imlay Taylor. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.—a love-romance of the time of William of Orange; a truthful representation of that time, and a charming tale, with a beautiful and fascinating heroine.

"The Wanderers," by Henry C. Rowland. Frontispiece in colors. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.50—a sea-story of excitement and adventure aboard a yacht; exciting, amusing, but prolix, and with too little regard for the English language.

"Piney Home," by George Selwyn Kimball. Herbert B. Turner & Co.—an extremely complex story of life in the Maine woods, starting out with a wedding, and ending with four more; characterized mainly by its clear, wholesome outlook on life, but preachy, platitudinous, involved, and without much literary merit.

"The Digressions of Polly," by Helen Rowland. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50—an unusually bright and amusing hook, consisting mainly of Polly's observations regarding men, women, and love; the volume is made up almost entirely of conversations between Polly and her fiancé—an unusually fortunate young man.

"Kate of Kate Hall," by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler and A. L. Felkin. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—a story of English life, in which the plot hinges about a will, which stipulates that the heroine, to inherit, shall marry within a certain time; all sorts of schemes are invented to prevent the marriage, which, however, takes place; fairly interesting.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glynn.
3. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
4. "The Man on the Box," by Harold MacGrath.
5. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval London.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. "Isidro," by Mary Austin.
3. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
4. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel S. Gardenhire.
5. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval London.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," by Samuel S. Gardenhire.
3. "The Way of the North," by Warren Cheney.
4. "The Man on the Box," by Harold MacGrath.
5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

Not long ago there was published in A. B. Filson Young's "Complete Motorist" a much-quoted letter written by Rudyard Kipling, full of enthusiastic praise for the automobile and for the opportunity it gave of seeing the land. Now G. Lowes Dickinson has presented the reverse of the picture in the *Independent Review*. He regards motoring as pernicious—as a manifestation in sport of the modern vice of endless rush and hurry.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Birmingham churchwarden was reading at a vestry meeting a list of subscriptions to the parochial funds. The list began as follows: "The vicar, a guinea; Mrs. —, half a guinea; an anonymous donor, myself, twenty-five shillings."

A Scotch minister who used similes that would bring home to the rough characters around him the truths he sought to impress, was once denouncing the ingratitude of man for all the benefits conferred on him by Providence. "My friends," he said, "look at the hens when they drink. There's not one o' them but lifts its head in thankfulness, even for the water that is sae common. Oh, that we were a' hens!"

John Kendrick Bangs once ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a second-hand bookshop, still having this inscription on the flyleaf: "To his friend, J— G—, with the regards and the esteem of J. K. Bangs. July, 1899." Mr. Bangs bought the copy, and sent it to his friend again with a second inscription beneath: "This book, bought in a second-hand bookshop, is re-presented to J— G— with renewed and reiterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs. December, 1899."

James Barton Adams says that he was once talking with a Texas cattleman who was loud in the praise of his State. "You are not of the same opinion as regards Texas that Sheridan was," observed Adams. "What opinion was that?" queried the cattleman. "Why, he said that if he owned a farm in Texas and one in hell, he'd sell the one in Texas, as he would rather live in hell." "No, I ain't of that opinion," observed the cattleman, thoughtfully, "and I'll bet Sheridan has changed his mind by this time."

Grant Duff tells an amusing story apropos of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who, many years ago, found himself at a club in Edinburgh, where he fell into conversation about Russia with a youth who put forward some views in which he could not acquiesce. "Oh," said this personage, "it is all very well for you to say that you do not agree with me, but I know all about it. I have

just been reviewing Wallace's 'Russia.'" "And I have just been writing it," was the natural reply. The young man lived to be very famous; he was R. L. Stevenson.

A medical journal has a story to the effect that a woman who was seriously ill awoke one night to find the nurse sitting at the foot of her bed, smoking a cigarette and reading a novel. Greatly startled, the patient raised herself up in her bed, and cried out: "What in the world are you doing, nurse?" To which the nurse, dropping cigarette and novel in amazement, replied: "Good gracious! I thought you were dead."

During one of the frequent revolutions in Hayti, the commander of the government forces at Port au Prince made a requisition on the authorities at Cape Haytien for men to aid in putting down the uprising. After a somewhat rough experience of two or three days, the authorities got together the required number of men and loaded them aboard ship. Then the following message was sent: "COMMANDER GOVERNMENT FORCES, PORT AU PRINCE—Sir: I send you per steamer Saginaw to-day one hundred volunteers. Please return the ropes with which they are tied. COMMANDER AT PORT HAYTIEN."

Up in Bickleton, Ore., the *entente cordiale* between the *Sentinel* and the *News* is in danger of disappearing, according to the following paragraph from the latter paper: "The ignoramus and howling hyena that tries to run the *Sentinel* is still turning his venomous tongue loose on the editor of the *News*, but every person in the county knows his small nature and are acquainted with his idiotic sayings and doings, and it is needless to say that each article of his lands him deeper in the mire and shows him up to ridicule, but he has not sense enough to heat a retreat—but such is the way of some fools. . . . He lets a hyena howl out of him about us going into private matters. Ye gods, the audacity of some fools! Is his mind so weak that he has already forgotten who started this controversy? We gave him all the chance in the world not to get personal, but he still persists in this—the only way he can conduct an argument, his mind being too weak to do otherwise than get mean, and we have decided to give you a taste of your own medicine, and we stand ready to hack up every assertion we make in any shape or manner you prefer."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In the Swim.

When Smithers's automobile,
Upon a sudden whim,
Ran straight into the ocean
And out of sight with him.
His friends remarked, "How natural!"
Although their eyes were dim
With tears; for he had bought the thing
To put him in the swim.—*Judge*.

The End of the World.

What mighty pitcher sent this ball
With cunning curves aright?
What mighty batsman will it meet
To strike it out of sight?—*Ex*.

Bee and Bard.

The bee is a busy fellow;
No drone is he!
In his jacket of black and yellow
He goes and gathers honey,
When the days are long and sunny,
To store in his treasury
For you and me!
The hard is a lazy fellow;
A drone is he!
(Grum-face or Puncbinello!)
And yet he gathers honey,
Be the days or sad or sunny,
And stores it like the bee
For you and me:
—*Clinton Scollard in New York Sun*.

Only One Change.

My lady love is perfect quite,
Her hair is brown, her eyes the same,
Her disposition's sweet and bright;
There's naught I'd change—except her name.
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Justifiable Homicide.

If Brown comes up to you some day and says
with foolish glee,
While proudly his parental chest expands,
"My little son—he's three years old—said,
'Popper, who made God?'"
It's etiquette to fell him where he stands!
—*Life*.

Feed Babies

properly and they will be healthy and strong. The proper way to feed a baby, next to mother's milk, is by the use of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It offers the maximum of digestibility, thus avoiding the troublesome diarrhoeas and colics of infancy.

Bright Hopes Blighted.

He swung into the barber-shop grandly, and handed his coat, collar, and necktie to the porter loftily and deliberately. Five barbers jumped to attention. They saw sixty-five cents.

He yawned, looked them all over, and then walked to the next chair to the last. He settled lazily into the plush, groaned, rubbed his hristly chin, and stretched his massive neck free.

"Do you give face massage?" (Oh, oh, oh! Does a duck swim?)

"Yes, sir." The reply was very strong on the "sir."
"Go right ahead and shave me."
"Yes, sir; yes, sir." (In quick, panting deference.)

The shaver was working like a nailer, carefully, and oh, so tenderly.

"And, say, have you got any of that tonic for the scalp?"

"Indeed, we have, and it's the best on the market."

"And how about the egg shampoo?"

The barber had to stop and look at him twice. "We'll just fix you up like a new man," he said, when he caught his breath, adding: "I believe I'll wash it out first before I massage you," he remarked, as he tipped him up.

The lordy one stretched, and the barber stood away holding a towel motionless with deference. The man in the chair looked at the clock.

"I haven't hardly got time for those others to-day; just finish me up this way for now," said the customer. "No, no; some other day."

The barber, who had the record of the shop for "graft," supported himself by holding the shelf, his face distorted with anguish and his whole frame a-tremble.

The customer, however, looked upon him without a sign of pity, and departed whistling a few bars from "Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I fear that this will go hard with me," said the egg as it fell into the boiling water.
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over seventy years ago, Lea & Perrins first put on the market a table sauce known as



Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce

It has since gained a world-wide reputation; therefore, many manufacturers have used the name Worcestershire, and some even called their crude imitations the "genuine." But the Original and Genuine is Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce.

Take No Imitations!

Do Not Be Deceived.



The Duke of Killierankie, chief figure in Robert Marshall's play of that name, had money untold and a castle in Scotland—a genuine castle, with battlements, and towers, and ivy on the walls, and rolling, heather-covered hills in the distance. Yet he wasn't happy, and all on account of a girl. Even the castle couldn't make up for the fact that Henrietta wouldn't love him. But it was the castle that solved the trouble. It was an ingenious scheme that the duke hatched—nothing less than the enticing of Henrietta to the castle, and her forced detention there until she should consent to marry him. He needed help for this, so he enlisted the services of Pitt-Welby, also a rejected suitor, who was languishing for the love of the widow Mulholland, relict of a glue-king. It was agreed between these two conspirators that Mrs. Mulholland should chaperon this unusual house-party. So it came about that the four found themselves within the castle—a castle on the edge of a high cliff, with great walls all around it, and the only egress a gate to which the duke held the key. And interest was added to the assemblage of the quartet by the fact that Henrietta and Mrs. Mulholland were social enemies—had to be introduced each time they met.

As absurd a situation as can be conceived is the supper scene in the second act. The two women, who do not yet know that they are captives, make no concealment of their mutual antipathy, but voice it in cutting terms. It is give and take. Now Henrietta scores, now Mrs. Mulholland—first one winces at a softly put thrust, then the other. Pitt-Welby tries to drown his perturbation in champagne; the duke turns the conversation, unwittingly making another opening for a deadly stab. It is not until the women discover their mutual predicament that they become friends, and unite against the enemy.

Then, in the same act, comes a series of situations which outdo melodrama in their breathless, interest-quickenng excitement. Henrietta is engaged to the duke, then she isn't. She is married, the listener thinks, and he wonders what else there can be to the play; then—presto!—Henrietta isn't married, says she didn't intend to be; scorns the duke utterly, and leaves him in confusion.

So the quartet spend a week at the castle, the women—both loving the men by this time, but both stubborn—refusing to give in. The duke resorts to strategy of a high order, with Pitt-Welby as a frightened but skillful accomplice, and by pretended indifference they break down the bars of determination that have been reared against them.

The sort of wit that characterized Marshall's "A Royal Family" marks this comedy—Gilbertian wit, bright, dainty, whimsical. It flashes out in unexpected places, comes volley after volley. There are touches of the commonplace (very few, though) throughout the piece; but even these are made acceptable by the art of the people in the play. It is a short play, but the leisurely way in which it is acted makes it last the regulation time. In the hands of less skillful actors, the pauses that are allowed for enjoyment by the audience of repartee and sally would be awkward. But the people in the Drew company have mastered the art of play and pantomime so thoroughly that their silences hold the audience as well as their speeches.

John Drew's representation of the Duke of Killierankie is characterized by an absence of any apparent endeavor to act. Clothes of excellent fit, a natural ease of speech, pose, and gesture—these constitute Drew's portrayal of the duke and make the illusion complete. It is a quiet sort of comedy he employs, backed by magnetism, nonchalant grace of movement and distinguished bearing. Drew's laugh, his little asides, his outbursts of temper have none of them the marks of the stage. Drew has a good foil in Ferdinand Gottchalk, a comedian who can raise the laugh by the slightest facial twist. There is something of the clown in his impersonation of Pitt-Welby—a little more than the part demands. There is no need for him to twist his body, to walk with a Delartean movement, to pose grotesquely. But he does not depend altogether on these methods. He is a genuine fun maker and extracts from the role of the at once scorned and loved suitor of Mrs. Mulholland a vast amount of diverting comedy.

Mrs. Mulholland herself as played by Marie Brough, is a manifold character. She combines a rough and ready tongue and a stern wit with a tender heart that can not resist the advances of Pitt-Welby, although

she more than suspects that her fortune is his aim. Miss Brough achieves a distinct triumph in this rôle.

Margaret Dale plays the beautiful heroine, Henrietta. Her looks qualify her for the part, and there is little lacking in her histrionic ability. She shouts a trifle now and then, but in the main her work is invested with charm of voice and manner, and the few serious movements in the play do not overtax her powers.

The comedy is well mounted, the third act in particular eliciting applause by its gray and ivied castle walls, and the sweep of heathered hills that stretch out back of it. W. J. W.

New York's Last Dramatic Season.

It is not often that the New York theatrical season has died so early. Some houses were shut up for the simple reason that unexpected failures created a demand for new pieces, for which there was no supply. It appears that 167 new plays were presented in what are known as the producing houses, and only 36, of which more than one-third were musical, reached a fiftieth performance. Only nine plays survived the one hundredth representation. That means that less than one-half of the first-class houses, devoted to drama, succeeded in making anything like a popular hit. In the majority of houses frequent changes were the rule, and flat failures frequent. One significant feature of the season was the marked increase in the number of revivals. Last season there were only 37 of these, and 20 in the season of 1902-03, but this season there were no less than 89. This may denote simply a mere temporary lack of new material, or a radical change in managerial policy.

"It is certain," says the *Evening Post*, in commenting on these facts, "that the revivals were among the most satisfactory products of a singularly barren season. They include some of the most notable work of Richard Mansfield, the remarkable Hamlet of Forbes Robertson, the capable Shakespearean representations of Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe, the meritorious 'Winter's Tale' of Viola Allen, the finished performances of Sir Charles Wyndham, and the clever, but unappreciated, work of Edward Terry. The ambitious efforts of Nance O'Neil also come under this category, although Mr. Aldrich's fine dramatic poem, 'Judith of Bethulia,' was practically a new play, and one of the most important productions (artistically) of the whole season. Of the really new pieces there were few of any solid worth. 'Leah Kleschna,' as seen at the Manhattan, was an exceedingly effective melodrama, admirably acted, but it would be difficult to establish its claim to be considered, either in a literary or dramatic sense, a first-class play. 'Adrea' was a fine show piece, with a shrewd combination of the sensational and the spectacular, and a laborious aggregation of assorted agonies. 'The Music Master' owes its success almost entirely to the natural humor and pathos of David Warfield. 'Letty,' of course, exhibited some of the characteristically fine workmanship of Pinero, but was too commonplace in theme and general treatment to be accounted a masterpiece. It had more real meaning, however, and exerted a better influence than the much vaunted 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' or 'Iris.' 'The Harvester' was a good play, spoiled in deference to a stupid prejudice, and there was good matter in 'Love and the Man,' although it failed to be as effective here as elsewhere. 'Business Is Business,' in the original a very strong if painful study, was not played here upon its merits, and so failed to create its proper impression. It will be interesting to note the result of Mr. Tree's experiment with it in London. 'The Duke of Killierankie' was a very amusing piece, and 'The Woman in the Case' was a successful appeal to the lovers of crude sensation, but neither play has solid merit. Henry Arthur Jones's 'Joseph Entangled' was, perhaps, the best made comedy of the season, although it was not half so popular as 'You Never Can Tell,' with its abundant flippancies, cynical whimsicalities, and unscrupulous audacities. These—apart from such frankly farcical affairs as 'The College Widow' and 'Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots'—constitute the chief productions in more than a score of our principal theatres, and the record is not exhilarating."

How Stoddart Was Made a Star.

J. H. Stoddart, the veteran actor, who broke down in Toronto, Canada, on April 10th, is still at Galt, Canada, where he will remain until he is well enough to be removed to his quiet country place near Sewaren, N. J. Stoddart's acting days are over, and "The Bonnie Brier Bush" will be abandoned. With any other than Stoddart as Lachlan Campbell, the play would be flavorless.

Kirk La Shelle, the theatrical manager, who died only a short time since, launched Stoddart as a star some five years ago. Though three generations of play-goers had seen and applauded the actor for his charming art and personality, he had never starred, technically speaking, although he had frequently made his rôle the most important in the cast. Very likely he had often wished (and surely that is a very harmless desire) to appear as the star in a play, but his modesty had kept him from expressing the desire. Mr. La Shelle, who so often saw merit where other managers were blind to it, arranged a surprise for Mr. Stoddart. La Shelle was certain he had a good play in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and that Mr. Stoddart as a Scotchman could star in it better than any one else. Without saying anything of his real intention, he negotiated with the actor to appear in the play, and the latter accepted the terms as if it were an ordinary engagement. But one day, just before the play was produced, Stoddart came into the manager's office almost trembling with excitement.

"What does this I see everywhere mean, Mr. La Shelle?" he asked.

"What does what mean?" asked La Shelle, pretending not to understand.

"Why, coming down here just now I saw posters of 'The Bonnie Brier Bush,' but my name—"

"Well, what's wrong with your name?" said the manager. "Wasn't it there?"

"Wasn't it there?" cried Stoddart, "that's the trouble. It was there in letters two feet high! What does it mean?"

"My dear old friend," said La Shelle, "it means just this: you are the star of 'The Bonnie Brier Bush,' and you are going to be the whole show, too. I meant it for a little surprise. Don't you like it?"

"What do you suppose I did?" said Mr. Stoddart, telling the story to a writer for the *New York Mail* some time afterward. "Why, I believe I cried like a child, and I wasn't ashamed to do it, either. I felt that all my hard work had been rewarded," and the smile with which the actor told the anecdote would have amply rewarded Mr. La Shelle.

Dr. Ralph Hamilton Curtiss, recently Carnegie assistant at Lick Observatory, has gone to Pittsburg, where he will be assistant professor of astronomy in the University of Western Pennsylvania. Lick Observatory will soon lose another astronomer, as Professor Hussey leaves in about two weeks for the University of Michigan, where he has been chosen professor of astronomy.

Kate Condon, formerly of the Tivoli Opera House, is to star in "The Mocking Bird," the musical comedy in which Mahel Gilman was formerly the stellar attraction.

It is reported from London that Lillian Langtry has signed a contract to appear for twelve weeks in vaudeville in the largest cities of this country at \$3,500 a week.

Excellent Toilet Powder.

There is no toilet article in the selection of which greater care should be used than a toilet powder. In these days of imitation and substitution there is so much of inferior goods on the market that it is necessary to be continually on one's guard. With toilet powder, as with most other lines of goods, it is safer to trust an old-established house with years of experience and a reputation for making only the best. Mennen's Toilet Powder is a trade-marked article, its ingredients absolutely pure, and the exercise of the greatest care and skill in its manufacture have given it quality of uniform excellence. That is why your physician recommends it. For your protection, Mennen's face (the trade-mark of the Mennen Co.) is on the cover of every box of the genuine. The fact that over 11,000,000 boxes were sold during 1904 is evidence of the continuing public approval of Mennen's. Every first-class dealer carries it.

RSVP TABLE SALT

Is made from the largest bed of PURE ROCK SALT in the world, being 350 feet in depth, and by using distilled water this salt is obtained in all its PURITY. The salt is packed in THREE-POUND AND FIVE-POUND PACKAGES, in a malleable board, water-proofed and closely sealed, so as to exclude DUST, MOISTURE, ETC., thereby retaining its FREE-RUNNING QUALITIES, especially adapting it for TABLE PURPOSES. Sole manufacturer, Hutcheson-Kimball Salt Company, Hutcheson, Kan. For sale by all leading Sun Francisco agents.

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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.
Follow the laughing throngs. Usual matinee Saturday. Third week begins Monday night of the great musical comedy success.

THE TENDERFOOT
Book by Richard Carle. Music by H. L. Hertz
Splendid cast of principals. Grand beauty chorus! A merry melodious entertainment. First time a popular prices—25c, 50c, 75c.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monday, June 5th. Second and last week. Charles Frohman presents John Drew in the farcical romance.
THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE
By Captain Robert Marshall, author of "A Royal Family," etc.
June 12th—N. C. Goodwin in *The Usurper*.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager
To-morrow night Frederick Belasco presents the gifted actress, Florence Roberts, in her greatest triumph,
MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Next—Miss Roberts in her first appearance in the great Sardic drama, *La Tosca*.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone Alcazar.
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.
Week commencing Monday, June 5th Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company in E. S. Willard's success of two continents,
JUDAH
Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, June 12th—first time in sine Charles Dickson's comedy of confusion, *Distasteful Will Happen*. In preparation—*Harriet's Honey Moon*.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and night. Last appearances of Florence Stone. By request—Miss Stone as Camille. Prices—15c, 25c, 50c. Matinee 25c.
Week beginning next Monday night, farewell to St. Francisco of the popular comedian, Barney Bernard, supported by his own company, in H. I. Cottrell's comedy,
THE FINANCIER
Popular prices—25c, 50c, and 75c.

Monday evening, June 12th, first appearance America of the eminent English dramatic artist Maud Williamson and Alred Woods. First production here of the romantic drama, *The Gates of Bondage*. Seats ready Thursday.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. Proprietors
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.
Week beginning Monday, June 5th. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. The first of the Carter plays and one of his best melodramas.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR
Under the personal direction of his manager, Charles Sellon, special v secured for these productions the Criterion Theatre, Chicago.
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c.
Next—Lincoln J. Carter's *Fast Mail*.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

Orpheum
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 4th.
Another Big Bill.
Ford and Gehruce and the ten Daisy Girls; Maryous Merrills; Shields and Paul; La Jolie Titcom Empire City Quartet; Warren and Gardner; Siste McConnell; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of John C. Rice and Sally Cohen.
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

N. C. Goodwin Coming.

"The Duke of Killierankie," with John Drew, Margaret Dale, Fannie Brough, and Ferdinand Gottschalk in the leading rôles. will continue another week at the Columbia Theatre. This sparkling comedy is drawing large crowds. What is said to be the finest comedy drama that ever fell to the lot of N. C. Goodwin, "The Usurper," comes to the Columbia June 12th, with Goodwin in the rôle of an American business man, up to the very minute in his affairs, both in the world of finance and in his love-making. The theme of the play possesses a natural color, a heart interest, a romance, and has unusual situations and pleasant environments. The motive tells of the doings of the man of affairs, who, after accumulating wealth, determines to seek his boyhood sweetheart and make her his wife. The counterplot contained in the story will also add interest to the development. Sartorially the piece is handsomely embellished. The environments and stage settings are beautiful and apropos.

Spanish Play at the California.

Next week Florence Roberts will present at the California Theatre "Marta of the Lowlands." This is a strong story of primitive people, straightforward methods, fierce passions, and hot blood, written by the Spanish playwright, Angel Guimera. The story is well told, and is rich in romantic color and incident. The tinkle of the mandolin and guitar, mingled with sweet melodies of Spain, are frequently heard in soft refrain, while scenes of strong passion are being enacted on the stage. The following week Miss Roberts contemplates an elaborate production of the great Sardou drama, "La Tosca." She has never played this rôle, but many of her admirers feel that it will prove one of her greatest artistic achievements.

Drama of Fake Hypnotism.

"Judah," by Henry Arthur Jones, will be given at the Alcazar Theatre next week. "Judah" is a story of spiritualism and hypnotism, and has as its chief character a young girl of supposedly miraculous powers, who is forced by her charlatan of a father to attempt to heal the delicate, sickly daughter of Lord Asgarby, and to pretend to fast while accomplishing this task. She is put to the test by Professor Jopp, a great scientist. The girl is loved by Judah Llewellyn, a young clergyman, who discovers her deception and shields her in it. The situations are dramatic and the climaxes very impressive. The play has plenty of comedy, too. Howard Scott, John Craig, and Miss Lawrence will have the leading rôles. To follow it, June 12th, comes the comedy of confusion, "Mistakes Will Happen," in which Charles Dickson and Henrietta Crossman made a success.

The Orpheum for Next Week.

John Ford, Mayme Gehrue, and their ten "Daisy Girls," will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. They have an act that is full of costumes, color, songs, and dancing. The Merrills, comedy bicyclists, will reappear after an absence of two years. They are said to have added a number of drolleries to their act. Shields and Paul, rope experts, promise a novel specialty. They are said to be more at home with the lariat than any cowboy who ever sat in the saddle. For their second and last week, John C. Rice and Sally Cohen will present for the first time here "All the World Loves a Lover," a one-act comedy by Brandon

Hurst. La Jolie Titcomb will change her songs and costumes, and the Empire City Quartet will offer new songs, parodies, and eccentricities. Warren and Gardner, the McConnell Sisters, and the Orpheum motion pictures will complete the programme.

The Tivoli's Bill.

"The Tenderfoot" is meeting with success at the Tivoli Opera House. Willard Simms continues his great hit as Pettibone, and Charles A. Morgan shares the honors with him as Sergeant Barker. Grace Palotta, Aida Hemmi, Nellie Lynch, Harry Conlon, Joseph Fogarty, and William Schuster are capital in their respective rôles. "The Tenderfoot" begins the third week of its run Monday night.

Barney Bernard to Appear.

Florence Stone and the Ferris Company will give their last performances to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening at the Grand Opera House, the programme for which will be "Camille," with Miss Stone in the title-rôle. Monday night Barney Bernard will begin an engagement of one week. He will appear in H. D. Cottrell's comedy, "The Financier," and will be supported by his own company. The production will be under the direction of George E. Lask. Popular prices—twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and seventy-five cents—will prevail during this engagement. On Monday evening, June 12th the English dramatic artists, Maud Williamson and Alfred Woods, will make their first appearance in America. They will be supported by a specially selected company of Eastern actors, and their repertoire will include a number of romantic dramas new to the San Francisco public. Seats will be on sale next Thursday morning at the box-office.

At the Central.

A series of eight melodramas by Lincoln J. Carter will be inaugurated at the Central Theatre Monday night by the presentation of "The Eleventh Hour." There are many sensational episodes in this play, and fine scenic effects. Theodore Gamble and Grace Hopkins will have the leading rôles.

Production of a Prohibited Wilde Play.

In London, recently, Oscar Wilde's play, "Salome," which had been prohibited by the censor, was produced by the New Stage Club. The ban of the censor was evaded by the device of subscription instead of payment at the door. A large and quite brilliant audience assembled to witness the play, and, according to the London Mail, was greatly bored. "Salome" is really an inoffensive play, the censor's objection being aroused by the scene in which Salome makes love to John the Baptist.

"In the play, as it is written, this love-scene is just a very beautiful piece of sheer passionate speech, full of luxurious Oriental imagery, much of which is taken straight from the 'Song of Solomon,'" says the Mail. "It is done very cleverly, very delicately, very gracefully. It is not religious, but it is, in itself, neither blasphemous nor obscene, whatever it may be in the ears of those who hear it. It might possibly, perhaps, be acted grossly; acted naturally and beautifully, it would show itself at least art." But "it was treated solemnly, dreamily, phlegmatically, as a sort of cross between Maeterlinck and a 'mystery' play. The whole of the play was done in this manner. All save two parts—one, that of Herodias (Miss Salome), which was excellently and vigorously played; the other, that of Herod, which was completely spoiled by an actor who gave what appeared to be a sort of semi-grotesque portrait of one of the late Roman emperors. Even the play itself represents the usurping Idumean as a terrific figure of ignorant strength and lustfulness and power 'walking mightily in his greatness.' Some of the most luxurious speeches in the whole play—above all the wonderful description of his jewels—are put into Herod's mouth. Yet he is represented at the Bijou Theatre as a doddering weakling! And even so is desperately serious.

"Altogether, beneath this pall of solemnity on the one hand and lack of real exaltation on the other, the play's beauties of speech and thought had practically no chance whatever. Set as it is, too, in one long act of an hour and a half, the lack of natural life and vigor made it more tiresome still. And the shade of Oscar Wilde will doubtless be blamed for it all!"

Richard Strauss has finished all but the final orchestration of the opera he founded on "Salome." The drama has frequently been acted with great success in Germany, and was once given in Paris. The opera will be sung first in Dresden next autumn.

An Accommodating Couple.

Olivcr Herford, the author, was married in New York recently to Miss Margaret Regan. It was not intended to have the wedding take place for some time yet, but, so the story goes, Mr. Herford and Miss Regan were married ahead of time at the instance of Cissie Loftus, the actress, who is going

to Europe. The engaged couple went to Miss Loftus's apartments to bid her good-by. The actress expressed regret that her departure might prevent her from seeing their wedding. Then she implored them not to give her this disappointment, but to marry then and there. They were willing. A magistrate and two friends were summoned by telephone, and in a very short time the marriage was over.

The new electric line to the Cliff House, taking the place of the steam road along the bay shore, is now in operation.



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VANITY FAIR.

The Berlin entertainments in celebration of the wedding of Crown Prince Frederick William and the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which takes place on June 6th, will last four days, beginning to-day (Saturday). The duchess will be received at the Brandenburg Gate by the chief burgomaster and the city fathers and by one hundred young women, who will be dressed alike in Gretchen costumes, with their hair in braids down the back. Behind the crown prince and his bride will ride of right the deputations from trades and occupations, according to immemorial custom. The emperor has commanded that this entrance into the city, which will be the only public celebration, shall be simple and, if possible, beautiful. The three-quarters of a mile of Unter den Linden from the Brandenburg Gate to the palace, where the emperor and empress will await the Duchess Cecilia, will be hung with eighty thousand garlands of artificial roses. The chapel of the palace where the wedding will take place holds only about three hundred persons, but there will be a service at the cathedral on Sunday and a dinner, at which the Hohenzollern and Mecklenburg-Schwerin families and the visiting princes, of whom there are fifty or sixty, will be present. There are so many princes coming, each of whom must be treated ceremoniously, that the imperial court marshal's office is perplexed over questions of princely precedence. The ambassadors probably will be invited to only one or two functions, so as to avoid placing them below members of small German houses. Seats and windows along Unter den Linden have been selling for from \$7.50 for the former to \$125 for the latter. Except for the numerous court equipages and uniforms which will be seen in the streets and the princes going and coming from every hotel, there will not be anything for the public to see, as the festivities will be private, and only members of royal families, ambassadors, and a few other important personages and government officials will take part in them.

The wedding gifts will be presented in the palace on Monday morning, June 5th, when deputations with congratulations will be received. Later there will be a breakfast, and the state dinner will be served at 5:30 p. m., so as to be ended in time to permit of the punctual appearance of all the guests at a gala performance at the opera the same evening. Berlin society, at least the feminine part of it, is greatly interested in the trousseau of the future crown princess. It was stated some time ago that the Grand Duchess Anastasia had ordered nearly the whole of her daughter's wedding outfit in Paris. This, however, is now denied. Several large German firms have contributed to the trousseau. Nevertheless, it is stated that the wedding dress is a "creation" of Redfern, of Paris, for which a Dublin firm has furnished some very rich lace.

William E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, says that there are more and larger hotels in New York than in any other city, even more than in London and Paris, and they are increasing in a most marvelous manner: yet every one of them seems to be crowded. The Ansonia, on Broadway, near Seventy-Second Street, is the largest hotel in the world. It covers an entire block, is seventeen stories high, and has 3,000 rooms, and more than 2,500 souls live under its roof. The Plaza Hotel, on Fifty-Ninth Street, near the entrance to Central Park, which cost a million and a half of dollars, has never paid expenses be-

cause it is not large enough. So much space is devoted to lobbies, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and other public purposes, and the bedrooms are so large, that it will be torn down and give place to a ten-million-dollar hotel, larger than anything in Europe and surpassing even the Waldorf-Astoria in size. The latter hotel has 1,385 living and sleeping rooms, and 870 bath-rooms. The largest number of guests it ever accommodated at one time was 1,543, and it averages 1,200 a day in winter and 700 in summer. The new Belmont, now building at Park Avenue and Forty-Second Street, will not be so large as the Waldorf-Astoria, but will contain more rooms.

The Waldorf-Astoria has 300 permanent tenants, who pay from \$1,000 to \$30,000 a year for their rooms—the former price for small inside rooms, the latter for suites of fifteen rooms. Some of these suites have private entrances. There are ten families in the Waldorf-Astoria who pay \$15,000 a year for the corner suites of from eight to twelve rooms, fifteen who pay \$10,000 a year, twenty-five or more who pay between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year, and thirty or more who pay between \$2,500 and \$5,000, while about 200 pay from \$1,000 to \$2,500 per year. The latter are mostly bachelors, who are located on the thirteenth and fourteenth floors. These prices do not include meals, but simply the rooms, with light, heat, and attendance. Yet, with this and other expensive hotels, the business in New York does not seem to be overdone—nor does it seem that when numerous new ones are completed there will be lack of patronage.

The Countess Boni de Castellane has been making Parisian tongues wag by displaying a greater profusion of magnificent jewelry than the sober taste of the old denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain can approve. At the soirée with which the Countess Grefuehle inaugurated the season of Italian opera, Countess Boni appeared wearing for the first time a collar of pearls so conspicuous for size and beauty that a murmur of wonder greeted her entry, and a malicious princess of the old school, leveling her lognettes, exclaimed in a loud aside: "The triumph of money over taste!"

A symphony in brown was Henry S. Lehr, as he prefers to be called since he has reached the dignified marital state, but better known as the immaculate "Harry," when he strolled into a certain fashionable hat store in Fifth Avenue, a few doors from Sherry's restaurant, one afternoon recently. Mr. Lehr was alone, but it is to be presumed he was there for the purpose of buying a hat or hats for his wife. At any rate, for an hour he kept three of the pretty shop-girls busy. Hat after hat for women was shown to him, and he did everything except try them on his own curly brown head. He would place a hat at every angle in his hand, holding it off at arm's length to get the proper perspective, but nothing could suit him. In the end the girls, who had been so eager to make a sale to Mr. Lehr, were obliged to give it up. With a courtly wave of the hand, Mr. Lehr left the store and thanked the girls in a graceful manner. Mr. Lehr was dressed in a brown suit, a brown hat, brown shoes, brown socks, a brown tie, and even wore a brown leather strap attached to his watch, which hung in the upper pocket of his jacket.

"New York! It is the epitome of the horror of the age. I hate it. I loathe its artificial way of living, its mannerisms, its ways of thought. It has but the one redeeming feature, that it is getting so impossible that people must leave it or become crazy," says Thomas Edison. "A man in New York gets down to his office at nine, works until twelve or one, goes out, takes a couple of cocktails, eats a hearty luncheon, hurriedly goes back to his desk and works until five or six, hurries up town, stopping off for one or two more drinks, goes out somewhere, eats an enormous dinner, goes to the theatre and then supper afterward, and finally tumbles into bed. It is that type of man who often says to me, 'I don't see how you stand the strain of working the way you do day after day and night after night in the laboratory.' Work? Why, my work is play compared with his, and yet I am here on an average from eight in the morning until ten at night but I am shut out from the world, the work is interesting, there is none of the terrible strain that comes to the man in the city."

King Edward, during his recent stay in Paris, attracted a good deal of attention by invariably wearing only his right hand gloved, and it appears that, hearing of this, a large number of men, not only in the French capital, but likewise elsewhere on the Continent, have decided to adopt the practice, regarding it as a fashion worthy of being followed, in ignorance of the fact that it is a royal prerogative, to which it is not only ridiculous, but likewise discourteous, for any one to adhere who does not happen to be either a monarch, or at any rate, a member of one of the great reigning houses of Europe," says the Marquise de Fontenay in the *Tribune*.

"Indeed, the etiquette with gloves is very much the same as that relative to hats, and in the same way that the king will remain with his hat on while everybody around him is expected to bare his head, so does he remain gloved while all around him are required to have their right hands ungloved. I know of but one monarch who never wears gloves, not even when in full uniform or during the coldest weather. That is King Leopold, whose throne is of modern origin, and founded long after the custom of healing maladies by the touch of the sovereign had been abandoned. I may add that one of the peculiar features of the madness of his only sister, the ill-fated ex-Empress Carlotta of Mexico, is that she requires a fresh pair of pearl-gray, four-button kid gloves, on rising, every morning throughout the year. If by any mishap there is no fresh pair at hand, and an attempt is made to furnish her with gloves that are not entirely new, her insanity assumes for the moment a violent form, and continues until she is appeased by a fresh pair."

The man behind the white apron indignantly asserted himself. "I won't be ordered around as if I was a slave!" he exclaimed; "I'm as good as you. It's no disgrace to be a waiter!" "Maybe not," said the dyspeptic guest, "but it's a disgrace to be such a waiter as you are."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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— BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH WELL SERVED — Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall	State of Weather.
May 25th	54	48	.00	Cloudy
" 26th	55	48	Tr.	Cloudy
" 27th	58	50	Tr.	Cloudy
" 28th	55	50	Tr.	Cloudy
" 29th	61	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 30th	60	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 31st	62	52	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 31, 1905, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Associated Oil Co.	5%	6,000 @ 98- 95%	98 1/2	98 1/2
Cal. G. E. Cen. 5%	6,000 @ 93 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	
ContraCosta Water	5%	3,000 @ 101 1/2	101 1/2	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	4,000 @ 104 1/2	104 1/2	105 1/2	
Los Angeles Ry. 5%	2,000 @ 116 1/2	115 3/4	116 1/2	
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 120 1/2	120 1/2		
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 109 1/2	109	109 1/2	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 104 1/2	104 1/2		
S. P. R. of Arizona	6 1/2 1909	20,000 @ 109	109	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	1912	10,000 @ 113 1/2	113 1/2	114
S. V. Water 6%	1,000 @ 103 1/2	103 1/2		
S. V. Water. 4%	3ds.	11,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2	
United R. R. of S.	F. 4%	68,000 @ 88 1/2	88 1/2	
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water	140 @ 37 1/2	37 1/2		
Banks.				
Anglo-California	25 @ 87 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	
Powders.				
Giant Con.	50 @ 68 1/2	68	68 1/2	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.	105 @ 8 1/2	8 1/2		
Honokaa S. Co.	905 @ 18 1/2- 19	18 1/2		
Kilauea Sugar Co.	25 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2		
Onomea Sugar Co.	100 @ 37 1/2	37		
Pauuhau Sugar Co.	110 @ 22 1/2- 22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2	
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.	1,725 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2		
Mutual Electric	100 @ 12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric	160 @ 56 1/2- 57	56 1/2	56 1/2	
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers	170 @ 53- 85	84 1/2	85 1/2	
Cal. F. Caniers	100 @ 101	100 1/2		
Cal. Wine Assn.	10 @ 77	76 1/2		
Oceanic S. Co.	100 @ 4 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/2	

The business for the week was small; Giant Powder was strong and in good demand, selling up to 68 1/2 on sales of 50 shares.

The sugars were weaker, about 1,245 shares changing hands at fractional declines.

Alaska Packers Association was stronger, selling up one and a quarter points to 85 on sales of 170 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in better demand at 56 1/2-57.

INVESTMENTS.

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LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

SPANISH AND FRENCH LIBRARY (DE FILIPPE'S), 1018 Post St. Established 1871; 7,000 volumes.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Mr. Athole McBean will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Elizabeth Mills are occupying the Lafavre residence at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels sailed from New York for Europe on Monday.

Miss Marian Newhall has returned from the East.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have returned from New York, and, with Mr. Dean, will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown and Miss Newell Drown have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle and Miss Frances Moore are at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman are occupying their new residence on Franklin Street, near California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee (née Kittle) have returned from their wedding journey, and are at Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman and Miss Dora Winn are at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and family are settled for a time at Bad Nauheim, Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman and Miss Maude Payne are sojourning for a few weeks at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. William B. Hopkins has departed for Vienna, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Jeremiah Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall, Miss Virginia Newhall, and Miss Frances Newhall have gone East for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent are spending the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl are occupying a residence at Van Ness Avenue and Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have gone to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson are at Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tallant and family will spend the summer at Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer are spending the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre are at their country residence at Fair Oaks for the summer.

Miss Emily Rosenstirn has been sojourning for a few days at Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bain (née Manning) have returned from their wedding journey, and are at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes have gone to Honolulu for a month.

Mr. Prescott Scott sailed on Saturday for a visit to the Orient.

Mr. Walter Dillingham has returned to Honolulu.

Mr. George Crocker is occupying his country residence at Ramsay, N. J.

Mr. Richard Hotaling has gone East for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. La Boyateaux are at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann have taken a residence at San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. William Godey, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, has returned to her home at Georgetown, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe are expected here from the East in a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mabel Toy sailed from New York last week for Europe.

Miss Ruth Gedney and Miss Elsie Benedict have gone to the Bremerton Navy Yard, where they will be guests of Lieutenant J. Douglas Beuret, U. S. N., and Mrs. Beuret. Bishop and Mrs. W. H. Moreland, of Sacramento, were in town during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland (née Wagner) were in New Jersey when last heard from, and will remain East for several weeks more.

Baron Louis Von Horst is here for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick are occupying their country residence at Pleasanton.

Mrs. George H. Crocker, Jr., Mrs. Adams Crocker, Mr. Weyman Crocker, and Mr. H. L. Weyman, of Fitchburg, Mass., arrived at the Hotel St. Francis this week.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane sailed on Saturday for her home in Honolulu.

Mr. John D. Spreckels sailed on Saturday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., have gone East for a short visit.

Mrs. H. C. Campbell, Miss Cornelia Campbell, and Miss Frances Reid are at Mountain View for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houghton are sojourning at Yosemite.

Mr. Pierre Lorrillard, Jr., arrived here from Yokohama last week.

Mrs. L. E. Lyon and Mrs. F. W. Wolfe

leave early in June for a visit to relatives and friends in Oregon and Washington.

Colonel and Mrs. W. G. Macfarlane sailed for Honolulu on Saturday.

Mr. Francis McComas arrived from Sydney, Australia, on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma*, which came in Monday.

Mr. Claus Spreckels arrived from Honolulu on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. K. Nuttall were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned from the East.

Mrs. J. D. Tallant and Miss E. Tallant were among recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Wagner are sojourning at the Hotel Tuxedo.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has returned from Mexico.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, Miss Muriel Steele, and Mr. Edward Steele will spend the month of June at their country home, "Felicidad," El Dorado County.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Holmes are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. Robert Horace White and family will spend the summer at Hotel Tuxedo in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. C. H. Holbrook and his daughter, Mrs. Daisy H. Hare, departed on Thursday for an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. Hugo Fisher, formerly of San Francisco, but now of New York, is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mrs. E. L. Hunt, Mrs. H. B. Bostwick, Mr. H. C. Hunt, Mr. Arthur Fenimore, Miss Augusta D. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. J. de la Montanya, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hamm, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Butler, Miss Butler, Mrs. A. M. Burns, Mrs. J. H. Long, Mr. P. F. Nolan, Mr. J. F. Nolan, Mr. L. F. Nolan, Mr. B. Cameron, Miss Maren Froelich, and Mr. W. W. Naughton.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. S. Hall and Mrs. F. G. May, of Dorchester, Mr. M. J. Carver, Miss J. Carver, and Miss K. D. Owen, of Washington, Miss E. M. Lint, Miss Wood, Miss M. E. Poillon, and Miss I. C. Poillon, of New York, Mr. J. A. Knight, of Worcester, Mrs. L. M. Mitchell, Mrs. W. O. Mills, Miss C. E. Mills, Miss M. Owens, Mr. C. B. Russell, Mr. C. Clere, Mr. E. H. Gleason, Mr. S. A. Pierce, Mr. L. Aubert, Mr. G. Suro, Mr. L. R. Williams, and Mr. A. S. Holman.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Tuxedo were Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Lucas, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Corwin Radcliffe, of Merced, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wessenderier, Miss Lucile F. Smith and Miss Pearl Swanton, of Santa Cruz, Mr. H. I. Bettis, of Los Angeles, Mr. H. Koemer, of Mark West Springs, Mr. George Eckherdt, of Pacific Grove, Mr. W. J. Rogers and Mr. J. L. Buell, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bibo, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Linforth, Mrs. J. Steveler, Mrs. P. H. Lacey, Miss Steveler, Miss Stella Young, Mr. W. G. Taffinder, Mr. Lawrence T. Wendell, Mr. W. C. Holliday, Mr. C. H. Wagner, Mr. August Eggert, Mr. John Koho, Mr. August W. Lunsman, Mr. A. Ludwig, Mr. Robert Lorentz, Mr. L. B. Morris, Mr. H. G. Howell, Mr. H. Wingate Lake, Mr. E. Nichols, Mr. H. J. Moore, Mr. Paul Hinkley, Mr. H. B. Green, Mr. C. A. Graham, and Mr. A. J. Rich.

— NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Hot Mineral Baths any Time of the Day

— AT —

AETNA SPRINGS

Send for booklet.

AETNA SPRINGS CO., Napa County, Cal.

Season Opens ROWARDENNAN June 1, 1905

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

WM. G. DODGE, Lessee BEN LOMOND, CAL.

Riverside Hotel and Cottages

SANTA CRUZ CAL.

Thirty acres in beautiful lawns, shrubbery, flowers, and fruit. Near beach. Running water and electric lights. Bus and livery in connection. Rates reasonable. Send for booklet.

FRED BARSON, Proprietor.

The leading Hotel and Resort Place of the SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

Is just 73 miles from S. F. on the main line of the Narrow Gauge R. R.

Comfort, Pleasure, and Health are awaiting you at charming and beautiful Tuxedo.

FRANCIS W. SMITH, Manager.

Write for Booklet, Felton P. O.

TUXEDO

REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the spring and summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

BLITHEDALE

Mill Valley, California

The ideal Summer Resort of Marin County. Season from May 1st until October 1st. Local train direct to hotel meets all trains at Mill Valley (Fare 5 cents). Long-distance telephone "Blithedale."

J. A. ROBINSON.



MILL VALLEY "THE ABBEY"

Now Open Cottages and Tents

Carriage connects with local trains

Rates \$10 to \$17.50

CLOYNE COURT—BERKELEY APARTMENT HOTEL

A few high-class apartments will be available for summer months. Forty minutes, via Key Route, to San Francisco. One block from Euclid Ave. electric car-line. Marine view—away from winds and fogs.

JAMES M. PIERCE, Manager

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1905 S. Doric..... Saturday, July 1 S. Coptic..... Wednesday, Aug. 2 (Calling at Manila)

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office. Merchants Exchange, 7th floor. D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

tra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, June 8, at 2 P. M. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 17, at 11 A. M. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 1, at 11 A. M. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 653 Market Street. Freight Office, 320 Market St., San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Louise Carr...

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude...

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith C. Cowles...

The wedding of Miss Belle Harnes...

The wedding of Miss Cornelia M. Curtis...

The wedding of Miss Josephine Wolsburger...

The wedding of Miss Alice Newhall...

The wedding of Miss Helen Ellsworth...

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a dinner on Tuesday evening...

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a box-party at the Columbia Theatre...

Mrs. Josiah R. Howell (nee Dutton) gave a luncheon on Thursday...

Mrs. Denis Scaries will give a tea on Sunday, June 11th...

Miss Mary Keeney gave a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith...

Oscar Tully Shuck, lawyer, author, and poet died in this city on Sunday.

President David Starr Jordan and Mrs. Jordan have gone to New York City...

Governor James H. Hoge and Chief Justice H. P. Bush...

Several persons are fortunate in having been selected to be on the program...

WANTED BY A YOUNG WOMAN STUDENT OF Stanford University...

ALWAYS APPETIZING THE MEALS AT THE Vienna Model Bakery...

Electric Railway Down the Coast.

Articles of incorporation for the Ocean Shore Railway Company have been filed at Santa Cruz.

Walter E. Deane, J. Downey Harvey, Charles C. Moore, Charles Carpy, Charles E. Green, Burke Corbett, Alfred D. Bowen, George A. Knight, James D. Phelan, Mr. Tobin, and Rudolph Spreckels are credited with being heavy subscribers to the \$400,000 which is now in bank for construction purposes.

The capital stock is \$3,000,000. Chief Engineer Rogers, who has been inspecting the route, says he can make the eighty-three miles between the two cities in two hours.

Musical Church Benefit.

An entertainment for the benefit of St. Vincent de Paul Church, under the patronage of Mrs. Eugene Schmitz and the ladies of St. Vincent de Paul Booth, was given at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening.

Vocal quartet, "On the Sea," Dudley Buck, Frank Onslow, John de P. Teller, Arthur A. Macurda, Henry L. Perry; quartet, Op. 16, Beethoven, Miss Frances R. Wertheimer, Benjamin Tuttle, Frank Howard, Henry Heyman; vocal, "Garden Serenade," Levi, Miss Millie Flynn; solo for French horn, "Larghetto," Mozart, Ernest Schlott; group of songs, C. Harding Tebbs; piano solo, "Holberg Suite," Grieg, Mrs. John Shepard; vocal, "Heinweh," Hugo Wolf, Miss L. Purlenky; trio for violin, viola, and piano, Glinka, Benjamin Tuttle, Henry Heyman, Miss Frances R. Wertheimer; recitation, selected, Hon. Julius Kahn; trombone solo, "Killarney," Balfe, Alfred Roncovieri.

Extended Litigation Ended.

The famous Blythe case seems to have been settled. In the case of the Blythe Company against Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., formerly Miss Florence Blythe, the supreme court has handed down a decision upholding the decision of the lower court, which awarded the Blythe Block, on Market Street, between Kearny Street and Grant Avenue, to the defendant.

San Francisco is indebted to Mr. Antoine Borel, the well-known banker, for the creation of what promises to be a most beautiful addition to the already fashionable Presidio Heights section of the city.

The inventory of Ferdinand Reis's estate, filed in court, shows its value to be \$1,067,431.80, the appraisement of the various properties being as follows: Realty in San Francisco, \$102,250; outside of this city, \$225,600; mortgages on San Francisco real estate, \$63,900; mortgages on property elsewhere, \$135,900; promissory notes, \$141,750; improvement, stock, and other personal property on Santa Margarita ranch, \$50,673.50; stocks and bonds, \$171,515; contract to purchase certain property, \$5,000; cash, \$170,743.39.

Mrs. William H. Crocker has offered an artistic golf trophy to be competed for on July 4th by women, under the auspices of the Burlingame Country Club.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, for home, church, and reception cards engraved, Schuler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

WANTED BY A YOUNG WOMAN STUDENT OF Stanford University, employment for the summer vacation. Address: M. S., Box 776, Stanford, Cal.

ALWAYS APPETIZING THE MEALS AT THE Vienna Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

Army and Navy News.

Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, and sailed from Manila on Tuesday for San Francisco.

Brigadier-General Edward Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis, and Brigadier-General James A. Buchanan, U. S. A., sailed for Manila on the transport Sheridan Wednesday.

Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient last week.

Captain Haldimand P. Young, U. S. A., and Mrs. Young (nee Voorhies) are now at the Schuyllkill Arsenal, Philadelphia.

Captain Edward Cassatt, U. S. A., who returned recently from the Philippines, has gone to Fort Myer, Wash.

Captain Samson L. Faison, U. S. N., has gone East for a short visit, prior to going to Manila.

Lieutenant George C. Sweet, U. S. N., and Miss Sweet sailed on Saturday for Guam.

Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stone sailed on Wednesday for the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Commander John E. Craven, U. S. N., of the Oregon, arrived last week from Hong Kong.

Lieutenant C. E. Hathaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hathaway have been sojourning at the Hotel Tuxedo.

The United States transport Sheridan sailed for Manila on Wednesday.

As a result of the suit brought by James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of Life, against New York theatrical managers, for alleged conspiracy in harrasing him from their theatres, twenty-four managers will have to stand trial for conspiracy, in accordance with a decision rendered on Wednesday.

The home of Captain Harold Cloke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloke, at Fort Totten, N. Y., has been brightened by the advent of a son.

TOWNSEND'S CALIFORNIA GLACE FRUITS, in artistic fire-etched boxes 10 Kearny Street and new store now open, 767 Market Street.

Pears'

The public's choice since 1789.

"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.

Artificial Eyes AND Aids to Hearing Apparatus The Largest Stock on the Pacific Coast SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

Geo. H. Kahn. OPTICIAN. 105 MONTGOMERY ST. NEAR SUTTER OPP OCCIDENTAL HOTEL KODAK AGENCY-PHOTO SUPPLIES

THE AUTOPIANO AND THE AUTO GRAND

A Beautiful Piano and the means by which any one may play it

During the past fifteen years, inventors and experts have been endeavoring to perfect a piano-playing mechanism inside the upright piano.

While the problem of building a piano-playing mechanism inside of the modern piano case has proved indeed a difficult one, it has been successfully solved in the Autopiano (price \$600) and the Auto Grand (\$785), which instruments we take pleasure in offering as the finest product of the skilled piano-maker and piano player mechanics.



The Auto Grand as it appears when played by hand. Not even a lever or pedal is in view to distinguish it from a regular upright piano.



The Auto Grand with pedals extended and opened to admit music-roll. This cut also shows the novel method of exposing tempo and expression levers.



The Auto Grand with front removed, showing simplicity of mechanism, every part of which is readily accessible. All tubing is black tin and not rubber.

By means of these Autopianos, the army of music-hungry men and women who have long ago given up hope of playing come immediately into a heritage of all the music there is; but instead of easy waltzes and polkas that mark indifferent performers, they give forth the stimulating and inspiring German and Italian operas, the charming compositions of Chopin and Beethoven, Liszt's wondrous rhapsodies, the tone poems of Wagner—all and everything, in short, in the enchanting world of music.

These instruments are sold for cash or on payments—for the AUTO GRAND, \$25 a month; AUTOPIANO, \$15 a month—only by

EILERS MUSIC COMPANY

Temporary location, 514 Market Street

Other stores Oakland and Stockton

For Infants or Adults



LUTTED'S
Hawaiian "POI"
Is an Ideal Health Food
Strengthening,
Refreshing,
Delicious
A boon to Dyspeptics
and Invalids

For sale by Goldberg, Bowen & Co., or sent prepaid by mail for 50 cents by
THE HAWAIIAN POI FLOUR CO.
HONOLULU, H. I.

EUROPE

Thirty Tours this Season

April to August, by all routes. Special series via the Mediterranean. Tours cover the whole of Europe, Paris, including all expenses, \$175 to \$1015
Independent Railroad and Steamship Tickets Everywhere. Write for booklet.
THOS. COOK & SON,
621 Market Street - - San Francisco

Automobiles De Dietrich

Only French cars built especially for American Roads. Demonstration to prospective buyers with 30 h. p. phaeton.
PAUL KOECHLIN
Hotel Marie Antoinette - Van Ness Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
112 SUTTER STREET,
cycle and Golf Suits. Upstairs, opp. Lick House.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1905

By special arrangement with the publishers, and concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25

COMMUNICATIONS.

Miss Bonner's Latest Heroine Criticised.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with interest the letter recently published in your columns on Geraldine Bonner's novel, "The Pioneer." My attention was particularly attracted to it by the fact that I had just finished the book, the first by that author I had read. With many of your correspondent's remarks I can agree, but when he lauds the heroine, saying that she "has the elusive distinction of feminine charm," "wins love unconsciously," and is "cast in the mold perpetually interesting to men," I am forced to take exception to his criticism. On finishing the book, my feelings were mixed. The old colonel seemed to me a worthy and a lovable hero. The secondary characters (the Grady's, Rosamund, and Barney Sullivan) were all good—men and women the reader could be interested in and would like to know in "real life." But the heroine was to me the blot on the book, and how "An Old Californian" could glorify her as he did I can not understand. She was by all odds the most prominent person in the novel; she was delineated with the greatest care; the author had spared no pains to make her seem real and make the reader understand her; and after all this care in drawing her and forcing her on the reader's attention, what is she? A woman so weak that she has no power to resist evil; a woman without will, without faith, without character. This may be an exaggerated manner of expression—but analyze what June Allen did. In the early stages of her acquaintance with Barclay, she deceived her sister. She lied to Rosamund and the colonel, both of them people whom she is supposed to have loved and respected. She allowed herself to love a man who had confessed to her that he had a guilty liaison with a married woman. When the married woman died, this man threw her over and selected for his bride a girl with a fortune. Nevertheless, when June has clearly seen what he is, and has been treated by him with the most brutal cruelty, she consents to clope with him, he having a wife in San Francisco. Even at the last she is not saved by her own better nature, but by an accident. If Barclay had not met retribution in the mine, he would have found her waiting by the carriage, and she would have driven away with him. This is the woman your correspondent says is cast in the mold perpetually interesting to men. Well, all I've got to say is, Thank heaven all men are not interested in the same kind of woman! What would happen to the human race if June Allen was the type of girl that the majority of men loved and married? What kind of children would spring from such a mother? The novelist ought to exert an uplifting influence on our standards of womanhood, and when we find one of the ability of Geraldine Bonner holding up for our admiration this weak, reckless, desperate girl, ruled by her passions, without self-restraint or pride, we can only wish she had put her talents to a better use.

One of the features of the character is that it has been depicted as a very winsome woman, with whom the best men in the book are in love. In the first division of the novel, called "The Country," June is shown as a young, artless girl, who might have had great power to attract the opposite sex. This giving to an unworthy woman the charms which make her beloved by noble men is to my thinking the most blamable feature of the novel. She is captivating and winning in the earlier chapters; and clear through to the end, when she is lying to her sister, when she is deceiving the kind old man who would have died for her, when she is about to run away with another woman's husband, she continues to be captivating and winning, as she was in the days of the mineral spring at Foley's. There can not be any doubt that this is not good morals, and I do not see how it can be good art. If characters change and deteriorate under evil influences, would not a woman's charm change and deteriorate more quickly than anything else? R. S.

Information Wanted.

MILLVILLE, N. J., May 24, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Is there any way to find where my uncle, William B. Vogdes, died? I have been informed that he died in 1897 or 1899, and in the West, and that a Western paper published an account of his death, but can not find out any more. He was rich, and I am his nephew and an heir. I am needy and would be much benefited if I could ascertain where he died.
Yours respectfully, W. H. PEOPLES.

The Dog of the Regiment.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1905.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the April Century there is a charming little California story called "Scrap." I have been wondering whether Miss Chamberlain chose as her hero the small cur dog that aroused some interest and speculation in San Francisco during the Spanish-American War. We first saw him during the period of our militiamania, when each home-coming regiment was welcomed with loud acclamation, a lunch—such a lunch! (the idea seeming to be that not a moment must be lost in making up for the deprivations of the past), and of course the inevitable brass bands. Then our heroes, with their guns twined with flowers and their faces wreathed with smiles, would march gayly up Market Street, preceded by a glittering escort, amid a din of bells and whistles that necessarily reduced all speech to pantomime. At the corner of Market and Pine Streets a yellow, ragged, but withal jauntily martial cur, would invariably make his appearance and take command at once without further ado. He would rush hither and thither, harking his commands, which, although lost in the din, were yet impressive,

keeping a stern eye for laggards, or intrusive observers, yet, unstaggered by his responsibilities, able to lead the regiment up the street with all the airs and graces of a handmaster. After the procession he always disappeared into the obscurity from which he came, only to reappear magically with the approach of the next regiment.
It would be delightful to think that this ragged commander found so congenial a role in life as that of a regimental mascot, and one where his peculiar talents were so well appreciated as were those of Scrap.
Yours truly, MARY BINCKLEY.

Miss Barrymore and Stage Children.

Ethel Barrymore said, in a recent interview:

I have been amused at the comments on the "precocious" children that play with me. The truth is that only one of the children had even been to the theatre before I rehearsed them for their parts, and the third had never been on the stage. I was in Chicago when I made my initial arrangements, and received a telegram saying that Mr. Frohman's manager was afraid he could not get three "theatre" children who would be satisfactory. I telegraphed back: "Don't want theatre children; get me some who know nothing about the stage."

I had them come to the house here and taught them to play hide and seek, or rather I didn't really teach them, but we played; and I arranged the game with the idea of its production in my mind.

We had beautiful times together, and little by little I told them about the audience that would see them after a while, and they must play a real good game or people would be disappointed. They never seem to mind the audiences at all.

James Cross, for many years a resident of this city and prominent in club circles, died in Stockton on Wednesday. He was a member of the Pacific-Union Club, and from 1894 to 1898 acted as president of the Hobart estate. He also managed the Utica Mine at Angels. Mr. Cross was born in New York State sixty-five years ago. He came to California in his youth, and had been prominently connected with many big enterprises.

Jules E. Pages, the San Francisco painter, has won in Paris a *medaille hors concours*, which entitles him to exhibit any of his future paintings in the Salon without submitting it to a committee. The picture which won the medal depicts an every-day scene in a French café.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. FROM JUNE 1, 1905. FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street.)

Table with columns: LEAVE, MAIN LINE, ARRIVE. Lists various train routes and times.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. 17 15 A. M., 8 00 A. M., 11 00 A. M., 1 00 P. M., 3 00 P. M., 5 15 P. M.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Is it true that the Bloptons are living beyond their income? "Worse than that. They're living beyond their credit."—Brooklyn Life.

Mistress—"Do you like children?" Applicant for nurse—"Do yez expect to git a Rousevelt fer four dollars a week?"—Harper's Bazar.

Jack (in a museum)—"This collection of stuffed animals is said to be valued at thousands of dollars." Flo—"Is it possible? What are they stuffed with?"—New Yorker.

"This meat," protested the hoarder, "is overdone." "Not exactly, it aint," replied the waitress; "it's done over. This is the same meat you had yesterday."—Philadelphia Press.

Flatbroke—"I'm sorry I can't pay that bill now—you'll have to wait awhile. And I'll like a suit this spring, too." Tailor—"You'll get it. I'm going to start one to-morrow."—Cleveland Leader.

"Bessie, how many sisters has your new playmate?" "She has one, mamma. She tried to fool me by saying she had two half-sisters; but I guess she didn't know that I studied fractions."—Washington Life.

Al de Mustard—"Your wife's costume to-night is charming. It simply beggars description." Justin de Bunch—"And that reminds me of a conundrum—why am I like a description?"—Ohio State Journal.

The waiter—"What's for you, sir?" The professor (engrossed in a problem)—"In the correlation of forces, it is a recognized property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to join and—" The waiter—"Ash, one!"—Sketch.

"What conclusion did your literary and debating society reach last night?" "Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "the conclusion was as usual—chicken-salad, ice-cream, and 'Good-night; had a perfectly lovely time.'"—Washington Star.

Typewriter agent—"Pardon me, sir, but may I ask what is the style of your typewriter?" Merchant (enthusiastically)—"Right up to date. Elbow sleeves, lace insertion shirt-waist, and all that sort of thing."—New York Weekly.

"What kind of a looking man is that chap Gableton you just mentioned? I don't believe I have met him." "Well, if you see two men off in a corner anywhere and one of them looks bored to death, the other one is Gableton."—Puck.

"Are you going to Europe this summer?" "I don't know," answered Mrs. Cumrox; "going to Europe isn't what it used to be, you know. When a man travels now a lot of people turn up their noses and wonder whether a grand jury is after him."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Mudge—"I do admire the women you draw, Mr. Penink. They are so beautiful and so refined! Tell me, who is your model?" [Mrs. Mudge rises in Mrs. Penink's opinion.] Penink—"Oh, my wife always sits for me." Mrs. Mudge (with great surprise)—"You don't say so! Well, I think you're one of the cleverest men I know!" [Mrs. Penink's opinion of Mrs. Mudge falls below zero.]—Punch.

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"New York is getting along in years." "Yes—she's outgrown her Knickerbockers."—Life.

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Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect May 1, 1905, Arrive San Francisco. Lists destinations like Napa, Novato, Santa Rosa, etc.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Fulton for Burke's Sanitarium; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Hearst, and Sawyer; at Sherwood for Westport, Caltu, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Oiseus, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Camp's, Scotia, and Eureka. Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

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The Argonaut.

Summer-Resort Number.

Twenty-Four Pages.

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A short-story competition, inaugurated by *Collier's Weekly*, and not long ago brought to its conclusion, illustrates, with emphasis, how critics do disagree. Two of the stories, "Fagan," the winner of the \$5,000 prize, and "Many Waters," which won the \$2,000 prize, have now been published. The first is the story of a negro oldier who deserts and, with a Filipino girl, lives among the natives, at length being forced to penetrate into a wilder country where first the girl and then he

himself are slain. This story, so the four editors of the weekly in question say, meets with their approval for first place. Yet only one of the three judges gave it preference over all others, and Senator Lodge gave it zero out of a possible one hundred. He also gave zero to the story by Margaret Deland, which took second prize. That he should give zero to "Fagan" is conceivable. It is the work of a youth of twenty-five, and displays no particular insight into character or into life. That the person who wrote it may lack the slightest trace of Poesque imagination and have no conception of the delicacies of human relations, is probable enough. With crude materials, imitating Kipling and London, he has made a crudely big, but by no means a great, story. The only point where "Fagan" exhibits a trace of genius is in the description of the Filipino girl. And this seems to be the opinion of most readers of intelligence. "Many Waters," on the other hand, is a delicate study in psychology—a thing that could only have been written by a person of years and wisdom, of keen sympathy, of delicate insight, and of imagination. But the end strikes one, at first blush at least, as somewhat unsatisfactory. It is notable that W. A. White, the breezy Kansas editor, put "Many Waters" first, while the sophisticated editors of *Collier's* were, with one exception, all for the tale of the far Philippines. For our part, we should say, without hesitation, that "Many Waters" is the better of the two tales. Confirmatory evidence of this is that "Fagan" was rejected by two magazines before it was sent to the weekly's competition, where it was to win the grand prize.

But truth to tell, there is no standard of excellence for short stories, and there never will be. Speaking roughly, they all fall into two classes: the imaginative and the intimate. Poe was the master of the first sort, and "The Fall of the House of Usher" stands, perhaps, as the best of all imaginative tales. But Poe knew nothing of life, was no close student of human character, was not privy to our most secret thought. About that he cared nothing. In a world he had himself created he dwelt content. Some of Maupassant's stories, on the other hand, are marvels of cynical dissection of human motives, as, for example, that improper one called "Ball of Fat." Here is exhibited a cruel intimacy with the springs of action that makes us writhe. James and Mrs. Wharton are other masters of the short story who write from sure knowledge. "Fagan," of course, falls into neither of these classes, but is interesting chiefly because of its unusual setting and simplicity of plot, which makes it comprehensible to the least intelligent reader. Perhaps, after all, a "popular weekly" would better give \$5,000 for a story like "Fagan," which the majority of its readers appreciate, than for a story like "The Fall of the House of Usher," which few do or would.

The tide of immigration, which received a setback at the time of the commercial depression in the middle nineties, has now reached a height unattained heretofore. Its proportions are indeed so great as to seem bewildering, when it is considered that the masses which are represented by the figures must be assimilated into our people. In view of the facts, the information that the President is making an exhaustive study of the matter comes as no surprise. For the fiscal year which ends June 30th, the immigration record will be between 900,000 and 1,000,000, nearer the latter number than the former. This shows a very noticeable increase over the figures of the two preceding years, which were 857,064 in 1903, and 812,870 in 1904. The total number of immigrants since 1895 is 4,628,798, and the tendency to increase in the latter years is shown by the

fact that the average was 275,000 in the first half of the decade per year, and 658,000 per year for the latter half of the same period. It must be remembered, however, that the earlier years were years of depression. But if the mere increase in the numbers is striking (it implies an addition of no less than twenty per cent. each year to the laboring population), the comparative value of the immigration is not such as to inspire any feeling of exhilaration. Taking the first nine months of the present fiscal year we find among the immigrants: English, 51,065; Germans, 28,219; Swedes, 17,471. But of Austrians and Hungarians, there were 182,464; Russians, 130,250; Italians, 102,195. In fact, two-thirds of the entire immigration came from these three latter nationalities. In other words, the immigration from the northern countries is being supplanted by a much inferior type from the countries named. Illiteracy is often taken as the test, but perhaps a more satisfactory one would be the possession of means by the immigrant. Of the Italian immigrants, out of 159,000 about 120,000 had less than fifty dollars; of 74,790 Germans, 33,530 had less than that amount; and of 41,479 English, 11,231 had less than that amount. The prospects for restriction are not very rosy, as it is difficult to apply tests which the steamship companies can not somehow circumvent. It must also be remembered that there are powerful interests, such as the Southern planters, who favor immigration. The same is also true of the Hawaiian land-owners and the syndicates and other white owners of land in the Philippines, who actually need Chinese immigrants.

The Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Princess of the Wends received, indeed, a warm greeting from the people of Berlin on the occasion of her entrance to the city for the purpose of formally signing the marriage contract with the Crown Prince of Germany, whose probable accession to the throne will make her the Empress of Germany. It was apparently a most gorgeous and impressive affair. The procession was magnificent. One feature of it, in fact, transcended the bounds of mere mundane splendor, and must have been awe-inspiring beyond words to describe. That was the master-butchers. The news reports tell us that almost at the front of the procession rode one hundred mounted master-butchers, most of whom were men of ample figure, attired in evening suits and opera-hats. Geewhilkens! A master-butcher unadorned is spectacle enough—with mighty arm that has slain a thousand bullocks, brawny neck, and immeasurable girth derived from living himself with his own fat sirloins, juicy roasts, and most delicious cutlets. How much more dazzling, then, a master-butcher in evening clothes. And when it comes to a master-butcher in evening clothes and opera-hat, his brief legs making sadly ineffectual efforts to follow the contour of the flanks of a fiery charger—sitting thus full in the eye of the sun—a hundred of him altogether—rivulets of perspiration irrigating each honest face, why, imagination simply throws up the sponge. King Edward had a splendid coronation; the ceremony in which Nicolas the Second was crowned Czar of all the Russias was a magnificent one; King Peter of Servia assumed his throne with pomp and circumstance. But now they must all hide their diminished heads in shame: they had no girthy master-butchers in evening clothes and opera-hats, mounted.

But if this feature of Cecilia's welcome was unimaginably spectacular, there were other phases that were strangely familiar. For example, the dispatches tell us that the chief burgomaster of Berlin, in a purple robe trimmed with fur, and wearing a heavy gold chain

"read a brief address." "It was brief," the dispatch adds, "by the emperor's request." O wise William! A perfect example of the sometime beneficence of autocracy! Of course, nothing less than an "emperor's request" could restrain a burgomaster from addressing the empress-to-be at such length that the master-butchers would have all fallen asleep and incontinently tumbled from their horses. It is such incidents as this that sometimes cause us to regret that we live in a free republic where there is no emperor to "request" governors, mayors, militia colonels, and town marshals to "cut it short." We note, in conclusion, that Cecilia, in reply to the burgomaster, said "a few simple words." This is not exactly surprising. Since about 1830 all nice girls, on all public occasions, have, according to the press, each and every one said "a few simple words." It is a phrase forever dedicated to ingenuous maidenhood.

The Storting, apparently with the full approval of the people of Norway, has declared that country to be independent of Sweden, and that King Oscar is no longer King of Norway. The reason given for this action is the failure of the king to establish a new government for the country. The Council of State is to act as the Norwegian government, exercising power appertaining to the king under the constitution. A request to King Oscar to appoint his son King of Norway has been refused.

The facts of the present trouble are as follows: The king in Stockholm, where the Norwegian council held its sittings, has vetoed the decision of that council in favor of the creation of separate consular services for each of the united countries. The king based his decision upon the ground that, at present, there was a mutuality of interest in the consular service, and that it could not be destroyed without a mutual agreement to that effect. The Norwegian council, however, declared that their decision represented the demands of their countrymen, and protested against the royal veto as being against the unanimous advice of the cabinet. The only course open to the cabinet was, in their opinion, resignation. They thereupon resigned. The king refused to accept the resignation, as he could not at that time form another Norwegian cabinet. Whereupon the members declined to withdraw their resignations, and asked the king to defer his final action in the matter until the full council at Christiania could deal with it, and again the king declined. There is no protocol of the proceedings, for the ministers refused to sign the one drawn up, so that there is in reality no official record of the veto. This very unpleasant deadlock has found its solution in the severance of the union, but it by no means follows that this ends the matter, for Sweden will not yet admit the disruption.

The details of the battle between the Russian fleet, under four admirals, and the Japanese fleet, under Togo, are bringing with them a paradoxical air, which is incongruous with the real tragedy these same particulars are supposed to tell. We have the *Borodino*, with Admiral Kojestvensky on the bridge until her decks and fighting-tops are shambles. The admiral leaves, and still the *Borodino* fights on, with half her complement of men gone, steering-gear carried away, ammunition hoists shot to pieces, sinking gradually. Two destroyers detach themselves from the Japanese squadron, and though one is sunk by a well-directed shell, the second launches her torpedo, and the *Borodino* suddenly rolls over, like a wounded whale, and only forty men are picked up alive. But not far off the battleship *Orel* was fighting, with her slightly wounded lashed to the masts to keep them from interfering with the working of the ship—her seriously wounded had all been tossed over the side, because "their groans and shrieks exercised a harmful effect." Vice-Admiral Nebogatoff's sailors mutiny, and throw some of his officers overboard, and surrender. Other ships are blown up, including the cruiser *Izumrud*. Now the feeling in Russia is that all the officers who surrendered, including Vice-Admiral Nebogatoff, shall be shot as were the officers of the cruiser *Raphael* after their surrender of that ship in 1829 to the Turks.

All this sounds tragic—very tragic, indeed—with the rolling, pungent smoke, the sinking ships, the wounded qualling in their lashings to the mast, trusted officers surrendering their commands, others blowing skyward in glorious defiance, the natty officers of the crack *Alexander III* going down in all their gold and palace finery into the sodden and oil-sheated sea. But it was worse than a tragedy to the Russian sailor. He didn't know what was going to happen. He had the following prospects: to be killed by a shell; to be wounded and thrown overboard; to be killed and thrown overboard; to be wounded and tied thirstily to a mast; to be thrown overboard for not surrendering; to be shot for sur-

rendering; to be blown up with the ship; to go down with the ship—all these prospects were the Russian sailor's, and it must be confessed he must have thought of capture by the enemy as the pleasantest fate.

Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, has stated that he will retire July 1st, and President Roosevelt has announced that he will appoint to the position Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore—a lawyer, fighter of corruption, and upholder of civil service. He has for years been a close friend of President Roosevelt. He is further distinguished by being a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte and Betty Patterson, a Baltimore belle. He is brilliant, picturesque, courtly, somewhat eccentric.

Politicians say that the appointment will have the effect of giving confidence to the reformers of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Maryland, both Democrats and Republicans. Bonaparte has always fought the machine of his native State, Maryland, and the appointment is looked upon as something of an affront to Gorman and his followers. Gorman is expected to oppose vigorously the confirmation of Bonaparte when his name is presented to the Senate. Also, it is said that the appointment is a tribute to Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, close friends of the President, and that on this account it will gain much Democratic support for the administration.

We find the following in the "Automobile Notes" of an esteemed contemporary:

IT MARKS US TIED. "Mr. Blank, of the Automobile Club of California, last Sunday made a trip of over one hundred miles in his new steen H. P. Model Q Blank Automobile."

What of it? Great snakes! *What of it?* Jumping Jehosaphat! WHAT OF IT?

It is these solemn narratives of doing nothing in particular and doing it very well that inspire such deep, dark distrust of the average auto in the bosom of the average man. There are probably half a hundred hundred-pound boys around Milpitas who have ridden thirty-pound bicycles a hundred miles around San Francisco Bay and never shed a feather; there are probably half a thousand San Francisco boys who have ridden their "centuries" the other way round and never batted an eyelash. Why, then, so much solemn rejoicing over a five-thousand-dollar two-ton machine, with two or three men to feed it and wipe its nose, going one-eighth the distance per day of a narrow-gauge switch-back locomotive with one connecting-rod out of commission and bronchial incrustations on its boiler-flues? Why shouldn't such a machine make over a hundred miles in a day? If it couldn't, it ought to be run into a wheat-field and hitched onto a threshing-machine.

Such talk makes us tired.

"A hundred miles in a day."

WHAT OF IT?

The local press has been much exercised over the dismissal of Dr. Julius Goebel, for thirteen years head of the German department at Stanford University. The fact seems to be that the professor was asked to resign, and his path was made easy by the offer of a year's leave at half pay. He did not accept the invitation, and his departure was accelerated. The whole matter is not worth the attention bestowed upon it, for it is clear that the professor could have dismissed the university whenever he felt inclined, and what is sauce for the goose would seem to be sauce for the gander. The fact is that we are a little too much overridden by the professor fetish in this country. A ridiculous sort of sacrosanctity appears to attach itself to universities, and their priesthood and acolytes play a little too important a rôle in the eyes of the public. Their importance is out of all proportion to their real influence. It is almost time that they were called upon to "make good," and to show that their work entitles them to the consideration which they undoubtedly enjoy. This higher-education craze has lasted long enough to make its fruits evident, and it can not be said that they altogether justify the digging and delving, let alone the money expended upon their tillage. The tendency has been to the over-production of an inferior type of professional man. We have a plethora of second-rate lawyers, if, indeed, the term is not too complimentary, and physicians concerning whose ministrations it is difficult to speak with any patience. That this should be the result of an expensive, elaborate, and much too highly praised system is deplorable, but it is evident. Manual training, upon which the industrial prosperity of the country is dependent, and which is absolutely essential to civic progress in these days of competitive commercialism and industrialism, is neglected. Yet, even from a merely educative standpoint and regarded as a means of cultivating the intellect and powers of

application, manual training ranks at least alongside of the ordinary preparatory work for the professions, and is infinitely more valuable to the community. The time must come when the thoughtful part of our population will grow disgusted with a system of education which turns out incompetent professionals and fails to give us those skilled artisans who are so necessary and, alas, so scarce.

On Friday, June 1st, President Roosevelt, sitting in the East Room of the White House, pressed an electric button that started bells ringing in Portland, Or., and set in motion the machinery of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. At the fair itself speeches by Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Joseph Cannon, and others, were heard. Oregon weather abandoned its bad habits on that day, and, altogether, the exposition opened auspiciously.

This fair, which is the first west of the Rocky Mountains to be under government patronage, celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of the exploration of Oregon by Captain Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, sent into the West by President Jefferson. The exposition grounds cover about four hundred acres on the outskirts of Portland. The main group of buildings is situated on the shore of Lake Guild, and amid surroundings of great natural beauty. In contrast to the general rule, the buildings were practically finished and the exhibits installed in time for the opening—the latter condition made possible by the fact that many of the exhibits were brought to Portland direct from the fair at St. Louis. The exposition represents an outlay of about \$7,000,000. California is well represented at the exposition by a building in the shape of a Greek cross, the main centre of which is one hundred feet square, with wings that are exact reproductions of mission buildings. A fine general exhibit has been installed, while, to contrast with the snow peaks in sight of the grounds, is a profusion of palms, tropical shrubs, and orange trees in bearing.

The dispatches announce that there is to be no "gouging" by hotel and restaurant keepers of Portland, and that the fair managers are keeping at information headquarters a list of all caterers who charge exorbitant prices. Even to "Hit the Trail," which takes the place of the Midway at Chicago and the Pike at St. Louis, costs less than eleven dollars.

It takes two lawyers to make a firm, according to the moral of the old story of Dodson & Fogg. Sometimes it takes three to get as much out of a client as the law allows, the theory being that the more spoons are in the soup the less likely it is to get cold. San Francisco courts are not exempt from the operations of various gentlemen whose knowledge of the statutes is equaled by their ability to magnify the services of their intellects into figures of many places. Superior Judge Coffey has only lately remarked with juristic irony upon an instance of shrewdness worthy of the ancient worthies who never saw a client depart without making an entry on the credit side of the day book. In the matter of the exceptions taken by Andrew J. Clunie to the report of E. A. Bridgford and Burrell G. White, co-executors with him of the estate of Thomas J. Clunie, Judge Coffey disallowed many items, among them two payments to two attorneys of \$8,000 and \$2,000, respectively. The court held that neither of these should be paid, and quoted the following as an instance of "simple service magnified": "On December 2, 1904, procured, prepared, and presented for signature the decree of due notice to creditors, upon producing and submitting to the court the affidavit of publication theretofore filed therein." The labor entailed in this, Judge Coffey remarked, was simply the filling of a printed blank with the name of the case, and presenting it to the judge for signature.

Judge Coffey is to be commended for his vigilance in watching the administration of estates and the cutting down of fees such as these.

That a railway along the ocean shore from Santa Cruz to San Francisco will shortly be built appears to be probable. Both the Southern Pacific and an Oakland syndicate have made surveys. The former not only has parties in the field which have, within the past few weeks, surveyed the route and run a line of stakes along it, but a grading party is already at work on Waddell Creek, near the boundary line between Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties. The reason for starting work at this point is said to be that there is at this particular place only room for one line along the cliff, and should an attempt be made by the rival company to run through a competing line, a long and expensive tunnel would be required.

An electric line, running trains of three or four cars,

is said to be the sort of road the projectors have in view. No more charming trip could be imagined than from San Francisco, along the cliffs, in sight of the sea, to Santa Cruz. As soon as this road is completed, seaside resorts ought to spring up like mushrooms all along the Coast—at San Pedro Point, at Seal Cove, where there are charming beaches and picturesque cliffs, and further south, at Pescadero, already noted for its pebble beach. The country that will be tapped is a rich and beautiful but not a large one.

Concerning the Equitable situation, late New York dispatches say that the nominating committee—which had been decimated by the resignation of D. O. Mills, President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railway, and other men of national reputation—has been reconstructed by the election of Senator Depew and other accommodating financial figureheads. "All the resolutions were unanimously adopted," goes on the dispatch, "there now being complete harmony of action between the Alexander and Hyde forces."

Oh, we fell out, did Hyde and I—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
So queer it now appears.
But when we heard our clients' quacks,
And stroked their fat and feathered hacks,
And touched their golden eggs in stacks,
We kissed again with tears.

—Written for the Argonaut by J-m-s W. Al-x-nd-r.

The *Chronicle* is fighting the usurers who loan small-salaried people money at exorbitant interest, grows faster than scandal. It would be impolite to doubt the *Chronicle's* sincerity in this matter. The thundering denunciations that it hurls at these Shylocks bear all the earmarks of profound earnestness. Of course, people there be—quibbling, captious, fussy people—who say that a paper should not, on one page, call the money-lenders sharks, harpies, ogres, vampires, wolves, and vultures, and on another page allow these so-characterized unworthies to proclaim to the reader of advertisements their solicitude for his welfare. "They are rascals," say the news and the editorial columns of the *Chronicle*. "They are public benefactors," say the advertising pages. And just on account of such a trifling variance of statement, sticklers for consistency say the *Chronicle* is not sincere. Why, it's really discourteous to express such doubts. Does not the stickler know that it is a rule (sometimes) in daily journalism to "Let not the editor know what the business manager doeth," and *vice-versâ*? And can they not see that, by advertising, these money-lenders can procure more business and have larger profits, thus being able to loan money cheaper? Of course. And certainly. Inconsistency? Carper, get thee to a business college.

The Republican League has about finished the preliminary work of district organization, and, it is said, will within a few days announce the names of district committees. According to the *Call* and the *Bulletin*, the league has everything its own way, with Ruef already eaten in his own district, the forty-fifth, in which, according to the *Bulletin*, he intends to make a fight for control. He is reported to be "laying low" in the other districts.

The Citizens' Alliance bugaboo keeps bobbing up, although the *Call* asserts that it has nothing to do with the Republican League; while at the headquarters of that organization vehement denial is made of any connection with the alliance. Fairfax Wheelan, in a recent speech in the fortieth district, is reported as announcing that the reformers are not and must not be in any way connected with the Citizens' Alliance. "The knave," San Francisco correspondent of the *Oakland Tribune*, thinks that Wheelan's remarks were ill-divided and will work both ways. He says that the citizens' Alliance people will not like it, and that to them the reformers must look for support. Then again, he maintains, people who oppose the alliance will not believe that Wheelan is not affiliated with it. He says, further, that prominent and effective labor-leaders, who last year were against Schmitz, are now for him. A circular issued by Herbert George, saying that the citizens' Alliance wants to capture first the mayor's office, then the board of police commissioners, has, according to "The Knave," brought the labor people together. "They feel," he says, "that the coming election will be a battle between organized labor and the Citizens' Alliance, and that it will be necessary for organized labor to win if the unions are to be preserved." He thinks that Schmitz has the confidence of business men, and that he can not be beaten. There is very little news from Democratic headquarters, except that organization is going quietly on.

WINTER RESORTS IN EGYPT.

By Jerome Hart.

Egypt is the most cosmopolitan of countries, for the people you meet here come from all over the world. After several visits here, and after observing the attitude of the various foreigners toward each other, I am inclined to doubt the ultimate brotherhood of man, concerning which optimists and poets have such high hopes.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

* * * * *
"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furld
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

It may be that some day there will be a federation of the world; that the barriers of different languages and different flags will all have faded away; that the black and white posts on Germany's frontiers will disappear; that the stone monuments between Washington and British Columbia, between Arizona and Sonora, will be torn down.

Maybe so. I don't know. But I don't think so. The indications of an ultimate brotherhood of man seem to me small, and growing smaller.

There are no indications of it among the people one meets in Egypt. The various nationalities mix as little as water and oil. The English do not like the Germans, the Germans dislike the English, and the French dislike them both. The Germans and the

no favor. In Egyptian eyes the foreign visitors, no matter what their religion or morals, are all tarred with the same brush. Toward their Christian guests, therefore, the Mohammedan hosts of this country are absolutely impartial. Probably the vast mass of the Egyptians look thus upon the European travelers—the men as lunatics and the women as trollops.

In no other country with which I am familiar do similar conditions exist concerning strangers. In Europe, for example, the German when in France, the Frenchman when in Germany, the Englishman when in Italy, even the American when in England, are thrown in contact with a people who are at home. Every nation is different when viewed with a domestic or a foreign background. Personally, I think all nationalities appear to better advantage at home. But here in Egypt they all have a foreign background; here no nationality has a domestic background, for the Egyptian masses do not meet their foreign guests, and the Egyptian classes meet them only in foreign ways. Even the English official class who rule the Egyptians are not much more at home than are the other foreigners; they have their own domestic and social life, but it is against an Oriental background.

Thus there is a fair field for all. It would not be possible for an English colony in Germany to manifest dislike or contempt for Germans. It is quite possible for such phenomena to take place in Egypt.

Of the antipathetic nationalities, the most marked enmity seems to exist between the English and the Germans. This is odd, for there ought to be more acrid causes of hostility between Germany and other nations—France, for example. Yet while the French in



Bridge across the Nile near the Kasr el Nil barracks. The three figures in the foreground are those of the smart mounted Egyptian police.

Italians do not mingle; neither do the Italians and the French. The Russians do not affiliate with the Germans, and not very much with the French, the only link between them being the use of the French language by the Russians.

The Scandinavians appear to dislike the Germans and the Russians; they seem indifferent to the English and affiliate with the French only for linguistic reasons. The Dutch dislike the Germans, although most of them speak the German tongue. The Belgians consort to a certain extent with the French, but only by reason of their common language.

As for the affiliations of the Americans, there seems to be an absence of hostility between the Americans and the English, and when circumstances incline that way they ally themselves together as against all the others. The identity of language brings them together, and they meet on the ground of sports and games, as likewise in dances and such social affairs. But my observation is that in voice, enunciation, accent, inflection, complexion, religion, manners, dress, wit, humor, food, drink, views on business, views on society, views on rank, views on government, views on heredity, views on money, and views on marriage, they are as wide apart as are the poles.

Egypt is a good place wherein to study these national likes and dislikes. Here all the European visitors—or, to be more inter-continental, let us say all the Christian visitors—are on neutral ground.

The Egyptians are Mohammedans, their guests are Christians.

The Egyptians are Africans, their guests are Europeans.

The Egyptians are of the Semitic race, their guests are of the Japhetic race.

The Egyptians are polygamous, their guests are monogamous.

The Egyptians are teetotalers, their guests are alcoholics.

Here certainly the foreigner finds a fair field and

Egypt do not consort with the Germans, neither do they seem to hate them so bitterly as do the English, although it can not be denied that the French dislike them also. For that matter, the Germans seem to be generally disliked all over the Old World. At one time the English occupied the unenviable position of being the most unpopular people in continental Europe. Now travelers generally agree in according that dubious distinction to the Germans.

Nowadays the wealthier Germans travel a great deal, and in most of the popular resorts of Europe the German tourists now outnumber those of any nationality except the English. In some places they equal the English in number. Yet, according to my observation, the two peoples absolutely refuse to mingle. At the various resorts in Egypt the Germans take no part in those entertainments which involve comparative intimacy, such as golf, tennis, and croquet tournaments, which, as a rule, are got up by the English guests. The Germans are spectators at regattas and *gymkhanas*, are auditors at concerts, and ride in paper-chases, but they avoid the more intimate sports. The English do not mourn over this aloofness of the Germans, but they rather rejoice at it. They do not hesitate on occasions to stigmatize the Germans as "unsportsmanlike." One day, for example, a programme of aquatic sports was in progress on the Nile; it included, besides a regatta, native swimming races; the Arab competitors were strung out in a line across the river, swimming furiously. Suddenly a pleasure-launch, flying the German flag, steamed down upon them, and whizzed through their bare bodies, driving many of the poor devils out of the race and scattering them to left and right.

The Englishmen conducting the regatta foamed at the mouth. None of them could say anything which the Germans could understand, so they begged a Scotch doctor who could speak German to yell after the departing launch a few cursory remarks.

On another occasion an Englishman who was well

in the lead of the hounds at a paper-chase came a-cropper off his donkey in going down a rocky path. The donkey bolted. After running a mile or more on foot the Englishman was overhauled by a German; he requested the Teuton to hail some Arabs a quarter of a mile ahead and tell them to hold the donkey till he could come up. But the German placidly rode on, passing both the dismounted Englishman and the Arabs without uttering a word to help his fellow-sportsman. As the German was far in the rear already, and had no chance of catching the hares, his action could scarcely be ascribed to ardor for the chase. When he was tried that evening by the grand inquisitor in the billiard-room, the English

the original owners at cut prices. It took an enormous amount of time and labor to convince her that she must give up her practice.

What seems to surprise the English greatly is the propensity of Americans to go daft over titles. The littlest homunculus princelet from almost anywhere will excite a bevy of American girls like a chicken-hawk in a barn-yard. One day I was seated on the terrace of a big hotel in Egypt overlooking the Nile. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters were on their way down the river in a government

TITLES IN AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN EYES.



A sakia, or water-wheel, propelled by animal power, lifting water for irrigation.

jury's verdict was that his act was unpardonable. "But," said the court, "what can you expect from a German?"

I have spoken of the fact that Americans and English come together a little for the purposes of games. But even in this regard the cohesion is slight. The English games and the methods of playing them are often different from the American. (They would say "different to.") The very terms used are different, and when they use the same words they pronounce them differently. For example, the warning word in golf among Americans is pronounced "Fo-r-r-r-e!" From English lips it sounds exactly like "Faw!" In croquet, what we call a "wicket" the English call a "hoop"; what we call a "stake" they call a "peg" or a "stick"; they count the "hoops" by "up" and "down," as golf holes are counted, and not by "wickets made," as we count.

At tennis they use the word "right" to indicate that a ball is played in the court, a phrase I have never hear so used in America.

Not only in Egypt, but all over the Old World, the English are always the leaders in sports. It is so afloat and ashore. Their first move on the India-bound steamships is to elect an amusement committee, which committee at once devotes itself to organizing sports. It is so in Egypt. It is a highly laudable plan, and might be followed to advantage in many American watering-places. In Egypt, the English visitors get up polo matches, tennis, croquet, golf, and bridge tournaments, fancy-dress balls, smoking concerts, and organize gymkhanas. Those who know the difficulties of keeping up a golf club in a green and well-watered country, where there are permanent residents to pay the dues, can readily conjecture what must be the difficulties in a dry and desert country, where the only permanent residents are Arabs and donkeys, and where the golf players come only three months in a year. Yet there are not a few golf clubs in the land of the Pharaohs.

There are many humorous things connected with golf in Egypt. There are what might be called extra hazardous hazards; for example, at one links, in Upper Egypt, the golf course wound its desert way past an oasis on which was a luxuriant field of clover. A sheed ball was extremely apt to hide itself in this clover. The following new rule was made by the Arabs: that nobody in boots or shoes could enter the oasis limits to search for balls; only barefooted people (otherwise Arabs) were allowed to enter. Every day we found a large population of Arabs around the oasis waiting for golf balls to go to grass. Sometimes, I fear, they were assisted there. It required much *baksheesh* to get them out. At last there were so many lost balls that an investigation was made by the green committee. An old woman was discovered lurking near the cover hazard. When you made a long approach, the old lady grabbed the golf ball and took to her heels. She regarded the balls as her legitimate spoil, and offered them freely for sale to

dahabceah. They had come ashore for that solemn British function, afternoon tea; your true Briton, or royal or ducal or commoner, never misses his afternoon tea. I did not know we had distinguished guests to tea, but presently I observed that something unusual was taking place. Yet the excitement was entirely among the Americans. All of my American fellow-countrymen had their tables drawn up as you see them in dinner-parties on the stage, with one side filled with the diners and the blank side pointed toward the footlights. In this case the tables were



A three-level shadouf; the buckets are lifted by well-sweeps by which water is raised by hand from the river level to the irrigating ditches.

pointed toward the royal-ducral tea-party, while my American compatriots gazed goggle-eyed at the brother of the English king. So rapt were they in scrutiny that many of them neglected their tea, toast, muffins, zwieback, cakes, bread and butter, orange marmalade, raspberry jam, strawberry jam, and black-berry jam, which kickshaws constitute the slight snack taken at 5 p. m. by the true Briton. In my mind's eye I could see them when they got back home telling about "the time when I took five-o'clock tea right next to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught."

How did the English behave? Well, they behaved—the men with British phlegm, the women with English calm. No woman neglected her tea, no man his jam. Some even finished their snack hastily to go donkey riding or to play tennis or croquet. Many young men smoked openly and unashamed. I even saw some elderly men and women asleep.

On another occasion I was stopping at an Egyptian

hotel where a royal prince was domiciled. He was a grandson of Queen Victoria; yet he was as free to come and go as if he were John Smith, of Podunk, U. S. A. Nobody bothered him, no one intruded on him. He was a lad of seventeen or eighteen, accompanied by a tutor; yet no young ladies made eyes at the tutor; even the head-waiter treated the prince just like any one else. We all had our tables reserved for luncheon and dinner, but not for breakfast. The prince took his chances for a table at breakfast just like the rest of us. Among the many English guests nobody turned to stare at him. There were only three or four Americans there then, and they were calm Americans. The assemblage in the dining-hall acted exactly as if he were of the same clay as the rest of us—which, by the way, he is.

Only fancy a royal prince at an American hotel. Let us not say a royal prince, but a princeling or a royal dukelet or even the seventeenth son of some pseudo-sovereign seventeen times removed. Why, trot out a king of the Cannibal Islands, any saddle-colored sovereign, a monarch of Boorioboola-gha, a Hottentot highness, a chocolatesque potentate like the late coffee-colored Kalakaua—any old thing in the way of a king, and the great American public goes crazy. See how we acted over the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, or the Spanish Princess Eulalia, over whom Chicago leaders fought so bitterly that they nearly took meat-axes and cleavers to each other. When Prince Henry of Prussia was in the United States a year or two ago his presence in our large cities nearly caused a riot.

One day we were approaching our hotel when we saw a column of black smoke pouring from one of the outbuildings. It was the engine-room and electric power-house.

Suddenly swarms of Arabs appeared, running out of the hotel. The two native policemen whose post was at the entrance to the great compound, at once shut and guarded the gates to keep out thievish Arabs. On the hills around hundreds of Arabs from the neighboring villages gathered and gazed at the fire over the compound walls. Within the compound the household Arabs ran aimlessly hither and thither, yelling frantically. These were the table waiters, cooks, chambermen, scullions, and such domestic servants. The outdoor Arabs were not so useless. Perhaps half a dozen of them worked like Trojans, but all the rest were almost worthless, only getting in the way of those who worked. There arose the usual difficulties in times of danger when white men—who are natural leaders—direct inferiors and native races: they can not understand each other's language.

The foreigners at this hotel come from all over the world, yet in violent contrast to the Arabs they seemed entirely calm. I noticed no excitement among

them, whether old women or young men. The engine-room contained engines and dynamos for electric light and power. The fuel was a petroleum product, like our gasoline, which they call "petrol" over here. One of the natives, in carrying petrol in an open vessel to pour into the receptacle feeding the engine furnace, slipped and spilled the petrol. In a moment it was ignited and the place in flames. Nothing but the absence of inflammable material in the engine-room prevented a great fire. But the walls were of concrete, and were a foot thick; the floor was of concrete; the engine and dynamos were of metal; thus there was scarcely anything to burn except the floors, the door-frames, the window-jambes, and the petrol in the tanks. But this made enough of a fire.

After many minutes the shouting Arabs were induced to bring out the hotel hose. They twisted it, burst it, and did everything with it that they should not do. But at last they got it laid. By this time a

hand-engine was coming from the town, which was followed by a steam fire-engine. By the time the Arabs had got the hose laid on and streams from the two engines were on the building, the fire was out. But only because it was burned out for lack of further material to burn. Two men were burned to death, and two men were fatally injured.

A large squad of police and a company of soldiers had arrived by this time, and order was preserved; that is, all were orderly except the Arab servants; they had completely lost their heads. Achmed Mohammed, our dignified table-waiter, chose this particular time to have a fit. He wanted to hurl himself into the flames. It took three men to hold him; they

side of the house it was 50 degrees in the shade. When I suggested to the distressed and perspiring lady that she might find relief inside instead of outside the house, she replied: "Oh, monsieur, inside it is just the same: on the sunny side it is too hot, on the shady side it is too cold. I was advised to take a room on the sunny side. There it is terrible. *Ouf!* I don't do a thing but sweat. I shall go back to that dear France!"

And the French lady perspiringly withdrew from the terrace.

Yet when she thus expressed her dissatisfaction with the Egyptian climate, that dear France was covered with snow. At Paris it was 10 degrees below

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rev. Dr. William Howe, of Cambridge, has just celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday. He is the oldest living clergyman in the United States, and for more than half a century he has labored in Boston.

John Pearce, who now employs fifteen hundred persons in his eighty-one London restaurants, began life on a capital of sixty-two cents, and started his first restaurant with a push-cart, a tin urn, and a little crockery.

Theodore P. Shonts, whom the President has placed at the head of the Panama Canal Commission, is of Dutch descent, but has a strain of French Huguenot in him. He is, therefore, of somewhat the same race descent as the President.

It is said to be Mrs. Hetty Green's ambition to make her son, Colonel Edward H. Green, of Texas, the richest man in the world. He is extensively interested in Texas and Mexican railways. Colonel Green is a typical son of the South-West—tall, broad-shouldered, and affable, with a fondness for easy-fitting raiment and big slouch hats.

W. E. Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, is at the head of a concern that employs one hundred and sixty-five thousand men. He is in his office every morning at nine-thirty, and there he remains while there is work to do—sometimes until seven or eight o'clock in the evening. Twenty-three years ago he was earning fifteen dollars a month.

James H. Hyde, storm centre of the Equitable fight in New York, is said to have one of the finest stables in America. The stables are ruled over by Francis Gerillot, a Parisian, who was with William K. Vanderbilt for years. Mr. Hyde has an office in the stable, a room full of telephones and electric bells, furnished with fine carpets, old mahogany furniture, sporting photographs and prints, coaching trophies, and hunting horns. Next to his office is the kitchen, which permits him and his guests to come when the whim seizes them and have supper in the stables more freely and gayly than in the chateau.

The great family of Silay is that of Ming Lee. The eldest son has just completed his second term as governor of Negros, and retired to the management of his ten *haciendas*. The Ming Lees are Chinese *mestizos*, very rich and patriarchal, the great house sheltering the sons and their families, more than forty adults, besides a drove of little ones. The head of the family is the mother of his excellency, the Señora Ming Lee, who is eighty years old, six feet tall, and probably weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. She is an inveterate gambler, and will remain for two days



The beautiful island of Phila as it appeared before the construction of the great dam at Assouan.

were relieved regularly as fast as they became exhausted. Achmed Mohammed struggled violently with his guardians, and kept up an intermittent howling. Many counselors approached with sage instructions to the guardians and with intended comfort to Achmed. One officious donkey-boy approached to give advice. The donkey-boy's words were unwelcome to one of Achmed's guardians, and as he had both arms around Achmed's middle he stood on one leg and used the free foot to kick the officious donkey-boy in the stomach, sending him about ten feet howling.

The spectacles at this fire, from the standpoint of our sufficiently equipped fire departments in America, seemed rather lamentable. But it may be well to point out this fact—that not even the engine-room in which the fire broke out was structurally injured, and the hotel was not burned down.

I was standing on a hotel veranda gazing at a line of snarling camels, and wondering at their unvarying bad temper. "Ouf!" cried an unknown French lady, suddenly turning to me, "I don't do a thing but sweat." And she seated herself beside me on the shady side of the terrace. "Vraiment, je ne fais que *suer*."

Be reassured, gentle reader, although the French lady was a total stranger to me, she was neither fair nor young.

I replied, hesitatingly, "Vous dites, madame? You don't do a thing but—?"

"But sweat," replied the frank French lady. "C'est ça."

I became all of a cold—I mean I perspired. For I remembered reading an anecdote of a young hoyden who remarked in the presence of her preceptress that she was "all of a sweat." Miss Verjuice thus rebuked her: "Never use that word again, Miss Joy," said the prim preceptress. "Horses sweat; men PERSPIRE; ladies GLOW!"

This anecdote ran through my mind as I turned to the frank French lady.

"Indeed," said I with polite interest, "then madame is warm?"

"Warm, monsieur? Ouf! je ne fais que *suer*!"

"In effect, madame, the weather makes of a warmth enough warm."

"Of a warmth, monsieur! Why the weather makes of a hotness enormous!"

"You have reason, madame. One finds the heat indeed of a hotness."

"Yes, monsieur, you have enormously reason. Ouf! I don't do a thing but sweat!"

"But permit me to indicate to you, madame, that on the other side of the house, in the shade, it is quite cool."

"True, monsieur, but it is too cool. On the other side of the house I freeze; it is terrible; it is glacial; it goes to me to the marrow. Yet on this side of the house I roast; it is terrible; it is tropical. Ouf! I don't do a thing but sweat!"

It is only fair to say that the French lady was measurably right. The temperature on one side of the house was 130 degrees in the sun; on the other

zero, centigrade. Even on the Riviera it was cold—the entire flower crop was destroyed. In Lyons the water-pipes were all frozen up, and there was no water; the water-power being tied up, there was no electric light. Vesuvius and the hills around Naples were covered with snow. There was skating on the Arno at Florence. In Milan there were fourteen fires in twenty-four hours owing to frozen citizens lighting unaccustomed fires in unusual places. Yet the French lady wished to return to Europe. Truly we are never satisfied. We always rail against our lot—



It is a familiar sight to see erect young Arab girls wending their way toward the banks of the Nile, balancing their large water-jars on their heads.

when it's cold we want it hot; when it's warm we fret and scold; when it's hot we want it cold.

ASSOUAN, March, 1905.

A recent case of "ragging" on board the British cruiser *Kent* has been promptly followed by the supersession of Captain Douglas A. Gamble, her commander, who has been compulsorily retired on half pay for allowing such an occurrence on his ship, and by the punishment of others concerned in the affair. The "ragging" occurred in the gun-room, where the midshipmen attempted to strip and flog an unpopular comrade. The latter promptly drew a revolver, and shot one of the midshipmen in the mouth. The admiralty announces that it is determined to put down "ragging."

The actual work of construction of the McKinley Monument, for which the people of the nation have given about \$500,000, has been commenced at Canton, O. The architect expects the memorial will be completed within two years. It has been decided to use granite for the structure.

at the round game of *pangangi*, her meals being served in a chair at her side. About the only respite she takes from her favorite game is on Sunday morning, when she drives to church in her Manila built victoria.

Admiral Togo Heihachiro is only forty-seven years old. He is a *samurai* of the clan of Satsuma. His parents decided upon a martial career for him, and when a boy he was sent abroad to study the science of war. He went to England and received his naval training on the Thames aboard the training-ship *Worcester*. His record during that time was commonplace. His opportunity for distinguished service came in 1894, when he was commander of the *Naniwa*. War had not been declared with China, but when Togo, sailing through the Yellow Sea, saw Chinese cruisers escorting transports laden with Chinese soldiers, he took it as a declaration of war and fired upon them, even though they flew British flags. He saw active service soon afterward against Admiral Ting, and later at Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wai. He was made a vice-admiral at the close of the Chino-Japanese War, and admiral in 1904.

HIS GOLDEN WEDDING.

A Man Who Was Placid Through Infernal Hours.

In their haste to get the full-powered steamer *Cobusa* across from Japan to the American coast, the owners had sent her to sea flying light and with five hundred tons of coal instead of the thousand to which her bunkers were entitled. Accordingly the vessel's sides rose to ponderous heights above the water, and her propeller blades, the engineer asserted, barely scraped the waves. Besides, her coal, in the hurry of its loading, had been simply dumped in the 'tween-decks to await the leisure of the first days of the voyage for proper

handles. When the shrill Wallace had been quieted, they muttered to themselves, and threw their reeking bodies forward for another shoveful. The steward peered over to whence the querulous prophecy had sounded. His kindly and usually complacent face was shadowed by something darker than the grim incident to his toil. "It's hard on the boys," he remarked to the mate, and fell stiffly to his task.

When the regular ring of shovel or plate, harsh clang of coal against the edge of the bunker-hatch, had continued for interminable minutes, the mate again dropped a word for the old man. "You're married, aren't you, steward?"

"Forty-three years, sir," was the reply.

"Where does your wife live?" the mate went on,

"Here!" cried the mate, clawing at the deck. "Some of you slide over and get Haskins out from under that coal."

"I'm all right, sir," came the deep tones, serenely. "I'm just waiting till she goes one way or the other." "She's going clean over!" Wallace's flat scream of terror drove into the stifling dusk of the 'tween-decks like a bullet.

It seemed to Stallard that the cowardly voice spoke truly. But nevertheless he scrambled to his feet, his reviving notes carrying far above the noise and tumult. "Up with you, boys! and shovel coal. There's a chance."

A splotch of white far up the black and shadowed slope of the deck grew larger. A gleaming arm shot out, grasped wildly, and caught the slender cylinder of an iron pillar. The scrape of a shovel broke the mortal pause. "Good for old steward!" rang the voice of Haskins from under the sacks of coal. "That's once!"

The steamer leaped to an even keel. The mate pulled his own shovel into his hand, and joined the solitary workman. "Yes, sir," said the latter, quietly, "my wife made the voyage round the Horn with me."

Haskins, freed at last from his confinement, shambled easily past, his huge chest blotted with blood. "That coal comes heavy a ton, sir," he said, gruffly and resonantly. "How are you making it, steward?"

The old man paused, scratching his head with one smooth and uncalloused hand. "All right," he responded, as if taken aback by the question. "Yes, Mr. Stallard," he went on to the mate, "she proved a good sailor, too."

"You ought to stop ashore now," was the impatient response. The mate dug viciously into a crumbling pile of coal. "What does an old chap like you want to go to sea for?"

"I have to pay a nurse," said the steward with severe serenity.

"Is she sick?"

"Been in bed for nineteen years," was the reply. Below the screech of the gale, through a door opened in the darkness above, the mate distinguished two more words: "... good ... woman ...". Instantly the hoarse and imperative notes of the captain's voice pervaded the dusty atmosphere. "Hurry the men up, Mr. Stallard. The wind's rising." The door clanged to, shutting off the yell of the wind that drummed like the knuckles of God on the hollow side of the laboring steamer.

The men fell to greater exertions. The coal hammered steadily on the rim of the bunker hatch, and the shovels scraped with such zealous continuity that the mate for the first time lost account of each man. The steward still toiled beside him. His hands were bleeding profusely, and the muscles of his soft, unexercised chest knotted and jerked. "You aren't used to this," cried the mate in a confidential shout.



Hotel del Monte, near old Monterey.

stowing. But there was no leisure, for the day the *Cobusa* thrust her high-riding stem out of the Straits of T-ngara, a winter storm descended upon her from the east, and a terrifying stiffness made the captain understand that, in addition to his other troubles, he must immediately trim his ship or inevitably capsize. Therefore, being a man of curt speech, he called his chief mate. "Mr. Stallard," he said, "take every man in the ship, except the engine-room crew, and shift that coal from the 'tween-decks to the bunkers."

The mate nodded and tapped the barometer swinging against the chart-room wall. "She's dropping," he affirmed, fretfully.

"I'll watch the steamer," responded his superior, pulling his muffler over his lips before going out on the bridge again. "You will hurry the men. She is very tender now, and the sea is getting up."

"It will take a good thirty-six hours to shift that coal," the mate grumbled, half to himself. "And she won't stick right side up eight." He glared as if before his eyes rose the picture of strangling death.

The captain paused calmly, his hand on the door. "You will take everybody, even the steward. I will keep the second-mate with me. Keep them working. There's a chance, Mr. Stallard."

The door blew shut after him, and the mate shuddered, the crash apparently unsettling his nerves. He looked moodily over at a pendulum swung on the after wall. It marked no appreciable arc of rolling, but quivered uneasily. "God!" muttered the man in an indefinite appeal.

Twenty hours later the mate straightened himself up, shovel in hand. His sheepskin cap, black with coal-dust, brushed the steel plates of the deck above him. With a quick, petulant glance, he viewed the men about him, scattered through the palpable murk—all naked to the waist, bending white backs, tossing up for a gasp of polluted air drawn, pinched faces, flinging glistening arms forward for another shoveful of the coal that hit under their feet at each writhing lurch of the steamer. He dropped his own shovel, and the clang of it awakened the light in weary eyes. The spur of their questioning drove him back, so it seemed, from some unworthy and sudden purpose. He stepped forward, caught a broken back by the ear, and flung it, dripping coal into the black opening in the deck. A man near him saw the easy swing of the arm, and nodded his gray head. "I could do that myself when I was young," he affirmed, gravely.

"How long ago was that, steward?" asked the mate, pitting coal dust out of his mouth. "Not so long, now I think of it," was the response. "I'm only sixty-five years old come next March."

A man in the cloudy darkness beyond the single lantern pendant from a beam broke in, stridently. "See if it comes," he said, with intolerable quavers. "But it hally well won't come for you and me. Feel her twist! We air shifted half this five hundred ton. We won't never get out of this place."

"Shut up, Wallace," called the mate quickly. "You aint hurt. You will be if you don't stop croaking."

Two or three had paused, panting on their shovel

balancing himself as the deck shifted evilly beneath his feet.

The steward eluted a beam over his head, holding there grimly till the steamer righted with a plunge that sent coal streaming waist-high among the men. "In San Francisco," he answered, austerely. "She's lived there thirty-five years; ever since I brought her round with me from Baltimore in the *Western Queen*."

Another wild lurch drove the lantern against the deck above it. In the darkness men called to each other with curses or hysterical laughter. Above the roar of the cascading coal, the screeching of plates and



El Carmelo-by-the-Sea, Pacific Grove.

the dumb rubbing of bodies that found no hand-hold on the steep deck, rose the unmanly complaint of Wallace. "That's the way on these steamers," he screamed. "Shut men up below decks to smother when she turns. Without a chance for their lives! My God! if she goes this time!"

The mate, cramped by his own weight in a far angle where he had been shot helplessly, saw a white arm reached up to the flickering lantern. "Let that alone!" he bawled. A sailor bellowed an apology. "I wanted to look for that shrimp, sir, that chicken-livered image of a man."

"He's so small you can't see him," said a booming bass from under some sacks of coal. "Don't look for him. It aint worth a man's while."

"No, it's been twenty years since I've heard the call 'All hands!' I haven't touched a shovel in thirty."

"It's hard, working without a spell and nothing to eat. You say your wife is sick a-bed?"

"Nineteen years ... since ... on her feet ..." returned the old man, struggling against a sudden and terrifying tumult.

So the work went on, while the mate strove himself bawled a word of cheer, or waved his arm in a gesture of command to the men in the obscure spaces of the 'tween-decks. The dust, spite of the water seeping in through injured plates, rose and hung in suffocating clouds. A man stopped to cough, and the mate roared at him. Wallace staggered out under the lantern ghostly, bowed with onerous fear. He was driven

back with curses amid the restless coal to scream there, impotent and unnoticed. Came a lull. The floundering vessel sank sluggishly into some depth, as if it had missed an irretrievable step and had relaxed timorously in certainty of a void beneath. The stridor of the metal structure ceased, and, in harmony with this brief and feeble suspense, the men drew their shovels up to rest grimy arms on the handles. The mate, open-mouthed in futile rage at their ostentatious indolence, would have roared fierce exhortations. But the stupor of the moment overtook him swiftly, like the fumes of a drug, and he muttered in dim and unheard protest, "We're getting the coal down."

No one responded even to his gestures. Outlandish decrepitude seemed to have fallen upon them. Their slack mouths formed no audible prayer or imprecation; their sombre eyes were heavy, and on their lean and wiry chests the sweat was chilled by the cold breath of an imminent catastrophe. In the very midst of this

been sick for nineteen years?" he enunciated by an effort.

"Hasn't been farther than the door all that time. Thought she was going to die pretty often. 'Mother,' I says, 'I've pulled you through this far, and I'll pull you through till our golden wedding.'" The steward pursed his slack lips. "I guess I will, too," he added.

The deck buckled beneath them, and Wallace gave a low cry. Dense clouds of dust rose, obscuring the light of the lantern within which the flame reddened and flickered. A scale of paint, shot from a springing plate above him, stung the mate's cheek. The clang of a furnace door far below was suddenly stifled, as if by a blanket of terror. The men waited with tense and horror-stricken faces as the steamer rose reluctantly and careened. An iron deck-pillar fell apart under the mate's grasp. The coal muttered, gathered in leaping waves, and then roared down the deck. Plates strained and shrilled. The murky hole into which they had been

the fate that decrees that the ship whose centre of gravity is too high, shall not roll without capsizing. The shuddering deck beneath their feet urged them on, as if the animate steel wrestled with death, as if the muscles and tissues of the steamer were tense with passion for life. Among them Wallace was hushed, the apathy of an automaton on his countenance, his spirit congealed by terror, his arms moving spasmodically over the leaping coal. Near him the mate glared insolently about, hurling his shovel through the dust and darkness, gathering himself defiantly, savagely at bay, each attitude a curse. Only the steward was serene, his benignant and unperturbed face expressing an inalterable faith, his mild eye denoting that beyond the dinning strife and apathy and bravado he discerned clearly the further, unperplexed course of the golden thread of his equable life.

With sudden and beneficent obedience to mechanical law the steamer revived around them. As the weight was shifted to the lower bunkers the quivering deck rested easier underneath their feet. The hideous clamor of the tortured structure sank away. Eyes lit up in hope, dull faces warmed again, and there was a murmur heard, as of men waking. It gathered and broke in the bellow of the mate's voice, "Make her roll!" From parched throats came the sharp response, "Make her roll, sir!"

The officer's shovel clanged on the cleared deck. The sheepskin cap on his disheveled head brushed the beam above him as he threw among the crew a full-breathed shout of triumph, "She's rolling!" On the instant, her bowels echoing with hilarious laughter, the *Colusa* swept easily to windward without jar or misgiving. The seas that had gnawed like demons at her steel flanks mounted and overran the decks. The brine foamed down the stoke-room gratings, and as they heard its sucking rush, the grimy seamen pounded their shovels on the plates in vociferous benediction.

"Shove the rest of it down!" roared the mate, swinging to the free sweep of the liberated vessel. "Shove her down, men. Need you pretty soon to hand stays'ls." And the boom of the rejuvenated chorus rose cheerily.

On his way to the upper-deck, the mate passed the steward. "You'll be there to pull your wife through. Knock off down here. You've done more'n your share. Get the men something good to eat. We've been down here twenty-four hours."

The old man thrust his shovel under a little heap of coal and brushed his arms seamed with blood and grime. "I told her," he said, with temperate assurance, "I'd bring her through. 'Mother,' says I, 'I'll pull you through to our golden wedding.' It's seven years now." He turned to the cowering Wallace, shrinking over his task. "I'll fix you some hot port wine," he said, briskly. "That's what I give my wife. She gets chilled sometimes. But I tell her I'll pull her through."

"Hurry, steward, stir your legs. We're hungry," said the imperative voice of the mate above.

The old man started, as if caught in disobedience.



Hotel Tuxedo, a charming resort in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

appalling debility, a man spoke in cheerful tones: "When she once rolls easily," the steward said, with profound and unruffled placidity, "she'll be safe."

The prick of this precise statement revived them. "It's true," assented the bass-voiced Haskins, adding, simply, "She's terrible stiff now."

Wallace drew out of his recess again. "We'll be drowned like rats in a trap!" he howled, discordantly.

"Shut up!" bellowed the mate. "Shovel coal!" As if the spell were broken by this testimony to human vitality, the steamer lurched drunkenly onward, and within her groaning bowels the men plied their shovels, pitting mechanical law against mechanical law. But Wallace would not return to the shadows. He took his place by the side of the gray-haired steward, and there, tremblingly, dipped into the unstable coal. The mate comprehended his desire, and said nothing. After all, it was much to be sure that every man was working. The steward caught the mate's eye, and threw him a word. "She hasn't been out of her bed for nineteen years."

"A long time!" was the response.

"Yes, nineteen years is a long time. But she keeps fairly cheerful."

"How long have you been married?" demanded the mate, apparently tasting the old man's serene tones with satisfaction.

"Forty-three years, come May. It's only seven years more."

"Seven to what?" cried the officer, leaning over his shovel handle. "Seven years till what?"

"Till our golden wedding. I tell her. . . ." The rest was lost in hubbub. It seemed that the discomfited steamer was about to be hurled to destruction bodily, as if the hand of the outrageous sea was laid upon it in unappeasable, subversive wrath. The men struggled on with their work a moment, ceased one by one as the very deck under them thrilled in a mortal agony, and poised themselves for the descent to their dark and smothered end. In grotesque and considered attitudes they waited, still possessed of their shovels, blinking at the lantern that shuddered under the tread of the elements above. The unnerved Wallace, eminent among that expectant company, because of his artless, unprepared posture, turned a pallid face of agony to the austere figure beside him.

At the very breaking point the ship wrested herself from the clutch of death. The din became an echo in the ear. The quivering lantern was stilled, and under its reviving beams the steward struck into the coal with his shovel. "That's twice!" said the voice of Haskins, booming like a gong through the 'tween-decks.

The mate wiped his forehead with his arm. Longing for the air of the upper deck overwhelmed him. He slid over, sprawling, to the steward's side. He looked at his fat form, his flabby shoulders, at all the menial marks of his servile office, and said, almost abjectly, "That must have sprung something."

The placidity of the old man was unbroken. "I told my wife I'd pull her through to our golden wedding. It's only seven years more." He seemed to be unaware of the import of the mate's words.

The officer's lips relaxed slightly. "You say she's

shoveling the coal gaped wider; a seam running into it opened a little, like lipless jaws. Men lost their footing, groveled, and were flung into the leeward darkness. As the voice of Haskins boomed through the din. "That's three times!" the light in the lantern was shaken out, as if at last the hand of perdition had closed.

In the inexhaustible blackness, after intolerable moments, a thread of light glowed and ended in a feeble flame. By its glimmer the mate saw an arm reach up. An instant later the lantern burned again. The men fought up to it desperately, huddling together for warmth to thaw the chill that pinched them. The steward let fall the end of the match and stooped. "I



Hotel Rafael, San Rafael.

dropped my shovel to scratch a light," he explained, simply.

"Get to work, men," said the mate, hoarsely.

"There'll be only one more time," murmured Haskins, resoundingly.

"There's a last chance. We must save her." The officer's voice rose more confidently.

They grasped shovels and dived into the coal. It sped and tumbled in tons into the rent where the little hatch had been. Here the steward took his place, directing the flood, tossing the coal down with stiff sweeps of his flaccid arms, flinging the sluggish masses into a rushing torrent. There was no intermission; they breathed loudly, puffing out their sweating chests, compressing their lips, making a last stubborn battle with

"Yes, sir!" he called hastily. Then with a professional and deprecatory air he returned to his pantry.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1905.

William Watt, who has been appointed director of the Dusseldorf Science and Art Institute, is the second son of a blacksmith of Port Glasgow. Starting with no advantage of birth or money or influence, he has largely educated himself. He is thirty-two years old.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia is so tall that no hotel bed will fit him. So he carries on his travels a sectional affair to secure personal comfort.

GOTHAM'S TEA-ROOMS.

Afternoon Tea Quite Popular in New York—Adopted by Followers of English Customs—Some Places Where It Is Served—Would Not Succeed in the West.

New Yorkers are not a community of tea drinkers, and in consequence we do not have tea-rooms on every block as they do in London. Moreover, such tea as is imbibed here is only a popular beverage from October to May. It is like the oyster. You don't take it in the months without the letter *r* unless you happen to be in a cool place or living with Britishers. They take tea, steaming hot, if the thermometer is in the nineties.

But there are enough people here to support tea-rooms in the big hotels and the few artistically furnished and decorated ones which flourish here and there on the streets branching from Fifth Avenue. The patrons of these places are English travelers, Americans who live in the English manner, or New Yorkers who dine late. The genuine, dyed-in-the-wool American, who takes his lunch at one and his dinner at seven, has no use for tea. The man takes a cocktail before dinner, or nothing, and the woman takes a glass of soda water at a confectioner's or a cup of clam broth at a drug store. If you asked them, they would say tea, with its accompanying muffins and cakes, spoiled their dinner.

Among the fashionable, high-living members of the community, the tea-drinking habit is universal. They have adopted it partly because it is English, and these people have modeled their lives upon those of the upper-class English, and also because they dine so late that they must have some sustenance in that long stretch of time which extends from two-o'clock lunch to eight-o'clock dinner. These are the patrons of the big tea-rooms at the Fifth Avenue hotels, and these are almost the only people in the metropolis who acknowl-



A pretty cottage at The Anchorage, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

edge tea as a distinct, authorized function in the waking half of the twenty-four hours.

The most fashionable place for tea in the city is just now Sherry's. Why one place is chosen this way, and its next-door neighbor, equally good, equally well known, is passed by, is a question to be answered by a social expert. I suppose people go to tea at Delmonico's, but you never hear them talking about it, whereas to end off the jauntings of a spring afternoon with a cheering cup and a muffin at Sherry's is part of the woman of fashion's daily programme. Between half-past four and half-past five the *salle de thé* is crowded with gorgeous females in the finest clothes, and a line of automobiles is drawn up along the Forty-Fourth Street curb. It is like the Ritz and the Elysee Palais tea-rooms in Paris. Society reporters drop in to see who's there; dressmakers sit in corners looking at the clothes. There are all kinds of flotsam and jetsam scattered about, but the general effect is gay and brilliant, and that's all that counts.

In the hotels one sees the same tendency to flock to one place. The Waldorf tea-room is almost always full. It is hard to get a table there between four and five. All sorts of people are standing in the doorways peering round for a place—habitués of the hotel, girls you know who live far up town, women artistically painted and dressed in the most fantastic extremes of the mode, plain tourist types who are seeing the town and regard tea at the Waldorf as a riotous dissipation, surrounded by a glamour so brilliant as to be hardly proper.

A little further down the street, at the Holland House, the tea hour is entirely uncrowded and un-festive. It may be because there is no separate room for the serving of that particular beverage, and you have to sit in the last, formal dining-room where the back forms of waiters show numerous and stationary between the bare white tops of the tables. A California woman I know told a friend, who was coming

East, to be sure and take tea at the Holland House and she would be rewarded by seeing all the "smartest *demi-monde* in the city. That was a case where the wish was not only father to the thought but must have created an optical delusion. What the dignified and decent tea-drinkers of the Holland would say if they knew they had been taken for the more prosperous and successful members of the oldest profession in the world my imagination can not compass.

The first real tea-room started in New York made its appearance some seven or eight years ago on Fifth Avenue. It was the daring enterprise of two "society ladies," who had more position than money. They took a long, narrow room in the lower floor of a building in the most expensive part of the Avenue, furnished it in white enamel furniture, with pink shades on the electric lights, and employed neat-looking waitresses in shoulder-strapped aprons and coquettish caps. It did not open till twelve and it closed at six, and its management was marked by a method and system which does not always distinguish the business enterprises of impecunious ladies. It was, I believe, a financial success, but closed after a year or two of existence, one—or was it both?—of the partners marrying.

Its successors have been much more ornate, and have exhibited an originality in decoration and environment which would surprise the pioneers of the white enamel furniture and the pink electric-light shades. All the successful, independent tea-rooms in New York are, so to speak, "got up in character." The simple days of rows of tables against tinted walls and waitresses in black dresses and white aprons are past. I believe the fashion for tea-rooms representing a past period, or a particular style of decoration, comes from England. Most Americans who have recently been in London will remember "The Country House," which is just off Bond Street, down a little passage-way between sooty brick walls. You seem to go down the passageway for some distance, and at the end of

it come upon what really does look like the front of a small, old, country house. Inside it is dim and cozy and comfortable, and is cut up into small rooms, where the furniture has the look of worn relics of Queen Anne's day, and the pictures are old hunting prints and a few dark, smoky-looking paintings. The charming young ladies who wait on the tables, all pretty, with soft voices and elaborate coiffures, wear costumes of heliotrope, which were never made by anything but an expert dressmaker, and have the air of being brand new.

We have nothing in New York as extensive and completely in character as "The Country House." The nearest approach to it is the tea-room on Thirty-Ninth Street, which is done up in the style of a New England kitchen, and reminds one of the hayseed drama. It is a long, low-ceilinged room, whitewashed throughout, and having that air of homely comfort peculiar to big country kitchens, which are the radiating point of a house's domestic life. A row of "dressers" lines one wall. These are high cupboards with glass doors, in which the blue and white ware of the period stands on shelves. Back of the dressers is a wide-mouthed, open fireplace, the stone chimney whitewashed, and long strings of drying vegetables and the fitches of bacon and hams that the thrifty housewife cured herself hanging from the rafters. Your tea is served on blue and white willow ware, and your chair is a rough wooden affair, with a woven straw seat.

An entirely different tea-room from this, and I suppose the most popular in the city, is "The Sign of the Green Tea-Pot." It is on the ground floor of a building just behind the Waldorf, and has a wide show-window on the street. To enter it one has to descend a few steps, and here, suspended from an iron bracket over the door, hangs a small green-pottery tea-pot. The peculiarity of the place is that it is really an antique and curio shop, and that the tea-room part of it is a sort of off-shoot from the antique and curio part

of it, and where one begins and the other ends is a question that is hard to answer. The tea-tables are not exactly planted among the bric-à-brac, but extend back from it, into a dim vista, twinkling with shaded candles, where old brasses wink from the shelves and old engravings look down from the walls.

One of the most attractive things about "The Green Tea-Pot" is its show-window. Here a strange, heterogeneous medley of odds and ends is displayed. There are generally a good many pieces of old lace; a shawl or two of thin, white mesh, with a flowered border, sending vines up through the delicate web; long, narrow scarfs of the Empire period; tiny parasols, which ladies carried when curtain-bonnets and crinolines were in vogue. The laces trail carelessly over the



Byron Hot Springs.

back of a Sheraton chair or a Napoleonic sofa, and drape themselves behind tankards of lustreless pewter, bits of Nankin ware, and shallow English cups of thick, much gilded china. Here and there a fan stands open, one of those fans with long ivory sticks which a small strip of painted silk holds together. There are generally several lamps to be seen—the old-fashioned lamps with bodies of glass and a fringe of crystal lustres hanging from the edge of the shade. And on the chair seats and among the laces are queer worn jewelry cases, the lids lifted and a chain of beads or a necklet of a pattern long forgotten revealed, outspread on the faded satin lining.

Wayfarers pausing to admire the attractive chaos of "The Green Tea-Pot" window presently find themselves staring past the dangling lace shawls and winking crystal lustres to the dark, inner depths of the shop, where, like a scene set at the theatre, an animated tea-party is in progress. There is a scattering of small tables, each lit with a candle blooming pinkly under a rose-colored shade, and each furnished with its neat tea-set and cake plate. In winter an open fire blazes.

The tea-room proposition as a business venture has attracted the attention of numerous women who need money and have energy, initiative, and some small capital. In large cities the enterprise has in many cases been a success. Most of the thriving tea-rooms, both here and in London, have been started, directed, and controlled by women. Some have "caught on" immediately. I do not know anything about the financial standing of "The Green Tea-Pot," for example, but I do know that it is almost always full, and on matinee days it is so crowded one has to wait for a table.

The main features that seem to be necessary for its success are a central locality, something uniquely pretty in its decorations and get up, the patronage of fashionable women, and good food daintily served. You will notice that I mention the food last. It is not



The Tavern of Tamalpais.

quite an important item, but it has nothing like the importance it would have if the patrons of the place were to be men. Lastly, the part of the country in which it is to be located is a point of the utmost moment. I can not imagine a tea-room succeeding in any city west of Chicago, or even in the Windy City itself. It is not that Western women do not care for tea, for chocolate is served, and in summer "soft drinks" and ices. It is, that the Westerners, ground under the heel of the Servant Girl, dine too early. When your dinner hour is six or half-past you can not take tea at five. Let those women who are contemplating starting out in the tea-room business leave the West, and either go to New York, London, or Paris.

NEW YORK, May 23, 1905. GERALDINE BONNER.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUZZLE.

Quarrels and Newspaper Discussions Caused by Hon. John Collier's Striking Painting, "The Cheat."

The most talked-of canvas on the walls of the Royal Academy, whose annual exhibition opened on last Monday at Burlington House, is a picture called "The Cheat." It is painted by the Hon. John Collier, a son of the first and brother of the present Lord Monkswell. The Monkswell peacery is very new, having been created just twenty years ago. It is only a barony also, and its first possessor got it as a reward for commonplace official service in various capacities to the British Government. So that it is no great shakes as a title of nobility, where you must have either long lineage, like the Fairfaxes, or money, like the Besses, Guinnesses, or Allsopps. No one is, therefore, the least bit surprised, and never has been, that Mr. John Collier should be an honorable and also an artist. This idea may seem odd to people out of England, but its meaning is thoroughly understood in. Collier is a man of just fifty-five years of age, of spare build, stooping shoulders, a shining bald head, double eye-glasses, and a reddish-brown beard, rapidly whitening like King Edward's. He has for some years been noted for the pictures he has sent to the Royal Academy for exhibition, which are alike noticeable for the excellence of their figure drawing, grace, and naturalness of pose, and the fact that they generally depict some incident of intense natural interest. "The Cheat," which this year has occasioned so much talk, is really a picture of a bridge-party, and consists of just four figures

soon have to be a forbidden topic, as the claimant in the Tichborne case used to be.

"Why, any fool could see the woman has stood up to denounce the other," one man says.

"On the contrary," replies another; "she has stood up in indignation at the other woman for daring to accuse her. I should think any idiot might understand that."

That's the sort of thing you listen to wherever you go. Last night I was having a *l'ete-d'ete* dinner with a friend at the Carlton. Male or female does not signify. I assure you there was not a party within ear-shot who wasn't going over the old ground, or explaining some newly discovered reason to support one view or the other. I will say this: most of the men say it is the sitting down lady. For why, think you? Just this. (At least it is what I firmly believe). The standing up lady is both young and pretty. She has a lovely figure, the dearest little waist, and a perfect arm. The pose of her hand, its delicate grace "makes you want to kiss it"—I heard one man say in a club smoking-room. And he wasn't a young man, either, nor yet in his dotage, as some humorist who reads this may suggest. In fact, he was—if you promise not to tell—no less a personage than Andrew Lang. It is just possible that this may help to a solution. It, with other subtle suggestions, which, illusive though they may be, become positive proofs for a period, has certainly nearly satisfied me that the sitting down lady is the criminal. She has gold-red hair, and we all know that in melodrama, on the stage and in fiction, all the villainesses who are not Italian or Spanish or Oriental, are crowned with tresses of shimmering copper.

Collier himself has been interviewed and



Hon. John Collier's much-discussed bridge painting, "The Cheat."

at a card-table. Two are men, two are women. All are in evening dress. The two ladies are in the foreground of the picture, the table being so placed, corner on, as to make them so. The men, their partners, are both elderly, one shaven-faced (of Mr. Collier's favorite type), but older than his usual "Johnnies," if one may judge by the gray about the temples and the lines about the eyes. The other man has a mustache. Both wear their hair in the new fashion for men—long enough to part decently and require brushing. The two men and one lady are seated, while one has risen to her feet, and with chair pushed back and hand resting on the table by extended finger tips, is regarding the other lady with a gaze of silent scorn. The seated lady has drawn back with haughty mein and withering disdain in face and eye, and thus returns the contemptuous gaze of the one who stands. The seated lady and the standing one's partner each hold cards in their hands. The other man, the seated lady's partner, is the dummy, and his hand lies spread out before him on the table in the neatly sorted suits so familiar to the eye of the bridge player. Two tricks lie in front of the lady who sits; the other lady has thrown down her hand, and a disputed trick still remains in the centre of the green cloth. The puzzle is—which woman is the cheat?

Some people think one, some the other. Every reason under the sun is advanced to prove that either might be. That is to say, the reasons are about equally balanced. You might look at the picture for an hour, a day, a month—and during that time you would think first one and then the other was the cheat. Wherever you go, you hear nothing else discussed. Everybody you meet has some new reason to advance to show beyond doubt that it is the sitting down lady, if it isn't the standing up one. The subject has already been the cause of many quarrels, and will

asked to relieve the tension by telling the world which of the ladies really is the cheat. But he has refused—says that is his secret, and he means to keep it. But he doesn't mind saying this much: that the cheating consists in the use of a marked card and that the card lies on the table. But expert bridge players say that a marked card is practically valueless as a means of cheating at bridge, and the papers are flooded with articles and letters pro and con. I may say that the subject, all round, is rapidly becoming a bore. I might add, as a matter of interest concerning the artist, that he has been married twice, both of his wives being daughters of Professor Huxley. There is one thing that can be said of Collier that can not, so far as I can recollect, be said of any other artist. He always dresses his people correctly. In that he shows his gentle strain. He is a gentleman himself and knows how a gentleman should be clad. He knows that a gentleman never wears an up and down, turn over, double shirt collar with evening dress. His two men in "The Cheat" have on the collars originally called "Marquis," and introduced by King Edward when Prince of Wales away back in '63, since when they, equally with the stick-up choker, have been the correct collar for a gentleman to wear when he takes off his morning costume and "dresses for dinner." And so, his two ladies are attired with delightful taste, and their gowns fit them to perfection. As a contrast to this exactitude of taste and the fitness of things, I would mention Sargent's portrait of the beautiful communistic Countess of Warwick, also in this year's academy exhibition. She is attired in a pearl silk evening gown, over which, from her lovely creamy shoulders, hangs a silk cloak, lined with blue. She certainly looks good enough to eat, but she is standing in a garden at high noon. Again, the portrait of Lady Hillingdon, by Frank Dicksee, makes her wear a very décolleté

ball dress of present-day fashion, a diamond necklace, and a hat which, a lady friend told me, was the fashion just three years ago. She also carries a parasol—"to cover her neck, I expect," I heard a *passée* spinster remark. Yet Sargent and Dicksee are Royal Academicians, and Collier isn't.

LONDON, May 10, 1905. COCKAIGNE.

Hints to Budding Authors.

Men and women who have written or intend to write books should read "A Publisher's Confession." Himself shielded by the veil of anonymity, the unknown author lets in many a ray of light on the obscure processes of book-making. And those who will most profit by what he tells us are the writers of books.

Whoever he may be, the author of this book speaks from experience. He knows, as far as the obscure laws of psychology which govern literary success will permit, what makes or unmakes a book's success. "The chief reason for the success of a novel," he bluntly says, "is the commonplace one that it contains a story. It may be told ill or it may be told well, but there is the story. And the chief reason for failure is the lack of story."

One point that the author dwells upon very emphatically is the necessity for the establishment and maintenance of cordial relations between author and publisher. Those authors who put themselves up at auction, by going from one publishing house to the other, do away with the possibility of establishing such personal relations, and, as a result, find that their books are not so well pushed.

High as is the respect the author of these "Confessions" testifies for his own calling, he does not forbear to point out the faults that are committed by the publishers. The "fake" publisher he describes as a mere printer who brings out commercially unprofitable books by exacting contracts ruinous to the victims from disappointed authors who have faith in their books. These authors pay large sums in advance, and as their books ratify the judgment of the publishers who rejected them by falling flat, they are left fleeced by the unscrupulous printers who preyed upon their inexperience.

The principal conclusions to be drawn from these frank confessions is that, in spite of the well-known case of "David Harum," it is generally safe to trust to the verdict of a publishing-house's readers; that too many poor books are published and pushed; that every failure clogs the market; that writers who intend to publish will do well to learn to discriminate between the dignified and conservative publishing houses and the "fake" publishers; that there is no way by which an author can verify the accuracy of a publisher's report as to the number of books sold, but that the author's protection in this matter lies in the general high character of the men of established standing who are engaged in the publishing business. Such men, it is asserted, as Mr. Charles Scribner, Mr. George Brett, and Mr. George H. Mifflin, could earn much larger returns by turning their conspicuous abilities to more purely mercantile pursuits. The fact that they do not is an indication that they are in the business as much from personal interest and the congenial nature of the occupation as for gain.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York: 60 cents net.

Henry James is now in Cambridge with his brother, Professor William James.

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THE EXODUS TO THE COUNTRY.

A Few Hints to Those Leaving Town for the Summer Resorts.

This is the season of mysterious unrest, whose symptoms husbands and fathers know well. They foresee inundations of lawn and lace, a meltemstrom of sewing, a depleted pocket-book; and then, with many prunings of its summer plumage and a whirl of wings in flight, the family is off and away, leaving its stupefied head to the lonely contemplation of a vacant hearthstone and the regimen of the restaurants.

To the New Yorker, with about twenty-five floating palaces almost at his door ready to convey him to the Mediterranean ports, his summer holiday is merely a plunge from his home city to a foreign one. Before the snow is off the ground the vacation exodus begins in the East. In New York alone it is estimated that 650,000 of its populace have a summer outing, for the obtaining of which between fifty and sixty millions of dollars are spent.

The San Franciscan either goes on a sight-seeing trip or to some mineral springs. Sometimes he rashly accompanies his womenkind on an experimental trip to some secluded farmhouse thereby offering the deplorable spectacle of a business man of confirmed habits cast adrift in the enforced idleness of a two-penny country resort. Unless he is a sportsman or a lover of long tramps, there is absolutely nothing to absorb his energies or divert his mind. He may, of course, be lucky enough to belong to the type of man who loves the country for its own sake. To such a one, a country walk does not mean merely grimly covering so many rods of ground for the sake of exercise. The real country lover tastes a thousand delicate delights in an hour's time. He inhales the warm, dry, aromatic odor of the forest; his eye accustomed to the rectangular perspectives of town, marks the gracefully inter-twined growths of bush and vine, or follows with pleasure the outline of some giant tree-bolt as it soars a hundred feet into space. To his ear, daily assaulted by the clang and clatter and roar of city streets, the drowsy, sun-warmed stillness, broken only by the twitter of birds or the hum of insect life, is inexpressibly grateful; and the cool ripple of the lake as, with the joy of unaccustomed employment he propels his boat over its glassy surface, is one of the most soothing delights of summer.

But to the man of nervous activities, who looks around restlessly for some definite occupation, these pleasures are unknown. What he really wants is a large pleasure palace where he can be surrounded by the crowds he is accustomed to, and where there is a proportionate variety of amusements laid out. He begins to look up summer resorts, and soon finds that the California woods are full of them. Some of them rough, comfortable ranches others health resorts or fashionable hotels, running on well-oiled wheels; still others a class between the two. Of late the experiment of hotel camps has been tried—a good idea in our State, where the definitely marked limits of the wet and dry season insure safety and comfort to the dweller in tents. Proprietors of summer hotels have learned that the fresh-air fad is spreading and many of them keep a stock of tents on hand to meet the demand. At country sanatoriums, too, the tent-brigade forms part of the landscape, and the invalid may sometimes spend six months dwelling in a comfortably furnished tent in the country, a stranger to the sensation of sleeping under a roof.

We learn wisdom slowly, but there are some ideas that persistently percolate, and finally lodge. A young mother never neglects reviling her infant with fresh air, but omits to realize her own need. A careful father, while negligent of his own health, will put his hand deep in his pocket to provide his boy with a summer outing. Indeed, in the East the tastes of city youngsters for outdoor sport and recreation are specially considered. The number of girls' as well as boys' camps, conducted on educational and scientific lines by different associations or by proprietary schools, is steadily increasing. Competent instructors and leaders remain in these camps during the entire season, and the youngsters remain under the jurisdiction of their elders. But the discipline is not irksome and the instruction in such matters as making a camp, cooking camp food, paddling a canoe and handling a gun, is of a nature to delight the heart of a true boy.

Here in California there is need of just such enterprise in organizing and conducting camps of the kind for adults as well as children. In a few years it will come, but pending that time the point is to know the particular places where you can be guaranteed comfortable accommodations and satisfactory fare. It is a safe procedure to go only to a country resort of settled standing, or with a recommendation of some kind from previous guests. The quality of the entertainment offered by a lady who had had a varied experience in unromantic summer resorts, and who, at last, finally drew up a catechism with annual additions, she sent yearly

to any place where she contemplated spending her summer season. After the usual inquiries about regular rates, it ran something like this:

What is the latest hour breakfast can be obtained?
Do you provide cream for breakfast?
Are the vegetables fresh or canned?
Is there a laundry attached to the hotel or near enough for guests to patronize?
What kind of mattresses? If of wire, are they of the better quality, braced up with springs and cables to prevent sagging?
Have you baths with hot water? If so, how near to the rooms you offer me?
Have you a veranda with plenty of comfortable chairs?
Have you a piano? [This for the daughter]. A billiard-table? [For her husband]. A tennis court? [For her boys].
Are there any groves near the hotel where there is plenty of shade for hammocks? [For herself].

Admirable as this plan was for the obtaining of exact information, it did not always work. The hosts of the smaller places,



Big tree, Wawona.

which were lacking in the desired comforts, were sometimes troubled with wounded feelings, and sent sarcastic replies, or none at all.

Since then, however, the intrepid formulator of the catechism has settled down comfortably to an annual patronage of long-established and well-known places, where she finds the majority of her requirements satisfactorily fulfilled.

Another lady, an invalid, has described at length her visit to an obscure country sanatorium, which, in its prospectus, had set forth its own advantages in such glowing terms that she decided forthwith to visit it without verifying by inquiry or investigation the truth of its claims.

The lady arrived at dusk, and was met at the station and driven to her destination in a shabby surrey. She inquired of the driver (whom she subsequently discovered to be manager of the sanatorium) how many guests there were. Her inquiries were parried, but, as she realized later, the entire popula-

tion of the establishment was assembled in the parlor to survey the new arrival. In the bay window, a stout, encrimsoned lady of Hibernian countenance was, with an air of genteel ease, engaged in exterminating the flies on the widow-pane; a pretty country girl was shyly buried in a paper novel; a plump matron of a pleasant countenance was embroidering a square of linen; two worn-looking, white-aproned women were staring heavily at the new arrival; and a roaring rebel of a child, unrebuked and to its own satisfaction, was engaged in making general pandemonium. Within a few hours, the new guest discovered that the encrimsoned dame was the cook, the country girl the chambermaid, the lady of the pleasant countenance was the masseuse, and of the two staring matrons, one was the wife of the manager and the other the sole nurse of the establishment. The pandemonium-maker was the only child of the manager, and continued its occupation with unabated zest during the lady's entire stay. It did not last long.

In spite of the claim in the prospectus that special attention was paid to the individual dietary of the sick, the sole guest was daily regaled with mutton stew, fried steaks, underdone rolls, soggy toast, blue milk, and dried-apple sauce. Nobody in the place knew anything whatever about the conducting of sanatoriums except the masseuse, who was an expert at her own business, and who saved our heroine from instantaneous flight. The latter stayed for a week, paying fifteen dollars for her accommodations, and she and the masseuse departed in company, leaving the institution on the verge of collapse.

So much for glowing prospectuses of unknown places. So, after all, the summer pilgrim who is exacting about his comforts has two alternatives: personal investigation—which comes high—before he sends his family, or a prudent reliance upon long-tried and well-known summer hostleries of the better class, whose reputation is too well established to require any proof of their claims.

Germans in Venice.

According to our correspondent, "Van Fletch," Venice at Easter time is now more German than Italian. He adds: "It is a sad fact, but it must be admitted. The wave of manufacturing and other industrial prosperity which has passed over Germany, Austria-Hungary, and other German-speaking countries which happen to be near to Venice, has rendered possible, and has encouraged, the "tripping habit" until it has become the fashion. A bridal occasion or a short vacation turns the attention to some easily accessible and attractive objective, as foreign as possible, and for many Venice is most attractive, and for everybody it is unique.

"Formerly, when art and salt water alone were the attractions, few Germans found their way to Venice, but since the beers of Munich and Pilsen have been piped to the lagoons in sufficient quantity to satisfy any rush demand, there is no anti-German restriction; and hence, around Easter, they sweep down in swarms that recall the incursions of the Goths and Vandals nearly two thousand years ago.

"Venice owes its existence as a City of the Lagoons—unique in the world, and attractive above any other for its unusual isolation and its salt-water charm—to the Germans. It was because of the raids of German barbarians, and finally by reason of that of Atilla in the year 452, that the people of the Veneto, on the mainland of Northern Italy, were driven to wade out as far as they could into the shallow lagoons and to build for themselves safety nests on the silt-heaps formed by the alluvial deposit of the weather-decomposing Alps. Germanic Austria, too, was installed in possession of Venice for some years by one of the Napoleonic deals in national exchanges; but neither of these Germanic influences were so potent to give the place *Deutscher* character as the attraction of the Munch and Pilsen brews. This, and the inauguration of cheap excursions, under personally conducted auspices, in imitation of the ubiquitous Cook, have accomplished the newer German invasion."

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ACTORS AT PLAY.

Where Some Popular Favorites Will Rest During the Summer Months.

Nearly all the principal New York theatres have closed their doors for the summer months, and most of the noted stars are bringing their road tours to an end. Vacation time for the actor and actress is at hand, and no class appreciates vacations more.

David Warfield, who has scored the hit of his career in New York with Belasco's "The Music Master," is coming to California for his outing. "There is just one place on all the earth for a summer's rest—and that is home," he said, recently, to a *Tribune* interviewer. "And home to me is California. I want to see my mother. She is out there all alone; and in spite of success and its rewards, the time comes when I feel only too glad to set them aside and forget them, just to live the simple life once more, alone with my mother at home. It has been a long season in 'The Music Master'—nearly three hundred nights—and really I am feeling tired; not tired of the part and the play, for both are so human as to be always new, but physically and mentally tired from the strain and responsibility which the conscientious actor always feels toward his audience. So I am going to where there is only an audience of one, and that one my mother, and I shall take more delight in her praise and quiet applause than I have had from all the three hundred crowded houses of this long season. This will be the best kind of a rest, and then back again to New York with a fresh store

Nat Goodwin, who enjoyed the beauties of Yosemite Valley last summer, is to remain in California again this year, while his wife, Maxine Elliott, continues her success in London in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Her Own Way." Later she will spend some time with her sister, Gertrude, now Mrs. Forbes Robertson.

Blanche Bates is one of the undecided ones. "California will probably 'call' me again this summer," she said, the other day, "although it is my fixed intention at present to spend the few vacation months abroad. I would not be surprised, however, if June found me in San Francisco."

Dustin Farnum, "The Virginian," is also between the "devil and the deep sea" as to vacation plans. He has a hunting lodge up the river from Bucksport, Me., and a yacht on Massachusetts Bay, in which he usually cruises up and down the coast. He has the automobile craze, and would like to tour through France in a powerful machine. Then again, there is a most enticing invitation from Mr. Moncrief, the brother of the Duke of Sutherland, and manager of the Anglo-American Cattle Company, to ride with a mighty "round-up" over a thousand miles of Wyoming range country. The ride will cover the haunts in which Owen Wister found the original characters of his romance, and it is more than likely that Farnum will join Frank Campeau, who plays Trampus in "The Virginian," in this "round-up."

Maude Adams will spend part of her vacation on the beautiful country estate which she has laid out in the centre of Long Island, near Lake Ronkonkoma. She leads a sort

which is Mrs. Olcott's particular pride, and the kitchen fronts on the street. It is a most comfortable dwelling, thoroughly colonial, even to the furnishings. The Olcotts have several fine horses, and their turnouts attract much attention even in the racing season, when Saratoga goes horse mad.

Minnie Maddern Fiske's vacation this summer will be shorter than usual, as her season does not close until she has finished her engagement in San Francisco. After a trip through Yellowstone National Park she will go to her favorite spot in the Adirondacks, to remain until rehearsals summon her back to New York.

Part of Wilton Lackaye's vacation will be spent on the Pacific Coast. He is to begin an engagement here on September 4th, when he will produce "The Pit," "Pillars of Society," and "Trilby," which proved a great financial success when it was revived last month in New York, with Virginia Harned as Trilby and Lackaye as Svengali. Later Lackaye will go to New York, where he will produce his own play, "Jean Valjean."

At the reappearance of Sir Henry Irving on the London stage, there was a small crowd at the pit door and another at the gallery door ten hours before the time announced for the rising of the curtain on "Becket." Drury Lane was packed from floor to ceiling. When the curtain rose on the second scene of the prologue, and Becket was discovered playing Henry the Second at chess, the audience set up one vast, insatiable roar. There were other remarkable outbursts as often as a seasonable opportunity offered, and the demonstration at the finish was unlike any known in a theatre for a very long time.

It is announced that George Alexander has been engaged to appear at the Drury Lane Theatre in London in the autumn in a drama written by Hall Caine. It will be the first time that the London actor-manager has appeared as a salaried actor under another management. Mr. Alexander will also equal a Drury Lane record in the matter of the size of his salary. Dan Leno established Drury Lane's salary record with twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week. That of Alexander has been placed at the same mark.

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The late Maurice Barrymore, whose three children—Ethel, Lionel and Jack—are stage favorites.

of energy and enthusiasm to please the people whom I have always found so appreciative and generous."

Arnold Daly, who has registered such a success with "You Never Can Tell," starts shortly for a long holiday abroad. He will spend some time with G. Bernard Shaw, whose plays Daly has at last succeeded in making profitable. They will meet at some quiet country place outside of London and go over "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "John Bull's Other Island," which are to be produced in New York next season.

For several weeks Mrs. Leslie Carter has been taking an enforced rest. This is due to an accident which compelled her to close her New York run in Belasco's "Adrea" three weeks sooner than was planned. Mrs. Carter's injured ankle, it appears, is likely to keep her a prisoner in bed for a good deal longer time than was at first expected. Her physicians have warned her that if she attempts to walk or put her foot to the ground for several weeks yet the result may cripple her for months to come.

John Drew expects to spend a portion of his vacation in California. Then he will go to his beautiful country home on the sandy dunes near East Hampton, Long Island, where he will join his wife and his daughter, Miss Louise Drew, who has already won success on the stage in several of her father's productions. Mr. Drew usually takes a run over to London to secure some successful English society play, but this year he has no need to make the trip, as Augustus Thomas has written an American play for him.

of hermit life of absolute rest when she goes to this little paradise, and finds it the best sort of tonic.

Digby Bell, who has enjoyed a profitable season in Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Charles Dana Gibson's series of drawings entitled "The Education of Mr. Pipp," will go to Siasconset, a famous resort for theatrical folk on the Massachusetts coast.

Mr. and Mrs. William Collier will go to their farm in the centre of Long Island as usual this summer. They gather around them a number of theatrical friends, enough, indeed, to form a ball team, which plays local nines in the pasture which an obliging farmer puts at their disposal.

Lawrence D'Orsay, of "The Earl of Pawtucket" fame, will go to England and spend his vacation with his relatives.

Robert Edeson, Thomas V. Ross, and several other actor folk will gather in cottages at Sag Harbor.

Ethel Barrymore, after scoring a big hit as Norah in Ibsen's "A Doll House," has sailed for England, where she will spend the greater part of her vacation.

Marie Tempest will return to London early in June, and play for five weeks in the British capital. An extended yachting trip will follow, and then she will go for a brief rest to her summer place in Kent.

Chauncey Olcott, after his Western tour, will go to Saratoga Springs, where he has a house which attracts all visitors. It is known as the "House Turned Round," because the real front of the house faces away from the street on a beautiful, old-fashioned garden,

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Group of Out-of-Door Books.

The increased output of books on the subject of outdoor life, amusements, and pursuits in general, is an indication of the radical change that has grown more and more noticeable in American standards of enjoyment. Nor are these books addressed only to tallow-followers of a fad. The man who lives his life out of doors and possesses the gift of attractively describing the wholesome pursuits that engross him, may be sure of plenty of sympathetic readers who are mewed up within city walls, and who make their only escape from a brick and mortar environment by reading of other lives whose healthful activities they envy. Wonder, rather than envy, however, will be the most probable sensation inspired by reading "Letters from an Oregon Ranch." These letters purport to be and really read like an actual correspondence from one of four self-appointed exiles to the steeps of mountainous Oregon, and are apparently written to a friend or relative who lives close to civilization.

The writer intimates that the devoted four are middle-aged, but they have the animal spirits and determined pluck of four school-boys out camping, and rise superior to such disheartening conditions as a winter of constant rain, mud, and mist, weeks in a breadless and eggless condition, arising from remoteness from civilization and shops, toil for the men, and actual hardships encountered by the two women in the party. But every letter is brimming over with health, vitality, pleasure in conquering difficulties, and a determined optimism that can only arise from a genius for outdoor life, temperament, and a perfect digestion. No incident, or quip, or household enterprise is too small to tell, and all are told with the same mingling of grace and ready humor.

The author, toward the close of the book,

principles underlying plant-culture, by Charles L. Goodrich, formerly instructor in agriculture at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute of Hampton, Va. Mr. Goodrich's book considers, from a practical and scientific standpoint, all the leading questions involved in the occupation of farming, and many practical expositions, accompanied by some dozens of illustrations, are given to show the properties of soils, the operations of seed planting and growth, and the relative values of farming utensils.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.00 net.

R. Bosworth Smith, author of "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" and other historical works, shows by his book, "Bird Life and Bird Lore," how instinctively men of sedentary occupations broaden their horizon by contemplation of the life of nature. "Birds have been to me," he says, "the solace, the recreation, the passion of a lifetime." The author, a retired school-master of Harrow, has collected together various essays on bird life in England, which were published in different English periodicals, and included them in a work which, written in pleasant, discursive, and rather old-fashioned style, forms an interesting and agreeable addition to bird lore, without being particularly scientific in aim or authoritative in claim.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Ernest Thompson-Seton's latest contribution to the literature of nature is written in merry mood. It consists almost altogether of animal fables, some of Indian origin, but most of it, to quote from Mr. Seton's foreword, "I gathered in the woods myself." Those with whom his works are popular will perhaps be disappointed that the volume does not include some of his absorbing dramas of animal life, but his characteristic sketches are present in plenty to atone, and, by their clever

sacrificing enthusiasm of the genuine naturalist, have spent many a broiling hour on summer days watching the ways and means by which these busy little creatures build their homes, breed, and secure their prey. They have followed a single wasp in search of prey through garden and cornfield, watched her sight her prey—a caterpillar—attack it, paralyze it with her sting, and drag it to the mouth of her nest, from whence, with her formidable mandibles, she pulled it down to her dark cupboard beneath.

This wholesale devotion has resulted in a mine of information containing the habits of wasps, which is related with such simplicity, directness, and absence of dry technicalities as to insure the book attention from non-specialists as well as students.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50 net.

The tastes of the lover of flowers will be gratified by "Garden Colour," a handsome volume, in which four writers each take up successively one of the four seasons, and write a dissertation on the choice garden flowers of England which beautify its presence. The purpose of the book is to afford aid to inexperienced gardeners by illustrating the value of artistic massing of color and artistic grouping of plants—a purpose that is greatly assisted by some fifty exquisite water-color sketches of high artistic merit, which show corners or stretches of English gardens glowing with all the colors of beauty.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$6.00 net.

Persian Manuscripts Found.

It is not often that ancient Oriental manuscripts of undoubted authenticity figure among the miscellaneous *olla podrida* of a police auction of recovered but unclaimed plunder. This rare spectacle, however, is now to be witnessed in Paris. The manuscripts are all Persian. One dates back to 1647 of our era. It is a volume of verse by the poet Mizliami, with many strange marginal notes. The title is "Makhazen el Asrar." There is also a mathematical treatise, and, among others, several didactic moral essays. All are written on fine silky parchment giving off the odor of camel's milk, and the bindings are in old leather, with tooled indentings and gold or silver ornament in gilt. Most are contained in specially made little cases. Nobody knows the origin of this odd treasure trove.

It was generally supposed that he was a man, but it turns out that McLandburgh Wilson—whose light verses have attracted so much attention, and who once in a while writes something serious (*vide* "Memorial Day" in the *Argonaut* of May 29th)—is a woman. Her full name is Elaine McLandburgh Wilson, which has been made to sound masculine by dropping the first name.

It is interesting, in connection with the present war, to find in Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature," an account of Tolstoy's youthful military prowess: "He lived through all the dreadful experiences of the defenders of Sebastopol. . . He has the right to speak of war; he knows it from within."

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HARPER'S BOOK NEWS

The Ultimate Passion

A young man of high ideals playing into the hands of a powerful corrupt political ring in order to gain power through their influence and ultimately to defeat them—this is a hint of the plot of this strong, virile novel. It is a work of unusual power, an absorbing story, showing the machinations of political schemers and others prominent in social and business life in New York. The startling incidents that the political situation brings forth are closely woven in with a charming love-tale. Mr. Mighels will be remembered as the author of *Bruwer Jim's Baby*.

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.



The cliffs and natural bridges at Santa Cruz.

stoutly asserts her pleasure in the life she is living on a lonely ranch, and her graceful descriptions of the enchantments of outdoor beauties of flower and bird and foliage make her assertion almost credible; but it is safe to say that few will be tempted to try the same experiment.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Country Home" is written for the purpose of pointing out to the inexperienced beginner how to provide his country residence with the comforts and conveniences which are so woefully lacking at "Katherine's" Oregon ranch. E. P. Powell, the author, goes into the subject deeply, and seriously considers questions as diverse as the lay of the land and the proper location of a cesspool. Gardens, orchards, lawns, the proper choice of shade trees, and trees for wind-break, wells, insect pests, and domestic animals, are among the points taken up and treated exhaustively. For Mr. Powell writes as one who has turned his back on the unhome-like life of cities, and directed all his thoughts toward the upbuilding of an ideal country home, which will grow slowly, and gradually express the individuality of its creator.

The book is written from the standpoint of the energetic man who raises flowers and fruits, keeps cow, horse, and pigs, runs an amateur laboratory, and with his home tools is ready to do much toward keeping his house in repair. But while the many will not be able to follow up such a multiplicity of occupations and interests, they can scarcely fail to find in the full information on those points upon which they seek particular enlightenment.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New

execution and playful spirit, form a most fitting accompaniment to these fanciful allegories drawn from nature's store-house.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.25.

"Of all the various outdoor recreations I have tried," says Herbert K. Job, author of "Wild Wings," "when it comes to genuine, exciting sport, give me hunting with the camera." Mr. Job shows the results of his bloodless hunting trips in numerous beautiful photographs of wild water-fowl in full flight. In his wanderings he has ranged widely over well-known haunts of the wild water-fowl of America, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north to the Florida Keys in the south. Valuable as is his collection of pictures to the naturalist, they are also beautiful specimens of the photographer's art, and add eloquent testimony to the author's enthusiastic and spirited descriptions of the joys of his venturesome pilgrimages.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$3.00 net.

Of similar subject, but different purpose, is "North American Birds' Eggs," by Chester A. Reed, a book which will interest only the collector or the specialist in bird-lore. This volume is to serve as a reference book to the student who desires to study the breeding habits and home life of wild feathered creatures, and is copiously illustrated with pictures of the eggs of nearly every species of North American birds and of birds nesting or brooding over their young.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Students of insect life may also have their store of information increased, although "Wasps: Social and Solitary," like Maeterlinck's *Monok* on bees, is sure to offer matters of interest to more than the specialist. The authors, Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, with the self-

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By THEODORA PECK

Frontispiece by THOMAS MITCHELL PEIRCE



"HESTER OF THE GRANTS" is a spirited and wholesome story of love and war in Vermont during the Revolution. The Hampshire Grants, in which the scene of the story is laid, were described in an official report of General Burgoyne, of the British forces, "as a country which abounds in the most active and most rebellious race of the continent." The heroine is a daughter of that race and the author has given her a personality which is little short of fascinating. The story is full of action, sentiment, courage and patriotism, the characters are all skillfully drawn and the plot is developed with convincing force and effect. The author is deeply imbued with the New England's spirit and has imparted its full strength to this attractive novel. It is but just to say that Miss Peck has treated her theme with womanly feeling, grace and dramatic art of a high order. The whole story abounds in the Green Mountain atmosphere."—Army and Navy Journal

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LITERARY NOTES.

Raffles's Literary Successor.

E. W. Hornung's *Stingaree*, the Australian bushranger, bids fair to be as popular a character as Raffles. Like his brother-in-trade, the famous London cracksmen, *Stingaree* has his fastidious fancies and his dandyisms, which, together with the unsolved mystery concerning his identity, and a taste for music and the fine arts, serve to shed a romantic halo around the personality of this fascinating outlaw.

"*Stingaree*" is made up of some ten detached episodes in the life of the imaginary bushranger, all of which show him in the limelight cast by some brave deed, or act of rivalry, or exhibit his superiority in craft, or quick-witted strategy over his would-be captors. Women figure little in these tales, and when they do, it is for the purpose of showing that *Stingaree's* lawless life has not extinguished in his breast a chivalrous respect for the gentler sex.

Mr. Hornung's stories are far from being probable, but their very improbability excuses the romantic glamour with which he invests his unprincipled hero. *Stingaree* indulges in a number of spectacular roles which would have infallibly cut short the life of a real night of the road. He rides his famous milk-white mare on the brightest nights. He invariably wears a monocle when he is not in disguise. In a fit of bravado—for *Stingaree* is not above "showing off"—he allows a photographer, whom he is "sticking up," to take a snap at him. But, as with all of these romantic outlaws, the glitter of *Stingaree's* courage and resource cast into obscurity the great fact that he is, after all, a thief, and Mr. Hornung has no difficulty whatever in getting his adult readers into precisely the same frame of mind as the ten-

are justified by similar and frequent deviations from correct rhythm in the original. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Books of Travel.

The traveler of intellectual and cultured tastes, who is more interested in art than in his fellow-tourists, will find "*Italian Backgrounds*," by Edith Wharton, a book very much to his taste. No one is better fitted than Mrs. Wharton to give an outsider's view of the Italian expression in art. Hers is the independent judgment of the real thinker, and with the same pleasure that she shows in eluding the itineraries marked down in the guide-books, she breaks through the limitations imposed by the purists and explorers, and studies and recommends to the attention of the connoisseur all art compositions, even the fruits of the tabooed seventeenth-century period of "sumptuous bravura," which have balance, vigor, and originality.

In her final essay, and the one from which the book is named, Mrs. Wharton divides the Italian devotional pictures of the Renaissance into foreground and background, and she points out the fidelity with which many of the artists allowed their backgrounds to reflect the life of the period. From this, Mrs. Wharton draws a parallel of Italy itself, which, she says, is similarly divided. "The foreground is the property of the guide-book and of its product, the mechanical sightseer; the background that of the dawdler, the dreamer, and the serious student of Italy." All three of these latter functions Mrs. Wharton most delightfully unites in herself, and "*Italian Backgrounds*," while containing a great deal of art comment of great critical value, is also pleasantly permeated with that spirit of enjoyment which allows the traveler to taste deeply of the sensation of the moment, whether it be an æsthetic pleasure at sight

hearing on the inception and composition of the story.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; per volume, cloth, \$1.00; limp leather, \$1.25 net.

Laments American Percipency.

Sidney Lee, in a recent address on Shakespearean themes, lamented the acquisition by Americans of the newly discovered "Titus Andronicus" quarto, and of the rare early editions of other Shakespeare plays, belonging to the Rowfant library. "Never in the history of English book collecting," he said, "had this country lost suddenly and secretly such a treasure of Shakespeareana, although some inferior stores of Shakespeareana had suffered the like experience. Before the officers of any public institution like the British Museum or the Bodleian Library, before any private English collector, had any suspicion of their impending fate, those Rowfant volumes crossed the Atlantic, never, in all probability, to return." All of which seems to be an unreasonable view of the matter for Mr. Lee to take, says the *Tribune*, since British collectors and museum trustees could have acquainted themselves with the possibilities of the market quite as easily as could the American purchasers. Mr. Lee, by the way, in discussing the proposed national monument to Shakespeare, wisely declared that such a monument would have to find its sole justification in its symbolic significance. No tribute to the poet, he added, should serve a utilitarian end. The monument must be a work of art of the worthiest kind. Unless the best artistic results were obtainable, the scheme, in his opinion, would better be let alone.

R. Dickberry's novel, "*The Storm of London*," described as "*A Social Rhapsody*," which is already said to have reached a sale of seventy thousand copies in England, and has been brought out in this country by Herbert B. Turner & Co., is probably the most audacious story that has appeared for years. The author has taken for his theme Carlyle's dictum: "Clothes give us individuality, distinction, social polity." When, accordingly, London wakes up after the great storm invented by Mr. Dickberry and finds itself turned into a huge Eden, with Adams and Eves galore in all the pristine simplicity of the "altogether," the situations, needless to say, are at least startling. It is comforting to be assured by the American publishers that "the author is at once bold and restrained in his picture."

E. W. Hornung

in *STINGAREE*, the Australian "*Raffles*," has created a man to whom, says the *N. Y. Globe*, "*Sherlock Holmes* may well take off his hat."

"His adventures make a group of rattling good tales."
—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Robert Grant

"*THE ORCHID* is as brilliant as anything he has written," says the *Chicago Record-Herald*. A proof that he "mirrors the social life of American men and women as no other writer."
—*Boston Herald*.

F. Hopkinson Smith

The stories in *AT CLOSE RANGE* "contain more of the real art of character drawing than a score of novels of the day," says the *Evening Post*. "It is a fact that not to have read the book is to miss a treat."
—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

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A glimpse of Yosemite Valley.

ur-old urchin reading of the exploits of "Red-Handed Mike." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Another Revolutionary Romance.

The novel with the historical flavor turns inevitably. "*Hester of the Grants*," a romance of the War of Independence, with a background in the Green Mountain region in Vermont, is a story with an intermingled theme of love, war, and patriotism. Around Bennington of General Stark and Ethan Allen are the action centres, and to that region are brought to the characters that figure in the stirring news of calamity or victory; the fall of Ticonderoga, the advance of Burgoyne's army upon the unprotected frontier, the coming of Baum's forces, and, finally, the battle that raged near Bennington— that desperate struggle with Hessians and Tories, which Stark described as "the best I ever saw in my life; . . . one colossal clap of thunder."

The story is rather unduly lengthened by details of the breathless adventures of Hester Robinson, a true-hearted colonial maid, firm patriot, notwithstanding that her career leads a checkered career of treachery toward his fellow-countrymen. The book is classified with the more stereotyped historical novels, and will doubtless find particular favor with adolescent readers. Published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50 postpaid.

Great German Epic in English.

The *Nibelungenlied*, a translation into modern English verse of the great epic of the Germanic peoples, will prove, to the fish-speaking student, an interesting addition to the already large store of literature on that subject. The author, George Henry Diller, has made a close study of the *Nibelungen* strophe, whose original metre is served in his translation, and the occasional irregularities in his metrical version

of the panorama of Tuscan hills, or a recognition of the classic beauty of a San Vivaldo monk's Roman profile. The volume is handsomely printed, and contains a number of fine illustrations in black and white by E. C. Peixotto.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50 net.

From another though less authoritative woman writer comes further testimony to the charm of Italian landscapes. Vernon Lee is a traveler, and in "*The Enchanted Woods*" paints the intimate joys to be derived from lonely rambles in the woods, suburbs, and even cemeteries of European cities and towns. Although long a resident of Italy and familiar with its choicest beauties, the writer touches lightly upon impressions gathered by visits to Switzerland, Paris, and Germany, and shows a very pretty talent for what she finds lacking in the ruck of people that crowded to the Paris Exposition, "of distilling an imaginative charm out of their own life."

Vernon Lee has a taste for absorbing the "genius of places"—indeed that phrase forms the sub-title of her book—and wanders contentedly from place to place, dreamily chewing the cud of pleasant meditation, and embodying her thoughts and fancies in essays which, while purely superficial, are a pleasant enough addition to the literature of travel.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.25 net.

A new edition of the works of a famous author are always desirable additions to our library shelves. From the new biographical edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, three volumes are at hand—"New Arabian Nights," "*David Balfour*," and "*Kidnaped*." The most noticeable points are the convenient, hand-book size of the volumes, and an accompanying preface to each one written by the widow of the author, who relates, in interesting style, circumstances and events

ANNOUNCEMENT

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SPECIAL JULY NUMBER

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LITERARY NOTES.

Essays, Satires, and Criticisms.

Literary satires, except in the columns of the press, grow rare. The anonymous author of "The Literary Guillotine" (John Lane, New York) forfeits a chance for winning honors by the shrewd wit which he displays, and the surgical dexterity with which he wields the scalpel of satire marks him as a man of great skill in satire and of unusual ability in literary criticism.

A book so abounding in humorous hits will seem ill-natured only to those who have been made the victims of its shafts; but to the generality of readers it will furnish unalloyed delight. "The Literary Guillotine" purports to report the proceedings of a literary emergency court convened for the purpose of trying such notorious offenders against literature as Marie Corelli, Mrs. Eddy (of Christian Science fame), Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Hall Caine. Even Henry James appears in court, but as a complainant against "Mother Eddy," whom he accuses of infringement of his "patent obscure sentence," which, as he explains, he has invented "for the concealment not only of thought but of the lack of thought." A sad-eyed expert on humor testifies in the case of the People *versus* John Kendrick Bangs that, in his readings of Mr. Bangs's thirty-three volumes—here Mr. Bangs shifts uneasily in his seat—the funniest thing he finds in the entire range of writings of the accused is the way in which the humorist confuses the starboard and port sides of a ship.

Hall Caine breaks off an incomplete sitting at his photographers, where he has "only had seventeen postures taken," and responds with alacrity to a summons to attend the trial of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose books, he complains indignantly, rival the sale of his own.

Subsequently, the distinguished authors of "The Manxman" and "The Sorrows of Satan" are rescued by an indignant mob of sales-ladies and servant-girls, and make way for other and equally celebrated victims, during whose trials the judges, in the persons

Doone; in Germany by Goethe, and in America by Emerson, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, and Whitman.

The finest and most illuminating of the eight essays is that which so understandingly and clear-sightedly interprets to Americans the coarsely molded and passionately elemental genius of Walt Whitman.

"Cambridge Sketches" (the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.60 net), by Frank Preston Stearns, is a series of recollections, in the form of separate essays, of many distinguished Americans, some of whom were prominent figures in that aristocracy of American literature of which Longfellow, Emerson, James Russell Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes were the chief ornaments. These essays, written in brisk and breezy style, are very readable, and contain so much interesting retrospect that they graphically portray the epoch of plain living and high thinking that has apparently forever passed away from the literary life of America.

Another American view, not so much of men of letters as of the entire field of American literature, is afforded by "America in Literature" (Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50), an able work by George E. Woodberry, the popular professor of literature at Columbia College. Mr. Woodberry divides American literature into four great groups; a division which is based on the sectional environments of American writers. Boston, which stands for literary New England, heads the list; the Knickerbocker group come next; then the Far Western coterie, which numbers among its representatives Mark Twain and Bret Harte; and lastly the literature of the South, which has Edgar Allen Poe for its "lone star."

In his final summing up, Professor Woodberry will not fail to give umbrage to the admirers of Walt Whitman by omitting the name of the poet of democracy, and perhaps offend many more sensibilities by virtually excluding all literary achievement of the last twenty-five years from consideration. But however much his readers may differ from him, few will fail to recognize that his

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Soprano: A Portrait" is the title of a novel that F. Marion Crawford has just finished. It will first be published serially in *Munsey's* under the title of "Margaret."

James Huneker will spend the summer between Weimar and the Villa d'Este, near Rome, following the course of Liszt's travels, and gathering material for the completion of "Franz Liszt: His Art and His Time."

Amelie Rives says of New York: "Oh, what a distracting, fearful, grinding place. I feel when I am here, which is very rarely, as if I were in a network of cross-currents, intangible, unattainable, nothing that the mind can seize or settle upon. There is nothing here but a great hollow metallic roar."

Rider Haggard is his own head gardener, and has three acres of garden under cultivation. His staff consists only of three regular men, with frequent use of a fourth—the owner himself. There are six glass houses, in which he grows prize orchids, a highly cultivated kitchen garden, an orchard, and two ponds, in which the author-gardener grows aquatic plants.

Frederick Whyte is to write a biography of George du Maurier. The work is to have the sanction of Mrs. du Maurier.

Frederick Trevor Hill, author of "The Accomplice," is an active member of the New York bar as well as a writer. A fellow-lawyer, who knows of Mr. Hill's dual interests, found him recently reading an adverse opinion of the court in one of his cases. "Well, what is it to-day—law or fiction?" the friend asked in jest. "I think it's fiction," Mr. Hill answered, hopefully; "but I won't know for certain until my appeal is decided."

Máxim Górký is not poor, by any means, but is a shrewd business man. He is head of a publishing company in St. Petersburg, and it is estimated that he has made \$125,000 out of the business.

Rex E. Beach, in addition to being an author and a business man, is an explorer and an athlete. He went out to Alaska with

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Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address

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Picturesque Hotel Rowardennan.

of Mark Twain and Oliver Herford, utter dozens of witty hits and mock-serious diatribes that brighten the pages of one of the cleverest satires of the day.

He whose temperament inclines more to literary appreciations than satires will turn with quiet pleasure to "Adventures Among Books" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.60 net), one of those characteristic summaries which Andrew Lang occasionally offers of the books which have afforded him joy. Among the essays which make up the volume are "recollections" of Robert Louis Stevenson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and of Dr. John Brown, "Kab's Friend"; an essay on Nathaniel Hawthorne, another on Smollet, and some stray papers on miscellaneous subjects.

The collection is characterized by all of Mr. Lang's literary virtues, and its merits remain within the usual limitations—limitations that do not preclude the possession of a fine quality of literary scholarship, and a style that is mellowed by a sort of refinement of enthusiasm for the literature that he loves.

In Hamilton Wright Mabie's latest volume of essays, which is a valuable contribution to the general store of literary criticism, he is less discursive in range than Andrew Lang, and goes as thoroughly into each subject as the compass of a single essay will allow. His estimate how that admirable lucidity, balance, and justice which result from his habitual attitude in approaching a subject unbiassed by personal prejudices or previous prejudice.

The title of "Backgrounds of Literature" (the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50 net), indicates the aim of the book, but in describing the environments which tended to mold the genius of the writer whose life and manner of thought he considers, Mr. Mabie analyzes pretty thoroughly the character and scope of the genius itself. In his eight essays, notable figures in English and Scottish literature are represented by Wordsworth, Scott, and Blackmore, author of "Lorna

summary of our national literature is in general just and well founded, and that his selection of our best representatives is such as will in the main be indorsed by the best thought.

It is appropriate to follow a mention of Professor Woodberry's work by a reference to the centenary of Hawthorne, who, with Emerson, is ranked in the volume just reviewed, as the two greatest writers of the last century. A beautiful observance of his centenary was made at "The Wayside," Hawthorne's old home in Concord, upon which occasion many distinguished people gathered together and offered loving testimony to the virtues as friend, companion, and literary artist, of one of the greatest of the "Concord Pleiads."

All the addresses and letters that were delivered and read on that occasion have been collected in an attractive volume, called "The Hawthorne Centenary" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25 net).

The Puritanism which had its share in molding the talent of the majority of the writers who have been mentioned in the above books is considered in a reactionary spirit by Andrew MacPhail, who gives to his five articles on the subjects of Jonathan Edwards, John Winthrop, Wesley, Walt Whitman, and Margaret Fuller the general subject, "Essays in Puritanism." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50). The five essays are but loosely related, however, the two dealing with purely literary personages possessing the greater interest. Mr. MacPhail's article on Margaret Fuller possesses in humor what is missing in reverence, and, like Mr. Mabie, he gives a just and impartial view of Walt Whitman's character and writings.

Other literary books at hand take up subjects foreign to American localities although close to American interest. "Shakespeare's London" (Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.00 net), by Henry Thew Stephenson, goes very exhaustively into the topography and customs of Elizabethan London.

the first mad rush of the gold-seekers, and brought impressions of the country and a picturesque vocabulary which he has used to advantage in a novel. He holds the indoor record of one hundred yards in swimming, and was the winner of the mile handicap swimming race at the Olympian games in St. Louis.

Secretary John Hay's little poem which he wrote for the World's Christian Endeavor Convention, held at Washington a few years ago, has been set to the tune of "Humility" and included in the new "Hymns of Worship and Service," which the Century Company is issuing.

The Macmillan Company will issue in July a twenty-five-cent paper-cover edition of Jack London's "War of the Classes."

"Curfew Must Not Ring" any more. When Rose Hartwicke Thorpe wrote her famous verses on that theme, she had in mind the historic bells of Chertsey Parish Church. But these bells have lately stopped ringing, as the frame of the belfry has been pronounced unsafe and must be rebuilt. There are eight bells, of which two are at least six hundred years old. One of these, called the Abbey bell, sounded the curfew in the old days when its ringing meant something.

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No furniture like it for Summer home or lawn.

Strongest of woods, and the chairs, rockers, settees and tables have a delightfully rustic appearance.

Selection unlimited.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

President Sprague, of the Union Dime Savings Bank of New York, says that he was called up on the telephone one day and addressed thus, apparently in all seriousness: "Is this the Union Dime Savings Bank?" "Yes." "Well, I want to know if a non-union man can deposit in your bank."

A well-dressed man who registered at a hotel in St. Joseph, Mo., casually remarked that he never traveled without his own fire-escape, at the same time exhibiting the contrivance which he carried. "In case of fire," he said, "I can let myself down from any hotel window." The landlord said, gravely: "Our terms for guests with fire-escapes are ash in advance."

Dr. Jowett, of Oxford, was a formidable it. At a gathering at which he was present, the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Baliol men who had been, respectively, made a judge and a bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You he hanged,' whereas a bishop can say, 'You he damned.'" "Yes," said Dr. Jowett, "but if the judge says, 'You he hanged,' you are hanged."

Laurence Hutton cites as the most amusing and, at the time, most perplexing, typographical error in his long journalistic and erry career, one which occurred in an article he wrote at the time of the consolidation of the Astor, Tilden, and Lenox libraries, in which he was made to express the following remarkable opinion: "New York, perhaps, has never fully realized until this day how greatly it has been enriched by the receipt of the vest huttons of James Knox!" He had written "vast hequests."

A number of Scotchmen were exchanging reminiscences of "mad Englishmen," as they called them, with whom they had had experience. One of them had done some work for traveling geologist. "He gave me a bag," he said, "to carry to the inn by a short cut across the hills while he walked by another ad. I was wondering myself why it was so awfully heavy, and when I got out of his bag, I was determined to see what was in it.

I opened it, and what do you think it was? But I need not ask you to guess, for you would never find out. It was stones!" "Stones!" exclaimed his companion, opening his eyes: "stones! well, well, that heats all I ever knew or heard of Englishmen! And did you carry it?" "Carry it! Do you think I was as mad as themselves? No! I emptied them all out. But I filled the bag again from the cairn near the inn and gave him good measure for his money."

In England there's a pretty little country hotel known as the Rose Tavern. Close at hand, in the hotel grounds, is a quaint old ivy-mantled chapel. If the hotel becomes overcrowded, as it does now and then, they put away the guests in the chapel. A traveling man occupied it one night. At six o'clock the next morning the loud pealing of the chapel bell roused the night clerk, who rushed over to the chapel in great alarm and encountered the traveling man. "Are you the night clerk?" asked the traveling man. "I am," said the night clerk; "what's the jolly row?" "Well, for heaven's sake," said the traveling man, "rush me over a cocktail to pew 13."

An Englishman, while passing along the main street in Bangor, Me., stepped in a hole in the sidewalk and, falling, broke his leg. He brought suit against the city for one thousand dollars, and engaged Hannihal Hamlin for counsel. Hamlin won his case, but the city appealed to the supreme court. Here also the decision was for Hamlin's client. After settling up the claim, Hamlin sent for his client and handed him one dollar. "What's this?" asked the Englishman. "That's your damages, after taking out my fee, the cost of appeal, and several other expenses," said Hamlin. The Englishman looked at the dollar and then at Hamlin. "What's the matter with this?" he asked; "is it had?"

Estelle Reel, the general superintendent of the government's Indian school, was talking about cruelty. She insists that not only young savages are cruel, but that the same characteristic is found in most children. As an illustration she told of a little white boy who was given two images of plaster, coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned on no account to do so, as they were poison. He was dubious. He had been cheated before this by grown-up people. Day after day he asked if he might not eat the images. Finally

he had a young friend, Richard Howe, to spend the day with him, and that night it was discovered that one of the images had disappeared. His mother, nearly frantic, rushed to him. "Harold," she said, "where is that pink image?" Harold frowned as he answered, defiantly: "I gave it to Richard Howe, and if he's alive to-morrow I'm going to eat the other one myself."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In Her Absence.

His darling wife has gone away,
Six crowded trunks she took;
Her orders were that he must stay
And keep house with the cook.

But do not hastily suppose
That he stays out at night,
Or that he goes to hallet shows
Or stumbles homeward, tight.

He isn't cutting up as though
He were a colt set free,
He has no wild desire to go
Upon a foolish spree.

He hurries homeward when the day
Has dwindled to its end:
"Aha! the cook!" methinks you say—
Nay, 'tis not that, O friend.

She's gone away, his little wife,
To stay a month or more;
He leads a blameless, honest life—
Her mother lives next door.
—S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

Vacation Time.

Hey for the out-of-town summer resort!
Hey for the place where the lucky disport!
Hey for the mountain and hey for the lake!
Hey for the earwig, the ant, and the snake!
Hey for the beds that are lumpy and rough!
Hey for the beefsteak so horribly tough!
Hey for the 'skeeters, the chiggers, and flies!
Hey for the joys that the country supplies!

Think of the bliss that we shortly shall know!
Think of the hlisters we'll get when we row!
Think of the hlooms in the woodlands so gay!
Think of the hours we'll find in a day!
Think how at dawn rise the cackles and crows!
Think of the skin that will peel from our nose!
Think of all this while beginning to pack!
Think how blamed glad we shall be to get back!

Sad is their lot who in town here must stay,
Getting their eggs and milk fresh each day.

Getting fresh fruits, also fresh garden sass,
Going to shows their dull hours to pass.
Blighted with bath-tubs, tormented with ice,
Cursed with all comforts not barred by the price.
It is sad to reflect that they're missing the sport
That we lucky ones get at the summer resort.
—Chicago News.

To the Sea Serpent.

Once more you're lifted by the boniface
From the cold cellar and from tail to head
Revamped, recovered, and patched up apace
And painted till you shine a brilliant red,
Then, quite unharbored, you are fondly led—
Or carried-out, wound up and on the wave
Launched, while the manager lies on a bed
Of roses, for he knows you're fit to brave
The storm as swift you skim above the coral cove.

Now from your fangs you're belching gasoline
With head erect, upon the purpling swell,
As you go hurtling with an air serene
Before the white shores of the big hotel.
In our mind's eye we see the guests pell mell
On the piazza, beer and julep filled,
By your appearance held as in a spell
While they observe you coming on unhilled—
A thing from wonderland mysteriously spilled.

You grim our soul with oceans of delight
Because you tell us that the summer's here,
More surely e'en than does the fairy white
Lily, that trembles on the rippled mere;
And that is why we swing our hat and cheer
To see you from your gargoye nostrils rain
A sizzling haze that lights both far and near
The billows, while with ecstasy insane
You Roman candle balls spit o'er the white-capped main.

Therefore glide on, oh, serpent of the sea;
Glide on and glad the boniface with cash,
That he financially ahead may be
When he boards up the seaside house of hash;
Flap your old tail and let your optics flash—
Wriggle and twist and splash while on you steer
For nowhere, with a ghostly vim and dash,
You're welcome as the bluebird is to dear
Old spring because you tell us summer's surely here.
—R. K. Munkittrick in *New York Times*.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,
Phelan Building, 306 Market Street. Specialty:
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



The Peerless Seasoning

Some appetites need to be tempted. Dishes which are ordinarily flat and tasteless, may be made just the reverse by proper seasoning. Soups, Fish, Roasts, Gravies, Salads, etc., are given a delicious flavor by adding

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Beware of Imitations! There is no other near as good.

Remember, Lea & Perrins' Sauce was in universal use a generation before any other so-called Worcestershire Sauce was ever heard of.

SOME SUMMER RESORTS.

Hotel Del Monte.

Just a few lines at this season to remind you that among all of the resorts of California there is only one—Hotel del Monte—that combines the attractions of all others. For many years its varied charms have been drawing to it both summer and winter all people who love the land of out-of-doors, who enjoy the sea, who worship the mountains, who love the woods, who delight in golf and all open-air sports. Once it was said that Del Monte was ultra-fashionable, and that comfort ran away before the charge of elaborate gowns and fashionable fuss and feathers. Del Monte is fashionable because of its comforts and its joys, but all those who know its charms know that there is no place in the land where you can be more at ease and do more as you please at any time and at all times.

If you are looking for a place to send your family for the summer, a place near enough that the business man about the bay can run down for a week-end holiday, consider Del Monte. Already many reservations of this character have been made, but the hotel is large enough and roomy enough to accommodate many more. Special terms are made for families who plan to spend their vacation here.

And then again Del Monte is just the place for a Saturday to Monday trip from San Francisco. Perhaps you may plan to stay longer; perhaps you may desire to stay more than a few days; in any event, you will get the sea air and the health value of the outing among scenes that round-the-world travelers never tire of talking about.

Time never hangs heavy on your hands at Hotel del Monte. There is plenty to do, something different every day to attract and divert. There is always the sea with its surf-bathing, its glass-bottomed boats, the attractive swimming pools close by; walks and drives under the oaks and cypresses and about old Monterey; the evergreen golf links with views of sea and sky from every turning-point; bowling, tennis, walking, riding, frequent indoor entertainments, including music by the superb orchestra, and frequent dances in the hall-room.

Why should you experiment with new resorts when you know that at Hotel del Monte you will find everything you want at most reasonable terms, and all with none of the vexations of long stage rides or other unpleasant experiences of travel? A parlor car direct to the hotel leaves Third and Townsend Streets, San Francisco, at 3 P. M. daily. Inquire of the ticket-agent for special round-trip rates, if desired.

Hotel Rafael.

Those who do not care to go a great distance from town during the summer months can find no better resting-place than the Hotel Rafael, situated in pretty San Rafael, which is only a fifty-minute ride from San Francisco. The hotel is bountifully supplied with sunny rooms, beautiful grounds, handsome cottages, and provides every form of amusement for its guests.

Marin County, by the way, is noted for its many beautiful drives along bay and ocean, or through its numerous little valleys, which remain green the year round. The boulevard drive from San Rafael to Tiburon, along the rugged shore of the bay, is especially fine. The roads throughout the county are among the best in the State, and are kept in good repair.

The lawn-tennis courts are undoubtedly the finest on the Pacific Coast, the tournaments of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association, for both the championships of the State of California and the Pacific Coast, being held there annually. There are three croquet grounds, while the children's playgrounds are amply supplied with all kinds of amusements, such as swings, fly-poles, trapezes, etc.

By far the best golf links in the State—a course that will compare with any in the United States—is found within an easy drive of one and a half miles from the hotel. The course is the property of the San Rafael Golf Club, and is kept in first-class condition the year round.

Linda Vista.

If you want to avoid the style and costliness of a large hotel go to Linda Vista,

an inviting summer Hotel at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais. It commands an unsurpassed view of the mountain's crest and wooded cañons, and is a home place where families can enjoy themselves for months without disturbing household cares, and which, by its proximity to the city, is rendered readily accessible to the business man. The hotel is situated in a natural park of twenty acres in beautiful Ross Valley; secluded and yet within a three-minute walk from San Anselmo station on the North Shore Railway.

A monthly commutation ticket costs you only \$5.00 a month, and the rates are from \$10 to \$15 per week. For other particulars address Mrs. H. Black, San Anselmo, Cal.

Seigler Hot Springs.

Lake County can boast of many delightful resting-spots, but none offer more attractions than Seigler Hot Springs, which lays claim to more natural mineral springs than almost any other resort in California. Among the most noted are the hot and cold iron, sulphur, arsenic, magnesia, lithia, and silica. The waters are unexcelled for liver, kidney, and all stomach troubles. Attached to several of the springs are elegant plunge baths, built in fine stone houses; hot iron, sulphur, and steam baths. The swimming pond is one of the attractions of Lake County, being two hundred feet long by sixty feet wide; temperature, eighty-one degrees. There is no extra charge for baths or bathing.

The hotel stands at an altitude of about two thousand five hundred feet, and consists of a main building and a number of commodious cottages, all of which have been newly painted and renovated throughout. There are also fine camping grounds, and several completely furnished cottages for housekeeping.

The hotel has its own garden and large dairy. The rates are \$10 to \$12 per week, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. Special rates to families; children and nurses at reduced rates. Housekeeping cottages, \$2.00 to \$5.00 per week.

The Anchorage.

On the crest of the Santa Cruz Mountains, about fifteen miles from the shores of Monterey Bay, lies The Anchorage, which is owned and now personally managed by Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Hall. The cuisine is under the direct supervision of Mrs. Hall, late demonstrator of cookery for the English county councils, and holder of first-class diplomas, London and Liverpool. Mr. Hall is a well-known cosmopolitan journalist and author, and knows how to make his guests comfortable.

The Anchorage comprises a settlement of pretty rustic cottages, very substantially built, cozy and attractive, planned for the very best patronage; and a woodland park of sixty acres. It is watered by magnificent living springs.

The rates are from ten to twelve dollars per week. Those desiring further particulars should apply to Gifford Hall, The Anchorage, Patchen, Cal., or Peck's Bureau, this city.

Glen Alpine.

Those who are anxious to visit the high Sierra should make a stay at Glen Alpine, which is seven miles south of Lake Tahoe, and connected with Tahoe by daily stage to the Tallac House. The elevation at the springs is 6,700 feet; the temperature and the air wonderfully delightful. The Glen is a very sheltered spot, so that the conditions as to warmth, absence of winds, dryness of atmosphere, etc., are almost always ideal. In the Sierra, July and August are the steady-going, well-behaved months, which can be counted on; they are the height of the season. June and September are somewhat fickle, most often smiling and charming, but occasionally doing the unexpected, saucily flinging showers and perhaps hail into the face of the surprised tourist. The latter months are like the little girl in the nursery rhyme, who, when she was good was very, very good, etc. September, however, is likely to be the most beautiful golden month of the season, and in June the waterfalls and all the other snow-born things are at their loveliest.

Among the lakes within easy reach and distant from the hotel about as follows, are Fallen Leaf, two miles; Lily, one mile; Grass, one mile; Susie, two and a half miles; Heather, three miles; Half Moon, three miles; Gilmore, three miles. Trout are taken in all these lakes either with fly or bait or

spoon, from boat or shore. Boats are free to guests. The lakes are abundantly stocked, and Glen Alpine Creek affords good stream fishing.

Saddle trails lead to the lakes and to the summit of Mt. Tallac, 9,715 feet. Here can be seen ten lakes and countless peaks, besides blue Tahoe lying directly beneath. Pyramid Peak, 10,000 feet, more difficult of ascent, challenges stronger and bolder spirits. Other climbs may be taken to Crystal Peak above Rubicon, Angora Peak, or Richardson's, or to Ralston's Dome.

The rates at Glen Alpine are \$3.00 to \$3.50 per day, \$14 to \$18 per week.

Hotel Rowardennan.

One of the most picturesque summer resorts in the whole Santa Cruz Mountains is Hotel Rowardennan. It is built in consistence with its surroundings, being finished in natural wood, with logs for porch posts and railings, with shingles and polished redwood trimmings.

Rowardennan is only ten miles from Santa Cruz, and the hotel is within a few rods of the railway. You can get on the train at Rowardennan at two o'clock in the afternoon and take one of the most delightful mountain railway trips you have ever taken, and within a few minutes land on the beach at Santa Cruz, take a salt-water dip, spend an hour or so on the beach, and take the train back to the hotel in plenty of time for dinner.

There are many other little side trips connected with Rowardennan that make a vacation there one of never-ending pleasure. The twelve-mile ride to the Big Basin makes an interesting day's outing. Thousands of acres of natural forest reserve are to be seen, including some of the largest trees in the State.

White Sulphur Springs.

People who want to get away from the coast, will find White Sulphur Springs, in Napa County, a charming retreat during the summer months. The hotel and grounds have been entirely renovated and improved, some \$5,000 having been spent this spring in additions to the buildings, new furnishings, and opening new trails. The mountain sides are covered with oaks, pines, redwoods, manzanita, and madronas. The creek winds through the grounds, and its banks are lined with ferns of every conceivable kind, while many shady nooks are refreshingly cool on the hottest summer day. Only a few yards away from the hotel is a redwood grove, a most delightful spot, and wherever one turns something new and pleasing greets the eye.

A bowling-alley and other amusements are provided. The cuisine is said to be excellent, and on the table will be found the choicest vintages from St. Helena's wineries. For all the enjoyment, comforts, and pleasures, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, the new owners, have provided, the rates are only from \$10 to \$15 per week, and these reasonable terms with all that go with them should, and will, appeal to the best people of San Francisco and the other bay cities who want to enjoy a few weeks in the country.

Hotel Tuxedo.

Few resorts in the Santa Cruz Mountains have such a picturesque setting as the Hotel Tuxedo. It is located on the fringe of two hundred and ten acres of beautiful virgin timber land, at the junction of Zavante and Bean Creeks, just before they contribute their crystal waters to the scenic San Lorenzo River.

This reservation contains many of the aged Sequoia Sempervirens, or true redwood giants, and a few minutes' walk from the hotel is the famous Big Tree Grove, near Felton, which ever succeeds in enthralling the most surfeited sightseer and ardent admirer of the wonders of nature.

The sylvan walks winding along the fern-covered banks of the creeks and in various directions through the reservation, readily lure you off for a stroll which will lead you to the discovery of the beautiful Arcadia Falls or the much-sought sulphur and soda springs.

The hotel and cottages are modern in every respect and the cuisine is first-class. Rowing, swimming, driving, horseback riding, bowling, tennis, billiards, and dancing are only a few of the advantages offered guests.

Many reservations for accommodations at the hotel are made even before the opening date, April 15th, and it is quite to the ad-

vantage of those desiring to insure the selection of the choicest rooms and cottages to write for same early. All communication should be directed to Francis W. Smith, manager, Hotel Tuxedo, Felton, Cal.

North Berkeley Hotel.

For the busy city man of affairs, who would, with his family, escape San Francisco summer winds and fog, and still be close to his business, the North Berkeley Hotel is a happy solution. It is situated among the Berkeley hills, close to Berryman Station, an only four blocks from the University of California campus. Summer-school students will also find this hotel a pleasantly convenient place. Rooms are single or en suite, and may be had with or without board. The rates are exceedingly reasonable.

Byron Hot Springs.

A week-end visit to Byron Hot Springs has become a habit with a large number of San Francisco business men, who go on Friday evening and leave Monday morning in time to reach their offices when the day's work begins, thoroughly refreshed by the hot waters and invigorating baths. The special excursion rate made by the Southern Pacific Company for the accommodation of such passengers, and the remarkably low charges of the hotel at Byron Hot Springs eliminate the matter of expense from serious consideration and the number of guests who take advantage of this opportunity increases in proportion to the spread of information about the economy and benefits of the week-end visit.

Of course, the greatest attraction of Byron Hot Springs—in fact, the reason for the existence of this institution—lies in the wonderful curative properties of the mud and mineral baths and waters. A notable convenience to invalids, or those who seek to take medicinal baths under the most comfortable conditions, rests in the fact that one can get from one's room to a hot mineral spring bath in the same building, and rest afterward in the spacious lounging-room.

The springs, however, are not the only attractions. Riding and driving through the neighboring country, billiards, shuffle-board, croquet, tennis, and other outdoor and indoor amusements, have made this watering-place a favorite sport for both young and old who wish to enjoy a few jolly days away from the city.

Cloyne Court.

Cloyne Court is a three-story apartment structure in Berkeley, just north of the university grounds, recently finished. It was built under the personal supervision of Jol Galen Howard, the supervising architect of the university. It is built around three sides of a square central court opening to the south.

There are thirty suites, varying in size from two to five rooms; all are completely appointed with the most approved modern conveniences. The suites are unfurnished save a few for the use of transient guests. The main dining-room is commodious and cheerful. Besides, there are private dining rooms.

Mt. Hamilton and the Lick Observatory.

No one who visits the Hotel Vendôme, San José, should fail to make the trip to the great Lick Observatory, on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, twenty-six miles from San José. This point is reached by stage over one of the most magnificent mountain grades in the world, and through an ever-varying panorama of scenery unparalleled for beauty and grandeur. The location of the observatory is 4,200 feet above the sea level, in an atmosphere distinguished for its clearness, was the gift to science of the late James Lick, who set aside \$700,000 for this purpose and selected the present site because of its advantages. The body of Mr. Lick rests under the giant telescope. Visitors are permitted to look through the great telescope only on Saturday nights, when courteous professors and attendants take pleasure in showing and explaining all the wonders of the observatory, and visitors take a peep at the heavens through the big glass and others. The observatory and its instruments are open to the public daily, except Sunday. Stages leave the Hotel Vendôme daily, except Sunday, for the observatory at 7:30 A. M. On Saturday, an extra stage leaves at noon, returning about midnight.



Hotel Vendôme, San José, a charming summer and winter resort.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Trout-Rod on the Wall.
This slender rod of mine;
This delicate silk line,
And the reel;
This landing net, these flies
Of every shape and size;
With the reel,

Now hanging on the wall
Such memories recall
Of the past,
That I live them o'er again,
And rejoice as I did when
I made a cast.

I can see the shady pool,
Underneath the alders cool—
Bending o'er.
Specks of foam about an eddy,
Circling round with motion steady
To the shore.

Now I see the beauty rise,
As the artificial flies
Strike the pool.
I can bear the water boil
And the crazy reel uncoil
From the spool.

Ah! he's out upon the bank!
And the specks upon his flank—
How they shine!
Oh! none but anglers know
Why my eyes with tears o'erflow,
As I think of days gone by,
Of the rod, the reel, and fly,
And the line.—James H. Hoadley.

By the Stream.

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle,
There I dangle,
All the day.

Oh, 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and hutt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thisle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
As I angle,
And I dangle,
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout so wary grown.
Now I strike him!—joy elastic!
Scouring runs!—leaps acrobatic!
So I angle,
So I dangle,
All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trout observant,
Say to me, "Your humble servant!
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by bazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly,
While I angle,
Inere to dangle
With her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the hook no page encloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! what can send her
Thus to dangle
While I angle?
Cupid, speak!
—Fitz-James O'Brien.

An Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious hubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young.

Or see a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a hook
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There hid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
—Isaac Walton.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics, Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "Mrs. Essington," by Estber and Lucia Chamberlain.
2. "Rose of the World," by Agnes and Egerton Castle.
3. "Sandy," by Alice Hegan Rice.
4. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.
5. "The Wonders of Life," by Ernst Haeckel.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.
3. "The Master Mummer," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.
4. "The Princess Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.
2. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.
3. "Isidro," by Mary Austin.
4. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.
5. "The Way of the North," by Warren Cheney.

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If you value your peace of mind, get your "Leah Kleschna" seats close to the footlights, for you can not afford to lose a syllable of this most forceful and original drama. Mr. McLellan shows great constructive talent in this, his first effort at serious play-writing. He brushes aside many of the banalities of the modern drama, and gets down squarely to business. The five closely related acts follow each other without chance for a break in the absorbing interest with which you follow the fortunes of Leah and her dangerous sire. No fluff, no padding, no comic relief; no carefully arranged scene in



Minnie Maddern Fiske, who has scored a success at the Majestic in "Leah Kleschna."

which to display a resplendent star in gorgeous evening dress, with jewels sparkling in her lovely shoulders.

Mrs. Fiske does not play the star rôle; there isn't any in "Leah Kleschna"; that is another excellent point in the play. She is assisted by a company of splendid talent. George Arliss and Charles Cartwright are artists of the first rank, whose every look and tone must be breathlessly observed. John Mason is an excellent actor, of fine stage presence, and imposing address. William B. Mack plays perfectly the thief in timid subordination to a master mind. The minor rôles are just as carefully filled. Emily Stevens, during the recall that followed the third act, had the air of tacitly disclaiming any share in the applause. Yet this intelligent young actress had, with a few brief exclamations, a glance or two, a shrug, conveyed a dozen subtle intimations of character and nationality, and had made Claire Berton, in the spectator's consciousness, a most vital element in the entire scene.

The earth-stained laborers in the last act added a final touch of reality to the working out of Leah's checkered career. Actual improbability lay only in one point—it was too difficult to conceive of a man of M. Sylvaine's position stooping to a *mésalliance* with a reformed thief.

It is curious how thoroughly Mrs. Fiske is able to merge an obstinately individual personality into the characters she assumes. She is Leah Kleschna, the girl-thief, just as thoroughly as she is Becky Sharp or Hedda Gabler. Her nervous abruptness, her hard, dry tone, her aggressive chin, her queer, breathless mannerisms, all seem to fit the case of Leah Kleschna, who lives on the edge of a volcano. And when the moral awakening comes, there is that thrill of feeling in her voice, that throb of strong emotion struggling for self-control, that instantly starts the listener's nerves to quivering like a violin string in response. Mrs. Fiske is noticeably more distinct than on her last visit, although the habit she has of shooting out her remarks like projectiles is a part of herself. She always hits the bull's-eye, but in the doing of it she keeps the listener on the anxious seat. The leading player in a company often sets the talking pace for the rest, which is what has happened in this case. Mr. Arliss and Mr. Cartwright, in particular, articulate with such extreme rapidity that it is difficult not to lose the thread of lines, there are several colloquies in which the interest is at such extreme tension that you fear to lose a word. But nothing could exceed the concentrated

significance which both of these actors can convey in their rapidly uttered syllables. Both are thorough artists also in their methods of conveying an idea of character by externals. Mr. Arliss's make-up as the *roué* is rich in meaning: the small, red, weasel eyes, the emphasized narrowness of the face, the forward projection of the head, the whole bearing denoting insolence, confirmed viciousness, and utter lack of scruple. Mr. Cartwright's portrayal of the nature of the ascendancy of Kleschna over his daughter and tool was that of the hand of iron in the glove of velvet. The perception of the unsleeping domination of a strong, intrepid, depraved spirit over that of his weaker comrade was like feeling hidden chains: one felt danger in the air when Schram rebelled.

A noticeable quality in the play is its atmosphere of foreignness. It does not seem to be the work of an American. The characters and their conditions adjust themselves freely to a French environment. The greater seriousness of motive is another indication of the untrammelled nature of Mr. McLellan's talent, for the American playwright of the moment can not seem to divest his mind of the importance of keeping audiences in a state of constant laughter.

In the drama of the day the quality of the society put forward for our consideration grows more and more rarefied. The playwrights are like that daring character in the Grimm fairy-tales, who, made drunk with vainglory by the magical granting of a wish, passed rapidly from the status of a poor cottager to that of a rich commoner, from commoner to count, to king, to emperor, and, finally, as the summit of earthly achievement, was made a pope. The puppets in the play keep abreast of this meteoric rise, for have we not met a pope in Hall Caine's "Eternal City"? As for emperors and kings, they are almost as common as commoners. So a mere duke is a mere nothing. Still, we like dukes. The more deeply they penetrate into the land of democracy the better we like them. Therefore do we feel politely incredulous when Lady Henrietta persists in her refusal of the Duke of Killicrankie's proposal. True, the daughter of a hundred earls, and a beauty at that, can afford to set up a few requirements for her future husband. But even so, in this world of innumerable eligibles it is absolutely impossible for the average mind, male or female, to conceive of any staying power in a lady's "no," when directed at a young, wealthy, and well-meaning duke. As with the assertion of those girls who, at eighteen, declare they will never, no, never, never marry, so we know that Lady Margaret's refusal is sure to be qualified by the inward reservation, "Until I change my mind."

"The Duke of Killicrankie," however, is a farcical romance. One must approach it with a mind attuned to delightful absurdities. Therefore, when the duke bemoans his ill luck at being born with a gold spoon in his mouth and strawberry leaves in his hair, we feel that the ducal brain is awakening to the necessity of more urgent and compelling wooing, and we look for larks.

The Lady Henrietta is a prize worth winning.

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare."

Still, the duke is, no doubt, not insensible to the eternal fitness of things when the lady he loves happens to be an earl's daughter. She is, also—as personated by Margaret Dale—exceedingly pretty. Here the list of her good qualities ends abruptly, for Lady Henrietta is a Cat! She is charged to her finger nails with the motiveless insolence and arrogance, with the feline love of sharpening her claws on the vulnerable surface of the nearest woman, which, if we may believe the picture presented in English fiction, is a pronounced characteristic of the British dowager. And what a typical duchess Lady Henrietta will be when those soft curves of cheek and throat are merged into the ample dewlaps of sixty, and her powers of social aggression have become trained and systematized by time and experience!

Captain Marshall, however, has set his talents less to character delineation than to painting the typical attitude of woman when forced into close companionship with what is socially antagonistic. The scene at the

table would delight a cynic, good natured or otherwise. Heaven deliver us, but what scratches the women inflict! They draw blood every time, but the party attacked is always game. With an aspect of plucky impassiveness she plans a more withering return fire, while the cowardly males, with lowered fronts, furtively eye the combatants or subject their vicands to the microscopic survey of embarrassment, the while verbal bullets rattle over their uneasy heads.

The ladies' weapons are quite unsheathed in this duel of feminine insolence. Lady Henrietta, after tacitly consigning Mrs. Mulholland to the Gehenna of the socially unselect, forces a reprisal, and the widow of the glue king, heedful of Lady Henrietta's rejection of a cigarette, accepts one, as she cuttily remarks, "because there are times when one must do what others refrain from doing, if only to be correct."

It takes but four people to carry this witty piece of fantastic absurdity to its piquant conclusion. Besides John Drew and Margaret Dale, the only other players of prominence are Fanny Brough and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Kate Lester appears for a short time as an exceedingly handsome and aristocratic-looking countess in the first act: a small rôle, but with much humor in this characterization of another kind of dowager—the woman who is socially an imposing figure, but of a simple, literal nature. The Duke of Killicrankie, recalling his crushed matrimonial hopes, alludes to his castle in Spain. "I didn't know you had property there," says the Countess of Pangbourne. "Oh, yes," replies the duke with a Drewish roll to his eye, "quite a big place."

John Drew's work needs no comment. In the part of the duke, he is provided with a rôle that gives full play to his excellent abilities as a light comedian.

Mr. Gottschalk's Pitt-Welby is a study in attitudes and expressions. They are too varied and extreme, perhaps, but none the less amusing. His methods are well worth prolonged study by young and aspiring comedians.

Margaret Dale shows undoubted artistic development. She has learned much, but she has always had an artificial standard, and her work still shows evidence of a still per-



Theodore Gamble, the Central's new leading man.

verted taste. Miss Dale sings her lines and chews her words. "Mrs." with her is "Meesees," and "consider" "considaaah."

Mrs. Brough forms a good fourth in this quartet of clever players. She is an actress who never misses a point. She always lets it sink in, but the pause is made eloquent. Like Willie Collier, she is wrapped in a garment of prodigious gravity, which intensifies as the situations grow more farcical; and the wit of the piece could not have a better exponent, for the piece is prodigal of wit. The whole atmosphere is that of light, fantastic comedy, and so abundantly has Captain Marshall scattered his scintillations of wit and humor, that in some of the scenes—notably that where the ladies cross verbal rapiers in the second act—it seemed as if there was a sparkle, and its resultant laugh, in every line uttered.

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Beginning Monday, June 12th. Matinée Saturday.
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== THE USURPER ==
By I. N. Morris.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

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To-morrow night Frederick Belasco presents the gifted actress, Florence Roberts, for the first time in Sardou's great masterpiece,
== LA TOSCA ==
Which will surpass in magnitude and splendor any thing this favorite actress has yet attempted. The piece de resistance of the Roberts season. Matinée Wednesday and Saturday.
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A droll comedy of confusion.
Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, June 19th—first time in stock the famous rustic romance, *Up York State*. In preparation, *Harriet's Honeymoon*.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

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Week of Monday, June 12th, second and last week of
MRS. FISKE
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Presenting C. M. S. McLellan's drama,
== LEAH KLESCHNA ==
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GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Week beginning next Monday night, June 12th. First appearance in America of the eminent English dramatic artists, Maud Williamson and Alfred Woods, supported by a strong company, in the powerful romantic drama,
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Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. Next—*The Tornado*.
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Orpheum
Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, June 11th.
Sparkling Vaudeville.
William Gould, assisted by Valeska Suratt; Smil and Cook; Fred Hurd; Ford, Gehrue, and the Daisy Girls; the Marvellous Merrills; La Jolie Trioum; Shields and Paul; Orpheum Motion Picture and last week of the Empire City Quartet.
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.
This theatre does not advertise in the Bulletin.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Goodwin in a New Role.

Nat Goodwin is to appear at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night in "The Usurper," a play that depicts an up-to-the-minute man of affairs, who is alert, keen-witted, quick to act, yet withal kind, charitable, forgiving, and to whom the Golden Rule is no stranger. The play was written by I. N. Morris for Mr. Goodwin. Its theme is love, and its motive the desire of an American man of affairs who tries to win the hand of a woman he met when both were young and fancy-free. The locale is England, yet the various parts are divided between American and English rôles. The comedy element is said to be exactly suited to Mr. Goodwin's style. The management promises fine scenic accessories. The engagement will last two weeks, with Saturday matinees.

Mrs. Fiske's Second Week.

The second and last week of Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company in "Leah Kleschna" at the Majestic Theatre commences next Monday night. Mrs. Fiske is surrounded by a group of players that includes John Mason, George Arliss, Charles Cartwright, William B. Mack, Claus Bogel, Edward Donnelly, Monroe Salisbury, John Emerson, Charles Terry, Frank Eastwood, Emily Stevens, Fernanda Elisou, Mary Madder, and Gertrude Graham. The production from a scenic standpoint is notable. The management of the Majestic announces, to follow the Fiske engagement, "At Piney Ridge," a rural drama by David Higgins, in which he starred throughout the Eastern States for the last five years.

Sardou Drama at the California.

Florence Roberts will produce Sardou's drama, "La Tosca," at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night. The character of La Tosca is a new one to Miss Roberts's art, but her admirers believe that she will achieve a triumph in the character. Herschel Mayall will be the Scarpia of the cast, and the scenic features of the production will be the Church of St. Andrea at Rome, Mario's palace at Rome, and the ramparts of St. Angele, overlooking Rome and the Tiber.

Farce at the Alcazar.

"Mistakes Will Happen," by Charles Dickson and Grant Stewart, will be the Alcazar Theatre's offering next week. It is a comedy of confusion, based upon the favorite farcical theme of matrimonial complication. Mr. Craig, Miss Lawrence, Miss Woodson, Miss Young, Mr. Maher, and all the Alcazar favorites will be seen in "Mistakes Will Happen." To follow will come "Up York State," a romance of rustic life. The engagement of White Whittlesey draws near.

The Orpheum's Offering.

William Gould, singing comedian, will appear at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon, assisted by Valeska Suratt, in original compositions and a monologue. Smith and Cook, the "two millionaires," fun-makers, who indulge in cross-fire conversation, make their first appearance in San Francisco. Frederic Hurd, with feats of magic, will also be new here. He is said to be one of the best in his line of work. For their third and last week, the Empire City Quartet will give an entire change of act, and La Jolie Titcomb will be heard in new selections. Other hold-overs will be John Ford, Mayme Gehrue, and

their ten "Daisy Girls"; the three marvelous Merrills; Shields and Paul, lariat experts; and the Orpheum motion pictures. The Knights of Columbus will have a night at the Orpheum on Wednesday.

English Company at the Grand.

The week beginning next Monday night at the Grand Opera House will be devoted to "The Gates of Bondage," a drama which has met with great success in the British Empire. It will be presented by a company headed by Maud Williamson and Alfred Woods, two English stars, who will make



Florence Roberts, who will present Sardou's "La Tosca" at the California next week.

their first American appearance in this city on this occasion. The play in which they appear depicts humble life on the Isle of Man, and is said to be a very strong drama. During this engagement there will be Saturday and Sunday matinees, the prices for which will be 25 and 50 cents. The evening prices will be 25, 50, and 75 cents.

Barron Berthald to Appear.

"The Tenderfoot" will begin its fourth and last week at the Tivoli next Monday night. The cast, including Grace Palotta, Aida Hemmi, Nellie Lynch, Willard Simms, Charles A. Morgan, Albert Wallerstedt, Harry Conlon, William Schuster, and Joseph Fogarty, is thoroughly adequate. Sunday evening, June 18th, the comic-opera season

will open with a revival of Milloker's opera, "The Black Hussar." Barron Berthald, the famous tenor, will appear in it.

At the Central.

"The Fast Mail," Lincoln J. Carter's success, will be presented at the Central Theatre on Monday night, with an excellent cast. The play has a plot full of genuine heart interest, good comedy, and a multitude of scenic effects, that include a train with two full-sized engines. The Niagara Falls are shown with vivid reality, and another scene that is startling is the explosion of a river steamboat.

The Bunker Hill Association, the Native Sons of Vermont, the Sons of the American Revolution, the California Society of Pioneers, and the First Corps Cadets will celebrate the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill on Saturday, June 17th, by an excursion to Los Gatos, where literary exercises will be held, to be followed by dancing, games, and races. Special trains leave Third and Townsend Streets at 8:30 A. M. Tickets can be purchased at the depot on the morning of the excursion. Round-trip adult tickets will be one dollar.

John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," died an exile in a foreign land. The author of "Ever of Thee" also died an exile from home and friends. Edward Dunbar, author of that once popular hymn, "A Light in the Window for Thee," died a miserable death, tramp, in Kansas. God is just.

We are indebted to the *Theatre Magazine* for the excellent photograph of the late Maurice Barrymore which appears on page 419. It supplemented an appreciative article in the May number of the *Theatre Magazine*, written by Henry Miller, and entitled "Maurice Barrymore: Actor, Scholar, Wit."

It is hard to tell which is the more enjoyable, the ride up Mt. Tamalpais, with a new vista disclosed at every turn on the road, or the arrival at the top, from which is seen the most magnificent view in the State. Then there's the Tavern of Tamalpais, which is unexcelled.

The commencement exercises of the Institution for the Deaf and the Blind will be held on Tuesday afternoon in the chapel of the institution, Berkeley.

Members of the San Francisco Press Club and friends spent Saturday and Sunday at the Hotel Tuxedo.

Leo Bergholz, United States consul-general to Tien-Tsin, sailed from here for China on Tuesday.

Kilauea again Active.

HONOLULU, May 7th.—There is marked activity in the volcano of Kilauea. The flow of lava is increasing, and a rising in the crater gives indications that there may be an overflow. Reduced first-class ticket to Honolulu, steamer *Alameda*, sailing June 17th, \$125 round trip. Full information, 653 Market St.

Pleasant message from the city—a box of candy for friends in the country. We pack and send. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

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A scene from Nat Goodwin's new comedy-drama, "The Usurper."

VANITY FAIR.

King Edward's reign has by no means brought joy to the hearts of London tradespeople. A leading trade paper laments the fact that a great portion of the trousseau of the Princess Margaret of Connaught has been purchased in Paris. It states that she will be the first bride of the reigning house to wear any but a British-made wedding-dress. The same paper, referring to the evening courts now being held by the king and queen, declares that they are not so good for business as the late Queen Victoria's afternoon drawing-rooms, because in the latter the dresses of all who attended were seen, whereas now the debutantes and those presenting them are the only ladies who pass the throne. The majority, therefore, do not trouble themselves about new dresses, as they are not in evidence. Moreover, the florists, in addition to the costumers, were benefitted by the afternoon functions. Every lady carried a bouquet, and the coachman and footmen wore large ones in their buttonholes. The drawing-room teas gave another boom to trade. While the people were thronging the streets to see those going to the palace, they filled the shops, which always did a brisk business on drawing-room days, whereas now there is nothing to indicate that a court is being held. Queen Victoria also had all her clothes made in her domain, and her daughters scrupulously followed her example. In conclusion the paper says: "It may be said that in the last reign English ladies would not have dared openly to order the hulk of their toilets in Paris."

King Edward has also been scored recently for watching Prime Minister Balfour play a game of golf on Sunday. This fact appeared in the papers, and moved the wrath and indignation of some strict Sabbatharian, who writes to a daily paper, which excludes racing and betting news from its columns, asking: "Is it not time both the king and the prime minister were made to realize that there is in this country a religious sentiment which will not permit itself to be left out of account?" The correspondent went on to suggest that the Archbishop of Canterbury, having access to royalty, should take the lead in this matter, and that meanwhile the subject should have a place in the public prayers on Sunday in every sanctuary throughout the country.

The French Government has again nettled Sarah Bernhardt, and done it in the way that will hurt her most. It has given Adelina Patti the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which Mme. Bernhardt has long struggled for in vain. According to the *New York Sun*, Marie Laurent was the only French actress to receive the ribbon. It was bestowed on her as a recognition of her work in founding the asylum for the orphans of actors rather than her talent as an actress, and the honor was plainly meant for the woman and not the actress. Adelina Patti got it because she has frequently taken part in concerts for the French charities. Somewhat more than a year ago she organized a benefit at the Paris Opéra and appeared as Juliette in Gounod's opera. Now she has her reward, and has had her picture taken in evening dress with the decoration in full view. The decorations given at the German opera-houses nearly always mean that the women who got them sang for nothing or very little. One grand ducal theatre in Germany has for some years enjoyed the visits of more or less eminent stars through the liberality with which the reigning sovereign scatters about his medals. An American singer who appeared

last summer in Europe got for her services only a medal, but was satisfied with that reward. One of the popular German singers, who is frequently photographed with her decorations, got them all for gratuitous appearances in different places. Sarah Bernhardt has frequently acted for French charities, but evidently the French Government sees no cause in her good works for giving her the honor she has so long sighed for and intrigued industriously to get.

O. Sperber, in an article on South American foods, says that his introduction to the jungle bill of fare was made by a black and yellow water snake about seven feet long, which he killed one day, and actually cooked, but only because a ravening hunger drove him to it. "I see myself now," he says, "sitting qualmishly before this curious repast and debating whether to taste it, while an appetizing smell, which only increased my hunger, poured forth from it. Hesitatingly, I took from the pot a morsel of the inviting looking meat, slowly laid the delicious-smelling bit to my lips, and gingerly began to taste it. Having made a beginning, it did not take long to finish, for the flavor was extremely delicate. I fell to heartily until I had satisfied my hunger. Now all my prejudices on

is a library, with one of the most valuable collections of rare and costly books to be found in England. The drawing-room and ball-room are well lighted and spacious. One of the most noticeable decorations is a splendid mantelpiece, supported by the crouching figures of nude caryatids. This is one of the finest examples of the art of Alfred Stevens, an English sculptor of high creative power. Dorchester House is considered the most comfortable and the best arranged of the great houses in London.

Among the notable paintings in the house are two early works of Velasquez in perfect condition. There is a brilliant series of Rembrandts; the famous portrait of the Amsterdam merchant, Martin Looten; a realistic portrait of an old lady in black dress, white cap and ruff; and the "Man with a Sword," which is believed by experts to represent the painter himself. There are pictures by Van Dyck, Cornelis de Vos, and Bronzino; and there are portraits attributed to Titian and Tintoretto. Among the many beautiful landscapes are Hobbema's "Margin of a Forest"; Cuypp's brilliant view of Dordrecht; a fine Ruysdael, with a glimpse of Haarlem; a characteristic goat picture by Paul Potter; and many works by Dutch and



Maude Williamson, who will make her initial American appearance as Mona Mylrea in "The Gotes of Bondoge" on Monday night.

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the larder question were dispelled, and without more ado I investigated everything which looked eatable to me." He found that nearly all varieties of snakes may be eaten. The flesh of most of them resembles that of eels, with the exception of the boa-constrictor, which tastes like a rabbit. After several attempts he was obliged to give up all kinds of cat meat on account of their extreme toughness, but found roast monkey an especially tempting delicacy. Some varieties are not edible, especially the "howler," which is extremely unpalatable. Raccoons taste like turkey, and the armadillo, he says, is delicious, resembling pork. He found the eggs of turtles, ostriches, and alligators good in every form.

Dorchester House, which Ambassador Whitelaw Reid and family are occupying during their residence in London, is one of the finest private residences in that city. It stands in Park Lane, nearly opposite Stanhope Gate, and is a modern structure. The façade, approached from the Deanery Crescent leading toward Hill Street and Berkeley Square, is most impressive, and the central hall is one of the handsomest in London, being rivaled only by that of Stafford House. There is a large picture gallery, but works of art of the highest quality are scattered about the house in all the large rooms. There

Flemish painters. The best Titian is a Holy Family, with John the Baptist, and there is another by Andrea del Sarto, with a school piece—the Queen of Cyprus—by Paul Veronese. One quaint group of six saints is assigned to Fra Angelico, and another group of three figures is a Tintoretto. The Italian examples are inferior to the Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish portraits and landscapes, which are among the choicest art treasures to be seen in London. Some of the library treasures are too valuable to be handled, and are constantly kept under glass. Many of the rare books can be matched only in the British Museum and the Bodleian.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins sailed Monday, May 29th, for Europe, going directly to Carlshad. They will afterward join Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, Mr. Claus Spreckels, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, and Mrs. George M. Perine are at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury departed on Saturday for the East.

Mr. Christian de Guigne, Miss Marie de Guigne, Miss Christine de Guigne, and Miss Josephine de Guigne sailed on June 2d from Cherbourg, France. They will sojourn for a time in Washington, D. C., and are expected home at the end of June.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Houghton will spend the summer at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is spending a few weeks in Portland, Or.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. Perry Eyre and Miss Elena Eyre are at the Hotel del Monte for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Spaulding and Miss L. Irwin, of Honolulu, are at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder are at their country place for a few weeks. Rev. and Mrs. David M. Crahtree are their guests.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding and Mr. Stewart Brice arrived on Monday from New York.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has gone to Manhattanville, N. Y., where her daughter, Miss Genevieve Harvey, is to be graduated from college.

Mrs. C. S. Middleton, Mrs. William H. Middleton, Miss Michelena Faulks, and Miss Hattie Faulks were recent visitors at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John was a recent guest at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean will go to the Hotel Rafael to-day (Saturday) to remain for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels will tour England and Scotland with Mrs. Thomas Watson.

Mr. William Kirkpatrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick, left last Tuesday for Chicago, where he will visit for a time before going on to Harvard, from which college he will be graduated with the class of '06.

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Westphal were recent arrivals at Hotel Rowardennan.

Mr. George Pinckard, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Miss Mary Eyre, and Miss Helen Chesebrough expect to sail from Europe for New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wood and family have taken a cottage at Blithedale for the summer.

Mrs. Gardner Lawton is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, where she will remain all summer.

Miss Helen Woolworth arrived last week from Paris.

Mr. Francis McComas was among the week's guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Ioy have taken a residence in Alameda, where they expect to remain permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Smith and family, of Oakland, have gone to their summer residence at Shelter Island, New York.

Miss Gertrude S. Holmes and Miss Estelle Holbrook have departed for an extended tour through Europe. They expect to be away until the end of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., returned on Saturday from a two weeks' trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sarve and family, of San Mateo, are spending a few weeks at the Hotel Rowardennan.

Miss Marie Butters, of Oakland, has returned from the East.

Professor H. W. Hoyer was among the recent guests at White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy is in Washington, D. C., a guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Biddle.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Yerrington, of Carson, Nev., were recent guests at the Palace Hotel.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, and

suite arrived from Washington, D. C., this week, and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. J. Howard Smith, Miss Smith, and Mrs. Horace D. Smith, of Berkeley, are among the summer guests at the Hotel Rowardennan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ferguson and son are at the Ahhey Hotel, Mill Valley, for the summer.

The following automobilists were at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, on Sunday: Captain J. C. Currier, Dr. A. E. Phelan, Mr. Walter S. Hale, Mr. A. C. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown, Miss McCormick, Mr. T. D. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, and Mr. Percy L. Harley.

Among the week's arrivals at the Riverside Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Chilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Aydefotte, Mrs. G. E. Mater, Mrs. N. W. Howey, Mrs. C. P. Gilhert, Mrs. Jennie Griffith, Miss Florence Wilson, Miss Hinsdale, Miss Janie Whitfield, Miss Ethel B. Richardson, Mr. George W. Hinsdale, Mr. J. A. Miller, Mr. G. W. Putney, Mr. C. P. Gilhert, Mr. W. K. Howe, Mr. M. L. Gilbert, and Mr. L. Gilbert.

Among those who are making protracted stays at the Hotel Tuxedo are Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Badgerow, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Linforth, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Eckherdt, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Wagner. Those hooked for this season include Mr. Bert Corbet and family, Mrs. E. Lehemann and family, Mr. A. H. Elliot and family, Mr. Lawrence T. Wagner and family, Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Aylsworth, Mr. Simon Newman and family, and Mrs. S. Bower and family.

Among the week's arrivals at White Sulphur Springs were Mr. and Mrs. M. Haylitt, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. T. Algernon Elwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. G. Brownlee, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Grant, Mrs. C. E. Elyin, Mrs. S. S. Blackmon, Mrs. Hortop, Mr. H. G. Playfair, Mr. W. M. Edgell, Mr. Charles E. Hilton, Mr. C. H. Greenfield, Mr. C. F. Bell, Mr. C. H. Anderson, Mr. T. W. Boalt, Mr. D. Blackmon, Mr. J. McCormick, Mr. Grant Alexander, and Mr. Walter Shaw.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Stower, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mrs. S. V. Smith, Miss E. H. Stocker, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Bremer, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. W. J. Somers, Mr. N. Bowden, Mr. J. Judge, Mr. A. T. Herrmann, Mr. A. H. Upton, Mr. H. C. Pendleton, Mr. F. D. Hihhard, Mr. R. B. Carr, Mr. R. Nolan, Miss H. M. Bremer, Mr. L. R. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hatch, Mr. G. Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Torpey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockhoff, Mr. and Mrs. D. Roth, and Mr. L. Roth.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Harrison and Mr. J. H. Harrison, of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Murphy, of New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cravens, of Pasadena, Mr. C. B. Sisson, of England, Baron Wragel, of Germany, Mr. C. M. Davis, of Denver, Mr. C. E. Maud, of Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Arendt, Mrs. Percy Moore, Miss C. Ward, Mr. C. R. Tohin, and Mr. H. R. Simpkins. Among the week's arrivals at Hotel Rowardennan were Mrs. Samuel Stiefel, of New York, Mrs. E. F. Hayden, Miss P. M. Hayden, Miss R. H. Hayden, and Miss M. K. Hayden, of Connecticut, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Hengstler, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hosmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Calkins, Mrs. W. P. Treat, Mrs. W. R. Morton, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Lefe, Miss Myra Treat, Miss Aileen Treat, Miss Huhhard, Miss E. Carroll, Miss Imogene Hawley, Mr. H. M. Marshal, Mr. C. B. Howe, Mr. George T. Hawley, Mr. S. S. Hawley, and Mr. F. P. Vicery.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Belle Harnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Harnes, to Dr. Alanson Weeks, took place on Wednesday evening at St. Dunstan's. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Frederick Claquett. There were no attendants. After their wedding journey, Dr. and Mrs. Weeks will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Anna Munroe, daughter of Mrs. Anna Munroe, to Mr. Redick McKee Dupera took place on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Hemphill. The bride was unattended, and Dr. F. K. Ainsworth acted as best man. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Dupera will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Julia Andruss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Andruss, of Berkeley to Mr. Nelson T. Shaw, son of Mrs. Clinton Worden, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. Edward Parsons. Miss Mary Andruss was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Eulalie Moore, and Miss Leila Leonard. Mr. Henry C. Melone acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Broeke Lowe, Mr. C. L. Bigelow, and Mr. Newton Andruss. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw have gone to Portland, Or., where they will reside.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maude E. Ackerman, daughter of Mrs. Maurice Block, to Dr. William C. Voorsanger.

The wedding of Miss California Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, to Mr. John Breuner, took place on Wednesday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Cluff's apartments at the Palace Hotel. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. William Kirk Guthrie. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Florence Cluff. Mr. Louis Breuner was best man. A supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Breuner have gone to Del Monte on their wedding journey, which will be followed by a month's trip East, after which they will occupy apartments at the Palace Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Linda Hamilton, niece of Mrs. C. H. Harrison, to Mr. Charles Wright, took place on Tuesday evening at Mrs. Harrison's residence at Sausalito. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Rev. Mr. Maxwell. Mrs. Winslow Beedy was matron of honor; and Miss Minerva Hamilton was maid of honor. Mr. Herbert Sutton acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Wright have gone on a month's wedding journey, and on their return will reside at Lombard and Larkin Streets.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia M. Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank D. Curtis, to Dr. Calvin W. Knowles, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 2813 Webster Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Ernest Bradley. Miss Laura B. Markey was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ruth Morton and Miss Vera Pixley. Mr. Ernest Livingston acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Eugene Knowles and Mr. Farrington Pixley. After their wedding journey, Dr. and Mrs. Weeks will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Helen Chase, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Quincy A. Chase, to Mr. Traylor W. Bell, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 2065 Webster Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Eldridge. Miss Bessie Reed was maid of

honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss May Coogan, Miss Ethel Crellin, Miss Claire Chabot, Miss Jean Downey, Miss Lucretia Burnham, Miss Elsie Kimball, Miss Ida Wickson, and Miss Helen Dornin. Dr. Ambrose Cowden acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. William Orrick, Mr. Walter Bakewell, Mr. Earle Talbot, and Mr. Hugh Goodfellow. A supper followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Lupe Rivas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Rivas, to Mr. M. Earl Cummings, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1255 Octavia Street. The ceremony was performed by Father Antonio Santandreu. Mrs. Harry H. Sullivan was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Louise Rivas and Miss Ardelle Cummings. Mr. Percy L. Pettigrew acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Percy Cummings and Mr. Harry Hedger. A reception followed the ceremony. After a bridal tour of several weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Cummings will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Louise Worn, daughter of Mrs. George A. Worn, to Mr. John T. Beales, took place at San Anselmo Chapel.



Ruth Allen, a San Francisco girl, who is making a name for herself at the Alcazar.

Ross Valley, Tuesday, at three o'clock. Mrs. Beales is a granddaughter of the late Mrs. Ross, after whose husband Ross Valley was named. Mr. Beales is a grandson of the late Dr. Montealegre, a well-known physician here in early days.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Holmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes, to Mr. David Foltz, took place on Thursday, June 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Foltz will be "at home" after July 1st at 726 Second Avenue.

The dispatches announce that Admiral Togo and Admiral Rojestvensky had an interview in broken English since the battle, in which the Japanese officer expressed deep regret at the wounding of his adversary, hoped for his recovery, and praised his valor. Rojestvensky, in responding to the greeting, said that he felt it an honor to have been wounded by so powerful an adversary. He expressed great pleasure at Togo's visit, congratulated him for possessing so powerful a fleet, and announced that he would pray for his health.

A number of the prominent members of the University Club have taken apartments at The Buckingham for the summer while repairs are being made to the University Club Building. Among others are Mr. John Rush Baird, Mr. W. S. Latham, Mr. H. S. Dutton, Lieutenant A. G. Rogers, U. S. A., Mr. A. P. Rogers, Mr. S. Severance, Mr. Archibald Bernard, and Mr. Harry S. Simpkins.

Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, the one-time noted actress, is now residing at 3523 Twenty-Second Street.

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MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

TOWNSEND'S CALIFORNIA GLACE FRUITS, in artistic fire etched boxes. 10 Kearny Street and new store now open 767 Market Street.

Army and Navy News.

Colonel D. F. Montgomery, U. S. A., has been a guest during the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Goodrich, wife of Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N., and Miss Goodrich departed last week for New York, where they will remain until autumn.

Colonel E. H. Crowder, U. S. A., who was a military attaché with General Kuroki's army, returned on Monday from the Orient, en route to Washington, D. C.

Major Lea Febiger, U. S. A., has gone to Alaska on a two months' inspection trip.

Major W. E. Birkheimer, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Commander T. W. Coffin, U. S. N., and Commander J. C. Colwell, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient on Monday.

Mrs. Alexander M. Wetherill and Mr. Samuel Wetherill, who have been guests of Lieutenant Wetherill, U. S. A., at Fort Mason, have returned to the East.

Lieutenant John W. McClaskey, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. McClaskey have gone to Toledo, O., where they will remain for several months.

The Hotel Tuxedo has installed for the service of guests a twenty horse-power automobile which is intended for driving and touring-parties in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Paul McAllister has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The eminent surgeon, Dr. Nicholas Senn, after several voyages around the world, pronounced his trip to Tahiti the best of all, that the passage was a smooth one, there were beautiful rivers and mountains and unsurpassed tropical scenery, and the natives kind and friendly. The *Mariposa* sails for Tahiti July 1st. Reduced rate for this voyage, \$125 round trip. Send for circular, 653 Market Street.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Some Appreciative Readers.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12, 1905.
 EDITORS ARGONAUT: You are at liberty and fully authorized by me to continue forwarding your publication at expiration of my subscription without specific instructions from me in regard thereto. Your bill for annual subscription will be duly honored upon presentation at my office. I have been a constant reader of your periodical for almost a quarter of a century, and would as soon miss my Sunday meal as a perusal of your columns. Yours very faithfully,
 V. CARUS DRIFFIELD.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., June 5, 1905.
 EDITORS ARGONAUT: I left Helena several months ago, and you have been sending the Argonaut to me at Santa Barbara, addressed to my wife. I mention this to save you the trouble and expense of sending any more notices to Montana. I don't know what you would do without your paper.
 Yours truly, FRANCIS M. SHAW.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3, 1905.
 EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been in Philadelphia all the past winter and spring under

"Jimmy" Hope's San Francisco Record.

The death of Jimmy Hope, the acknowledged king of American cracksmen, in New York last week, recalls his capture in 1881, while trying to rob Peter Sather & Co.'s bank at Montgomery and Commercial Streets. Captain of Detectives Lees had received information that a band of Eastern cracksmen had dropped in here, and had the robbing of Sather's bank in view. He investigated, and found that a trap-door had been made in the floor of a closet over the bank vault; also that a hole two feet deep by four in diameter had been dug through the steel-inforced brick-work down to the small safe that was on top of the vault. Detectives Coffey, Bryam, and Whitaker entered the bank building on the evening of July 26th, and secreted themselves in E. B. Mastick's law-office within a few feet of the closet through which the burglars had been working. Detectives Jones and Bohan were stationed across the street with instructions to signal if any one entered the building. After a long wait, two men were seen to enter by the front door. When they reached the head of the stairs and started to enter the closet, the detectives



Rotunda, Napa Soda Springs.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's care. During that time I should have been disappointed, indeed, if I had failed to receive my Argonaut regularly. Thanking you for the entertainment it has given me through many months of illness, I remain, gentlemen,
 Very sincerely yours,
 CHARLOTTE R. WRIGHT.

Death of Mrs. Hayward.

Mrs. Charity Hayward, widow of the late Alvinza Hayward, died at Newark, N. J., on June 1st. Mrs. Hayward came to California with her husband in 1831. Hayward was successful in all his undertakings, but matrimonial felicity did not come with prosperity. It is said to have been his querulousness, due to ill health, that caused a divorce of the couple in January, 1876. A division of the property was made, Hayward taking \$4,000,000 and Mrs. Hayward \$2,500,000. But in December of the same year they were remarried. There were bints of strained relations afterward, but no open rupture, although Mrs. Hayward, several years before her husband's death, which occurred in 1904, went East to live.

The McCloud River Country Club's new club-house was burned to the ground on Saturday night, with all the outbuildings. The loss is total. The club-house was built last summer at a cost of something like \$150,000. The club is composed of members of the Pacific-Union Club of this city. The property is situated twenty-one miles south of the lumbering town of McCloud, and is about fifteen miles below the famous horse-shoe bend on the McCloud River. At the time of the fire the club-house was being got ready for occupation by the members for the fishing season. The origin of the fire is not known.

A fall exhibition, under the auspices of the California State Floral Society, will be held in the grand nave of the Ferry Building during the latter part of October. The gold and silver medals of the society, together with special cash awards, will be offered as premiums. A complete premium list, giving correct dates, rules, and regulations, will be ready August 1st.

The Atlantic's Victory

was celebrated by the New York Yacht Club in a banquet, the menu of which was pronounced a great culinary triumph of Marnier, the renowned chef. Bumpers of Moët & Chandon White Seal Champagne aided the enthusiasm of this memorable affair.—S. F. Call.

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sprang upon them from their hiding place. Hope was captured, but the other burglar escaped over the roof. Hope was given five years in San Quentin.

Mrs. Blemma Hecht's will, which has been filed for probate, gives \$1,000 to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and \$500 each to the Eureka Benevolent Association, Children's Hospital, San Francisco Polyclinic, California Woman's Hospital, and Allgemeiner Deutscher Frauen Verein. The remainder of her estate goes to her children.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bobbie—"What are his political convictions?" Jobbie—"Oh, he's liable to be convicted at any time."—Town Topics.

Knicker—"What became of Chauffeur?" Bocker—"He absent-mindedly crawled under a mule to see why it didn't go."—New York Sun.

"But why do you live in the city if you don't like it?" "I have to live here to make money enough to keep up my country place."—Ex.

Judge—"Six months." Cos Cob—"Ah, wot a relief! Now I kin stop worrying about where I'm going ter spend de summer."—Puck.

Knicker—"So your wife went to the country to study nature's hook?" Bocker—"Yes, and from the size of her hotel bill it must be among the six best sellers."—Ex.

Mrs. Knicker—"How long will you be away this summer?" Mrs. Bocker—"I don't know. I shall stay \$1,000 at the seaside and \$500 at the mountains."—New York Sun.

Doctor (to pressing creditor)—"If you must bring your hill every day, at least you might come with your head tied up, so that people would think you were a patient!"—London Tit-Bits.

Mr. Goodthing—"How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby?" Her young brother—"Well, it's a little too small—she has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!"—Puck.

"Where is your family going to spend the summer?" "It isn't decided yet," answered Mr. Cumrox, wearily; "mother and the girls are still writing letters to find out which hotel charges the most."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Nooporie—"The auto has stopped again. Well never get to the church in time to see them married! Nooporie—"Well, never mind, perhaps we'll get to the court in time to see them divorced!"—New York Mail.

Mother—"Willie, you must stop asking your father questions. Don't you see they annoy him?" Willie—"No; but it aint my questions that annoy him. It's the answers he can't give that make him mad."—Annals of a Leaver.

Miss Pecchie—"I want a hammock that will not break down." Foutie clerk—"Can't guarantee any of em, miss. Miss Pecchie—"Why, that's strange!" Foutie clerk—"Not at all. We'd use it if you were a homely girl, but."—Cleveland Leader.

St. Peter—"Why have you come here? Don't you know it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven?" Ghost (from New York)—"That's all right. I swore on my assessments just before I died."—Ex.

Nero was not satisfied with the slaughter he was causing in the arena. "This is too tame," he said; "I'll have to get an automobile." Then he donned a pair of goggles and a rubber coat, and announced to the koman senate that he was dressed to kill.—Brooklyn Life.

Mamma—"Did you have a good time at Dorothy's party, Harold?" Harold—"I should say I did—great!" Mamma—"What little girls did you dance with?" Harold—"Aw, I didn't dance none. But at supper I had two plates of ice-cream an' got most of Jim Brown's when he wasn't lookin'. An' he hit me an' I licked th' stuffin' out of him."—Cleveland Leader.

Stedman's Soothing Powders relieve feverishness and prevent fits and convulsions during the teething period.

Judge—"One month in jail." Prisoner—"But, judge, I run a summer hotel and the season is about to open." Judge—"Eight months!"—Puck.

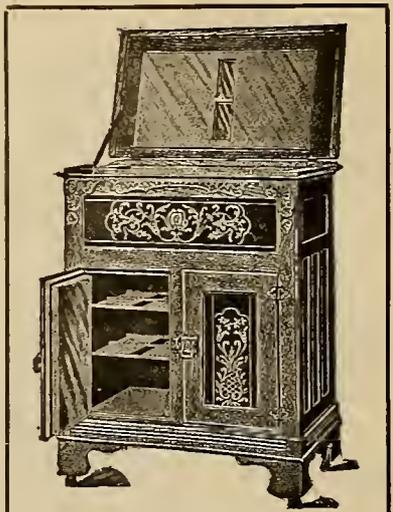
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MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

Table with columns: Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for June 1st through 7th.

PLEASE NOTE—This is to remind you that EDGAR C. HUMPHREY is the pioneer specialist in property from San Mateo or Menlo Park and about the Stanford University. Address 707 8 Call Building, San Francisco, Tel. Main 5209. Or residence at Menlo Park, Tel. Red 11. Or Palo Alto office, Tel. Red 201.



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NORTH SHORE FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc. Via Sausalito Ferry. DEPART WEEK DAYS, 7:00, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 9:00, 10:15, and 11:35 P. M.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY Table with columns: Lv. San Francisco, Ar. San Francisco, Wk. Days, Sundays.

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Table with columns: Leave San Francisco, In Effect May 1, 1905, Arrive San Francisco. Rows for destinations: Ignacio, Napa, Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lyton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Hopland and Ukiah, Willits and Sherwood, Guerneville and Camp Vacation, Sonoma and Glen Ellen, Sebastopol.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Fultun for Burke's Sanitarium; at Lyton for Lyton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Lanrel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Hearst, and Sawyer; at Sherwood for Westport, Cabito Cove, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsens, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Camp's, Scotia, and Eureka. Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LVI. No. 1475.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 19, 1905.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 240 Sutter Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 322 Geary Street, above Powell, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 240 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

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The magnitude of Japan's naval victory is making even the European radicals pause. They have been so eager to see Russia humiliated and the autocracy receive a blow that they have taken no account of what victorious Japan may signify in world politics, and that the wonderful little brown bantam may necessitate an amalgamation of the forces of the white nations, which will throw all dreams of radical programmes and visions of social reconstruction into the shade for decades, perhaps forever. Even the impetuous Jaurès, leader of the anti-Russian party in the French Chamber and socialist *par excellence*, is driven to the gloomy reflection that there is as much cause for fear as for cheer in the result of the naval engagement. And so

it must appear to any thoughtful man. Japan's regard of the Western races as mere pedagogues to teach her how to handle the material powers for her own advantage is becoming obvious. The Caucasians may stand and admire Japanese prowess and feel occasional twinges of doubt; Japan neither stays nor doubts. Is she already beginning to train China? Not to the extent that she will soon; but already the Chinese are beginning to show signs that the days of the white man in the Celestial Empire are numbered. One sign of this is the evident determination to withdraw the concessions, in which J. P. Morgan is said to have the controlling interest, for building the important railways between Hankow and Hong Kong. With white influence pushed aside, and that, always more or less mythical, open door gently but firmly thrust to, there remains but one force to direct the awakening energies of the Chinese race, and that is Japan the redoubtable. And who can doubt that she is preparing herself for what she undoubtedly believes to be her destiny? We, on the Pacific Coast, have sufficient testimony to her restless striving. The menial Japanese is already, even under the somewhat discouraging conditions of competition in this country, developing into the trader and the proprietor. He annexes small industries, he plods indefatigably at his college work. We have the funny spectacle of five members of a fraternity at Berkeley failing to pass their examinations, and the Japanese cook who waited upon them graduating with honors. Japanese officers in disguise are said to have worked as coal passers for Rojestvensky's fleet. Japanese officers and even members of the nobility are working in the private houses of men from whom they can learn what may be of use to their country. Japanese stenographers and typewriters labor at their insignificant task that they may acquire positive information with regard to the inner working of American business methods. Japanese peddlers, officers in disguise, go up and down the Philippine Islands, charting and surveying. Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands keep their hands upon the business of the country and look forward to the time when the Hawaiian legislature will be full of Japanese representatives, and the Japanese population will have the preponderating vote. Japanese naval officers serve as cooks or mess-boys on the battle-ships of the American fleet, against the time when knowledge so gained will be of incalculable value to militant Japan. The Japanese never abates his vivid energy, his religious patriotism. He has two fundamental ideas: contempt for us Western people, and an unshakable faith in the glory and ultimate victory of Japan.

The retirement of Delcassé, which was threatened a few weeks ago, when first the Kaiser's new campaign with regard to Morocco made itself evident, and which was withdrawn with the approval of nearly the whole of Western Europe, has at last really taken effect. It appears to be the same old story of a man with a definite policy being embarrassed by politicians; for there is no question at all, even in the minds of the most pronounced enemies of the late foreign minister, that he is one of the most completely equipped of modern statesmen. It is rather strange that the feeling which made it imperative that Delcassé should return to office should have failed to keep him there, for there is no doubt that before this second resignation he found the minds of his colleagues unanimously against him. The premier, M. Rouvier, will succeed Delcassé as foreign minister, he having given up his portfolio of finance for that of foreign affairs. There was an idea for a time that the premier would probably not retain

the foreign portfolio, and that M. Cambon, French ambassador to this country, might be selected, the choice lying between him and M. Barrère, ambassador at Rome. M. Rouvier will, however, in all probability continue to direct the foreign policy. Much pleasure has been caused in Berlin by the retirement of Delcassé, and Count von Buelow has, it is said, been given princely rank for having brought about the affair. Possibly, however, the nuptials of the crown prince furnish at least as likely a reason, for it is difficult to see just what good effect this resignation can have upon the position of Germany in the Moroccan question. It is true that Delcassé ignored Germany in the first instance, and Teuton *amour propre* will be perhaps satisfied by his removal. But why should his successor acknowledge the right of the Kaiser to interfere? Great Britain, France, Italy, and Spain have all admitted the priority of French interests in the country, and all nations are placed on terms of commercial equality there, so that it is at least a little incomprehensible that there should be, on the part of France, any tendency to withdraw from so strong a place of vantage. Great Britain has, through Lord Lansdowne, declared her intention of supporting France. In fact, she could not do otherwise, as one of the principal parties to the Moroccan agreement. It is hard to see where Berlin finds satisfaction unless it be in the gratification of momentary spite.

The act of creation, according to the notion of the American who is proud of his country, was accompanied by unparalleled clamor, racket, hubbub, thunder, uproar, and detonations. He is unable to imagine the formation of so grand and glorious a land without all the pomp and circumstance of a celebration. Therefore, each Fourth of July we try to blow the top off the earth in an effort to reproduce for a patriotic posterity the tumult and din that must have presaged and accompanied and approved the making of America. How closely we come to that divine act let us not dare to say. We make a great noise.

But it is always true that human nature has its limits. We flip rockets to Mars, and step on tacks to perish miserably. So while we are making the heavens split with the clangor and explosion of our Independence Day replica of the Beginning, we are sending the latest of our race back to their beginnings at a percentage rate that is shocking to all but the undertaker. Small boys, fired with national fervor, ascend suddenly skywards in clouds of powder smoke. Others lie on beds of agony while mothers weep over a lost finger or eye, and sweat with the dread of lock-jaw. Thus, while announcing our firm belief in the wisdom of creation, we testify that it must have been indeed divine to have left a solitary living thing, our own imitation bidding fair to depopulate us.

Yet we have one satisfaction: we resemble the oldest of peoples—the Chinese. Let scoffers call us an upstart nation. We point with pride to the indisputable fact that we are both noise-makers, raisers of din, delighters in explosions, lovers of horrendous crepitant bombilations—we and the Chinese. In due season we shall develop the present church choir into a sort of orchestral explosion, and shame the devil into flight by a concatenation of larums that will effectually cleanse the sanctuary. It will not be long before we both fight on land and sea with the odoriferous and nasally loud stink-pot, thus adopting for our crises another of the magnificent obligatos of creation. In proof of our near relationship—we and the Chinese—we can display to the curious the nomination of our President with a tin horn, the canvassing of a party with a megaphone, and the final triumph of a partisan by means

the biggest noise. Let the profane hand of the spoiler be withheld from our glorious Fourth. Let us shoot, blow up, and be merry—for to-morrow we die of tetanus.

Now, at length, after a year and five months of bloody war, the two parties to the Titanic conflict seem to be making to each other, across the reddened battle-fields, faint signs as if of peace. The President of the United States, with fine delicacy and extraordinary tact, has addressed to Russia and to Japan formal notes in suggestion of the cessation of hostilities, and while it is yet too early to speak with the least degree of certainty, an armistice between these two great powers, which have for so long and so desperately fought, may not be a distant possibility.

Let us assume then, for the sake of argument, at least, that peace is on the road; that the astute diplomatists of Russia and Japan will be engaged in high debate over the terms of the treaty which shall decisively close the conflict—what are the prizes of the war?

First, Corea, a country having a population of ten millions of souls, in size more than half as large as the State of California, a little smaller than the States of Illinois and Indiana combined. In Corea, Baron Suyematsu, a high Japanese official, affirms that it is Japan's intention merely to have a guarantee of "some sort of preponderance of influence," but the world generally believes that Corea, with all her fertile fields and mines, will become, to all intents and purposes, a part of the Empire of Japan.

Second, Manchuria, a territory with a population of seven millions of people, in size equal to three States as large as California, or one-seventh as large as the United States. Over Manchuria, Japan, it is anticipated, will exercise some sort of control, but it may nominally remain a part of the Chinese Empire.

Third, Port Arthur, to whose acquisition by Japan all signs seem to point.

Fourth, Vladivostock, which may be permitted to remain a Russian port, but, as the diplomatists predict, only on condition that its fortifications be reduced.

Fifth, Saghalin Island (whose area equals that of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Vermont combined), for which, it is supposed, Japan may make demands upon Russia.

Sixth, an indemnity of an amount unknown.

These are great prizes. About such vast and fertile territories as these, the debate of the peace ministers of Japan and Russia, either soon or farther in the future, will be held. But there are greater prizes than these. The terms of the treaty will measurably indicate Japan's place in the Orient. If she exacts from Russia a huge indemnity, then her position as a military power will be greatly strengthened. Indeed, before the negotiations shall have ended, we shall know in degree what position Japan will occupy with respect to her kinsman-nation, China. The establishment or the non-establishment by Japan of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, the maintenance or the non-maintenance of the open door in China, the formation or the non-formation of a Slavo-Japanese alliance for the control of Eastern Asia—all these things are inextricably wrapped up with the negotiations for peace, whether they come now or whether they come later.

In all these matters the Western world has a vital interest. It is a matter of vast importance to us what course the Japanese nation shall pursue even during the next few years. And so the question arises connected with the prospect of the cessation of hostilities, Will the great powers of Europe—Great Britain, Germany, and France—and the great power of the Western Continent—the United States—stand quietly by and see Russia and Japan determine between them, at their own sweet will, the destinies of Asia, the greatest of all the continents? All our interests there are great. Shall they be actively protected, or shall their protection be left to chance? To Japan's dubious compliance? Will the powers take a hand in the peace negotiations, or will they stand quietly by?

Perhaps intervention is unprobable. Ten years ago it would not have been. But now France and Germany are bitter enemies. The antagonism between Great Britain and Germany is strong. We ourselves are at odds with the German Empire over the question of the Baltic. The Anglo-French *entente* is new, and, perhaps, brittle. The only tie that binds is the common fear of the growth in power of the yellow races. It

may not yet be sufficiently strong to bring them together.

Yet there are, besides, other considerations which might prompt intervention of the great powers in the determination of the terms of peace. Russia, with her one hundred and forty millions of people, her exhaustless resources, her patience and her pride, has now been humbled to the dust. She may be compelled to make peace. But is it not conceivable that when a few years have passed, and she again rises up mighty in her strength and pride, with a new navy and a new great army, that this old wound to her dignity will so rankle that some cause, slight in itself, may lead her to renew the conflict, despite her treaty obligations duly set forth? Such a relapse into war would be intolerable, and the only manner in which it might certainly be avoided is by the participation of the great powers in the negotiations, and their joint guaranty to maintain peace between Russia and Japan.

Once again. All these great Western powers have colonial possessions in the Far East, which are desperately threatened by the ambitions of this nation of yellow men, a nation made haughty by victorious war, and driven by irrepensible necessity to expand. Marcel Dubois, the noted French publicist, predicts that not many years will pass before Japan has entered upon a career of expansion which, unchecked, would drive France from Indo-China, a colony having an area of two hundred and seventy thousand square miles and twenty million inhabitants; England from Hong Kong, her Indo-Chinese territory, and Borneo; Holland from Java; and the United States from the Philippine Archipelago. Already there are those who consider this Japanese expansion as good as accomplished. As one acute critic puts it: "The rise of Japan signifies a new East and a new West; that the long night of the Orient is ended; and that the white man's conceit of dominating all the races and nations of the earth, which was dazzling our vision but a few years ago, is now but the shattered fragment of a dream."

So, certainly, it will be if the white nations are dumbly passive while Japan dictates her terms to Russia. But suppose that, with the justification of their enormous interests in the Orient, the four great powers—Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States—enter into an alliance to hold the scales of justice even between Russia and Japan when the two come to discuss the terms of peace, enter into an alliance to guarantee the constancy of that peace between Japan and Russia, enter into an alliance guaranteeing the inviolability of the Asiatic colonial territory belonging to each of these great powers. It would be check-mate. Control of the greatest of the continents would then still remain with the white race. Japan would be held rigidly within bounds. The world might see a profound and lasting peace. The dominance of men of white blood might be preserved.

Only a dream? Very likely. The world is passing through a great crisis, but great men among white races, great statesmen to grapple with it, are few. Perhaps there are none at all. We drift. Perhaps there is no Disraeli to change in a night, by an incomparable stroke, the current of history. Or is there one so far-seeing, so entirely great, as at this moment of all moments to be able to seize this opportunity of all opportunities, and insure for fifty years the white races against the yellow peril? If so, may he be American? Or is there no man at all?

The progress of the tariff-revision idea is an interesting thing to observe. In the first place, last spring, it was Mr. Roosevelt's obvious intention to call an extra session along in the summer for revision of the tariff. He was talked out of it by the stand-patters. The next plan was for an extra session in October. That plan persisted for awhile, but when the railway-rate regulation bill came up in Congress and was defeated, and when it became apparent that, nevertheless, the people are exceedingly desirous of seeing some such measure passed, and soon, the talk about Mr. Roosevelt's extra session for tariff-revision changed to talk about Mr. Roosevelt's extra session for rate-revision, with the tariff as a side issue. It was announced that Mr. Roosevelt had temporarily abandoned the idea of pushing through a tariff-revision measure at once, and would throw his energies first into rate regulation. Now, as the time approaches, it is semi-officially stated that there will be no extra session at all in October, but that there will be one in

November, meeting immediately after election. That is, it is *thought* there will be an extra session. But some sceptics there be who are saying that between now and December the stand-patters will have persuaded the President that there is no use of an extra session of three weeks anyhow. "The dominant senators," says the usually well-informed correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, "will be much more good-natured if allowed to remain at home until December; they do not like the advertisement that things need changing, which an extra session gives, and their hearts have been set upon dissuading the President from his extra-session idea. In the magnanimity of victory, they may do more for the President's policies in December than if exasperated by the earlier call." *Sic transit*, etc. The whole affair emphasizes the enormous influence and power that the stand-patters have. Mr. Roosevelt is sincerely in favor of these reform measures. But he does not desire to break with the leaders of his party. Therefore we find him constantly making concessions in the interests of harmony, since he realizes that nothing can be got from a sulky and disaffected Congress. Even what he has done has brought him perilously near to "strained relations" with stand-patters like Dick, Grosvenor, Cannon, Herrick, Dalzell, Shaw, and others. The proposal to which the administration still adheres of buying goods in foreign markets for the Panama Canal work, when they can be bought there more cheaply than in the domestic markets, stirred the stand-patters into a perfect fury of denunciation. Secretary Taft, as *particeps*, was furiously attacked by that conspicuously stand-pat journal, the *New York Press*, as "an enemy of the Republican party," while the *Hartford Courant* opines that "if Elmer Dover, Dick, Herrick & Co. had known a while ago what they know now, Secretary Taft might not have got his invitation to preside at the Ohio State convention next week." This shows something of the extent and depth of the feeling within party ranks. Indisputably, the rank and file would like to see a readjustment of tariff schedules. Will they get it? Or will a powerful minority block all tariff legislation? And what will happen at the next election if it does?

A prominent Detroit merchant went crazy over the Equitable Life Assurance Society's row, and is now in a padded cell. But no one knew he was insane until he began presenting \$100,000 checks to his friends. Possibly it was his heirs who first discovered it. But he gave the mayor of Detroit \$100,000, a drug clerk the same amount, and would have enriched the whole circle of his acquaintance had not the police stepped in and confined him. Every one is sorry for the merchant. But one can imagine how sorry the drug clerk and other recipients were to find that their checks were not cash. How splendid to have Mr. Codman bean upon one, and say: "Friend, take this \$100,000 and buy something for the children!" What transports as one knocked off work, sassed the boss, threw the office-boy a quarter, and hastened to the bank. With what unctious one would toss the paper on the teller's desk and ask for an open account. With what elegant languor one would wait till the entries were made and the signature in the big card book taken. Make the deposit \$95,000, and give me \$3,000 in 20's, and, say, put a couple of thou in my wife's name—WHAT?—WHAT?? —!!

Ambulance. Hospital. Apoplexy complicated with heart failure. Morgue.

A dispatch from Washington sets forth that some of the Norwegian residents of the United States have appealed to President Roosevelt formally to recognize the new government of Norway. Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, has, in fact, called at the White House and presented to the President a memorial to that effect, adopted by the delegates to a Norwegian musical festival recently held at an Iowa city. To this matter, Mr. Roosevelt has agreed to give his immediate attention, and it certainly to be hoped that his decision will accord with the desires of his petitioners. With respect to the recognition of new governments, republican in form, the United States occupies a unique position. We have always been, and should always be, first to recognize the new republics that, as the world progresses, continually rise phoenix-like from the ashes of monarchy. As the greatest of republics in wealth, power

THE POWER OF THE STAND-PATTERS.

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MONEY FOR THE DOGS.

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and stability, it should be, and is, our especial function to welcome those governments whose strength is untried into the democratic confraternity. When, for example, on September 4, 1870, Gambetta, from the window of the Hôtel de Ville, proclaimed the Republic of France, and scattered among the crowd slips of paper on which were written the names of the members of the new provisional government, only three days elapsed before the recognition by America of the Government of the National Defence as the government of France. This was speed, indeed. Mr. Roosevelt was severely criticised for his early recognition of the Republic of Panama. But it was in exact accord with American precedent, and, in this instance, we are confident that Mr. Roosevelt will be no less prompt. It is scarcely necessary for us to point out that thereby he will stop the mouths of the critics of what was called "Roosevelt's impetuosity" in the matter of Panama. Early recognition of Norway by the United States is therefore in accord with American precedent and particularly advantageous to the President's administration. We are confident that Mr. Roosevelt will act at once.

Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, has been placed at the head of the Equitable Life Assurance Company. The members of the new board of trustees of the Hyde estate stock are Grover Cleveland, George Westinghouse, and Justice Morgan J. O'Brien. It is said that a sale of the Hyde stock has been concluded, \$4,500,000 being paid for 501 shares, and that the new scheme is to turn the company over to a group of financiers for the purpose of exploiting the public utilities of New York, concerning which idea one correspondent says, a little significantly: "The policy-holders will probably not fare ill. The subway investments will be of the best character. If judged by the fact that the bonds of the recently built underground roads have doubled in value. The people of New York will face a problem, however, compared to which that in Philadelphia will appear trifling."

Melville E. Ingalls, in resigning his directorship, says that no further good can be achieved while the present crowd is in control. He tells us that the investigating committee reported in favor of a modification of the system of insurance; that the carrying of large balances or of aiding those companies in which the Equitable or its officers was interested, was unwise and should be stopped; that the practice by which officers in the Equitable purchased securities in the market and sold them to the Equitable Trust Committee, of which they were practically the only members, was wrong. The committee reported the discovery of disorganization, extravagance, and negligence. The majority of the directors were unable to avoid the conclusions of the report, but shrank from direct condemnation of the officers, and retained the offenders in office. This practically rejected and suppressed report proves on publication to be a severe criticism, in which Mr. Alexander is not spared, but is accused of "culpable negligence" for his acquiescence in the irregularities which, if admitted, do not by any means relieve him of responsibility. That such a report should have been pigeon-holed by those in authority, and should have been treated with such indifference by a body of men who are responsible for great interests, and to whose keeping is confided the material well-being of thousands of hard-working and frugal people, is a disgrace which must be keenly felt throughout the whole financial world. It furnishes a most unpleasant commentary upon the conduct of large concerns and shows callousness and lack of principle. We should be sorry to think that this conduct is at all typical of business enterprise in this country—but how are we to have any certainty upon this point? This kind of behavior will most surely bring its reckoning.

The San Francisco Republican League, in the prosecution of its work in behalf of a clean city and a clean municipal administration, has made a seemingly remarkable discovery of political corruption at previous elections. At the beginning of its campaign, the league sent to every registered voter in the city—some eighty thousand of them—a circular setting forth its plans and intentions. Some six thousand of these circulars were returned by the post-office with notations of the letter-carriers thereon, such as "gone away; address unknown"; "not at this address"; "never lived at address given," etc. That there should have been a considerable number of such returns was to have been expected. But when it was discovered that a large proportion of these returns came from certain districts—Ruef's in particular—and when, furthermore, it was ascertained that from single little lodging-houses as many as forty or fifty men were registered last fall who are now reported, by the postmen, never to have

lived there, the officials of the Republican League began to sit up and take notice. It appears that systematic political "colonization" has been attempted at previous elections. Names of men who had no existence were registered by grafting politicians from certain lodging-houses and cheap hotels, and when election day came around men of the Wyman, Rebstock, and Steffens type cast ballots for these imaginary exercisers of the franchise. It is predicted that when the Republican League has finished checking up the envelopes returned undelivered by the post-office, it is likely that the number of fraudulent registrations will be found to be over a thousand and perhaps twice that number. The league will, of course, take measures to see that at the primaries in August only votes are cast from lodging-house addresses by persons personally known to members of the league to reside there.

The annual spring manoeuvres of the American navy have been combined this year, as several times before, with those of the army. They have taken the form of an attack on Washington and Baltimore by a "foreign fleet." The defense of these cities has been put upon the "home fleet," the coast defenses, and the army proper. The greatest secrecy has marked the evolutions and the "constructive successes" and "losses" have been published with all the seriousness of the real thing. It comes very close to the real thing. For months the general staff has been planning the land end of the problem, and striving to show that the army and the coast defenses are adequate. The naval authorities have been planning just as carefully to show the effectiveness of the fleets. A novel feature of the present exercises is the part taken by the midshipmen of the naval academy, who are sharing in the excitement of the "problem," and, as well, getting a taste of the real work, the science, pertinacity, and skill with which they must use the knowledge they gain in the school-room.

Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, in charge of the British Mediterranean squadron, has suggested that the British and American fleets have combined manoeuvres, and has advocated the meeting strategically of the war forces of both nations for a test. The suggestion, while generous, is of doubtful practicability. The British ships might cross each other's bows. The American ships might foul each other's hawsers. Both British and American ships might run into each other, and knock one another's after-binnacles off. A single collision might destroy the present good feeling between England and the United States.

Eleven years ago, Charles L. Fair built the yacht *Lucero*, and installed as motive power gasoline engines. He did it against universal condemnation. The mechanics who designed the motors shook their heads; those who built them scoffed openly, and visiting mechanics who spat, inspected, and passed, wondered at any man being such a fool as to run a big ocean-going vessel with a smell. The other day the *Lucero*, after varied experiences in trade, became once more a pleasure yacht by her purchase from the receivers of the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company. She was long ago converted into an oil-burner, and her gasoline motors have rusted in some junk-shop. But the European mechanics took the same idea that Fair had, and developed the motor-boat, the speediest craft ever known, and a great success from a mechanical standpoint. Charles L. Fair was simply ahead of his time. He could see a way of beating the old steam-engine, but he couldn't beat the California mechanic, to whom he had to intrust his idea. It is very hard to beat the California mechanic. He is not strong on motors, but he is great on strikes.

The other day a veterinary professor at the University of California and the city health officer wandered into the university dairy and found four cows "in advanced stages of tuberculosis." These cows were of a herd kept for experimental purposes and to supply the faculty clubhouse. To the layman it seems odd that this affliction of the bovine nurses of intellect had not been discovered before. It is passing queer that the erudite doctor who can detect a false quantity at a mile could fail to suspect the faithlessness of his Alma Mater in the milk line. And when the public understands that it is the faculty club that has drunk tubercles by the quart, there is likely to be a painful inquiry as to what constitutes the practice of the philosophy which universities preach. Probably there is not a man in the club who can not give you off-hand an opinion as to whether tuberculosis in cattle can be transmitted to human beings. It would be an interesting question to ask at this moment. Think of a chemistry professor being saved by a horse-doctor—or, as in this case, a cow-doctor!

IN ARCADIA.

By Jerome Hart.

FIRST PASTORAL.

I am a cockney. By that I do not mean that I came from London town or was born within sound of Bow Bells. But I was born in the land of Cockaigne. I am a town-dweller. I was born in a town. I have always lived in towns. I have always looked upon the country as a large green place from which come milk, butter, and cream; at least I thought so until I went there—then I discovered that they come from the city.

When I went to live in Arcadia and became a cockney farmer, I was surprised to find how dreamy my fellow-farmers were. I thought farmers worked hard. Well, perhaps they do, but they take their time about it, and for time, *quâ* time, they have little heed. The dreamy farmers of Arcadia never speak of anything as having occurred on a Tuesday, or on the thirteenth of June, 1905. What do they care for Tuesdays? What reck they of Junes? What need have they to count in nineteen hundreds, or in nineteen year-hundreds, as the Germans say? By them, time is measured by Arcadian rule. When a date must be assigned to any matter of moment—such as a recent important domestic event in the Cow family—it is never done by the Julian or Gregorian calendar; it is done in the dreamy Arcadian fashion, as thus: "Lemme see, wasn't it the day the pig was killed?" "No, it was the day the butter went bad." "I think it was when the black hen was a-settin'." But the triumphant Arcadian is he who remembers that it was the day the steam-roller came along and frightened the plow team. That fixes the date of the matter in the Arcadian calendar as definitely as the hegira of Mohammed.

I know little of villages, and have always based my ideas of village blacksmiths upon Longfellow's pleasant poem. To me the village smithy always stands under a spreading chestnut tree. In my mind's eye the smith is a large and brawny man with hard and horny hands. I never met him until I left Cockaigne and became a dweller in Arcadia. There are many things which in cities are done by gasmen and plumbers, but which in Arcadia one does one's self. In our Arcadian pleasaunce it is at times necessary to turn the water off and on. I used to turn off the water when told to do so. At times I imperfectly comprehended the motives for shutting it off or turning it on, but being a neophyte as an Arcadian, and as yet only partially tamed of the manners of Cockaigne, I always did as I was bid. The water-plug was at the bottom of a cylindrical cavity, about two feet deep, thickly populated with worms, slugs, bugs, and toads. The key to this water-plug was not to be found. In years past it had "hung in the tank-house," averred John. But the tank-house did not reveal its secret. "I seen it yasstiddy in the stable," maintained Hank. But the stable betrayed it not. "It useter hang under the porch on the left-hand side by the steps," declared Joe. But the steps had swallowed it, and spake no word. Futile dalliance with a monkey-wrench produced no effect upon the water-plug. I was bidden to confer with the village blacksmith and have specifications made for the construction of a new key.

I went to the village smithy, but found no spreading chestnut tree, no group of admiring children. The village smithy was locked, and a passing teamster informed me that the smith was probably across the street at a saloon. I repaired to the saloon. I found the village smith. He was seated in a baek-room, playing seven-up with a knot of personal friends and a pack of very grimy cards. He was not a particularly large or brawny man, but he had a very large red nose and a brawny breath, if brawny means strong. In fact, his breath surrounded him—he carried with him an alcoholic halo, as it were.

I conferred with the village smith. I drew him a diagram of the kind of key wanted; I gave him the exact size of the plug; I asked tentatively what it would cost. The smith replied oracularly that he couldn't tell yet, but not very much. This difficulty in fixing a price on a piece of iron two feet long surprised me—a mere town-dweller; but it was evident that I was not yet used to the ways of Arcadia. When I asked the village smith when he could complete this mammoth contract, he replied that "p'raps he might git it done some time next week."

I called next week. The village smithy was still closed. I went to the saloon. The village smith was still playing seven-up with the same friends and the same cards. He greeted me with much dignity, and, turning to a red-nosed henchman, said: "Here, Jim, you go git the water-key for the gent." Jim, a solemn inebriate, arose and left the room, returning a few moments with the water-key. I examined it

THE PROGRESS OF THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

THE FACULTY DRINKS MILK.

THE EQUITABLE MUDDLE.

OUR SPRING MANOEUVRES.

THOSE WHO SIT IN JUDGMENT.

seemed a simple instrument even to a simple town-dweller.

"How much is it?" I asked, diffidently.

"Two dollars," replied the village smith, nonchalantly.

"Two what?" I cried in amazement.

"Two dollars," replied the smith; "that's what I always git for them keys, don't I, Jim?"

"Sure," echoed Jim, and a voluble chorus of assent broke out from the circle of seven up players.

I had made no bargain; I had ordered the key. It was evident the village smith had me on the hip. I never before had ordered a water-key made by a village smith, and probably may never have to again, but if I do I shall fix the price first, even in Arcadia.

On my homeward way there remained to me sufficient presence of mind to bethink me of concealing the price from my fellow-Arcadians. At first I thought I would lie about it, but I have never had any practice at lying, and would probably be detected. Then I determined to be silent about it. "Simple silence beats lying every time," quoth I; "wild horses shall not drag from me the secret of the key."

Once saw in a museum—I think in Bavaria—some medieval instruments for extorting information from reluctant witnesses. Among these was the rack—an ingenious combination of windlasses upon which the subject was spread-eagled and then gradually stretched. It is said to have been invariably successful in bringing forth information.

There are no racks nowadays—that is, no really truly racks—but there are metaphorical racks. On one of these I was placed. After the dreadful avowal had been made, after I had ignominiously owned up to the paying of the two dollars, after my quivering form was taken off the rack—then the torture began. I am sorry now that I did not lie about it. Such a little lie would have done it—about a dollar-and-a-quarter lie, because I really think the key was worth seventy-five cents.

ALL IN.

How "C Bar Ned," Gambler, Played His Last Blue.

"C Bar Ned" laughed; not a pleasant laugh, but rather a hard chuckle. "All in," he kept saying, "all in." It seemed to amuse him hugely. Then, as the big moon came up over the ridge and shed her yellow light into the draw, he took a pull at his bottle of water, and rolled up in his blankets.

A coyote in the next draw started his song, and the man shivered.

"We're not much different, are we, you damned little whelp?" he growled.

As he lay there in the bright yellow light, listening to the night sounds starting up around him, he wandered back over the past five years. He was back at college that June day, when the other fellows got their sheepskins and he'd told the old colonel to go to hell just because the old man had spoken to him of another year at college. Then he'd taken his money, twenty thousand dollars, and come West to have a "time." He'd had it.

Then, after over four years of it—gambling, drinking, all-night sessions—had come the finish in Mary Sweeney's place. Yes, he'd been drunk that night. Ruef Stark was in the front room with Kittie; he could remember every detail, as though it had all occurred yesterday. Mary had put her arm around his neck and called him "sweetheart." Damn her! That was the cause of it all; what right had she to call him that? Sweetheart! His mother's last word to him had been "sweetheart," as she lay on her bed in the big front room he remembered so well, and coughed her life away.

Then Ruef had stuck his face in with his devilish sneer.

"So you're goin' to marry her, are you? Well, aint that nice?"

"Yes," he had roared, "I'm going to marry her and you'll be best man—in hell."

Again Ned chuckled; how white the other had turned when he saw the big .45; and just as the shot dropped Ruef, Mary had sprung on him like a cat. Then—the rest was a little dim. He'd beaten her off with the gun, and as she fell, her face covered with blood, he had shot her. He remembered how Kittie had moaned as each shot cracked, and a scream had come from Mary the first time; after that she didn't move.

The picture wasn't so clear now. He remembered Pete stopping him in the street and telling him to "put that gun away." Then together they went into the back room of Lee Brown's saloon. There Pete had got enough of the story to satisfy him.

"The boys'll elevate you sure," he said. "You got to drift, an' pronto! Pinto is in Soto's corral now, an' I reckon he can do the trick; it's got to be the mountains, Ned, an' as quick as you can make it—the Jackson country. Can't take you out of there in a year. You go out by the O. T., and get what you want of my outfit. Now you get out of this window here, and when you get on Pinto, go out by the Hall, and go slow—don't you turn him loose till you're over the levee. Understand? Say, Ned, you look like an' bad; better take a pull 'fore you go." Then, "And say, boy, don't let 'em take you, understand? I don't want to see you in here alive."

As he, rode out he heard the commotion over on the other street.

It seemed interminable, that five miles to the O. T. There he had let Pinto drink while he went in and got ammunition, the 30-30 Savage, and a couple of blankets. Then when daybreak came he was on top of the Winchesters, with a clear start of thirty miles. About noon he had made the Marrion ranch where Old Manuel lived, and the old Mexican had welcomed him and hastened breakfast. "Eat plenty, eat plenty," the old man kept saying, but it was no use; he had left the beans half eaten, and pushed on. That was mighty near the limit, that second half of the ride. Pinto was stumbling at every step, and at last, about sundown, with the jagged cañons of the Jackson Mountains within a mile, Pinto had "layed 'em down." Then he had made camp and cooked part of the bacon which Manuel had forced him to take. The next morning, with all the horse's load but his saddle, he had stumbled on into the "place where they couldn't take him."

That was three months ago. Yes, the moon had been full as he rode out by the Hall that night, and to-night it was full again. Four months; three months. "Couldn't take me though"—the thoughts were aloud now—"ole Pete was right; not in a year; but I'm all in now; no more 30-30's; wish I had a smoke." The tired brain stopped and the hunted animal slept.

It was perhaps an hour later that Ned awoke—not as a man awakes in bed, but like a startled animal. He sat up, all his senses alert. "Rap, rap, rap." The man leaned forward, and every muscle tightened. Then he shivered. The night was cold, and somehow he felt weak. Those same sounds had made him weak many times in the last three months. They meant horses—horses at the steady jog that covers a long journey.

For perhaps a minute the hunted man hesitated; then he groaned: "Might as well be now as tomorrow, an' I'll get a smoke. Don't make any difference to me who gets the five hundred, but I'm goin' to get a smoke." By this time he was almost to the road; as he pushed the thick grass aside to step out, the hoof-beats stopped.

The horses were almost opposite him, and as he stepped clear of the *sacaton*, the scene in the road was almost as clear as in midday. There were two horses, one packed with a bed and well-filled sacks; the other was saddled, and as Ned came into the light the horse snorted and shied violently, almost jerking loose from the man who held him.

"What the hell!" growled the man. "You been seein' things ever—"

"Pete!" It was hardly above a whisper, that one word, but it was enough. The man in the road wheeled as if shot, and as he turned, he dropped the reins and jerked his gun. Ned heard the hammer click as the gun flashed in the bright light, but somehow it didn't affect him.

For ten seconds both men might have been marble or bronze, so still they stood—one because he had the drop, the other because he didn't care.

"Well I'm damned," quoth Pete as the .45 slowly dropped into its place inside his waistband. Without another word he led the horses a few feet into the short grass, and proceeded to unsaddle.

Not till both horses were hopped and turned loose did Ned speak.

"Pete—old man—you don't understand." The words came hard, for each one fought with a sob. It seemed impossible that this man could be the same as he who had chuckled an hour back over his own murder of a man and a woman.

The short, broad back straightened as the broken words stopped, and the little man tucked a bottle under his arm and then produced a corkscrew from his vest pocket. While he was wrestling with the cork, a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"I sure wish you'd rustle a few *caraja* poles, Ned, my fingers is mighty nigh froze. It's sure the first time they was ever so stiff I couldn't pull a cork."

As Ned disappeared in the direction of a bunch of soapwoods, Pete yanked the cork, and as he held the bottle up to the light, he drawled: "Some broke up. Hope he lets all them chokes out 'fore he comes back. It sure gives me the rickets to see a man cry. Reckon it kind of sets a man loco, this here business of always bein' just ahead of the sheriff."

After a second pull at the bottle, the little man went to work to make camp, and by the time Ned came back with a couple of poles, the frying-pan was full of thick slices of meat.

Neither man said a word until the poles were broken up and a fire started. When Pete had put the pan over the little blaze and settled himself, squatting Indian fashion on his heels, Ned spoke: "Did you bring any extra smoking?"

"You'll find 'bout five pounds in one of them sacks."

In a minute Ned returned with the coveted little white sack and a book of papers. In silence each man rolled and lit his cigarette. Only after the bacon was gone and washed down with a cup of water from the keg, and both men had again lighted cigarettes and settled close to the fire, did either break the silence. Pete's eyes sought the other's face, and a grunt escaped him.

"If you aint got no objections, I'd like to know what in hell you're doin' down here. Yes, I'd sure like to know why you aint back in them hills."

An expression of relief came into the face. Pete

was watching, and Ned's long, slender fingers went out over the red coals before he answered.

"I'm all in, Pete, that's God's truth. I simply can't stand it any longer. Oh, I know," as he saw the expression of scorn on the face opposite him, "you can't understand, but it gets to a man—always watching, always listening. Anyway, I'm through. I'm goin' back to give myself up to Bud."

All the drawl was gone from the little man's voice; his eyes blazed, and his words came with a snarl: "You're all in, are you? Aint you got another chip left to play? You lie! You aint all in. If you was, you'd be back there in the rocks, cold, with a hole in your head. You're a coward, that's what you are. You're a quitter; you're afraid to play your last blue. Aint you got another load in your gun? Yes you have, an' you're a quitter. I can see it now by lookin' at you."

"I know, I know, Pete," the voice was low and weary, "but I can't do it. Last night up at Manuel's I tried to, but I couldn't. God! it makes me cold. No, old man, it's no use; I'm goin' in to give myself up to Bud."

"You lie!" came the snarl. "You aint goin' in. Wasn't we pardners in the C Bar outfit? Aint we been pardns since? Do you know the boys has got a big bonfire already out in front of Les Woods's, an' there's a sign on it says: 'This goes up when C Bar Ned comes in?' An' I put that sign there myself. Yes, I did. Had to do somethin'; the boys thought I let you get out of town that night. They think I'm takin' this chuck to Manuel. An' you're goin' in, are you? By God, you aint. No, you aint. There aint going to be no bonfire over a pard of mine. Gimme that tobacco an' fix the fire. I got to think."

After a blaze was started, Ned rolled a cigarette and was in the act of settling into his former position, when the little man's question startled him into bolt upright attention.

"You ever been in Frisco?"

"No."

"Know anybody in them parts?"

"No."

"There she is then," the drawl was all satisfaction. "You got a college education; that's what they want up there, an' it aint what we want down here. Once you're in the city you're on your home-range. I reckon you can rustle for yourself up there."

"I might do it all right. I've got money." In a moment the roll, which had only been a mockery to the outlaw the last three months, was out, and in a minute he announced: "Three hundred and five, Pete."

"You bet your kasee, that's the stuff. We can cook up some sow-belly to-night, and then with my saddle canteen you can make Dragoon easy by day after tomorrow night. The train don't get there till after dark, and it'll be easy."

For half an hour they discussed the plan in all its lights.

Then Pete's thoughts turned to immediate needs. "You got a long day to-morrow, Ned," he remarked. "Better lay down now, an' I'll get this here sow-belly to workin'."

By the time Pete had turned the first panful of bacon, the tired man in the blankets had ceased to turn and toss, and for the next hour the only sounds in the little camp were the heavy breathing of the tired man and the sizzling of the bacon being browned for his long journey on the morrow.

When all of the bacon was piled crisp and brown on an empty sack, the little man stepped over to the bed and looked down at the haggard face, and as he looked the lips moved and, unconsciously, the watcher bent down to catch the words. They were soft and low, as one would soothe a child.

"Yes, mother, I'm right here beside you. No, I won't go 'way; I'll stay right here."

The brain of the hunted man was still traveling back over the years.

Pete straightened up.

"An' if I'd dropped you there in the road to-night you'd be with your mamsy sure enough now," he mused. "At least I reckon so, but maybe it's jes' as well to send you to Frisco as over the Big Divide, 'cause one's a moral cinch and the other aint. No, it aint no cinch what the Lord 'll do with a drunken murderer, especially when he's a coward. An' you're sure a coward, Ned; yes you are, 'cause a man who knows what he order do an' then jes' naturally is afraid to make good, is a sure 'nuff coward."

The sleeper turned over, and Pete walked slowly back to the almost dead coals. His eyes had a worried look, and he seemed to be unconscious of the cold fire, although from force of habit his hands were spread over it.

"Oh, shucks," he growled at last, "he'll make good up in a big city. A man don't need no grit in them places. If he's got education they'll take the rest on trust. Anyway, that's what I'd judge from the strays that show up in these parts."

Six hours later, just as the moon dropped out of sight into the San Pedro Valley, Pete was astir. First he hunted up the two horses, on his way back stopping in the bunch of soapweed to gather a couple of *caraja* poles. By the time the first gray light was coming over the Winchesters, coffee and hot bacon were both ready. Then he woke the other man.

"Daylight, Ned," he called. A grunt answered him from somewhere in the pile of blankets, but a minute

later Ned had crawled out, pulled on his boots, and was holding a cup for a warm drink. In silence both ate breakfast and packed the horse with bed and sacks. Then while Pete saddled up, the other rolled up his blankets, first carefully putting the bacon in its sack in the centre, and when Pete turned from fastening the flank cinch, Ned had the canteen slung over his shoulder, and the men stood ready to shake hands for the last time. Somehow neither knew exactly what to say, so for the space of time it took the sun to rise from a suggestion, gilding the jagged peaks to the glorious burnished disc, both men rolled cigarettes, and smoked in silence. At last the silence grew awkward, and Ned burst forth, his words burning, impetuous, his face alight with gratitude: "Pete, there ain't anything I can say that would cover what I owe you; but, old man, you know what I mean. Somehow I can't say it right."

"Stop it! Stop it!" growled the little man, but his eyes looked a world of satisfaction. "I reckon," he continued, "I better do most of the talkin' at this here public meetin'. An' this is all I got to say; if I ever hear of you again, an' the man or newspaper"—the words came slow and measured—"or however it is I get the news, if that news says: 'This here man has got nerve, he's sure gritty,' if that's the way she sounds to me, I'll wipe the slate clean, Ned, and I'll sure get some drunk."

For just an instant their hands met, then Pete was on his horse and the big man had shouldered his pack. Neither looked back, neither thought of it.

All day, except for a half-hour at noon, Ned strode through the tall grass of the draw, and by sundown he'd covered more than half the distance to the railway. When he stopped under the shadow of the Dragoon Peaks he was tired—yes, very tired—but his heart was light. For was he not going to a new land, where, in a few years, perhaps, he could give Pete occasion for that much-desired spree? Of course, he'd have to change his name. C Bar Ned Campbell was dead, so ran his thoughts, but somehow he'd contrive to let Pete hear of him.

It was when he turned to undo his hed that a little spurt of dust on the side of the hill just in front of him caught his eye. As he wondered at the cause, a faint crack behind him came through the still air. In a daze he turned to the direction of the sound.

There, on the top of the western ridge, outlined clear against the fading day, stood a horse. A man knelt at the horse's head, and both were looking down into the draw. As Ned gazed, spellbound, the man raised his left hand and dropped his head to one side for a second; then a few sparks flashed in the air and settled down in front of the kneeling man.

Ned felt a heavy blow strike him in the stomach, and then he sat down with a low moan. He didn't lose consciousness, and his eyes never left the two figures on the ridge. The man slowly rose to his feet, and, mounting the horse, started to descend the slope toward the stricken man. Only then was Ned conscious of any pain. He realized that his back hurt. Slowly his hand went around, only to come in contact with a howler. Yes, he was sitting propped up against a rock. As the hand crept along the howler, it came on something wet and warm. With a faint smile he drew out his .45 Colt.

The effort cost him agony, but at last he had the six-shooter in front of him on his knees. The sight of it and of his hand made him shudder. They were both wet with blood. Now he was aware of an increasing pain in his abdomen; at last it grew beyond silent endurance, and Ned's moans were so loud that for a moment they arrested the horseman coming through the grass.

The stricken man's face and lips were ashen, and his eyes rolled from side to side, after the manner of a man who is chained to a single position.

The wavering glance came to the opposite side of the draw, and for a moment lingered over the pink-tinged clouds, hanked in great masses in the last glow of daylight. Then the glance took in the empty hill-side: something was wrong with that hill, he thought; what was it? The man was gone! Slowly the significance of the empty hill stole over Ned's brain, and as it came to him, his eye caught the dark object moving slowly through the grass.

"Can't help it," he whispered. "I'm all in now, sure." Then, "Aint you got another chip left to play? You lie! You aint all in." The words of the night before rang in his brain.

"Yes, Pete, ole man," came the choked whisper, "I got a blue left, an' I'll play 'er."

The eyes had stopped wandering, and were fastened on the dark object moving in the grass. Slowly the six-shooter rose. Every inch cost an added agony, but at last the now steady eye caught the dark object over the sights.

The man riding toward the outlaw drew rein, paralyzed, for, from the edge of the grass, directly in his path, about twenty yards ahead, came a voice, loud and clear: "By God, I calls you for all I got; there's my last blue."

As the last word rang out, there was a flash and a crack, and the horseman threw up both hands and rolled to the ground.

The last beam was gone, and as the mantle of night settled over the valley, C Bar Ned cashed in with a groan and a smile.

WILLIAM H. BISSELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1905.

GIFTS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Tracts and Geishas' Pictures for the Japanese at the Front—Blankets Are Also Prized—Verses Sent by Children—"Jiu-Jitsu" Practice—Warlike Women.

"What ever you do, don't forget to put in a picture of a pretty girl; those poor fellows at the front are hungering for the sight of a woman's face." So admonished the friend who gave out the "comfort bags" to be filled. All Tokio was busy, foreigners and Japanese of all classes, and the usual question, when friend met friend, was: "What are you putting in your bags?" And great and long were the discussions over the merits of this and that article. We were asked to spend but twenty-five cents gold on each of our bags, and by sending out to the wholesale shops and filling a hundred at once, we were able to put in each big, heavy brown-paper envelope a pair of cotton socks, a blue and white war-towel, a tooth-brush, tooth-powder, a little packet of especially prized medicine, a small package of tobacco, a part of a cake of soap, an envelope of mustard, and—to please our missionary friends—a tract. They assured us they were not like tracts we had seen in our childhood, but were stories of heroism and bravery, of kindness to the fallen foe, and that the soldiers liked them. A letter had come back from a soldier in the field: "Thirty-five men have read the tract you sent me. It is worn out; please send me another."

We were obliged to take their word for it, as, of course, we could not read the funny little hooks filled with fascinating characters; but to mitigate the severity of such literature, plump into the middle of each we slipped the picture of the most charming little geisha we could find.

Stories about the blankets sent out to the army by the people all over the nation are beginning to drift back.

A soldier before Port Arthur wrote last winter: "We are anxiously waiting for blankets. I have heard that in the olden times ladies at court sent out to their sweethearts in the field warm clothing made by their own fair hands, with many a tender thought stitched in. I have no sweetheart, and I want a blanket sent by some poor old woman." And from the highest authority possible, we hear that the soldiers everywhere madly pawed over the heaps of blankets sent out, searching for those which were given by women, for each blanket was marked with the name of the sender. One day a pile of blankets was thrown down in a company's grounds, and immediately attacked by the soldiers. After a fruitless search, they straightened up. "What is the matter with those blankets?" they grumbled; "not a single one from a woman;" for it seemed that another company had had the first pick. As second choice, each late-comer tried to find a blanket from his own province.

A soldier's wife sent out a blanket, her heart full of her husband, no doubt, but because she could not send one directly to him, she did not withhold her gift. Strange fate sent the pile in which was her offering straight to her husband's company. Another soldier got it, but when he saw the name he carried it to the husband; and he—strange, contradictory stoics that they are, these Japanese—he cried like a child.

And still harping on the subject of blankets—two English friends waiting for a train at Shimbashi station, saw a detachment of wounded soldiers come in. First, those who could walk, limp, or hobble, arms bandaged, eyes bandaged, the sad procession passed on. Then came the more severely wounded on stretchers. My friends grew more and more sympathetic. At the very last came a hooded stretcher, under the cover of which was revealed a form horribly short. "Poor fellow," they said, "he has lost both legs," and, already unnerved by the sights they had seen, both of them burst into tears. The stretcher-bearers looked at them puzzled, compassionate. Then with sudden comprehension they broadly grinned, and setting down the stretcher they lifted the cover, and behold, the poor, legless soldier was merely a heap of red blankets!

As the heroes of the war have been swamped with letters from all over the world, and more particularly from their own people, especially the school-children, some one had the bright idea of turning all this outpouring of enthusiasm and sympathy into channels which would really be of benefit to somebody. So the teachers suggested to the children that, instead of writing letters to Generals Nogi, Kuroki, and the others of both army and navy, they all fall to and write letters to the wounded soldiers in the hospitals. This idea pleased the children immensely, and thousands of quaint little missives brought comfort and amusement to the sufferers. Among those letters a friend translated this one for me, with the accompanying verses. Of course, the child's little poem loses its poetical form in English:

If I were a flower
I would bloom in the garden
Near your bedroom to console
You for your painful wounds.

If I were a soft wind
I would breathe near your
Pillow of pain and of glory
To blow away your suffering.

If I were the moon
I would peep in your window,
Shine over your bed
To soothe your pain.

Alas! I am not a flower,

A wind, or the moon,
And I can not come to your bedside
To console you.

These funny poems I have written in my play-hour, and I am very sorry I can not express one of my hundred sympathies for you. I have heard that you want letters very much, and if you are amused ever so little by my poor letter I shall be very glad. From Nohu Kanaya, who is said to be mad about soldiers, to my dear, noble, wounded soldiers, whom I never forget even for a moment.

Over in the sunlight were twenty or more imperial guards. Some of the men were engaged in a curious form of wrestling. Feet wide apart, right foot touching right foot, left hand resting on left knee, with the right hand they were making singular darting movements, as swift as those of a snake's forked tongue.

Their object seemed to be to get a grip on the back of the opponent's arm, below the elbow somewhere. We noticed that if that hold was obtained, the other man seemed to fly through the air without much effort on the part of the man throwing him. Amid the laughter of his comrades, the unlucky wight would pick himself up, while the victor met man after man, until he was in his turn vanquished. And it brought back to me another of Uchiyama's fairy-tales.

"I don't see," I said, "how the Japanese are able to meet and defeat the Russians at close quarters." "Mostly *jiu-jitsu*," said Uchiyama.

"Do the soldiers know that?" I asked in surprise. "All of our officers and many of the men—as many as they had had time to teach," he replied. "Let one of our men, unarmed, meet any Russian unarmed; tie down the left hand of the Japanese; when the Russian does not know, there is a quick, sudden hold, and with one hand we can throw a heavy man; then with lightning quickness, *pong!* there is a sudden blow that means death, and no one could tell how that man died. If our own men, we also know how to bring him to."

"An enemy stays dead, I suppose." "Oh, yes," said Uchiyama.

And here under my own eyes I saw it was no fairy-tale, although to be sure they omitted the final *pong!*

An officer wrestled with the men, taking his turn with the others. Fifteen minutes of this rapid exercise, and a stretcher was put down to mark the distance, and rapidly one after the other they tried the long jump, practicing for ditches and trenches, I suppose. I noticed that whatever these men did, they did with all their might. We passed on, walking around the temple, and when we came out again at the front the men were lined up, standing in easy attitudes. The officer sauntered up and down, talking briskly. Then he walked slowly down the line, asking questions. He pointed at the man he wanted to answer, and at once the soldier stood stiffly at attention. He passed down back of the line, thumping the men who were to answer. I could hear neither questions nor answers, but as we passed out of the gate I heard an officer say, scornfully, in reply to an answer just given, "No, you would never use oil for that!" and he thumped the next man. I longed for the invisible coat of the Japanese legends that I might have gone and perched on the temple steps to learn what it was about. But we could only ponder the effect on the army of this taking out of squads of men in charge of a young physician, and in rapid succession of play, work, exercise, and instruction, so amusing and employing their brain and body that they would come back invigorated and refreshed, and unconscious of what they had absorbed until the time came to put it all into practice.

From the letters that come back from the homesick boys in the field, it would seem that they lived from letter to letter from home, and that it was the province of the women of the land to brace on the armor of their men and keep bracing, for the way is yet long and thorny before them.

I have never longed to be a Japanese woman, and am beginning to think even the men have a hard time if they try to live up to their warlike womankind. When, after the battle, a short note came from our soldier, telling of his safety, Miss Green-Willow said, scornfully: "I think Shin must hide behind the others." And in answer to an indignant protest, she exclaimed: "Then why don't he get wounded or killed? Every one else does!"

HELEN HYDE.

TOKIO, May 25, 1905.

Baron Rosen, the new ambassador of Russia to the United States, belongs to an ancient baronial family which has given to Russia many distinguished generals, diplomats, and writers. The baron is an accomplished scholar and a talented musician. He speaks English, French, German, Italian, and Japanese as well as Russian. Baron Rosen has been for many years in the foreign service of Russia. He was *chargé d'affaires* in Tokio, and later became consul-general in New York, which post he held from 1882 to 1894. In 1903, he was sent as minister to Tokio. The baron is about fifty-seven years old.

President Loubet has finished his sixth year in the French presidency, and declares he will not seek reelection. He prefers to pass his time in agricultural pursuits at Drome or in retirement in Paris, where his son Paul is already looking out for an apartment for him. The presidential election takes place next January. M. Loubet may be reelected to the senate.

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LITERARY NOTES.

With the Western Fiction-Writers.

It is really surprising how many books there are that come out of the East with the names of Eastern publishers on their title-pages, and, perhaps, Eastern subjects for their themes, which bear the names of Westerners as authors. Truly, there is a host of Californians who write books, fiction—Mrs. Atherton, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Austin, Alice Prescott Smith, Philip Verrill Mighels, Jack London, Herman Whitaker, Francis Charles, Geraldine Bonner, Gwendolen Overton, Lloyd Osbourne, Gelett Burgess, Miriam Michelsen, and a score or so more whose names do not so readily occur. On our shelves, even within the past week or so, have accumulated at least a dozen books—poetry, fiction, essay, science—which bear on their covers the names of persons who live or have lived for long periods not a thousand miles from San Francisco Bay. Philip Verrill Mighels, whose last book, "Bruver Jim's Baby," was a story of Nevada mining-camps, sends us this time a novel with the fascinating title, "The Ultimate Passion" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50), with scene laid in New York and the theme political. There is nothing weakly hesitant or waveringly irresolute about this novel of Mighels's. In the very first chapter, of some seven pages, there is a political coup of magnitude. John Hakon, an honest young candidate for United States senator, is visited in his house late at night by one Senn, "a quiet, inscrutable person, with shifting eyes and a mirthless mouth as thin as a line" (which reminds one of melodrama), and forced to sign a withdrawal from the political fight by threat of publication of a letter written by the candidate's father some twenty years before, in which he told a contractor to use lighter girders for a bridge, which subsequently fell with loss of life. In the second chapter, time five years later, Graystone (J. P. Morgan) offers Hakon the Republican nomination for the Presidency of the United States, which, it appears, Graystone has in his vest-pocket, if he (Hakon) will marry Graystone's homely daughter! This, as we are constrained to pause to remark, is certainly going some. And the book as a whole, with its amazingly beautiful adventures with her voluptuous ways and assaults (with the bedroom key in her corsage) on Hakon's virtue; the "splendidly beautiful" girl who loves Hakon with a high devotion; the humbly, harmlessly fickle Miss Graystone, and all the giants of politics and finance, each remarkably equipped with a "firm mouth" and "penetrating eye," savors rather strongly of sensationalism. Mr. Mighels doesn't know politics very well—his first incident is preposterous—but there is a certain primary intensity and fire about "The Ultimate Passion" that make it capable of absorbing the attention to the end.

Another book by a Westerner is "The Girl From Home" (McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50), by Isobel Strong, a step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, and long a resident of Honolulu, where she enjoyed relations of intimacy with the royal family. The book is a story of Hawaii—of a girl who goes out to be married, of her disappointment, and of her subsequent lovers, all told in a matter-of-fact way, with numerous descriptions of the manners and customs of that lotus-eating land. We should say "The Girl From Home" would be just the sort of book for an intending visitor to Honolulu to read—one who wanted to get some information and ideas with little effort.

"Reuben Larkmead" (G. W. Dillingham Company), by Edward W. Townsend, is one of his characteristically light, slight, bright little stories which are only unsatisfactory because one is convinced that if Townsend would only take himself a trifle more seriously he could write something really important. This "Reuben Larkmead" is cast in the form of an account in the first person by a green Western boy with oodles of money of his experiences in New York—with confidence men and women, designing mothers with daughters to marry off, of his love-affairs, his experiments in politics, and also in fisticuffs, and his final almost complete, but a trifle incredible, reformation. There is a slinky widow in the story, who is a dear.

But really the best and cleverest of these four books of fiction by writers more or less Californian, is "The Motormaniacs" (Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.00), by Lloyd Osbourne. Here are four short stories about girls, men, and motor cars, told excellently well. Osbourne knows the American girl of the type who motors and tennis, and yachts, and talks slang, and has a rich papa (whom she coaxes) but who is altogether nice, with an intimacy that is positively startling. Her monologues in the stories, in which she tells of men and motors, in their various oily interrelations, are quite perfect. Every motorist will enjoy enormously these amusing tales, and those who know not the delights of the bubble-wagon will find diversion and no danger in motoring by proxy through the pages of "The Motormaniacs."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Empress of China has expended thus far five millions of dollars on her mausoleum near Peking.

President Roosevelt will leave Washington on his Southern trip October 17th, and will be gone twelve days.

President Diaz, of Mexico, intends to go to Europe before his term of office expires. He will be accompanied by his wife. There is talk, also, of Diaz paying the United States an official visit.

Robert E. Lee, Jr., grandson of the great Confederate leader whose name he bears, and now serving his second term in the Virginia house of delegates from Fairfax County, has announced his candidacy for Speaker of the next House.

Walter S. Cramp, the shipbuilder, within the last few years has devoted much time to travel and study, and being especially interested in the history of Rome—ancient, mediæval, and modern—he has lived in Italy and the northern part of Africa.

William Waldorf Astor is working wonders in the restoration of Hever Castle, Kent, England, which he purchased recently. It is estimated that he will spend about six millions of dollars on the famous show place, and is employing one thousand men on the work.

King Edward has chosen June 30th as his official birthday, though he was born November 9, 1841. The reason is that everybody who is anybody is out of London in the fall, what with house-parties, shooting on the moors, or scattering over the continent, whereas June is the height of the London season.

Dean George Hodges, head of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., recently declined a call to Stanford University to be preacher in the Memorial Church at ten thousand dollars a year and a house. Dean Hodges felt that he preferred to remain in his present position, which carries with it a salary of less than one-half what was offered him.

When Empress Eugénie visits Paris she almost invariably occupies a suite of rooms facing the Tuileries gardens. Much surprise has been expressed that she should take up her abode in such close proximity to the scene of her triumph long ago, thereby invoking memories which could not be other than bitter. The subject was delicately broached in her presence recently, whereupon the old lady said: "It is perhaps the greatest happiness of my life to look upon the garden where my son played in his childhood—a sad pleasure if you will, but one I would not forego willingly."

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THE "SUN'S" FUNNY EDITORIALS.

The Woman and the Hairpin—Joshing the Minor Poets—Youth and Dime Novels—The Country Fiddler—Grammar.

The New York Sun is a great newspaper. One-sided in its opinions as the handle of a jug, with special spites to vent and grievances to air, the cheerful minion of "powerful interests," whose yoke lies heavily upon it, it yet has the most entertaining editorial page of any American newspaper whatsoever.

A feature of the Sun for years has been its funny editorial on general topics. There have been editorials on "The Bootjack," editorials on "Checkers," and articles in "Praise of Pie."

Among the most amusing of the "casual essays" in this volume is that entitled "Hairpins," which, fortunately, is brief enough to be quoted entire:

The comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to all observant men. Its special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in American Medicine. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin.

Dullards will tell you that women aren't so inventive as men, don't take out so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done.

If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe she would build a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin.

One of the Sun's favorite occupations is that it calls "having fun" with country oets. Hear the Sun, for example, on Dithyramb Dick, one of the favorite targets of its wit:

The other day we had the honor of introducing to a grateful public a poet of fire and ears, an authentic maker and singer, the Hon. Richard J. Hamilton, "Dithyramb Dick," of the Hagerstown Mail.

dent. His poetic fever is not tertian nor quartan nor intermittent. It is permanent. Most poets have their bad days and their good days. Their inspiration is irregular and sporadic. They can not work by the week, the day, or even the hour.

Cooglers and Moores, Sayers and Elmores, all skalds and song-writers, have to take a back seat in the choir. Compared with Dick, they are as squash pipe to Bach, as a mouse's squeak to the music of the spheres.

"In their days of adolescence He would often in her presence Press his tempted manly arm around Her Venus, willing waist."

"In her presence," mind you. Even in the heat and fury of his imagination the Poet of the Bogs is exact. The tempting waist is there, physically present, and the tempted arm does its duty.

"In their days of adolescence He would often in her presence."

From some subliminal chamber flashes that other divine distich:

"On January second It was generally reckoned."

Mr. Moore's perfect stanza sings itself. The last two lines are really one linked sweetness, one long candy-pull, one deep jar of honey. But Mr. Moore will have to build more than a four-liner to prove his fitness to stand among the hardy surlines.

"My Ella, O my Ella, with your feet of Cinderella.

With your wood-dove's gentle eyes,— My Ella, O my Ella, O may I be your fella? Snow-soft, she cooed: 'Thou may'st'; My arm flew round her waist."

Noble lines! The substitution of "fella" for "feller" may be justified under the terms of Mr. Sinkenzooper's license.

Still another favorite topic of the Sun is the delights of boyhood. This is how it discourses with affectionate regret of "the good old-fashioned salmon-covered novels" of Mr. Beadle—Beadle's Dime Novel Series":

They had to be covered for school use. Otherwise their splendor would have betrayed them. What a sense of superiority and innocent crime you got by having a batch of them in your desk and sticking one into the arithmetic or the Latin grammar.

Here is an eulogy of the fiddle:

Every man that has music enough in his soul to whistle a "coon" song out of tune will feel his strings trembling and his pipes sighing this week.

The mighty youth of these United States was cheered by a fiddle. The pioneers, the hunters, the trappers, the flat-boatman, enlivened the long, lonely night with its strains.

to hear it in those days, except, perhaps, a few pretentious owners of spinets and harpsichords.

The Sun is nothing if not colloquial. It loves to be a trifle slangy, and it hates the dictionary and grammar. As witness:

About once a year we explain, with a weary and hopeless spirit, but for the sake of the truth, that "had rather" is a perfectly sound and kind phrase, of the best usage, old and new, straight as a string, and long accustomed to the best society in the English language.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Had rather be governor (Sun, this morning). Can you parse that? Thousands of grammarians hang on your reply. R. H. T. NEW YORK, February 8th.

Well, the sight of thousands of grammarians hanging would be some comfort to us, and to the rest of mankind. "Can you parse that?" Notice the undertone of expectant triumph. We can parse it, but why should we want to parse it.

Plenty of persons think so; and when they get hold of a good idiom, and can not explain it by rule of thumb, they sniff at it, say it "won't parse," call it an error, and warn the world away from it.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

And the Sun goes on to cite numerous similar examples.

Published by Robert Grier Cooke, New York; \$1.50.

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The Bookman, in an article on queer letters sent to editors and publishers, says that a man in an obscure California town, whose literary efforts had failed to find favor, sent this letter to an editor:

DEAR SIR: This is a small place where I live, and whenever a story of mine comes back, the whole village knows it. Now, I know you don't want the inclosed manuscript, but I'm sending it along just the same, together with a post-card, which I beg you to return to me.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company has down for publication the first week in July "Memoirs of an American Citizen," the new book by Robert Herrick, author of "The Common Lot" and "The Rest World," which are appearing in the edition of cheaper books in paper covers. The new book will have fifty illustrations.

With the retirement of Edward J. Wheeler from the editorship of the *Literary Digest*, Dr Isaac K. Funk has taken personal charge of the paper, with William S. Woods as his chief assistant. Francis W. Halsey has left Appletons to become associated with the Funk & Wagnalls Company. His position is that of literary adviser.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has been invited by the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution to deliver a lecture on "American Fiction" during her annual visit to Scotland. "Rose of the River," her *Century* story, will be published in September, among the first on Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s long list of fiction, on which appears the name of Margaret Collier Graham, who is well known in California.

The biography of the musical composer Tschakowsky, recently written by his brother, is being translated from the Russian by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch for publication by John Lane.

An edition of all the writings of Alfred de Musset, in ten volumes, is being prepared by the Edwin C. Hill Company, of New York. The issue has been divided into two editions—one, of fifty-eight copies, will be printed on Japan paper; the other, of one thousand, on large paper. The books, to be six by nine inches, will be of white stock, linen rag paper, the type from the Scotch font, bold and readable.

Mr. Howells's new novel is called "Miss Ocellard's Inspiration," and will be published immediately by Harper & Brothers.

Jokes about the bibliography of Lamb are still in season. "Eliä" is a puzzling name. Some ingenious person started a theory that it should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, as being a shortened form of Elias. It is known, however, that Lamb pronounced it with the accent on the first syllable; and in this he must be followed. It seems that in an authoritative German catalogue of theological books, published in 1901, a new edition of "The Essays of Eliä" was entered under the sub-head "History of Israel." Much condolence was then expressed with the German scholars who ordered the book in the hope of finding the latest views of English criticism as to the life and times of the Prophet Elijah. In another German bibliography, Rider Haggard's narrative of "King Solomon's Mines" is duly entered as a serious contribution to the study of Old Testament history.

"The Fixed Period," a new volume of essays by Dr. William Osler, will be published by the Macmillan Company in the autumn.

The story of the first white man to cross this continent, told by himself, is shortly to appear in a new translation of "The Journey of Alvarez Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, from Florida to the Pacific, 1528-1536." The translation is made by Fanny Bandelier, and will have an introduction written by Ad. F. Bandelier, the archaeologist.

At the public dinner given in London to the veteran editor, James Greenwood, J. M. Barrie gave an account of how he became a smoker. It is an idol shattered to know that when Mr. Barrie sang the praise of "My Lady Nicotine" he knew tobacco only vicariously. Mr. Barrie said that when he went to the *St James's Gazette* offices he detected the scent of cigars, and discovered that Mr. Greenwood was a smoker. In order to please him he wrote articles on smoking which were afterward collected into a volume. This volume Mr. Barrie himself happened to read after an interval, and was persuaded by it to take up the habit himself. Consequently readers have Mr. Greenwood to thank for one of Mr. Barrie's most delightful books.

A copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's *Richard III*—only three copies of which are known to be extant, has been discovered accidentally among a lot of old, unvalued books in a private house at Great Missenden. The Sothelys offered £800 to the woman owning the book, but she refused it. It has been insured for £1,000 for exhibition.

The "John Henry" books have reached a sale of over half a million copies, the latest of the series, "You Can Scare 'em," promising to rival the other seven volumes, both in point of humor and popularity.

A new prose work by Richard Le Gallienne will be published early in the summer, under the title of "The Paradise of the Wild Apple." The story deals with the element of freedom in human nature, and relates the romance of a young man well established in London who suddenly bulgers for the "wild life" of his youth.

OLD FAVORITES.

[We are requested by a correspondent to print a poem by William Winter, contained in a volume of verse by this noted dramatic critic that is now out of print. The poem is called "Orgia: A Song of Ruin," and, as old Californians may remember, Barton Hill used to recite it at the old California Theatre. John McCullough used to recite J. T. Trowbridge's "Vagabonds," and Lawrence Barrett used to recite "Shamus O'Brien"—all of them at benefit performances, etc. All three poems were great favorites. If the poem as below printed differs from a version to be found in the scrap-books of some *Argonaut* readers, it is due to the fact that "Orgia," as originally printed in the *Argonaut* about 1880, was a corrupt version from Hill's memory. It was subsequently reprinted correctly, and runs as follows.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

Orgia.

Who cares for nothing alone is free,—
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me!

With a careless heart and a merry eye
He laughs at the world as the world goes by.

He laughs at power, and wealth and fame;
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame;

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear;
At memory's dead leaves, crisp and sere;

He laughs at the future, cold and dim—
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

O, that is the comrade fit for me!
He cares for nothing, his soul is free;

Free as the soul of the fragrant wine—
Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine!

For I heed not custom, creed, nor law;
I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cups I quaff,
And over the chalice I riot and laugh.

I laugh, like the cruel and turbulent wave;
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe;

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death is near.

For I know that death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.

And he cares for nothing! a king is he—
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my-last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined hopes and a wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of long ago:

To a heavenly face, in sweet repose,
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose;

To the splendor, caught from Orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes,—

Her large eye, wild with the fire of the south,—
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;
To innocence, gone like a death-hell chime.

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul, in its terrible mood,
Dimly and solemnly understood:

And, last of all, to the monarch of sin,
Who scaled his rampart and reigns within.

My sight is fading—it dies away—
I can not tell is it night or day.

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.

I can not see you—the end is nigh—
But we'll laugh together before I die.

Through awful chasms I plunge and fall—
Your hand, good fellow,—I die—that's all.

—William Winter.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.

2. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner.

3. "Isidro," by Mary Austin.

4. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Mandarin's Fan," by Fergus Hume.

2. "Mrs. Essington," by Esther and Lucia Chamberlain.

3. "Stingaree," by E. W. Hornung.

4. "The Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon.

5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

2. "Rose of the World," by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

3. "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens.

4. "The Tyranny of the Dark," by Hamlin Garland.

5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

A Volume on Cards and Gaming.

There are 1,733 titles of books, articles, poems, etc., dealing with or referring in some way to cards and gaming in the volume compiled by Frederic Jessel, "Playing Cards and Gaming," which is about to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. This bibliography

includes the titles, authors, and other descriptive matter concerning books which treat of cards, card playing, card tricks, fiction about cards, etc., from the earliest times until the present day. Mr. Jessel has examined personally nearly all the books he describes.

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Foxcroft Davis's *Mrs. Darrell*

"It seems to me to be a man's knowledge and experience and a man's method of narration, but it is a woman's love-story," writes one reader of the book to its publishers. Second Edition. Cloth, \$1.50.



A NOVEL OF SOCIAL LIFE IN LONDON

Miss Robins's *A Dark Lantern*

By the author of "The Open Question," "The Magnetic North," etc. Cloth, \$1.50.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A host of Daniel Webster, in handing him a glass of Madeira out of a dusty and cobwebbed bottle, said that he had made a little calculation that the wine had cost him two dollars a glass, counting the interest from the time he bought the wine. Webster reached for the bottle and helped himself to a second glass, saying: "I really must stop that confounded interest."

One day a soldier, who had made a great ado concerning a slight wound, was brought before General Sherman, moaning and going on like a man who was on the brink of the grave. Sherman had the bandages removed from the wound, and, glancing at it in a skeptical manner, exclaimed, in his inimitable manner: "Why, captain, they came damn near missing you!"

Hume, the historian, found himself one day, at a social dinner, next to Lord John Russell. In the course of conversation, his lordship said: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number," was Hume's answer. "And what do you consider the greatest number?" continued Lord John Russell. "Number one, my lord," was the historian's prompt reply.

"A case with which I was connected a few years ago," said Frederick Trevor Hill, "involved some large corporate mortgages, and frequent references were made by the lawyers on both sides to the 'ten-million-dollar mortgage' and 'the twenty-million-dollar bond issue.' Finally, one of the jurors, a little German barber, couldn't stand it any longer, and raised his hand. 'Mr. Judge,' he expostulated, 'if der lawyers will please say von dollar ven dey means a million dollars, dot would makes me understands besser. Dose millions! Ach! Gott! dey confuses me!'"

Chief Clerk John McDermott, of the Hotel St. Francis, was a Thespian once, although, according to his story, his rôles were mostly silent ones, involving such acting as holding up a greenwood tree in a performance of "As You Like It," or being "horses' footsteps off right," or the Roman mob. "I never had a speaking part, though," he said, "until I appeared at the Grand Opera House

in an amateur production of 'Hamlet' for the benefit of St. Patrick's Church. I was the ghost. The fellow who was coaching us gave me very accurate instructions. He said, 'When you come on, you say, "Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost," in a loud and sonorous tone.' It would have been all right, but for the fact that I misunderstood him. The night of the performance I went on at the proper moment, and said, 'Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost in a loud and sonorous tone.' When they got through saying things to me that night I decided to retire permanently from the stage."

A husband came home one evening to find a note left for him by his wife. Carelessly he opened it, but as he read his face blanched. "My God!" he exclaimed, "how could this have happened so suddenly?" And, snatching his hat and coat, he rushed to a hospital which was near his home. "I want to see my wife, Mrs. Brown, at once," he said to the head nurse, "before she goes under the ether. Please take my message to her at once." "Mrs. Brown?" echoed the nurse; "there is no Mrs. Brown here." "Then to which hospital has she gone?" asked the distracted husband; "I found this note from her when I came home," and he handed the note to the nurse, who read: "DEAR HUSBAND: I have gone to have my kimono cut out. BELLE."

About the middle of February, 1862, while in winter quarters, General Naglee, of Pennsylvania, who was a strict disciplinarian, was in command of the First Brigade, of which the Second New Hampshire was a part. He thought the guard-house of the Second Regiment altogether too comfortable quarters for prisoners, and ordered Colonel Marston, who later won fame as a soldier, lawyer, and statesman, to build a dungeon without so much as a crack or opening anywhere, so that it should be perfectly dark. The dungeon was built with four solid walls, and one day General Naglee came over to inspect it. He was accompanied by Colonel Marston. "Where is the entrance," said the general, "and how do you get anybody into it?" "Oh," said Colonel Marston, "that is not my lookout. I simply obeyed your orders."

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Seared Out.

He sold a little block of stock:
Now sorrow fills his cup,
For from the moment that he did,
Up,
Right
Went
Thing
Blamed
The
—New York Sun.

Bucksaw and Boxing-Gloves,

In official Washington, where animals are tame, There's a bulky gent, and Billy Taft's his name. Daily in gymnasium suit you'll find him doing stunts, Executing flips and dips with painful groans and grunts: Then he rides a painful steed along the streets of state, Tries to look dee-lighted, though his sufferings are great, While a thousand journals rustle with the wild surmise That the Future Candidate is fond of Exercise.

One-two, one-two,
Punch the bag a rap—
Sedentary statesmen might as well get off the map:
One-two, one-two,
At this dreadful rate
Taft will be a willow withe ere 1908.

Back in Indiana Athlete Fairbanks at the block Issues invitations every Wednesday, ten o'clock; Here The Saw is brought to him upon a cushion white, Laid across The Sawbuck, as he bows both left and right; Spitting on his gray suede gloves he grasps The Saw and saws Seven inches through The Log (loud cheering and applause); Then, before the guests withdraw, the butler doth appear Bearing bags of sawdust, as a Fairbanks Souvenir.

Gee-haw, buck-saw,
Note bow care and unction
Dignify the Woodpile to a brilliant social function!
Gee-haw, buck-saw,
At this fiendish rate
Fairbanks may be dangerous ere 1908.

Visions of Abe Lincoln as he split those humble rails!

Visions of Jim Garfield wbacking mules and driving nails! Gentlemen of culture when the well Ambition spurts Get so democratic that it positively hurts— Feet must be impervious to briars, stones, and tacks If they'd tread the higher way and follow Teddy's tracks, Lily hands must get a tan as ruddy as a brick If they'd yank the Reins of power and handle the Big Stick.

Bing-bang! bing-bang!
Ply the lusty whacks!
Knocking at the Door of Fame sometimes requires an axe.
Bing-bang! bing-bang!
This old Ship of State
Needs a Sandow at the helm in 1908!
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

Diary of a Summer Girl.

MONDAY — Arrived this afternoon. Dull. May have to fall hack on the hotel clerk if something doesn't turn up. There must be a hundred old maids around. I'm about the only one who dares to appear in a hating suit.

TUESDAY — Two seventeen-year-old hoys made their appearance to-day. Well, they're better than nothing. I shall kiss them and make them say their prayers before they go to bed to-night.

WEDNESDAY—Engaged to both of the seventeen-year-olds. Wanted to be fair to each of them.

THURSDAY—Broker from New York. Says he's single, but doubt it. Money to hurn, however. Proprietor of hotel swears he is single.

FRIDAY—Broker proposed. Promptly accepted. Seventeen-year-olds both in mourning. Broker good company, hut foolish. Has wired for ring.

SATURDAY—Two college men and a champion golfer came at noon. Also two blondes. They are fiends. Broker introduced to both of them. Wore my smallest bathing suit.

SUNDAY—Playing college men and golfer against broker. He is mad with jealousy. Dull is prospect. Seventeen-year-olds recovering. Seen with broker. Wants to elope. Told him I would give him my answer to-morrow.

MONDAY — Broker's wife arrived. Have just engaged myself to two college men and the golfer. Too bad about broker. I suspected he was too much in love with me to be single.—Life.

About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over seventy years ago, Lea & Perrins first put on the market a table sauce known as



Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce

It has since gained a world-wide reputation; therefore, many manufacturers have used the name Worcestershire, and some even called their crude imitations the "genuine." But the Original and Genuine is Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce.

Take No Imitations!

Do Not Be Deceived.



A rather thin Tuesday-night house utterly failed to quench Nat Goodwin's booming spirits, if we may judge from the procession of cheerful "gags" with which he busily embroidered his lines. "The Usurper" is not wanting in wit of its own, and many a neatly humorous turn is given to the dialogue of the piece. "Comedy-drama" it is called, which, in this case, means a comedy with melodramatic trimmings. For there has been a murder, there is a fugitive criminal who makes himself quite comfortable in his secret quarters in the American usurper's rented castle, and there are a wronged housemaid and a society villain to stir up dramatic doings in the piece.

Nat Goodwin plays the part of an ex-cowpuncher and present millionaire, who, in the pursuit of a ten-year old romance, the memory of which has been cozily nesting in his constant heart for a decade, goes to England with his sister, his typewriter, and his millions, and hires Dulverton House, together with the "family, furnishings, and fixtures."

You perceive at once that the author, who, by the way, bears the unfamiliar name of I. N. Morris, gayly ignores the probabilities, devoting his talents to creating ripples of light comedy, topped with a fleecy foam of sentiment, and with occasional suggestions of melodramatic shadings; just enough to warm up the interest by introducing an edge of seriousness. The author has created a humorous effect by introducing a millionaire with an American sense of humor and a rich vocabulary of slang phraseology, into the quiet, well-ordered precincts of an English household of the upper class. He is accompanied by a pretty, flirty sister, and a monosyllabic typewriter, whose conversational contributions might almost be included under the head of "Yep," "Nope," and "Great."

Dulverton House is a picturesque, weird old manor which boasts a tower, a ghost, and a fine old country family, which Mr. Maddox, the millionaire, stipulates shall remain on the premises, apparently for the purpose of shedding social glory on the lessees. This conclusion does injustice, however, to our millionaire, who merely takes this method of renewing his friendly association with the pretty English girl, who, during his cowboy days, ten years previously, had charmed him, and who is one of the "fixtures" of Dulverton House. Mr. Maddox shows true American unconcern in thus living cheek by jowl with a haughty country family, and receives numerous pointed snubs from its dowager-mistress with every sign of irreverent enjoyment. There is a respectable British butler attached to the place, who, as he utters dignified h-dropping periods, with an accompaniment of *sub rosa* comments by the comedian, suggests the image of Mr. Goodwin being waited upon by a really truly butler in his late English home. I should not wonder if Mr. Goodwin contributed a humorous point or so to the dialogue and business of the piece from actual experience. It would be quite impossible to imagine him accepting the services of the loftily dignified upper-class English servant in any attitude save that of the humorist, noting points with the unhallowed relish of the American alien.

Mr. Goodwin is not the whole show, as there is quite a large cast in "The Usurper," and his company, though not of the hyper-Anglo type, has sufficient good style in manner and bearing to fill in the English background very well. But the piece is pure foam and froth, appealing only to the lightest of moods.

Ruth Mackay is a handsome blonde with a fashionable air, who lights up well in evening dress. She is one of those human chameleons who constantly reflects the colors of others. One moment she suggests Maxine Elliott, the next you almost hear Margaret Anglin's half hiss. The lady has evidently not yet found herself, but she is a very good choice for this particular role.

Fille Norwood looks the elegantly hand-some villain that we almost lose sight of in these days of realism, he would fit perfectly into the once popular Herbert Kecey roles, always provided that that demagogue, so admirably suggestive of dark and fell purposes veiled by a somewhat more courteous, could expand into the histrionic force and finish required in more weighty roles.

The thirty sister and a susceptible young boy who falls like English grain under the domination of a well-tempered American are further the comedy interests of the piece, the two roles being aptly presented by

Florence Parker and Norman Tharp; and Georgie Mendum shows intelligence and humor in her grasp of the terse Americanism of the typewriter.

Oh, that mine enemy, or yours, or anyone's, or friend or enemy, would write a play! The need daily grows greater. With all the constellations of this broad country continually breaking up into stars of the first, second, or third magnitude, and with all these stars reaching out desperately for plays, failing, and falling back resignedly upon worked-out nightmares like "La Tosca," the need daily grows greater. The horrific theme that Sardou employed, with such effect in "La Tosca" has its bestial power, and, influenced by the emotion of pure, physical repulsion over Scarpia's cruelty, people are apt to believe that they are listening to something really fine and strong. I heard a woman in the California Theatre audience murmur, "Oh, God!" the other night, when Mario, with blood-headed brow, staggered dumbly into the presence of his calm torturer. And there was noticeable that hysterical giggle, too, which is sometimes nature's vent with theatrical audiences when their nerves have been too rudely jarred by displays of sensational cruelty which transcend the limits of artistic restraint.

"La Tosca" has had its day, and ought to sink into well-earned repose. Its revival by Florence Roberts is due to that actress's need of a suitable vehicle for the display of her facility in emotional expression. Miss Roberts is a very enterprising actress, and has secured the rights to quite a number of strong plays which permit the exercise of her special abilities, but Melbourne McDowell has worked "La Tosca" to its last galvanic convulsion. Repetition but cheapens the group of Sardou pieces that were specially dedicated to the wildest side of Bernhardt's talent. All the splendid gilding has worn off, and the scaffolding and sawdust stuffing becomes too evident. Besides, American actors fit but ill into the sentiment of this particular piece. Not but that the acting is good enough in all reason, and Florence Roberts herself goes through all the transports of jealousy, agony, despair, and vengeance with her customary abandon. You really get worked up in the unpleasant torture scene, but you rather look down on yourself for doing so, and, when it is over, feel a vague, uncomfortable resentment at something or somebody; probably at Sardou.

Herschel Mayall looks very well as Scarpia, and certainly acts the part better than McDowell did; but his experience at the Central makes him even more than formerly an apostle of the obvious; and Scarpia's windy sighs of baffled passion almost blew out the tall candles which are always such an effective adjunct in his castle chamber.

Miss Roberts is fiercely tigerish when she knifes Scarpia, and, indeed, seems to turn the knife in the wound. This appropriate climax to the preceding horror always has its effect, and the audience as usual watched with sympathetic horror while La Tosca, pagan and pietist in one, sought to propitiate an offended deity by the pious rites she performed over Scarpia's motionless body.

The piece is well mounted, and in the court scene, which goes very well, Louise Royce made quite an imposing figure.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Returning New York friends of Maurice Grau, who have seen him in Paris, report that his health is not so good as it was, and he has abandoned any idea of ever returning to business. It is doubted, indeed, if he will ever be able to come back to this country even for a social visit.

James K. Hackett has gone to Europe in quest of new plays for himself and for special casts and stars under his management. He has options upon two or three current plays in London and in Paris, but "The Walls of Jericho" is the only one he has definitely decided to act.

No one should miss the trip up Mt. Tamalpais, from the crest of which the most beautiful, varied, and extensive view in California may be enjoyed. The Tavern of Tamalpais is all that could be desired in the way of hospitality.

Two Singers and Their Songs.

Contrary to the general impression, "Oh, Promise Me" was not in the original score of "Robin Hood," and when subsequently it was inserted, the song was a tenor solo, intended to be sung by Tom Karl. The song in that setting was not successful, and just as they were about to abandon it, Jessie Bartlett Davis, who was bitterly bemoaning the fact that her own number was not stronger, suggested that they should change the key and see what her contralto notes could do for "Oh, Promise Me." The experiment was an enormous success, and "Oh, Promise Me" from that time on enjoyed a vogue which has not been equaled by any sentimental ballad since the days of "In the Gloaming."

Speaking of the latter song, the New York Sun recalls the fact that, after all, in the course of years a singer and her most successful song may cease to be identified with each other. Of all the thousands who recognize and admire Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske as a brilliant actress, how many remember that it was she as Minnie Maddern in "Caprice" first sang "In the Gloaming"? For years she was almost as completely identified with this song as Mrs. Davis was with "Oh, Promise Me." And yet how many playgoers of to-day are even cognizant of the fact that Mrs. Fiske was ever a singer?

New Napoleon Play.

Cyril Maude seems to have made a hit in the character of Napoleon in Louis N. Parker's little piece, "The Creole," which was produced in London recently. Napoleon is shown as having returned to Paris at the end of the Directory days, and furious because Josephine is not at home to meet him. Moreover, his brothers and sisters encourage his wrath by all sorts of scandalous stories about her. He hurries them out, but Fouché fills his ears with the mingled poisons of jealousy and ambition. Josephine returns, but he will not admit her to his chamber, turning a deaf ear to her prayers and protestations. At last her children plead with him, and he lets them open the door, whereupon Josephine is discovered prostrate on the threshold. Of course she is soon in his arms. The little sketch is said to be most effectively written, and Mr. Maude's enactment of the young Napoleon is described as quite masterly.

With the Third Act Out.

G. Bernard Shaw has at last produced "Man and Superman" in London, with the long third act—including the vision of Don Juan and the Shavio-Socratic dialogues between him, the devil, and others—cut clean out. The *Mail* characterizes the play as "wholly delightful, uproariously amusing," and says of the cutting process that "the result upon the play is perfectly marvelous. It positively dances with relief. It finds itself at last a real play, a creation, a light unhampered comedy, infinitely clever, where characters—the Bedford Park sort of characters—that Bernard Shaw understands so well—have at last a chance of seeming like themselves instead of debating forever their author's views upon the universe."

Actors Refuse to Move.

The action taken by the police to clear that part of Broadway, New York, known as the "Rialto," of actors, has met with unexpected resistance. Regularly at this season of the year the actors return in droves from road tours and become a nuisance on Broadway from Thirty-Fourth Street to Forty-Second Street. They pose and talk shop in groups, and, to an annoying extent, block the sidewalks. Heretofore they obeyed the police, but this year they decline to move on, saying they have as much right to block Broadway as the curb brokers have to assemble in Broad Street, or as the push-cart men have to obstruct Nassau Street.

David Warfield, the actor, arrived from New York on Wednesday evening, accompanied by Mrs. Warfield. He will spend his summer vacation here.

Wives and sweethearts in the country would appreciate a box of candy. We pack and send. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

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Perfect Fitting
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THE BLACK HUSSAR

Special engagement of the famous tenor, BARRON BERTHALD. Splendid cast, beautiful scenery, costumes, and effects. Matinée Saturday. Usual Tivoli prices—25c, 50c, 75c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, June 19th. Second and last week. N. C. GOODWIN. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, evenings and Saturday matinee,

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings,

A GILDED FOOL

June 26th—T. Daniel Frawley in Ranson's Folly.

CALIFORNIA.

EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinee, Mr. Frederic Belasco presents Florence Roberts in Anthony Hope's comedy,

THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee, Sud-rmann's powerful drama, *Magda*. To follow—Miss Roberts in Camille, with a special matinee of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*.

ALCAZAR THEATRE.

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Week commencing Monday, June 19th. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company. First time in stock, Mary Manning's success, **HARRIET'S HONEYMOON**

By the author of "Are You a Mason?"

Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. Monday, June 26th—first time in stock, the beautiful romantic play, *Audrey*. In preparation. **Up York State.**

H. W. BISHOP'S MAJESTIC

Frisco's Finest Theatre.

Week of Monday, June 19th, Frank Bacon and a strong cast from Bishop's thirty players, presenting

AT PINEY RIDGE

A beautiful love-story of the Tennessee Mountains by David K. Higgins.

Evening prices—25c, 50c, 75c. Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday bargain matinees, 25c everywhere. Next James Neill and Edythe Chapman in Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning Sunday matinee. Second week of the eminent English artists, Maud Williamson and Alfred Woods, in the domestic drama,

A WOMAN'S SIN

Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Monday, June 26th—Henry Hamilton's beautiful play, *Harvest*.

CENTRAL THEATRE.

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Week beginning Monday, June 19th. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Lincoln J. Carter's sensational melodrama,

THE TORNADO

A tremendous succession of startling scenic effects.

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. Next—*Chittanooga*.

Orpheum
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 18th.
New Acts, New Faces, New Sensations.

Bessie French; Fred's Monkey Actors; Lillian Shaw; Lavine and Leonard; William Gould, assisted by Valeska Suratt; Smith and Cook; Fred Hard; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Ford and Gehrue and the Ten Daisy Girls.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

RSVP

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Nat C. Goodwin in Two Plays.

The second and last week of Nat C. Goodwin's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be ushered in on Monday night with the final production of Madeline Lucette Ryley's charming comedy, "An American Citizen." It will hold the boards Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and Saturday matinée. The remaining three nights of the week will be devoted to Henry Guy Carleton's comedy, "A Gilded Fool." The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be T. Daniel Frawley at the head of a special New York cast in Richard Harding Davis's comedy-drama, "Ransom's Folly."

Rural Drama to Follow Mrs. Fiske.

The San Francisco engagement of Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company in "Leah Kleschna" comes to an end with Saturday night's performance. Next Monday evening the regular stock season will be resumed, when Frank Bacon will be seen in the Southern drama, "At Piney Ridge." Although this play is new to San Francisco theatre-goers, the author, David K. Higgins, has starred in it with success throughout the Eastern States for the last five years. "At Piney Ridge" is dramatic at times, yet never melodramatic, with many comedy scenes to lighten the dark spots. Frank Bacon is said to fit into the atmosphere of the piece splendidly. The other rôles are taken care of by Elmer Booth, Harry Mestayer, Orral Humphreys, Lloyd Ingraham, Elsie Esmond, Oza Waldrop, Frances Slosson, Mina Gleason, and Irene Outtrim. After "At Piney Ridge," James Neill and Edythe Chapman make their initial appearance at the Majestic in a production of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Honeymoon Troubles.

"Harriet's Honeymoon," by Leo Ditrichstein, who wrote "Are You a Mason?" will be on at the Alcazar Theatre beginning Monday night. Mary Mannering starred successfully in "Harriet's Honeymoon," and the Alcazar is the first of the stock theatres to present it. The play has a pretty love-romance, and the situations are sprightly and the environment picturesque. The misunderstanding which separates Harriet and her husband occurs at a fashionable watering-place in Germany. The situation is made more embarrassing and complicated by the loss of the funds which they carry for traveling expenses. There is a great variety of eccentric character depicted in the various types assembled at the German springs among them an American newspaper woman; a thick-headed, pompous police inspector; a droll head-waiter; a number of aristocratic tourists; and a fascinating Prince of Saxen-hauser. Mr. Craig and Miss Lawrence appear as the honeymooning couple. Friday night will be Royal Arcanum night. To follow June 26th comes the first San Francisco production of "Audrey." Elaborate preparations are being made for a production of "The Heart of a Geisha," a Japanese play by Colgate Baker, entirely new to the stage.

Domestic Drama at the Grand.

Beginning with to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee, at the Grand Opera House, Alfred Woods and Maud Williamson will appear in a four-act domestic drama, "A Woman's Sin." The play, like "The Gates of Bondage," has the Isle of Man for its setting, and has as its theme a woman's wrong-doing, suffering, and repentance. The cast will include Norval MacGregor, John Ravold, P. S. Bar-

rett, William R. Abram, Frank Richardson, Fred Kavanagh, Thomas Nowlan, Alexander Levien, Louise Brownell, Maggie Francis-Leavey, Mrs. Herschel Mayall, Marion Drew, and Alice Decker. Monday evening, June 26th, Henry Hamilton's romantic play, "Harvest," will be presented.

Comedy and Tragedy at the California.

The fifth week of Florence Roberts's season at the California Theatre, commencing Sunday night, will be divided between "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," Anthony Hope's comedy romance, which will be presented on Sunday, Monday, Thursday, and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinée; and Sudermann's "Magda," which will be the offering for the last half of the week, including the Saturday matinée. The totally different nature of these two plays will be an excellent test of Miss Roberts's versatility. The following week Miss Roberts will probably make an elaborate production of "Camille," and give a special matinée performance of Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

Tornado on the Stage.

Another of Carter's sensational scenic melodramas will be presented at the Central Theatre on next Monday night, under the title of "The Tornado." Among the scenes shown will be a view of a village in Wisconsin before the storm; then the crash of the howling wind as it sweeps away trees, houses, and fences in its swirl. A steamer also is seen to suffer the fury of the elements and sinks beneath the waters with all the vividness of reality. All the members of the Central stock will be in the cast, headed by the new leading people, Mr. Gamble and Miss Hopkins.

Barron Berthald to Reappear.

The Tivoli will produce Milloker's comic opera, "The Black Hussar," next Monday night. Barron Berthald, the popular tenor, will appear as Helbert. Mr. Berthald has just returned from Europe, where he is highly regarded as a light-opera tenor. He may rely on a hearty welcome, for he has always been a great favorite in San Francisco. It is over six years since "The Black Hussar" was last given in this city, and it should prove a strong drawing card. Others in the cast will be Aida Hemmi, Grace Palotta, Aimee Leicester, Charles A. Morgan, Teddy Webb, Albert Wallerstedt, William Schuster, and Joseph Fogarty.

The Orpheum's Attractions.

Bessie French, a child prima donna, will make her first appearance in this city at the Orpheum on Sunday afternoon. Her numbers are selected from "Les Huguenots," "Faust," "Mignon," and other standard operatic works. Fred's monkey actors promise to create a laughing sensation. A huge half-breed gorilla is included in the company. Lillian Shaw, a vocal dialect comedienne, will be new to San Francisco. Lavine and Leonard will also be new-comers; they are bicycle experts and automobile comiques. The hold-overs will be William Gould and Valeska Suratt, in a complete change of act; Smith and Cook, who will vary their eccentricities; Fred Hurd, the prestidigitator, in a new routine of tricks; John Ford, Mayme Gehrue, and the "Ten Daisy Girls"; and the Orpheum motion pictures.

The seventh professional matinee by students of the Paul Gerson School of Acting was given at the Alcazar Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. Three plays were presented: "The Call of Duty"; Gilbert's fantasy, "Broken Hearts"; and Richard Harding Davis's one-act play, "Miss Civilization," never before performed in this country. Fourteen pupils of the school took part. On Tuesday evening they gave a supper and reception to Florence Roberts, Lewis Morrison, N. C. Goodwin, and others.

Jacob J. Gottlob, one of the proprietors of the Columbia Theatre, has filed suit against the *Bulletin* for \$50,000 damages for alleged libel. The article complained of was published on April 15th, and states that Gottlob had "joined hands with the grafters of the present administration," and is "the man who has been resorting to false pretense to lure good money with poor theatrical attractions." All of these statements are false, says Gottlob, and he demands judgment as stated.

Lillian Russell has rented the Thomas H. Thomas property at Bay Ridge for the summer. The property, which is one of the largest estates in Brooklyn, covers almost an entire block. The house is large and stands on the brow of a bill overlooking the bay, and is surrounded by trees and beautiful sloping lawns.

Mme. Calvé announces her return in October to the United States, where she will take part in a series of popular concerts.

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A writer in the New York Sun says that when the automobile invaded the world of sport it called for something absolutely new in the line of costume but the first efforts to furnish that novelty were not calculated to rouse feminine enthusiasm.

What the motor woman can wear in the way of headgear that shall be both practical and becoming is a burning question, and the first experiments made by fashionable hat-makers were calculated to move any woman to tears.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, writing in the Evening Post of New York of Mrs. Mary Austin, author of "Isidro," says: "Mrs. Austin

lives out on the edge of Death Valley, among Piute Indians, and makes her life with them. They are her neighbors, and she neighbors with them in that fine and high sense of the word which men and women are coming to understand more and more.

"I met her first in that long, dark, barbaric hall where Charles Lummis receives his guests. This hall is of redwood, charred, and has the effect of being made of black velvet—only between the great rafters and beams there are panels of stucco.

Andrew D. White, formerly United States minister to Russia and ambassador to Germany, in his long public life has had many amusing experiences. His first diplomatic experience was as an attaché at St. Petersburg at the time of the Crimean War.

The German emperor owns a curious tablecloth, presented long ago by the women of Schleswig-Holstein. It is entirely worked over with moral sayings that include the following: "Do not believe all you hear, do not say all you know, do not do all you would like."

Elsie de Wolfe has recently gone into the work of interior decoration and the purchase abroad of valuable objets d'art. Miss de Wolfe has a number of important contracts to execute, and it is primarily for the purpose of securing the necessary material for decorative purposes that she has gone to Paris and Italy.

tracts is that for the interior of the new woman's club, the Colony, which is to be erected at Madison Avenue and Thirtieth Street, at a cost of almost \$500,000.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McArdie, District Forecaster.

Table with 5 columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for June 8th through 14th.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 14, 1905, were as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shares, Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Bay Co. Power, Cal. G. E. Cen., Contra Costa Water, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shares, Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Contra Costa Water, S. V. Water, Banks, etc.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was strong, and advanced two and a quarter points to 58 on sales of 330 shares, closing at 58 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett have gone to Portland, Or., and later will visit Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Flood will spend July and August at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, Mrs. Ivers, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith sailed on Sunday for Honolulu, where they will spend several months.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton was in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes have gone to Honolulu for a prolonged visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., are spending a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner (née Cluff) have returned from Del Monte, and are at the Palace Hotel. Shortly they will depart for the East, where they expect to remain for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan have returned from Europe, and are touring the eastern States. They are expected home in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland (née Wagner) are with Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney in the White Mountains.

Miss Alice Sullivan has gone to Portland, where she will remain for a month.

Mrs. Mary H. Smyth, Mr. E. Hunn Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb, and Mr. D. Hanson Grubb are at Lake Tahoe for the summer.

Ex-Queen Lilioukalani sailed for Honolulu on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson are at the Cluff country place near Martinez for the summer.

Colonel Charles H. Blinn, Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook Blinn, and Miss Catherine Sherman have returned from Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Beedy (née Hamilton) have returned from their wedding journey, and have been the guests recently of Mrs. C. H. Harrison in Sausalito. They will reside near Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton are at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Dr. Harry Tevis and party were at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah and Miss Christine Judah are at their summer residence in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and Miss Ethel Harrison expect to depart next week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. J. H. Wallace has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley are at Menlo Park.

Mrs. J. A. Murtagh has been the guest recently of her sister, Mrs. James K. Steele, in Sacramento.

Mrs. C. A. Woodruff has returned from Fort Leavenworth.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper has gone to the Draper country place in Oregon.

Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh and Miss Elizabeth Cole are guests of Mrs. Paul Bancroft at her country residence at Walnut Creek.

Mrs. Mills, Miss Carrie Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, and Miss Ethel Dean are in Nevada for the summer.

Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen will leave for New York on the eighteenth, from which place she will sail, on June 29th, to join Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohmann at Naueim, Germany.

Miss Ethyl Hager has been sojourning recently at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Prather, Miss Haight, and Mr. S. B. McKee, of Oakland, were recent visitors to Byron Hot Springs.

Colonel Samuel D. Mayer has gone East for a short visit.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase and Miss Kitty Chase were in Geneva, on their way to Paris, when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Hellman are expected to return from abroad by August 1st, and will go to their residence at Belvedere for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Somers will spend the month of July at the Hotel Vendôme, San José.

Mrs. Ernest Robinson, of Kansas City, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, at the Hotel Rafael.

The Misses Morrison have returned to San José.

Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego, has been a guest during the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore and Miss Carol Moore will go in July to Lake Tahoe, where they will remain until September.

Mrs. Edgar D. Peixotto and Mrs. Arthur C. Nahl are at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy were in New York during the week.

Miss Maren Froelich was a recent guest at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are at Portland.

Colonel George Macfarlane arrived from

Honolulu on Tuesday on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda*.

Mrs. George M. Perine, who has been the guest during the last two weeks of Mrs. John D. Spreckels at the Hotel Vendôme, San José, has returned to this city.

Miss Kathleen Kent is sojourning in Marin County.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has been in Portland during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. William W. Kerr and Mr. and Mrs. James W. Kerr were among the recent visitors to Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Bullock, of San José, have gone on a month's visit to New York.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Judge and Mrs. Pierce, of Los Angeles, ex-Queen Lilioukalani, Dr. and Mrs. W. Porter, Dr. and Mrs. Musser, Mrs. Robert McCreary, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bolldock, Miss Elizabeth Woodson, Miss Farnsworth, Miss Valentine, Miss Nellie N. Moffit, Miss Genevieve White, General R. H. Warfield, and Mr. A. R. Owen.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Lansdale, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. W. Haas, Miss Haas, Mr. C. W. Haas, Mr. G. Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ward and daughter, Mr. W. D. Forhes, Mr. M. Dore, Mrs. R. Burns, Mr. C. Burnham, Miss H. Bramon, Mr. C. G. Loch, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. E. Davis, Miss Woolworth, and Mr. J. W. Maguire.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rowardennan were Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dornham, Mrs. G. Thraikill, Mrs. W. G. Holmes, Mrs. A. M. Mitchell, Miss Blanche Partington, Miss Sadie Dornham, Miss Elsie Dornham, Mr. E. Haldan, Mr. R. D. Davis, Mr. W. P. Treat, Mr. J. Holmes, Mr. Monte A. Dornham, Mr. A. W. Baker, Jr., Mr. E. D. Perry, and Mr. George R. Shreve.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Oesting, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Breed, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Ransdell, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred K. Durbow, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett, Mrs. M. R. Norris, Miss Mary S. Baily, Miss Helen Baily, Miss Helen Wilson, Mr. Thomas D. Brown, Mr. J. Dalzell Brown, Mr. F. Otway Sadler, Mr. James Du Bois, and Mr. Thadwell McNutt.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Froham, Miss Fannie Brough, Miss Margaret Dale, Mr. John Drew, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wallace, Miss May Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Clinch, Mrs. Patton, Miss Patton, Mr. F. H. Kerrigan, Mr. H. Buckley, Mr. W. F. Humphreys, Mr. H. Page, Miss E. B. Page, Mr. C. A. Henry, Miss Snook, Mrs. Wemple, Mr. E. B. Haldan, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mrs. Horatio Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. McDonald, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mr. Arthur A. Smith, Miss C. L. Smith, Miss E. S. Bahcock, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Selhy, Miss Carmen Selhy, and Miss Jennie Selhy.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Vendôme were Mrs. P. L. Adams, Miss M. E. Adams, Miss Sarah Coffin, Rev. George M. Searle, Mr. A. W. Brown, Mr. John A. Hunter, and Mr. W. L. Mason, of New York, Captain and Mrs. J. J. Callandum, Mr. J. H. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morrill, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holtom, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Hanley, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Senator and Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. J. L. Bradbury, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mrs. M. E. Newhall, and Mr. Edson Bradbury.

—NEXT LEAVEN GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Letitia Blakeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Z. Blakeman, to Lieutenant Robert F. McMillan, U. S. A., will take place at Trinity Episcopal Church on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock by Rev. Frederick Clappett.

The wedding of Miss Marie Parrott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Parrott, to Mr. Francis McCombs, will take place at Trinity Church on Wednesday, June 28th. The ceremony will be followed by a wedding breakfast at the Hotel Richelieu.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia D. Gordon, daughter of General David S. Gordon, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gordon, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. Isaac Oliver Upham, will take place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Dennis Searles will be matron of honor. Mr. Benjamin Upham will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Douglas MacBryde, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. Charles H. Tripler, and Mr. Temple Smith.

The wedding of Miss Frances Irish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Irish, to Mr. Frank L. M. Hus, took place on Thursday at the residence of the bride's parents, 1438 Adeline Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Jones.

The wedding of Miss Carrie Swiebert, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Swiebert, to Mr. Edward S. Sullivan, took place in Yokohama on Wednesday.

Mr. William Winter was given a dinner at the Bohemian Club on last (Friday) evening.

Mrs. Denis Searles gave a tea on Sunday at her residence at Piedmont in honor of Miss Cornelia Gordon.

Mrs. Philip Galpin gave a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Leslie Green.

Wills and Successions.

A will of Mrs. Charity Hayward, leaving her entire fortune of between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 to her daughter, Mrs. Emma Rose, was filed for probate at Redwood City shortly after Mrs. Hayward's death. There is talk of a contest by Mrs. Thomas Henry, a niece, at whose home in Newark, N. J., Mrs. Hayward died. Mrs. Henry's husband, when interviewed, said: "It is true that Mrs. Hayward left three wills—one made in California twenty years ago, one made in the same State two years ago with a codicil attached in New York one year later, and a third will made at my home the day before she died. The latter will is now in the possession of William Nelson Cromwell, of Sullivan & Cromwell, lawyers of New York, who were Mrs. Hayward's legal advisers. The last will revokes the second will. By the conditions of the second will the entire estate would go to Mrs. Emma Rose, of New York, a daughter of Mrs. Hayward. The contents of the last will I am not at liberty to disclose. It will say, however, that the homestead in California, which is worth more than \$1,000,000, is left to Mrs. Rose's two children. It is somewhat similar to the will of two years ago, but relatives are generally remembered. When asked when the last will would be offered for probate, Judge Henry replied that he did not think anything would be done until after Mrs. Rose returned from California, where she had gone with the body of her mother. On her return the relatives will be called together and the wills read. The judge refused to state whether there had been any friction between Mrs. Hayward and her relatives."

The programme for the Bunker Hill celebration, which takes place to-day (Saturday) at Los Gatos, is extremely interesting, and includes recitations, speeches, music (vocal and instrumental), games, and dancing. A parade, headed by the First Corps Cadets, will be a feature of the day. The Bunker Hill Association suggests that all citizens display flags on Saturday. Expressions leave the third and Townsend depot at 8:30 a. m. Tickets, round trip, \$5.00.

The recent heat of M. Anjel have shown that epidemic diseases are most prevalent in Paris at that season of the year in which dust is most troublesome. However, the routes frequented by motor cars and automobiles have become a daily inevitable life.

L. O. Rhoads has been appointed manager of the department of supplies and supplies of the Southern Pacific Company to succeed Richard Stevens, who has retired.

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The Tourist Season in California.

The greatest tourist season of California has just closed. According to the New York Herald, it yielded \$18,000,000 to California and millions more to the railways, and the seed has been sown for a bigger crop next year. Forty thousand tourists came to California this season. They stayed on an average of fifty days each and spent an average of more than \$6.00 a day. Within a decade the "tourist business" of California has grown to an industry of considerable proportions, and it is jumping ahead each year at a remarkable rate. Last season 35,000 tourists came to the State, and on the same basis of expenditure as those who came this year it is estimated that last season's tourists spent at least \$10,500,000.

Over three-fourths of the tourists to California travel a distance of over 2,000 miles to reach the Golden State. They probably spend for railway fares alone \$120 apiece, so that from those who come from Chicago or further East the railways receive in the neighborhood of \$4,500,000, and the fares of those from west of Chicago total more than an additional \$1,000,000. Then there is sleeping-car fare, \$14 each way from Chicago, or a total of \$28 each for 37,500 persons, or \$1,000,000 for berths. Meals at a conservative estimate will probably amount to \$500,000 more. Altogether the 40,000 tourists spend in excess of \$10,000,000 in traveling, and this is an exceedingly conservative estimate, as the average tourist to California probably spends more than \$200 on the item of travel. Of the \$18,000,000 expended by tourists during the season just passed, \$14,000,000 was left in Southern California, and \$4,000,000 around San Francisco.

The Beauties of Tamalpais.

Professor T. S. C. Lowe, after whom Mt. Lowe, in the southern part of California, is named, was asked by a friend, who is a lover of mountains, his impression of Mt. Tamalpais, and in reply stated:

I have visited its summit at various times, in cloud, rain, and sunshine, and in every instance have felt fully repaid for my trouble. It is by far the grandest accessible outlook in California, and no visitor or local resident should fail to make frequent visits to its summit, over its unique and substantial railway. On clear days, the view from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais is indescribably grand, and affords the only correct impression of the great and growing city of San Francisco and its magnificent harbor, dotted with islands, and with more than one hundred miles in all directions of ocean, islands, and mainland. The lighted cities at night present a fairy scene. On foggy days the summit is generally clear, and the changing scenes below are novel and most interesting, and visitors should remain at the comfortable Tavern of Tamalpais long enough to witness all the changes of the clouds and sunshine. No two mountains present the same view and impressions, and he who misses the one from Mt. Tamalpais loses much indeed.

Twenty years ago the average yield of wheat for California and the San Joaquin Valley was forty bushels to the acre, and now a yield of twenty bushels is considered an exceptionally good crop. The millers of the State complain of a marked deterioration in the quality of the wheat now grown. The gluten content is becoming less every year, and the wheat is becoming more starchy. The land used for the production of wheat has been used for the same crop since Americans have been in California.

Captain Hiram Henri Schell, chief immigration inspector and acting commissioner of immigration at this port, died last week at San Diego, after an illness of some months. Captain Schell was born in 1840 in New York State, and served in the Fifth New York Light Artillery from 1861 to 1865. He entered the immigration service in 1889. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

Upon the arrival of his party, a banquet will be tendered Secretary William H. Taft. The banquet will be held at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening, July 6th, and will be attended by the members of the congressional party attending the Secretary of War, as well as by a number of guests from the commercial and civic bodies.

Professor Reuben Gold Thwaites, head of the department of history in the University of Wisconsin, has informed the University of California authorities that his course of lecture at the summer school in Berkeley will deal with what he calls the "Western phase" of American history.

Tahiti is the best of all my trips, and I have been across the Pacific many times; it is the poet's land, where it is always afternoon, and my fancy ever turns toward it with anticipation and pleasure. This was the expression of a world-traveler who made the trip to Tahiti last summer. A reduced rate of \$125 will be made for the voyage of July 1st. Send for circular, 653 Market St.

Removals. Fine worth while. Box of candy for the week on vacation. Haas Candy Stores, Phelan Bldg. Eng and James Food Building.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., and Brigadier-General Bell, U. S. A., will represent this country at the army manoeuvres in France next autumn.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Hodges, U. S. A., Mrs. Hodges, and Miss Jessie Hodges arrived from Manila on the United States transport Thomas on Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Cohen, who has been the guest for several months of Captain Charles Lyman Bent, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bent, at Fort Logan H. Roots, Ark., has returned to her residence, "Fernside," Alameda. She is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Bent, who will be her guest for six months while Captain Bent is away on an official surveying trip in Southern Texas.

Lieutenant T. F. Schley, U. S. A., arrived on Monday from Manila, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Major George Melver, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Melver and their three children and Miss Helen Ashton, sailed from Manila for Japan on Thursday, and, after a month there, will come to this city.

Captain Richard B. Croxton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Croxton have arrived from Manila.

Mrs. Morrow, wife of Captain Frank Morrow, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Douglas, Utah.

Mrs. Mead, wife of Captain William W. Mead, U. S. N., arrived from Honolulu on Tuesday.

The United States cruiser Chicago, flagship of the Pacific squadron, and the cruiser Boston sailed on Monday for Portland, Or.

William Winter, the New York Tribune critic, delivered a lecture on the drama at the Palace Hotel on Thursday afternoon.

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"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

Beerbohm Tree in That Remarkable Play—His Acting Shows Him a Finished Master of His Art—Spellbound Audience.

This week all the dramatic critics in London have devoted their attention to Beerbohm Tree's remarkable personation of Isadore Izard in "Business is Business," which had its *première* less than a week ago. Like "The Auctioneer," it is a one-part play; like "The Auctioneer," its literary value is small; and, like "The Auctioneer," it deals with a self-made man. There all resemblance ceases. Isadore Izard is a self-made man who has risen through various vicissitudes of misfortune and disgrace, by dishonest means, to multi-millionairehood. His wife, poor soul, is oppressed with the grandeur to which she can not live up, but her inability to do so is as much due to smallness of soul as to lack of early education and environment. She is as much concerned with counting every cigar and every bottle of wine in her vast establishment as she is uncomfortable in her luxurious garden, and she frets her life away with suspicions and fears of being "done." The son is the typical spendthrift degenerate, but the apple of his father's eye. Not had as an investment, either; for his breaking banks at Monte Carlo and his smashing automobile records form excellent copy for his father's various yellow journals.

The daughter is certainly an Anglo-Saxon creation—a finely bred, high-strung girl of big intelligence and higher sense of right and wrong, who feels keenly her father's dishonesty, and who is miserable in the continuous atmosphere of toadies and victims of her father, by whom the very privacy of her daily life is invaded.

There is practically no action until the third act, when the father forces the hankrupt earl to betroth his son to that asset of Izard's, his daughter. Neither Miss Izard nor the viscount have ever met; but Isadore Izard counts her, as all others, a pawn to do his will at the proper time. On receiving the earl's proposal on behalf of the son whom she has never seen, Inez Izard informs the earl that she must decline his proposal, as there is one Izard who can not be bought or sold; she loves another. On her father's furious demands at this checkmate she informs him that that other is her husband, the young chemist in his employ, to whom she has been secretly married. He turns them both out, and simultaneously word is brought him that his son—who left the house less than an hour before—has met with an automobile accident, and is being brought home dead.

There is a masterly scene of collapse, but in the midst, two of his victims—sharps themselves—bring in a contract for him to sign and which had been pending before the tragedy. They hoped to take advantage of his state of mind and omit the leading clause which is to Izard's advantage. Instantly Izard detects the flaw, and the curtain goes down on him (keen and alert, for business is business) even as the son's corpse is being carried up the stairs.

We all know Warfield's play—the kindly little Bowery Jew who, in adversity, adopted a child of another faith, and in prosperity strives but to make her happy and to assist old friends and neighbors. It is the difference, of course, between clean and dirty money, between a diamond in the rough and an uncut scamp. Possibly conditions in a new country favor the making of huge fortunes by cleaner methods than in the Old World; but it seems to me that Warfield's "Auctioneer" in his *faux pas*, at which we laugh but do not sneer, is more typical of our usual self-made man with a heart under his crudeness than is Isadore Izard.

Of comparison in acting, I have scarcely the right to speak. I have seen Tree but once and Warfield twice. Warfield is a very young man in the beginning of his career. He has a brilliant future. He certainly has the Dickensian gift of causing tears to follow laughter and laughter to follow tears, and of making his characters warm and lovable. Tree is a finished master of his art, a man in the full maturity of his powers. I have never seen anything like the characteristic mannerisms he gives to Isadore Izard and the apparent spontaneity with which he introduces them. In his study, Izard has a full-length portrait of himself on which he turns the electric light whenever particularly pleased with himself. The characteristic air with which this is done shows consummate genius. Then, in moments of supreme complacency, he gives Izard a self-satisfied jerk of the knee, impossible to describe, but absolutely a personification of rascality plus vulgarity. I have never seen a more masterly piece of work than his ashen collapse at the death of his son. The audience sat with the same awe-struck silence that pervades a house of death.

The dialogue throughout was not particularly clever, but there were one or two keen bits that struck the audience at least a minute later than they would have dawned on an American one. For instance, when asked what party he represented in his latest ambi-

tion of running for Parliament, Isadore Izard, the employer and unscrupulous squeezer of labor, answers: "At present I'm for the workingman, damn him." Then again, after boasting of his other property to two sharp, guests of his for the evening, he points to his daughter, and says: "There you see her, beauty, brains, independent ideas, and money, all in one; America at home." EDITH HECHT.

LONDON, May 22, 1905.

Exposition Number of "Sunset."

The *Sunset Magazine* for July will be a special number, splendidly illustrated, and devoted largely to the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Articles by the governors of Oregon and Washington, President Goode (of the exposition), and Reuben Gold Thwaites, the greatest authority on the history of the



Lewis and Clark expedition, will appear. In addition, there will be the usual amount of stories, verse, and miscellany. One hundred thousand copies will be printed.

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Over one hundred prominent citizens of San Francisco and the State departed on Saturday by special train for the exposition at Portland, Or. The excursion was under the auspices of the California Promotion Committee. Four days were spent at Portland and vicinity.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mountney Jephson (*née* Head) in England has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Mme. Schumann-Heink-Rapp is again playing "Love's Lottery" in New York.

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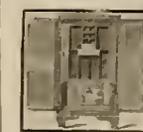
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Miss Pweet—"Excuse me, but where did you learn to dance?" Mr. Splay—"In a correspondence school."—Chicago News.

Lady—"Can that parrot talk?" Dealer—"Talk? Why, say, lady, you'd t'ink he wuz brought up in a box at de opery!"—Puck.

"What's Stevens doing now?" "Nothing." "But I was told he was holding a government position." "He is."—Mikaukece Sentinel.

Farmer Blake (at New York restaurant)—"Waal, Miranda, here's spinach sixty cents. I wonder naow if that's a peck or hushel."—Life.

"You say his course was not quite satisfactory to the labor unions?" "Why, no. He worked ten hours a day to secure the passage of an eight-hour law."—Ex.

"I might have known better than to trust my money to that broker." "Why so? Are appearances again him?" "No, confound him! It's his disappearance."—Town and Country.

Edwin—"I have to go to Scotland next week. You will be true to me while I am gone, won't you?" Angelina—"Of course. But—er—don't be gone long, will you, dear?"—Pick-Me-Up.

Nordy—"Insure in your company? With your highest officials fighting the way they are?" Butts—"Sure thing. You can see for yourself that we must have assets worth fighting over."—Ex.

"Johnny, who was Peter and who was Paul?" "Them was the guys wat robbed each other to pay each other without lettin' their left hands get wise."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"It's curious," said Uncle Eben, "to hear tell 'bout how many geniuses has been allowed to starve an' how many lazy folks manages to git a livin' by pretendin' to be geniuses."—Washington Star.

Friend of the family—"You are very lucky, my boy, to be the seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune." Son No. 7—"It hasn't so far. All it's brought yet is the old clothes of my six brothers."—Detroit Free Press.

"And did you tell God about it, and ask His forgiveness?" inquired her mother of the little daughter whom at last she had let out of the closet. "Why, no. I was so bad I didn't think you'd want it known outside the family."—Ex.

"I tell you what," grumbled the pessimistic waiter, "people aint givin' tips like they used in the old days." "That's right," replied the funny waiter; "think of Esau, who gave his birthright for a mess of pottage."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My!" exclaimed the good old soul, looking up from her paper, "these college games are getting to be horribly rough." "What's the matter now?" asked her husband. "Here's a report in the paper about a Yavard man beating all his rivals with the hammer."—Philadelphia Press.

Bishop Goodman (impressively) — "Only think, children! in Africa there are ten million square miles of territory without a single Sunday-school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money and do?" Class (in ecstatic union)—"Go to Africa!"—Judge.

The young woman in the stern of the little boat had whispered softly the word "yes." "But stay right where you are, Jack," she added hastily; "if you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat." "How do you know?" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion already taking possession of him.—Chicago Tribune.

Visitor—"Quite a neat little place, that one with the green shutters. Who lives there?" Host—"That's Cooper's house. He had a rich uncle who left him all his money." Visitor—"Oh! And whose is that magnificent mansion over there?" Host—"That belongs to the lawyer who settled up Cooper's uncle's affairs."—Casell's.

Stedman's Soothing Powders relieve feverishness and prevent fits and convulsions during the teething period.

Cannibalism in Scotland: Lady in Sandyford district would like two gentlemen for dinner daily.—Glasgow Herald.

DR. F. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM JUNE 15, 1905

FERRY DEPOT (Foot of Market Street.)

Table with columns LEAVE, MAIN LINE, and ARRIVE. Lists various train routes and times to and from San Francisco.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

Table with columns LEAVE and ARRIVE. Lists ferry routes to and from Oakland Harbor.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperrys Best Family. Drifted Snow. Golden Gate Extra.

Sperry Flour Company

California Northwestern Railway Co.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St. San Francisco to San Rafael. WEEK DAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a m; 12:35, 2:30, 4:00, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30, and 11:30 p m.

Table with columns Leave San Francisco, In Effect May 1, 1905, and Arrive San Francisco. Lists destinations like Napa, Novato, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, etc.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Fultons for Burke's Sanitarium; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Uslar; at Willits for Hearst, and Sawyer; at Sherwood for Westport, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummins, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsens, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Camp's, Scotia, and Eureka.

FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc. Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS, 7:00, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 9:00, 10:15, and 11:35 P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS. 7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 9:15 A. M., Sundays and holidays, Point Reyes, etc. 3:15 P. M., Saturdays only, for Cazadero, etc.

Mt. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Table with columns Lv. San Francisco, Wk. Days, and Ar. San Francisco. Lists train schedules to Mt. Tamalpais.

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The Argonaut.

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The first number of the *Argonaut* appeared on the twenty-fifth day of March in the year 1877. That is nearly thirty years ago, a long time in the life of a newspaper, a long time when measured by the changes that have occurred in city, State, country, and the world. During those thirty years, many great statesmen have risen upon the public horizon, have shone through their little day, and have vanished. Wars have been fought, revolutions have taken place, governments have been overturned. And it is not a little thing that during all this period this newspaper—or any newspaper—in season and out of season, in summer and winter, should have preached and preached consistently a single political religion. We say it not in self-praise, neither do we say it with shame or in self-depreciation, that for thirty years this journal has been a champion of Americanism. All through the early years of its history, the *Argo-*

naut fought with such vigor against the invasion of our country by thousands and tens of thousands of greasy and unkempt immigrants, out of the stews and kennels of Europe, soiling a fair and sun-washed land with ignorance, crime, squalor, disease, and dirt, that there rose up against it enemies innumerable. When, in the year 1882, the foul tide of immigration for the first time swelled to three-quarters of a million souls, and the *Argonaut* perceived the menace to American institutions and to the American spirit from such a horde, and, perceiving, fought against the policy which permitted such immigration, the *Argonaut* was abused by every newspaper in the United States. It was the particular delight of the San Francisco *Coll* to attack the *Argonaut* for what the *Coll* considered to be its extreme and improper views, it was the common practice of the San Francisco *Chronicle* to point out with sneers what it considered the absurdities of the *Argonaut's* position; the *Bulletin* vilified the *Argonaut*; the *Examiner* imprecated it; the *Alto* launched at it the arrows of its spite. The *Argonaut*, because it strode so far beyond the vision of those purblind seers, was held almost as a pariah among the newspapers of the Pacific Coast. The party to which it professed to belong even regarded it with suspicion. It was the white blackbird in the flock, the rogue elephant in the herd.

'Tis a mad world, my masters. Time brings its revenges. Perchance there are editorials printed to-day in the daily newspapers of San Francisco whose tone and tenor differ not so far from those of the *Argonaut* of the early eighties—those of the *Argonaut* that, though heard, were unheeded. But of that anon.

The eighties with their hordes of immigrants passed. In the early nineties the flood of immigration still maintained its sinister height. But following the panic of ninety-three it began to decrease, and continued steadily to decrease until the year 1898, when the number of Europe's outcasts that landed on our shores was less than it had been for two decades, and far less than it has since been. But in 1898 occurred an event which obliterated whatever satisfaction the *Argonaut* might have felt at the decrease of immigration to some two hundred and thirty thousand souls per annum. In that year, as though the United States had not enough raw brute humanity to deal with—the lust-mad negro, the murderous Latin, the brutish Slav, the unkempt Russian Jew—it added to its population, it inclosed within its boundaries, seven million malignant savages in the Philippines and another million lazy mongrels in Porto Rico. Malays, Negritos, Tagalogs, Macca-bebes—all were fish that came to the net; over all of them we set the Stars and Stripes, welcoming them in as subjects of the government of these United States.

It was then, and then only, as some of our readers may remember, that the *Argonaut* flagged in the race, that it grew a little weary. When we had taken in these eight million with motley colored skins, what use to inveigh against the immigration to this country of men of white skin, of Aryan blood, however indifferent specimens of the Caucasian race they might chance to be? When you give the chief of a village of bamboo huts, where scorpions scuttle and centipedes flourish, the right to fly from his ridge pole the flag of the Great Republic, the red, white, and blue, you can scarcely with justice deny asylum beneath its same silken folds to the stupidest peasant who ever plodded through German loess, or the most villainous and low-browed Latin who ever clasped cracked and greasy fingers around a stiletto's hilt. So we argued. So we argue. We grew weary in the fight. With logic and

right on our side we could maintain the fight, in the face of a solid phalanx of aghast newspapers, against European immigration, but not when America's disastrous excursion across the Pacific had made all argument absurd, all opposition idiotic, all sentimental appeal the height of foolishness.

And so we ceased. Having borne the heat and burden of the day we resigned the field to other laborers, and right royally, now, they have taken up the task. It makes us smile a little faintly and a little wearily to observe to-day in those very newspapers which formerly attacked the *Argonaut* so vindictively for its opposition to European immigration, editorials in precisely the vein of those to be found in these columns nearly a quarter of a century ago. But it is too late. These journals fly in the face of all logic when they oppose immigration from Europe, since we have forcibly sequestered from Asia these islands inhabited for the most part by snake-like savages. But we don't care so very much. Let them do it if it pleases them. Let the *Chronicle* say in its profound manner: "It is time to call a halt. . . . The majority [of those who come] are not only grossly ignorant, but by experience, tradition, and racial tendencies incapable of comprehending any form of government between despotism and mob rule." With a mild contemplative eye we regard the *Chronicle* and all the other journals which now, "twenty years after," froth at the mouth over the "hordes" of European immigrants. We are a trifle weary, we are. Just a little tired, that's all.

But while the *Argonaut* has, since the Spanish war, ceased its opposition to European immigration, it has maintained imperturbably its antagonism to invasion of this our land by the Asiatic. Whenever and wherever the irrepressible "Chinese question" has risen for discussion, the *Argonaut* has, we believe, always argued manfully for maintaining a rigid exclusion law. In this, we are happy to say, we have not been solitary. During the past twenty years (and we beg our readers' indulgence for relating so much familiar history) the newspapers of the Pacific Coast have been a unit in their antagonism to Chinese and Chinese labor. The voice of one has been the voice of all. People and press, farmer and manufacturer, workman and capitalist, laborer and man of leisure, they all in California were in agreement in this matter of the Chinese.

But, less than two years ago, there came between the *Argonaut* and not only the journals of California but the journals of the West and of the United States, a perceptible divergence of opinion. When, with war between Japan and Russia imminent, we came to weigh the benefits and the harm that might result to America, and, in particular, to us upon this west coast, from the victory of an Asiatic race over a European race, we were forced to the conclusion that a Japanese victory would ultimately be to America a disastrous outcome. Six months before the outbreak of the war—on October 26, 1903, to be exact—we outlined our position. We intimated that in the event of war our sympathies would not be with the Japanese. "After all," we said, "Russia is white." "Vague and distant as the yellow peril may now seem to some," we remarked in the same editorial, "it is a very tangible danger." With the actual outbreak of the war we reiterated these views. During its progress, we have steadily and consistently repeated and elaborated them, and in this, among the newspapers of the United States, we have stood, and now stand, quite alone.

Now, at length, the war appears to be drifting toward its end, and the first results of America's attitude toward the conflict begin to make themselves apparent. It begins to become apparent—it is apparent—

our attitude in this war we have abolished the possibility of restricting immigration to this country of Japanese. Last February, when the *Chronicle* began its campaign for Japanese exclusion, upon which it has spent seas of ink and mountains of white paper, the *Argonaut* said:

For our part, the endeavor to secure the passage of a Japanese exclusion law seems to us the most hopeless and heart-breaking of tasks. The mischief is done. The die is cast. Had the press of the West recognized at the beginning of the war, as the *Argonaut* was compelled to do, where glorification of the Japanese was bound to lead us, and had it united to stem the current of laudation of the Asiatic, there might now possibly be a chance for the passage of a Japanese exclusion bill. But as it is, it seems as if it were a simple impossibility.

We believe that paragraph to be to-day more true, if that be possible, than it was five months ago. Japanese exclusion is the shadow of a dream. Do you think that the comfortable East, which apparently has such an admiration for the "brave little Jap," is going to exclude him from the United States while it admits the vagabonds of Europe? Do you think that President Roosevelt, bold man though he is, will affront, by advocacy of a Japanese exclusion law, a nation whose prowess upon the sea has within the month been so brilliantly demonstrated? Do you think that even in California the sentiment against the Japanese is strong and universal? We affirm that it is not. Hundreds of householders who employ Japanese labor have looked askance at the *Chronicle's* campaign, thousands of fruit-growers in the valleys of our State have gnashed their teeth in anger to behold the *Chronicle's* polemics. Even newspapers are to be found in California bold enough to oppose Japanese exclusion. The *Oakland Tribune* has been steadily hostile to the *Chronicle's* policy. "There has come," says the *Sacramento Union*, "a distinct lull in the anti-Japanese crusade, set on foot some weeks back by the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It was a movement that ran in the face of two pronounced adverse currents of interest and sentiment." "There will be no Japanese exclusion law," says the *San Francisco Post*; "the recent Battle of Tsushima settled that agitation. We will be very careful how we insult the victors of Port Arthur, Mukden, and Tsushima." The alarmed white population of Hawaii may secure from Congress an appropriation to fortify the islands to protect them from assault by the Japanese on some future day, but they will secure no legislative relief in the way of an exclusion law—of that be sure.

But the Battle of Tsushima has not only snuffed the candle of hope of a law excluding the Japanese from this country, but it has rendered almost certain the reversal, within a few years, of America's policy of a quarter of a century with reference to the Chinese.

It is our deliberate belief that the exclusion law will be so modified by the present or future Congresses that it will become virtually no barrier to the influx of men of Mongolian race, and that California will become a coolie State.

- The causes which induce us to this belief are three:
1. The victory of a yellow over a white race.
 2. The tyranny of the labor unions.
 3. The need of the manufacturer for a market.

By its victory over the greatest of white nations, a race of Mongolian blood, Asiatic autochthons, has lifted every race in Asia from a position where it had the world's faint contempt to a position where it has world's respect. The Chinese, because they are allied by blood to the victors in this war, share by reflection their glory. Moreover Japan, in this conflict, has been fighting China's battle; she stands willy-nilly in the position of patron and defender. And therefore it is that every white nation will, henceforth, approach the Chinese Government with all the diplomatic courtesies with which one great power approaches another. Will not our State Department speak very softly now to China about the proposed annulment by China of the American China Development Company's charter? Well, we think so. The individual Chinaman, even, will be regarded with a certain deference. For the first time in our history, two Chinese youths have been admitted as cadets to the United States Military Academy at West Point—a tremendously significant and remarkable thing.

We find our views of the altered position of China reflected in various newspapers. "No doubt," says the *Baltimore Sun*, "it is felt in China, in view of Japan's victory over Russia, that the time when the Western nations may bully and mistreat the Oriental with impunity is drawing to a close." "It is realized by some officials of the State Department," says a Washington dispatch, "that the United States is dealing with a reawakened and vigorous China."

Of course is, and always has been, an affront to us to exclude, alone of all peoples, her citizens. In

the past, she has borne that affront with equanimity. The success of Japan, revivifying all Asia, flooding its packed millions with a wave of pride of race, a contempt of the white man, changes this Chinese attitude of complaisancy into one of menace. It is, in truth, a strange new China with which we have to deal. Rigid enforcement of the exclusion law will meet—is meeting—with retaliation that, strong as we are, we needs must heed.

While this great change has been taking place on the east shore of the Pacific, a perhaps still greater one has occurred on the west.

A quarter of a century ago, when the first exclusion law was passed, the people of this Coast were a unit in its favor. Not because the law was to the interest of every man. By no means. The farmer, the manufacturer, the employer of labor generally, might well have profited from a continuance of Chinese immigration. But, at that time, the bond between labor and capital was still strong, the farmer and laboring man were in sympathy. Recognizing the disastrous effect of Chinese labor upon the white labor, all classes of people in California, whatever their occupation, acquiesced in labor's demand, and, against the strong opposition of the East, which was never really convinced of the justice of the Pacific Coast's attitude, secured Chinese exclusion legislation from the national government.

In the twenty years that have passed since then, the arbitrary and often unjust demands of the labor unions have brought about a state of armed neutrality between capital and labor. Here, in this city, there has taken its rise a militant organization of employers established for the particular purpose of meeting combination with combination, boycott with boycott, strike with measures in reprisal. While such a condition of affairs exists, it is scarcely to be expected that employers, in consideration of the interests of labor, should expend much energy in altruistically opposing a coolie influx.

But it is not alone the commercial classes, but the agricultural masses of California, who are lukewarm about Chinese exclusion. In the summer of 1901 there was a teamsters' strike in San Francisco. The strike occurred at the precise time of the year when the fruit-growers of this State were marketing their product. That product is perishable, and this strike of the teamsters, undertaken without the slightest regard for the vital interests of the fruit-growers, brought to the farmer disaster and ruin. The *Argonaut*, when the strike began, warned the teamsters that the result of their action would be the alienation of the sympathy of the farmer. When the strike had been on for some time, the feeling we had predicted made itself apparent, and the *Argonaut* said (August 16, 1901):

The farmers and fruit-growers feel that they have unselfishly voted against Chinese immigration in the interests of the labor unions. Now they feel that the labor unions have acted with a selfish disregard of the interest of the fruit-grower—have declared their sympathetic strike at a time when it spells ruin for the farmer. As we said at the beginning of this strike, it is doubtful if the agriculturists can ever be mollified in any way. They will retaliate upon the trades unions, and their retaliation will take the profitable form of working and voting in favor of cheap Asiatic labor.

The *Argonaut*, as its readers know, has always labored earnestly against Chinese immigration. But we very much fear that the action of the misguided union workmen of San Francisco, led by designing and demagogic leaders, has settled the fate of California, and that she is destined to become a coolie State.

The newspapers of this State are usually very careful not to affront the labor unions. Nevertheless, the feeling in favor of the modification of the exclusion laws has in California grown so strong of late that some newspapers are beginning to weaken in their advocacy of continuance of rigid exclusion. Such timid phrases as we find in the leading editorials of our prominent newspapers are vastly significant. The *Oakland Tribune* says: "You hear it on all sides, the suggestion that if we are going to admit Japanese to this country, we ought to admit Chinese as well, since they are far more reliable and efficient as laborers." The *Portland Oregonian*, alarmed by the danger to the interests of Portland's exporters, shows its disposition to weaken in the matter of exclusion by saying: "By our unfair attitude regarding the Chinese we have stirred up an antagonism that will cost our exporters millions unless amends are speedily made." The *San José Mercury* shows its disposition to weaken with: "California appreciates the growing importance of Chinese trade and wants to encourage its development." The *San Francisco Call* has a sudden gush of sympathy for the poor Chinese merchant who has suffered inconvenience at the hands of our immigration officials, and says: "If, however, our share of the vast commerce of China is of more importance than the satisfaction of making prisoners of Chinese merchants, we should accord to them the simplest human rights, and treat them at least as well as we treat imported dumb brutes."

Even the *Chronicle*, in vague and cryptic phrases, shows that the pressure of commercial and agricultural interests is beginning to tell.

The third reason for our belief that Chinese exclusion will not much longer be the policy of this nation, is the need felt by capital—money—for a market in the Orient. As

the newspapers have recorded, representatives of the American Asiatic Association, representing the cotton textile industry and the iron and steel trade of the United States, called last week on the President, and made formal protest against the present rigid enforcement of the exclusion law. Now, ostensibly, this action is directed against arbitrary acts of immigration officials. As a matter of fact, however, these officials are simply doing their plain duty under the law of the land. The *New York Evening Post* is hostile to Chinese exclusion. Yet the *New York Evening Post* says: "The immigration service clings to the law, and thoroughly justifies itself on that basis." No: the real purpose of the American Asiatic Association is not to secure a modification of the rigor with which the law is enforced, but to effect a modification of the law itself. It reveals its real purpose in that part of its address to the President, where it says: "The plainest principles of international conditions demand that the law shall be made more liberal, either by amendments or by the negotiation of a new treaty." "Internal conditions" is to be interpreted "the needs of capital."

The interests that demand admission of Chinese are of irresistible power. The *New York Evening Post* frankly says: "Business men everywhere would like a modification of the existing law." The South will this year send thirty million dollars' worth of cotton goods to China. The *Atlanta Constitution*, one of the strongest papers of the South, shows its hand by saying: "The business interests of the United States in China are too important to be sacrificed on the altar of sand-lot politics."

The labor problem in the South is a pressing one. The hordes of immigrants that the slums of Europe vomit forth swarm together in our cities like some foul insect larvæ. The prairies of the West and the plantations of the South know them not. The free negro, as a laborer, is unreliable. The Southern planter has long had covetous eyes on China, with its millions of patient, steady, reliable, cheap workers. Secretary Metcalf recently received a letter from Louisiana saying that in that State alone a hundred thousand Chinese could be used in the fields. Hawaii wants Chinese in place of the unreliable Jap. The pressure brought on the administration to set aside the exclusion laws in the Philippines has been tremendous.

When all is said, the government of this country is in the control of the farmer and the manufacturer. The labor unions make a great noise, but when it comes to the counting of heads they are as yet comparatively weak. Labor, except the two or three millions organized into unions, is an amorphous body and impotent to make its desires felt in the halls of Congress. The manufacturer—capital—money—the trusts—not only know what they want, but use efficient, if deplorable, methods to get it. Altogether, when we weigh all the chances and mischances, it appears to us quite inevitable that the exclusion laws will be modified. Soon the ships of the Pacific Mail and the huge craft of J. J. Hill will be plowing their way across the blue Pacific, laden with pig-tailed and blue-bloused coolies to labor on our farms, to find employment in our factories.

The *Argonaut* is making no argument. It has been making arguments for thirty years, and it is tired of argumentativeness. It has been pointing out for thirty years that

the unrestrained influx of the outcasts of Europe would result in turning our great cities into hells of miserable poverty and slavish shame. In the City of New York, in a recent year, nineteen per cent. of the people, or 1,387,348 souls, applied for relief from charity; fourteen per cent. of the families of Manhattan were evicted during the year 1903 for non-payment of rent; ten per cent. of those who died in Manhattan were buried in a pauper's grave. What is this but the misery of Europe transferred to our fair land? And now, after a quarter of a century, it is beginning to be perceived; the newspapers which formerly attacked this journal are at last arguing along the lines it argued years ago. But the *Argonaut* is not making appeals or presenting arguments. It is a little tired, it is a little weary. Let these eleventh-hour workers in the vineyard labor as they may. We are done. We wish them Godspeed, but we are weary. Nor shall we get excited when, step by step, the capitalistic interests of this country impose their will upon the people at large and remove the restrictions to the immigration of Chinese. We shall look on, indeed, with equanimity. We shall make no

appeals, we shall print no frenzied polemics, we shall portray with no pen of fire the disaster that is imminent. We are done with that sort of thing. We have labored long enough. Let those journals who have hung back now plunge to the work.

We are not denying that we take a rather gloomy view of the next few decades in the history of this republic. The influx of Chinese and the consequent creation of great plantations with semi-servile labor, the establishment of huge manufactories employing labor of amazing cheapness, will evoke in the breasts of the white proletariat such desperation of feeling as will endanger the peace of the commonwealth. This is a republic. At first American laboring men, at this crisis in their history, will perhaps endeavor at the ballot-box to gain relief from the government through an endeavor to capture control of the administration. They will fail. Then will come insurrection. It will be put down by force of arms. The slopes of green hills will be stained red, and sanguine rivers will pour into the sea. What the end will be no man knoweth. Will at last the proletariat, strong but unwise, rising in his might, finally united, wrest from the hands of the few astute rich men who will then be the government the reins of power—socialism! Who shall say?

The sudden incursion of the Kaiser into international politics shows that he has lost none of his old dramatic instinct, and that he has still the power of initiating surprises. The plan which he follows is almost a monotony. First there comes a declaration of Germany's invincible military force and the Teuton equivalent, for "Britons never, never, never will be slaves." Then there is a scurrying to and fro of troops on the frontier, a stopping of the regular traffic for experiments in entraining and detraining, and just before the crash dies away, a sermon by the Kaiser, with the gratuitous information that the Lord of Battles is still engaged in active operations on behalf of the Fatherland. After all this has subsided, the transformation scene is ready, and peace descends upon an international conference of bewhiskered and decorated diplomats. We have now arrived at the point where the tumult and the shouting dies away in the Morocco question, and an international conference will in all probability give its benediction to things as they are.

The purchase of the Hyde stock in the Equitable by Thomas F. Ryan, the well-known New York financier, for approximately four millions of dollars, raises a number of interesting questions to which no satisfactory answers appear at present to be forthcoming. The par value of the stock purchased is \$50,100, and, under the charter of the Equitable, "the holders of said capital stock may receive a semi-annual dividend on the stock not to exceed three and a half per cent." It is a remarkable commentary on this transaction that, on the strength of the purchase by Mr. Ryan of a controlling interest in the Equitable, Metropolitan Traction stock rose at once four points. Who were the men that bought this stock? What interests lie behind the purchase, and why should the purchasers have paid such an enormous sum for an amount of stock which can only produce \$3,507 of legal dividends? Has this purchase brought the investigation of the financial operations of this company to a sudden end, and will the same nefarious operations by which the interests of the policy-holders were placed at the mercy of stock-jobbing deals for the benefit of the directors still proceed? These are questions which concern not only the policy-holders in this particular company, but are of surpassing interest to all men who have the self-denial to invest their small savings in life insurance.

There is no question of the considerable danger which is involved in the use of the great masses of capital gathered by the accumulation of small payments made by people possessed of no superfluity of wealth. There are 600,000 policy-holders in the Equitable, and it appears to be only right that the contract by which the purchase of this stock was made should be made public, and the refusal to do this seems to justify the oft-reiterated demand of the *New York World* for an investigation by the legislature. It must not be forgotten that the Frick report, which was treated so cavalierly by the officials of the Equitable, but which has fortunately been published, says of the management: "It is hardly to be wondered at that there is throughout its official personnel a sort of moral obliqueness—a condition where personal gain seems at times to be the paramount idea." Under the circumstances, it is hardly to be denied that an answer to these questions becomes really imperative, and none the less so when it is a fact that the unexplained expenditures

of the company have increased \$4,325,738 per annum since 1900.

Since the above was written, Insurance Superintendent Hendricks has filed his report on the Equitable, which answers some of these questions in a fashion which appears to justify our worst suspicions. He demands a reorganization of the society, complete mutualization and elimination of the stock control, and calls for the destruction of the Wall Street influence. He says that the company's stock must be paid for at prices only commensurate with its dividends. He demands the establishment of a standard of investment of life insurance, suggests the wisdom of prohibiting investment in subsidiary business corporations controlled by insurance companies, and, what is perhaps the most sensational part of the report, decides that the surplus accretions beyond seven per cent. dividends belong to the policy-holders. He declares "no superficial measures will correct the existing evils in this society." And, after a series of slashing denunciations, proceeds with the recommendations above outlined, and delivers a sweeping blow at Ryan and the entire Wall Street group. Then with a sort of grim humor, he hands the matter up to the State attorney-general.

The delicacy of attention which American "society" bestows on a lord or lordling is only exceeded by the grossness of the frauds which are perpetually being imposed upon "society" by footmen, ex-convicts, gamblers, blacklegs, and stable-boys, disguised under titles. Only lately the New York police have discovered that the missing Willoughby Middleton, fleeing president of the New York Realty Corporation, is an ex-convict, an ex-Salvation Army soldier, and an ex-footman—if anybody can be "ex" so gorgeous a thing. "Lady Flora Middleton," in whose honor he was to receive people of the best society, is supposed to have been as mythical as Middleton's claims to nobility. Yet among his effects were letters from the very best people that showed his assertions of birth and position had been rather warmly believed.

This "Lord" Middleton is not the first who has bamboozled us Americans into prostration before the throne of a title. We are tremendously particular about the dancing-master's recommendations, and we look up all the references of the maid; but let a good-looking, dashing "lord" come, and we open our doors, introduce him to our wives and daughters, and thank God we have enough democracy not to be too harsh with the old nobility. No, sir, our old American families ought really to recognize the noble families of Europe—promotes good feeling—our duty—deuce of a fine chap—out riding with my daughter—can't help his coat of arms—etc. As a matter of fact, it is almost five to three that it's a former footman who is out riding with your daughter, and he can't help any coat of arms at all, except, possibly, that of his last employer. And later, if he doesn't get your daughter, he gets a good sum of money, and leaves the club somewhat doubtful as to the card you got him.

They are more careful in England and in the provinces. It is a hard matter to get within the charmed circle in the smallest colonial town. One must have irreproachable acquaintances who will vouch for one. They are almost as careful whom they introduce to their wives and daughters as we are whom we take into our offices to handle the cash. We are an exceedingly smart people, but we seem to lose some of our keenness when it comes to lords.

By a vote of 15,621 to 8,322, the citizens of Los Angeles have voted down a prohibition ordinance, and the city will not be dry.

Every ward brought a majority against the prohibitionists, and of 108 precincts, but nine were carried for them. This is the end of another dream, and the leaders of the total-abstinence movement attribute their defeat to the thing which might accomplish their purpose—the advocacy of high license. To prohibit absolutely the sale or consumption of intoxicants is impossible. Since grapes grew on hillsides and a hole in the ground was found to be admirably adapted for a cellar, men have drunk their wines, and they will continue to do so, some of them until the last grape is ripened and the last press, with its vintage, has moldered into earth. High license is the way of achieving what should be achieved—the protection of the community and society from the drunkard. It is possible that this would be a better world if there were no saloons, but it is certain to be a better world if the saloons we have are well regulated. High license is the means. Some people believe that this would be almost heaven if there were no children in apartment-houses, and they are accommodated on payment of a high price. So let those who desire to drink without disturbing the peace be charged a price, and American policy be followed to its logical end.

IN ARCADIA.

By Jerome Hart.

SECOND PASTORAL.

Since I became a dweller in Arcadia I have learned much of horses and of cows. I never knew much about horses, and nothing at all about cows. I have always looked on horses as being merely conveniences for getting from place to place — four-legged ferry-boats, as it were. Of course, I have often driven behind them, and sometimes ridden on top of them when I was younger. But I have always been indifferent to horses, and know nothing about them. It takes a great deal of courage for a man to admit that he knows nothing about horses. But that is my case. Ignorance of cows is not so degrading in the fashionable world. One may belong to the Four Hundred and know nothing of cows, but one must either know something or pretend to know something about horses to belong to the charmed circle. I am doubly debarred, for I know nothing of either.

When I first came to Arcadia I made a remark that at once showed my utter ignorance of horses and cows. We were inspecting the live stock there, and I was much struck by the appearance of the horse Pompey's tail. I was foolish enough to speak of it.

"What a very remarkable tail," I exclaimed, "it is not a natural tail, nor is it a banded, bobbed, or nicked tail. What in heaven's name is it?"

"That tail? Pompey's tail? Oh, that aint banded, sir—the heifer calf has been in the field with Pompey, and has been eating Pompey's tail."

I was overcome with mortification. Were I an Arcadian I would at once have discovered by the ragged and lop-sided appearance of Pompey's tail that it was the work of an amateur hand—or jaw—or snout—or—with what does a calf crop hair? But I did not know this, nor did I know that calves affected horses' tails as an article of diet. I am afraid that by this injudicious remark I betrayed my ignorance to John. I had wished to stand well with John. Yet I found that a new Arcadian may betray his ignorance twenty times a day to a hired man.

I determined to wipe out the recollection of this unpardonable blunder. I resolved to win the respect of the Arcadians around me. Among the live stock was a horse called "Jags." Jags had a good coat and color, a handsome head, slender limbs, good shoulders, symmetrical barrel, shapely withers and haunches, and a fine mane and tail. But he was lazy, he shied, he would get his leg over the trace, he would get his tail over the reins, he changed feet in trotting, he zig-zagged from side to side of the road, he ruined the gait of any horse he was harnessed with, he would not "stand," and he stumbled badly. Jags had won the disapproval of everybody. He was an Ishmaelite among horses. He was openly for sale, and no one said "nay." He had been for sale all winter, and no one said "buy." It was known at the blacksmith shop and at the feed stores in the adjacent village, yet no man yearned for Jags. For some reason a brief acquaintance with that handsome animal removed all desire for his purchase. In the village it was common rumor that he could be bought for one hundred dollars. Even the barber babbled of it as he shaved you.

There fell into my hands a stranger. He was a horseman from Houynhym. I heard he wanted a handsome horse. I hunted him up. I made his acquaintance. I was glad to see him. I knew all his friends in Houynhym. I even knew some of his friends that he (apparently) did not know himself. I took him out to drive behind Jags and a handsome mare. There was no denying it, they did make a handsome team in point of looks. He wanted to buy the team. I told him I would not take five hundred dollars for the team. I said the mare was not for sale, but that I might let Jags go at two hundred dollars. I watched him narrowly. He did not faint. He looked at the horse a little critically, and remarked, "Aint that rather high?"

I said the horse was worth much more than that, but we had more horses than we wanted, anyway, and "seeing it was him" he might have the horse for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. He looked at the horse again, and wanted to know if he was sound. I said I would warrant him sound in wind and limb, and I introduced a vast amount of corroborative and anecdotic matter touching the horse's kindness. This was entirely true; I do not think Jags would hurt a fly—he would rather stop and think it over. My Houynhym friend wavered, and finally said that he would take him if he could get him for one hundred and fifty dollars. I remarked with much warmth that it was giving the horse away, but "seeing it was him" I would let him have the animal. I proposed that we settle the matter at once. He seemed a little surprised at my haste, but I thought I had better nail him. He looked apologetic. He might die. So, as speedily as might be

got the Houynhym man's money and delivered to him Jags. In order to make the transfer as formal as possible I drew up a bill of sale which began "to whom it may concern," and sounded like a cross between a bill in equity and a last will and testament. The purchaser again seemed surprised, but I persisted in giving him the bill of sale. I was afraid Jags might come back.

The moral effect of this horse sale could not be underrated. The dwellers around me in Arcadia had been disposed to look upon the new arrival from Cockaigne as a tenderfoot, but this keen transaction in horseflesh did much to establish my reputation among them. I was looked upon as a promising Arcadian.

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALISM.

How the Jimmy Supplemented the Pen.

If you have ever tried to write a story in which a burglary forms a vital part of the plot, you will agree that for this sort of work—theoretically, at least—there should be no time so fitting as the midnight hour; no place so prolific of spinal shiverings as a bare, dimly lit room in a rambling, deserted old house, where cold draughts, and eerie, unaccountable creakings conspire to add just the right flavor of ghostliness to the situation. It was exactly upon this theory that I rented such a room in such a house in a lonely suburb of San Francisco, and on a certain bitter cold evening in December prepared to pass the night there.

My desire was to work up a vivid account of a burglary in all its fascinating details—depicting the entrance of the burglar, the feelings of the unfortunate individual whose lot it was to be the victim, and all that sort of thing. Naturally, I spared no pains to make my environment as suggestive as possible. On the table at which I intended to sit while recording my impressions of the situation, I placed a loaded magazine pistol. The blinds I had drawn so closely that from the outside the room must have seemed to be in darkness. My only light was a dark lantern, which I had bought that day from a benevolent-looking Hebrew patriarch, who recommended the lantern most highly. He evidently had mistaken my calling.

I did not at once feel in the mood for writing. And so, as there was a comfortable fire going in the old-fashioned grate, I got out my pipe and smoked until the midnight hour—with all the weird, fantastic images that it calls up in the imagination—was almost at hand. At such a time and such a place, sterile, indeed, were the imagination that did not feel itself aroused. I was soon scratching away right merrily. I had been working thus for perhaps twenty minutes, and had just reached the point where the burglar is due to make his entry on the scene, when I fancied that I heard a faint, scraping sound at one of the windows. It startled me for the moment. Then I concluded that it was nothing, congratulated myself on having brought my imagination to such a responsive pitch, and laughed at myself for having been frightened by a monster of my own creation.

I resumed my writing. But I had not completed a dozen lines when something occurred which was not down on my programme. It was a repetition—this time unmistakably real—of the sound which had startled me a few moments before. In a flash I shot the slide of my lantern on, picked up my revolver, and slipped quickly and noiselessly into a closet. I pulled the closet door almost shut—just leaving a sufficient opening to enable me to see what was going on in the room without myself being seen. I did not have long to wait. The window at which I had first heard that faint, scraping sound was slowly, carefully shoved upward. The blind was then cautiously thrust aside, and a masked face appeared in the opening. For a moment it glanced warily about the room. Then, apparently satisfied with what he saw, the prowler raised the blind and climbed in softly through the open window. This was realism with a vengeance.

I shifted my feet silently, and took a new grip on my revolver. For a moment I thought of sallying forth from my hiding-place and giving battle to my nocturnal intruder. On second consideration it seemed better for me to remain where I was and await developments. Then if the burglar did discover my hiding-place, I would have a decided advantage.

While these speculations had been forming in my mind, the burglar had pulled an ugly-looking pistol from his pocket, examined it, and put it back. Then with the slide half closed he began to flash his lantern about the room. He was in truth a burglar to satisfy the requirements of the most sanguinary youth who ever reveled in a dime novel. He was short and squat of figure, shabbily dressed, and possessed of a gait which for pure burglariness far surpassed anything I have ever seen on the stage. He wore a soiled muffler about his throat, for the night was bitter cold. Now catching sight of my watch—which, in my excitement, I had left lying on the table—he slid over to the table, picked up the watch, and after a moment's scrutiny he thrust it into his pocket with a grunt of satisfaction. He continued his search of the room, but could find nothing else worthy of his attention. Once he seemed to be looking rather curiously at the closet, as if he thought it might be profitably investigated. I had a rather bad minute just about this time, and felt greatly relieved when he went silently from the room, leaving the door open

behind him. For some minutes afterward I could hear him walking down the halls and through the uncarpeted rooms of the old place. I was just beginning to hope that he would find his investigation so barren of results as to cause him to leave the house in disgust, when his footsteps now sounded in the hall leading to my room, and an instant later he was with me again. He looked about him; then walking over to my table, he picked up my unfinished manuscript, contemplated it a moment, and thrust it into his coat pocket. Then going over to the coal-box he scooped up a generous shovelful of coal and threw it upon the fire, which had nearly gone out. After which he calmly—almost luxuriously—drew my chair up to the fire, laid his pistol on the table within easy reach, and proceeded to read my manuscript. He was clearly a most extraordinary burglar.

At first the unexpectedness of his singular actions dazed me; then the boldness of them fairly took me off my feet. I watched my felonious friend narrowly, noting with pardonable pride that he seemed interested in my story. Then a sudden wild idea seized me. Why not enlist the aid of my degenerate guest in the noble cause of literature? Indeed, could anything be more appropriate? Surely, I reasoned, it does not necessarily follow that no good can come from a burglar. And this one seemed unusually intelligent. The more I thought of my idea, the more it pleased me, the more it took hold of me. Still I hesitated. The thing was undeniably dangerous. To be sure, I had obtained my knowledge of guns on a cattle ranch, and felt that I could shoot about as fast and as straight as nine burglars out of ten. But what if this burglar happened to be the tenth? I had just about come to the conclusion that I had better lie low until my knight of the dark lantern had departed, when something occurred that suddenly changed my plans. As the burglar finished the manuscript, he yawned and laid it back on the table with the muttered remark: "Nobody but a blamed idiot would act like that burglar!"

Those were unfortunate words for him. For no sooner had he delivered himself of this caustic and unmerited aspersion on my powers of characterization than I sallied forth with blood in my usually tranquil eye. He reached as if for his pistol. "Cut it out—quick!" I snapped, with as much incisiveness and determination as a mild and peaceable author could reasonably be expected to muster. Then I picked up his gun and placed it in my pocket—after which I addressed myself again to my burglar. "Now, my good friend," I said, pleasantly, "seeing that you have expressed dissatisfaction at my conception of your calling, I shall be indeed grateful to you if you will give me some idea of what a true burglar is like. You will find my fountain-pen an exceptionally smooth writer."

The burglar regarded me for a moment with puzzled face. "I'm not a burglar any more than you are!" he then said, with a short, snappy laugh.

His statement almost made me drop my pistol. But I never took my eyes off him. Then a sudden idea occurred to me. "Take off your mask!" I commanded. Off came the black cloth. One look at that thin, scarred face, with its crooked mouth and reckless, shifty blue eyes, convinced me that if ever a burglar lived, here was a choice specimen. But I determined to humor him. "That may be," I said. "At any rate, will you have the kindness to place on paper—and perhaps hand down to a grateful generation of authors—a true description of the most exciting burglary you have ever committed?"

He looked at me in apparent astonishment. "Why," he replied, smiling broadly, "I'm a writer myself. I just fixed up in these togs for a bluff. I'm out for the same thing you are. I thought this old place was deserted. That's why I came here. I'm an Amherst man," he said, with a tinge of pride that was either real or else exceedingly well done. "Class of ninety-four."

But the farce had proceeded far enough. "Will you kindly explain to me in what way you expect your literary experience to be enriched by purloining my watch?" I asked, politely, wishing to bring matters to a head.

For reply the burglar sprang at me. But I had seen his sharp eyes measuring the distance between himself and my pistol-hand, and I was prepared. Springing back quickly, I avoided his grasp, and dealt him a chopping blow on the head with my heavy pistol. He went down like a log.

I was sincerely sorry that the necessity for violence should have arisen—and up to a certain point in our interview I had even hoped that I was about to secure some bits of realism that would be real contributions to the common literary fund. But as matters now stood, there seemed but one thing to do. So I bound the burglar hand and foot with some rather feeble-looking rope that I found in the closet where I had been hiding. Then going to the window, I blew shrilly upon the police whistle with which, in my strenuous endeavor to attain the realistic atmosphere, I had previously equipped myself. Before many minutes a couple of blue-coats were on the scene—and a little later the patrol wagon was clattering over the pavement with my burglar inside. At that moment he probably did not know just what was going on. No doubt, however, the true situation occurred to him later.

And now for the sequel—which concerns itself with the fate of the manuscript and of the burglar. The fate of the manuscript, like that of the burglar, was cruel. After many trips across the continent, it

was finally accorded an entire pigeon-hole in my desk, where it will probably rest to the end of my days. And the question of why an unavailable manuscript should be preserved and given an entire pigeon-hole brings me to the second part of my sequel. Shortly after the arrest of the burglar he was identified as one Nicholas Ware, a man wanted by the police in half a dozen cities. The aggregate reward offered for his arrest amounted to some two thousand dollars, and as the chief of police was a man of small experience in such matters, we divided the money.

All of which, I humbly submit, merely goes to show that the pen is mightier than the jimmy.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1905. JULIEN JOSEPHSON.

IN THE STRANGE BASQUE COUNTRY.

Lady Grove Tells of Odd Sights—Washing Pigs at the Town Pump—Tourists and a Fat Priest—Queer Blacksmithing Methods.

I am going to give you a sketchy impression of the Basque country, the site of many battles, and the meeting-place of kings. We stopped first at Bordeaux, and I was immediately struck by the way the women walked and carried themselves. A fat old woman with a huge tray on her head walked along at a swinging pace, shouting her wares meanwhile at the top of her voice. At Irun, over the borders in Spain, I saw a woman carrying on her head first of all a large tray of fruit (its size can be imagined when I tell you that it was afterward her stall); on the top of this was a basket of washing and a big umbrella to be used to cover the stall. Then, in her left hand, she carried a supplementary stall, and by the other she led a little child which could just reach the mother's hand by holding its own up as high as it could stretch. I was waiting once at a little wayside inn in the village of Aseain when I saw an old lady followed by two great fat white pigs. They all three waddled over to the village pump and then, procuring some water in a pail, the old lady proceeded to wash her charges. She cleaned them most assiduously—eyes, ears, tail, back, hind-quarters, and feet. During the process I went across the road and entered into conversation with her.

"You keep your *porcs* clean, madame," I began. I was fortunate enough to remember to call them *porcs*, not *cochons*, for not even the animal itself must be called by an opprobrious name.

"Ah, yes, the *polissons*," she answered, giving them an affectionate slap, "one must."

"Yes, indeed," I said with enthusiasm. "Everything is the better for cleanliness." Then, thinking I would please her by saying a good word for her favorites, I added that if pigs had always been kept clean they would no doubt never have earned their reputation for preferring dirt.

"Ah, well," she answered, doubtfully, shaking her head, "there *are* animals who directly they see *de la salété* will go and roll in it, but these dear beasts" (stroking and slapping them all the time) "would follow me anywhere—to Paris, even," she added, triumphantly.

And that, as every one knows, is a supreme test of devotion even for a human.

Fontarabie, or Fuentarrabia, contains a street which alone is worth coming to see: built on the side of a rock with its over-hanging balconies and eaves, either covered with green creepers or hanging with brightly-colored garments, and crowned at the top with a wonderful church on one side and the old castle of Charles the Fifth of Spain standing up against the sky at the top. The day we went a service was going on in the church—two typical tourist women of Anglo-Saxon nationality walked with clattering steps up the church, taking snapshots with their cameras in a manner that was as humorous as it was unabashed. Half a dozen priests filed slowly past us, making their deep and reverend obeisance at the altar at the top of the side aisle, at the bottom of which we were sitting. One old priest seemed hardly able to crawl, from mass of fat, and I hope his scanty genuflexions were not as carefully observed by his Creator to his discredit as they were by us.

The Basque language is quite unlike any other language, and although when hearing the people talk, a Spanish sound seems to be occasionally emitted, it is not really at all like Spanish. I was amused to find that *no* is *ess* in Basque, and when I asked what *yes* was I thought at first the answer was *na*, which would have been very curious, but it turned out to be *ba*, with the *b* softly pronounced.

There is a dignity of carriage about all the women in this country. I fancied it might be due to the fact that formerly, before the *code* Napoleon came into operation, the law obliged the first-born, whether boy or girl, to inherit the patrimony, and continue the head of the family, the husband taking the wife's name when the inheritor was a woman, thus giving the woman a perfect equality from her birth. The matrons, too, are not less beautiful.

From Cambo we went to St. Jean Pied du Port, right down the borders of Spain through the Valley of the Nive. It is a joy to drive through such scenery.

On one of our drives we saw shoes being put on an ox. The poor beast was slung up all four feet off the ground, and both his hind feet were being simultaneously shod.

LADY GROVE.
PARIS, JUNE, 1905.

GOTHAM'S NEW TRAGEDIAN.

Bertha Kalish, Yiddish Actress, Graduates from East Side to Broadway—A Woman of Great Talent and Wonderful Personality—Her Work in "Fedora."

New York has a new actress, not new to the city, but new to that part of it where the big theatres are, the people speak English, and which New Yorkers are prone to regard as the only part of their town that counts. Bertha Kalish—that is her name—has been acting for some years down in the Yiddish theatre on the East Side, but as far as fashionable New York is concerned, might just as well have been acting in her native Poland or Austria, which ever it is.

Both she and Joseph Adler—the Jewish actor, who does not speak English, and who is said to be the finest Shylock on the stage—have been stars on the East Side for some time. Adler has come up into general notice because of his Shylock, which, played in an unknown language, in a theatre patronized only by European Jews, and in the poorest surroundings, has been pronounced a notable artistic characterization. The unfortunate thing about him is that he acts in Yiddish, a language which nobody but his own countrymen understand. He played on Broadway this year with an English company, he speaking in his native tongue. I am sorry to say I did not see him. I wanted to, not only because he is a fine actor, but because it would be so interesting to see how a Jew—a real unanglicized Jew—would play Shylock, what points in the character he would accentuate, what aspect of it he would lay most stress on.

Bertha Kalish is also of the Chosen People, and has also won her fame playing to the Hebrew audiences of the East Side. How long she has been a star down there I don't know. It seems very singular that a woman of her talent should have been acting for any length of time unknown and overlooked. I doubt whether it could happen in any other city. But New York is simply a huge agglomeration of small cities, each with its own manners and customs, and some with their own languages. Bertha Kalish has simply been playing in her own city, which, though imbedded in the heart of Darkest Gotham, is as foreign to the rest of the town as if it was a Yiddish village in Austro-Hungary.

The man who discovered her and brought her out as a star at the American Theatre has shown great energy and discernment, and she has ably seconded him. She has learned English, and learned it well. She speaks easily and with very little accent, except in the intense moments when her words run together. Moreover, such accent as she has is rather attractive, not in the least the thick, clotted utterance which it generally takes the Jew two generations to lose. Her manner of speech is like that of a cultivated German, and her voice is altogether charming—one of her strongest points, I should say. It has numberless inflections, and is colored by shades of feeling, responsive to every mood—a remarkable vehicle of emotional expression.

I went across to the American Theatre, the other evening, to see her in "Fedora," the piece chosen for her up-town debut and her first appearance in English. I found a fairly well-filled house of a generally Hebraic character, and swayed by such passionate enthusiasm that numerous curtain calls followed the end of every act, and the dead Fedora had to rise from the floor and bow her acknowledgments. I have seldom in New York, and never on Broadway, seen so responsive an audience. It was interesting in type, too; very simply dressed, absolutely attentive, and garbed to a woman in white muslin shirt-waists. It reminded me a good deal of the audiences one used to see at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco when the stock company was playing such old-time favorites as "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and "The Silver King."

Bertha Kalish is undoubtedly a *trouvaille*. I don't know who found her, but she is a personality, a woman who counts, a new somebody on the stage. They say she is thirty years of age, and originally was a singer in comic opera. Then she became an actress, and played in the Bowery in Yiddish, making a great reputation down there when people on the other side of town had never heard her name. I can not tell about her age, being one of those people who has absolutely no capacity to judge of age. By her looks she might be thirty and she might be forty and she might be twenty-five. All one can say about her is that she is in that division of her life when she is no longer a young girl and not yet an old woman—the age, as some Frenchman says, of romance and the great passions.

She has no beauty, but she has a good many points which are even better. Few great actresses have been very handsome. There is something inimical to feminine beauty in an active mind and an ardent temperament. It is undermined by their combined fires. Beauty is a gift by itself—a great one—and Nature, who is very careful at maintaining the balance, does not give it where it is not needed. Miss Kalish has grace—a curious, soft-footed grace—not in the least sinuous or languid, but suggestive of subdued energies and of a sort of wiry vigor restrained to the artificialities of drawing-rooms and rich dresses. She has also grace of manner, the something of cajolement and flattery of address for which we have so many names, which is so beguiling, so delightful, so irresistible, and which so few women possess.

As to form and face, neither are pretty, though both are admirably adapted to her particular art. She is tall, thin, and rather angular; a long, high-shouldered woman, with a great length of limb and that sort of suppleness of body which one notices in young boys. She moves well, and her gestures and poses are those of a lady, refreshingly devoid of the stage self-consciousness and desire to "show off," which marks most actresses. When you come to her face, I am under the impression that in repose it is probably ugly. But it is as mobile as a rubber face in the hands of a child. Emotions cross it as ripples cross wind-stirred water. It is small, pointed, and of that Jewish type which has something monkey-like about it. Indeed, the upper part—the eyes, forehead, and brows—are very like those of a monkey, full of that weird sadness which one sees in monkeys' eyes when they look out wistfully from beneath wrinkled foreheads.

In judging of her playing, one has to remember that she is speaking in a new language with which she is still unfamiliar, also that she has been playing to audiences which, though their average of intelligence may be good, are not of a high artistic discrimination. The most curious thing about her acting is that its faults are not those of an actress who has been trained in barn-storming methods. If Nance O'Neil, for example, welled up to the surface of the theatrical pool from such an environment and inspiration, one would say that she showed the effects of her training at every turn.

But Bertha Kalish is not in the least raw or crude. She is subdued in her methods—careful, delicate, given, beyond a doubt, to over-much calculation and forethought. It is astonishing how convincing and attractive she makes the *grande-dame* side of Fedora. She moves like a lady, speaks like a lady, and when she attempts to charm and entrap Loris, in the second act, does it as a lady (a very fascinating lady, who knew just what kind of fire she was playing with) would have done it, not like a Parisian *cocotte*, which is the way most actresses play it. Altogether, there is a sort of style and finish to her performance which is very remarkable, considering her former environment and the class of audiences that have cheered her on to fame.

What I should say about her is that she is a woman lacking the illuminating spark of genius, that divinely disturbing spark which at long intervals kindles a fire in some distracted soul till it is burned up with its own vehemence. In place of it she has a fine intelligence, a mind that thinks for itself, and a powerful and romantic imagination. Just now her acting lacks spontaneity—the whole personation appears too considered and carefully wrought out. It is work of the brain, not of the intuitions and instincts, and she is a woman of the brain rather than of the body or the spirit. She is a woman with a mind, and behind that ambitions and the Jew's unwavering and magnificent persistence. The Jew blood in her gives her the color and richness of the Orient. Without it she would have been merely ambitious, determined, and immensely clever.

I suppose as they took it for her debut, that the part of Fedora is one of her best. It certainly suits her well. There is a distinct temperamental sympathy between her and the vigilantly vindictive Russian. This sympathy makes her play it differently from other Fedoras. The love part of it—which in Bernhard's hands was the main feature of the story—in her's is subsidiary to the passion of vengeance. There is something in her playing of the part which is tigerish, almost diabolic. Her strange face, the chill vindictiveness which lies beneath her caressing manner, suggest a woman of vitriolic powers of hate and revenge. Even in the love-scene in the third act, the transports of feeling into which she is thrown are not those of love so much as of fear and remorse. The sensuous, feline tenderness which Sardou intended the actress to show in several scenes, is lacking in her performance, and lacking in her personality.

Of course, she shows the accentuating of points, the working up to stagey climaxes, which has been part of her training. Here and there I think she misacted whole scenes—that in the first act, for example, where Vladimir lies dying in the next room and the officers are interrogating the servants. She constantly moved about the stage, and once or twice she wept, sitting with her back to the police and the dazed and terrified domestics. That was surely all wrong. What is happening? Her lover has been attacked and brought in dying. She loves him madly, and is frantic with anxiety, terror, and distress. The normal thing for her to have done would have been to hang upon the words of the servants, to have been standing by listening with agony to their faltering sentences as they strove to recall Vladimir's visitors, to have been ready to beat them to stimulate their sluggish memories, and rouse their stolid, slow-moving minds. She would have listened to nothing else when they spoke, hypnotized by their words, glaring at them with waiting eyes.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1905. GERALDINE BONNER.

The late Anton Hermann, an artist who had lived since 1899 in a villa at Sori, near Genoa, proves to have been a woman. Her brother, a professor at Innsbruck University, has informed the local authorities that her real name was Emilia Gartner, and that she had adopted masculine attire for the same reasons that dictated a like course to Rosa Bonheur and George Sand,

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Four American women—Mrs. Kate Edwards, Mrs. Mary Mabel Rogers, Mrs. Anna Valentine, and Mrs. Agnes Meyers—are under sentence of death for murder.

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose nomination for the Spanish throne led to the Franco-German War, died at Berlin on June 8th, at the residence of his son, Prince Wilhelm.

The board of trustees of Erskine College has conferred the degree of doctor of laws on Colonel George Harvey, of New York, editor of *Harper's Weekly* and the *North American Review*.

Phya Akharaj Varadhara, the Siamese minister, has fallen a victim to the fascination of the game of golf. He is a member of the Chevy Chase Golf Club of Washington. Mr. Varadhara practices with great faithfulness with driver, cleek, and putter, and takes part in every golf competition which the club has.

The wife of Leonidas Hubbard, who perished while on an expedition in the Labrador interior, has planned to continue Mr. Hubbard's work, and has arrived in Halifax. She will leave soon on the steamer *Harlow* for Gillisport, on the Labrador coast, and thence she will continue explorations from the point where her husband was forced to stop. Mrs. Hubbard's party will include five members, besides Indians and other guides.

By the will of the late William Ziegler, promoter of Arctic explorations, his adopted son William, now fourteen years old, will become a very wealthy man. The estate is estimated at \$30,000,000, and the son, who is the residuary legatee, will receive only that part of the income which will be necessary for his support and education until he is twenty-one. Through the natural increase in the estate, it is believed that his income then will be at least \$1,000,000 a year.

An American journalist, who recently interviewed Diaz, writes: "After half an hour's interview with the president of the Republic of Mexico, I left the national palace filled with profound and absorbing emotions. 'No man has ever had a good talk with General Diaz who has not become his friend,' said an American who lives in Mexico; 'and,' added this man, with a thrill of emphasis, 'by George, I'd fight for him!' With this sentiment I sympathized heartily. In this man one recognized a leader of men from the sheer force of his personality. You said to yourself, 'Here is a man.'"

The Empress Eugénie, who seldom fails to pass ten days in Paris each spring, on her return from her villa, "Cyrnos," between San Remo and Monte Carlo, may now be seen taking her daily constitutional walks in the Tuileries Gardens. Her hair is whiter, her shoulders are more bent, and her step is less sprightly than for some seasons past. The venerable lady's feet are covered with soft black felt shoes; she walks with the aid of her stout black ebony silver-mounted cane, but her eyes are as bright, her vision and her hearing are as good as ever, notwithstanding the fact that on May 5th she celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday. As the Empress Eugénie passed near the Louvre (says the *Tribune's* Paris correspondent) it was pathetic to see an old veteran of the Imperial Guard, to-day a keeper of the municipal flower beds, straighten himself up and salute his former sovereign, while the empress not only acknowledged the military salute with a kindly smile, but spoke to the old soldier, whose eyes flooded with tears. The empress is exceedingly active physically and mentally. She has the morning and afternoon newspaper read to her, and takes an eager interest in new plays, new books, and new pictures. The empress is very fond of automobiling. She rises at eight o'clock, eats with a fairly good appetite, and goes to bed at about ten.

It is said that J. J. Hill always insists that he is not a Wall Street man. He wants to be known as a railway manager and as a railway constructor. He does not dabble in the stock market. In his trading and operations with his competitors, however, he has the reputation of being "shifty." He will trade from one point of view, and will discuss that end or feature with the utmost thoroughness, until his associates believe that he purposes accepting their proposition. Suddenly he will shift his plan of campaign, and the negotiations will be opened from another standpoint. Mr. Hill has the faculty of seeing contingencies and developments of the future further than any living railway man. Experts in Wall Street, familiar with the ideals and methods of both men, state that Mr. Hill's only competitor in this respect is E. H. Harriman, with whose forces the memorable Northern Pacific struggle was fought. Mr. Hill is at once practical, theoretical, and imaginative. These qualities, combined with daring, originality, confidence, and common sense have placed him on the top of the list of railway men in the United States. His following, however, extends to all the capitals of Europe. The recent list of stockholders of the Northern Securities Company, published when the dissolution of the company was announced, showed that practically all the great and rich families of Europe were stockholders in his corporation. The names of members of the royal family of Great Britain appeared in the list, as did one hundred or more of the members of Great Britain's nobility.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Richard Wagner's Romance.

Richard Wagner's love for Mathilde Wesendonck is so inextricably woven into his operas that, for a complete understanding of the works of this great composer, a knowledge of this deep passion which lasted for many years is really necessary. The publication in English of a volume of letters, translated by William Ashton Ellis, throws a flood of new light upon the rather extraordinary relations between Wagner and the wife of his friend, and must necessarily be of particular interest to musicians, and of more than common interest to every one.

When Wagner was a boy of twenty-three, he made the usual blunder. He married Minna Planer, a pretty actress, four years his senior. And it was an unhappy alliance from the very first. In six months, she left him, the supposition being that she was unable to endure Wagner's ever-varying moods—what were, in truth, the very eccentricities of genius. Wagner suffered agonies from loss of sleep; he was distracted by all sorts of noises; once he paid a blacksmith to keep quiet during the early morning hours so that he might compose in peace. He must have been a difficult companion. Wagner himself says of Minna: "She would have been happier with a lesser man."

However, the separation was not permanent. Minna returned to Wagner's house after a year, their domestic life was resumed, and it was not until the composer, in 1852—sixteen years later—met Mathilde Wesendonck that we hear again of serious difficulty between him and his actress-wife.

Mathilde Wesendonck, at this time, was twenty-four years old, an attractive young matron, with a fine broad brow, regular features, and sensitive lips. Her character, however, was unformed. Immediately an intimate friendship was established between her and Richard. He "wrote his wisdom on her mind" which, as he himself said, he had found "like a blank sheet of white paper."

The intimacy was spurred on by the fact that Mathilde's husband, Otto, was Wagner's best friend. Otto was one of the partners in a New York silk house. He loaned Wagner money time and again when repayment was out of the question; he gave Wagner the gold pen with which the composer wrote "Die Walküre"; and, finally, he built, near his villa in Switzerland, a small cottage, called the "Asyl," which he placed at Wagner's disposal so long as he and his wife might please to occupy it.

Here Wagner settled down with the intention of living all his life in the quiet seclusion of the hills. But it was not to be. The intimacy with Frau Wesendonck deepened. To her he played in the afternoon what he had composed in the morning; with her he talked over his plans, his hopes, his disappointments; in her he found "the heart and the soul that in such moments understood me completely." With Wagner's encouragement, she herself came to exercise a creative faculty. She wrote five poems which Wagner set to music, two of which are "Träume" and "Im Treihhaus," and belong to the Wagner opera, "Tristan and Isolde." Of "Träume," he once wrote to Mathilde: "God knows, I now like this song better than the scene of the opera. Heavens! this is more beautiful than anything I have done. I quiver in my deepest nerves when I hear it." The whole opera of "Tristan and Isolde" is largely autographic, and relates to the love of the composer and the wife of his friend. "That I wrote 'Tristan' I owe to you, and thank you therefor from my deepest soul through all eternity," wrote Wagner.

But what, all this time, of Otto and Minna? They were, to say the least, disturbed. Otto, the husband, fourteen years older than his wife, summoned, it appears, philosophy to his aid. Convinced of the innocence of their relationship, made a confidant by Mathilde of her feelings, and permitted to read the correspondence that passed between them, he consented to (in the phrase of Mr. Ellis) "years of heart-burning bravely borne." It was only in later years, when Wagner had left the "Asyl," that he suffered himself to show a trace of spirit: he refused to invite Wagner to his home or to loan him any more money.

But with poor Minna the case was different. She could not believe in the innocence of the relations between Wagner and Mathilde. Her jealousy grew apace, and at length it led her to intercept a letter between the two lovers and open it. Let us quote here from Wagner's letter to his sister, which prefaces the book, and which, carefully read, illumines the whole anomalous situation:

That letter, if she had been in anything like a position to understand it, might really have afforded her the completest reassurance she could wish, for our resignation formed its theme as well, but she went by nothing, save the endearing expressions, and lost her head. She came up to me raving, and thus compelled me calmly to explain to her precisely how things stood, that she had brought misfortune on herself when she opened such a letter, and that if she did not know how to contain herself, we two must part. . . . Since the very commencement of our ac-

quaintance she [Mathilde] has felt the most unflinching and refined solicitude for me, and obtained from her husband in the most courageous fashion whatever might elevate my life. For his part, in view of his wife's outspokenness to him, it was only natural that he should fall into increasing jealousy; but her grandeur has consisted in this—that, always keeping her husband informed about her heart, she gradually attuned him even to the fullest resignation toward her. . . . What made its achievement possible to her, could only be the depth and the sublimity of her attachment, remote from all self-seeking, which gave her power to show herself to her husband as of such stature that, if she ended by threatening her own death, he needs must abstain from her and prove his unshakable love even by upholding her in her solicitude for me. In fine, it became a matter of retaining the mother of his children, and for their sake—who severed our two selves the most insuperably—he accepted his renunciant position. . . .

I assumed Minna to be sensible enough to comprehend that there was strictly nothing here for her to fear, since an alliance was not to be dreamt of between us, and therefore that forbearance was her best and most advisable resource. . . . She could not hold her peace, however; she went across, behind my back, and—doubtless without realizing it herself—affronted the gentle soul most grossly. . . . Herewith, then, had the delicacy and purity of our relations *i. e.*, those of Wagner and Mathilde been invaded in a coarse and vulgar way, and many a thing must alter. . . . Never had Minna a finer opportunity of showing herself more worthy to be wife of mine, than now, when it involved the preservation to me of the highest and dearest: it lay within her hands to prove if she truly loved me; but she does not even understand what such true love is, and her rage transports her over all! . . .

The intercepted letter, here mentioned, and the events which accompanied it, brought a crisis in the affair, and Richard and Minna left the Wesendoncks, never to return. For five or six years following, however, Wagner wrote to Mathilde all his heart-thoughts. He even kept a diary solely for her. She was the light of his life. Such a state of affairs must have been intolerable to a proud woman, such as Minna was, and in the end they parted. Apparently taking his cue from Wagner's harsh phrases about his wife, Mr. Ellis, the translator, takes the severest view of her conduct, a view in which it is difficult to share. It was clearly too much to ask of any woman that she should calmly permit such a relationship to exist. Whatever the "innocence" of it, it was cruelly insulting to her. Mr. Ellis makes much of Minna's "unreasonable conduct." It is surely not to be expected of a proud, jealous woman that her conduct should be reasonable: it is never reasonable. A complaisance like Otto's on Minna's part would merely have argued little pride or little love or both. She may not have been a "broad-minded" woman, but she was a real one.

The end of the intimacy between Richard and Mathilde, of course, came when he fell under the spell of his second wife-to-be, Frau Cosima, and divorced Minna. Mathilde died in 1902, and this volume of letters is published not only with her consent, but with that of Frau Cosima, who still lives.

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Henry James's Mateless Americans.

In the final summing up of Henry James's "Impressions of America" in the current *North American Review*, our self-exiled countryman comments frankly and forcibly on the striking contrast presented between the men and women of America. "No impression," he says, "so promptly assaults the arriving visitor of the United States as that of the overwhelming preponderance wherever he turns and twists of the unmitigated 'business-man' face, ranging through its various possibilities, its extraordinary actualities of intensity. Nothing, meanwhile, is more comically striking than the fact that the women over all the land appear to be of a markedly finer texture than the men, and that one of the liveliest signs of this difference is precisely in their less narrowly specialized, their less commercialized, distinctly generalized physiognomic character." Finally, "the only thing is that from the moment the painter begins to look at American life, brush in hand, he is in danger of seeing in comparison almost nothing else in it—nothing, that is, so characteristic as this apparent privation for the man of his right kind of woman, and this apparent privation for the woman of her right kind of man."

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LITERARY NOTES.

London's Fine Strong Story.

"Jack London's prize-fight story, 'The Game,' brutal?"
Not in the least.
"Robust, then?"
Yes, indeed.
"Vivid?"

Yes, vivid as "The Call of the Wild" is vivid.

"Characters well drawn—the fighter's, for example?"

Well, yes.
"The girl's, too?"

U-m-m, well, let us argue it. Here's an Oakland girl, clerk in a candy-shop, beautiful as a dream, a working-class aristocrat, who falls in love with a boy with a widowed mother and six younger brothers and sisters to support—a boy who works in a sail-loft, and who, because, as Silverstein says, he "haf der beautiful body, stronger as der ox, k-vicker as der tiger-cat; der head cooler as der ice-box, der eyes vat see eferytings," has got into amateur prize-fighting by the easy stages of "putting on the gloves" with the boys in the loft, fighting little matches with local cracks, then with broken-down professionals, and finally with the real thing for trifling purses of fifty and a hundred dollars (which go to the widow) — the financial limit of West Oakland sportiness. So far so good. But London makes Genevieve love Joe in spite of, not because of, his prowess in the squared circle. That any girl who worked in a West Oakland candy-store should be such an islet of aristocracy amid a sea of gum-chewing maidenhood all in love with Joe Fleming strikes one as a small-sized miracle.

But the real lack of convincingsness in London's delineation of the girl appears when he describes the fight with Ponta as seen through her eyes. For love of her lover she agrees, attired in boy's clothes, to witness the fight. With her eye to a peep-hole in the curtain she sits through it to the bitter end. And London describes, round by round, the progress of the battle and the girl's emotions. The story of the battle couldn't be bettered. It stirs us like a heady wine. It makes our hearts beat harder and our breath come faster. But the girl, to tell the sober truth, "gets lost in the shuffle." It is a trial as by fire—this her witnessing of a struggle fourteen rounds long between her lover and this man-beast, Ponta—but her character fails to stand forth clearly out of it; the reader is not made to feel that here is "a very woman"; to the last her character is a haze—its subtle delineation was too big a task for London's pen. Taken as a whole, however, the story, while not a great one, is a tremendously good one—one that no lover of virile, vigorous, writing will care to miss. The book is profusely illustrated by Henry Hutt.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Battell Loomis is putting the finishing touches to his new humorous book, which he has named "Thoughts of a Non-Thinker," and which James Pott & Co. will publish.

An important book on a favorite field sport was imported last week by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is "Polo: Past and Present," by T. F. Dale. It is a complete handbook, and takes up the past history of polo, and the story of its beginning in England. It includes full accounts of the games of the players of the present day.

James Barnes will be the editor of *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*. As a magazine editor he served his apprenticeship on *Scribner's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*.

A recent interviewer of Dr. Henry Van Dyke discovered among his treasures a photograph of Rudyard Kipling, upon which Kipling had written this odd aphorism: "As a matter of cold fact, the man who calls himself a realist is in the nature of things a libelous and unconvincing romanticist; whereas the man who, admitting all men are liars, joyously sets out to write accordingly is the only real realist—is so because human nature is contrarious."

The conjecture that Walter H. Page is the author of "Confessions of a Publisher," originally issued in the *Boston Transcript*, is correct.

Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail," etc., is now in Santa Barbara, and writes of California in a recent letter to a friend in New York: "The whole country is a mass of wild flowers, like a Persian rug."

Charles Wagner has written that he is still at work on his volume of impressions of his recent visit to this country. He says that the book "is not symmetric. I say what I have to say, without taking measure."

"Lady Bobs: Her Brother and I," a story by a new writer, Jean Chamblin by name, which is now being published as a magazine serial, will be issued in book-form by the Putnams in the autumn. The author, who is of French and Virginian ancestry and was born in a Nevada mining-camp, has had a varied and interesting career, having studied

kindergarten work with Kate Douglas Wiggin, engaged in active philanthropy, and traveled extensively as an actress of character parts. If her first novel fails of success, it will not be from lack of opportunities for observation.

Gelett Burgess, who is now in the East, will make a three months' visit to San Francisco, arriving here early in July.

Recent critical research has thrown much light on the scope and meaning of the poem of Job. The re-discovery by Professor Bickell, of Vienna, of the lost art of Hebrew metre, and the original text of the old Greek version, have rendered plain many points hitherto obscure. For instance, it has been shown that certain puzzling passages are later interpolations in the primitive text, Dr. E. J. Dillon, whose accomplishments are as great as his industry, has translated the reconstructed Greek text, and the resulting volume is about to be published in England by Fisher Unwin.

In "A Diary from Dixie," by Mary Boyd Chesnut, there is a curious story of a beautiful Washington girl, Mattie Reedy, who, weary of the abuse that her Northern friends showered upon the Southern general, John Morgan, took up the cudgels in his defense. "What's your name?" asked an officer, turning fiercely upon her. "My name now is Mattie Reedy," was the answer, "but, please God, I shall one day call myself Mrs. John Morgan." Now up to this time she had never met or even seen John Morgan. Somehow the story came to his ears. He sought her out, courted her, and married her.

The exquisite, though unconscious, humor of this letter addressed to the editor of the *London Daily Mail*, will not be lost on the enlightened: "Looking over some back issues of my *Daily Mail*, which have been kept for me during my absence from home, I see that Marriott Watson seems to imply that poetry, exhausted by its triumph in the earlier part of last century, is now either dying or dead. As one who has been a life-long lover of poetry, and who has recently ventured to publish a volume of 'Lakeland Poems and Others,' will you, sir, kindly grant me space to assure the great host of your readers that poetry can never die, because it lives and moves too near the heart of things. T. H. COLLINSON, Newton Reigny Rectory."

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POEMS BY A JAPANESE.

The Very Unusual Productions of a Gentleman Whose Name We Conceal—He Discusses Many Profound Subjects.

A member of the editorial staff of the Argonaut recently received from a gentleman whose name, by request (as will be noted) we conceal, the following letter which, without hesitation, we characterize as striking and unusual:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1905. (Care Japanese M. E. Mission).

DEAR Mr. S—: Pardon my sudden call. This is Thomas who ever took broom for you. I believe you will receive another mail with this letter. Mr. S—, I do not know what they are. But—put on the sheets as it was only what comes to my head while working. Perhaps the words are stammered; the speeches are rough; and the thoughts are not cost a glance. Yet I couldn't find any way but to beg your clement forgiveness as an uncivilized Jap, for I expect the perfection on some other day. Thus I have sent such a thing dare to you willing your words. If you would kindly give your straight advice and criticism for them, my gladness should be on top. In end I pray you to keep me secret but as a little brown Japanese laboring boy. Yours very respectfully,

It is needless for us to say that we shall respect the request of the writer of this interesting letter, and preserve his anonymity. But as for the one hundred and six manuscript pages of poetry that arrived at this office simultaneously with the above-printed epistle, they have given rise in our breast to such delightful and varied feelings, such rare pleasure, and have caused such genuine outbursts of inextinguishable emotion, that we feel it would be unjust to our readers as well as unkind to this young poet to keep them in that concealment to which the poet Gray referred when he wrote:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear"— and the succeeding couplet of this familiar and touching stanza. Indeed, we may with propriety say to our readers, here and now, that in all our wide reading of American poets—in our perusal of the delicate lyrics of Mr. Eugene Field, in our excursions into the fragrant poetry of Mr. William Schwenk Gilbert, or even in our profound study of the all too slight poetic production of the late lamented Edgar Wilson (sometimes known as "Bill") Nye—we have never experienced more lively emotions than in the perusal of these manuscript poems by this Japanese gentleman.

But let us speedily proceed from jejune exposition to juicy exemplification. Our first quotation shall relate to a subject of universal interest:

"What is a gentleman? 'Tis a man! Tho' he waits on the table wearing apron, Yet he is a man. All of those who used to put on silk-hats May not surely be gentlemen!"

"What is a lady? 'Tis a woman! Tho' she sweeps round the hall with broom Yet she is a woman! All of those who are proud of the diamond in their fingers May not surely be ladies!"

We candidly inquire of our readers, respecting our first quotation, if, in the entire justly celebrated writings of our great poetess, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, there is a single lyric at once more true and touching than this that we have quoted. We pass on to a second poem with, as prelude, the observation that no theme has been more written of by poets than "Life"—its mysteries of whither and whence. Since this is true, the difficulties of treating the ancient theme in a new manner are very great, and special commendation must be given our poet for his success—which, as all our readers learned in poetry, will, we believe, agree to be undoubted—in handling the theme in a strictly original, not to say unique manner. Our poet begins somewhat abruptly—thus

Have'n't you ever heard such a babe's question? How am I born, Pa? Don't you, Pa, laugh? I see there a great lesson in Life To whom you should listen carefully. So, though you have bold, straight face for that ashamed and foolish, What answer can you expect for him? Oh! what an woe can you expect but a sinner? Haven't you ever heard such a babe's question? How am I born, Ma? Don't you, Ma, be blushed? How do you reply this simple question? How can you satisfy her without a lie? Why don't you tell truth. Why die you teach the first falsehood to your young? Oh, why should you have to deceive you of yourself?"

Following the dubious model of the great masters of English prose, such as Henry James and Thomas Carlyle, the Japanese youth whose poetry we have under consideration, is occasionally cryptic. We have, for example, puzzled long and pondered deeply with the following poem:

Shouldn't be any side. Yet you do speak down the one in outside. And want to shake the band inside. Oh, why can't you long the one in light As well as you long in shadow? Tell me!"

These are, indeed, poignant and pressing inquiries, but we confess that to the imperative "Tell me!"

we have as yet no answer ready. And we are in the same hard case with respect to this following exigent couplet:

"Haven't you ever taught The agricultural morality for farmers?"

Up to this point, we have not a word of censure for our poet, but with respect to the following poem we are constrained to remark that, so far as we are aware, there is nothing in the Sacred Books of the Semitic race to warrant the assumption in the last line. We fear that, in this single instance, a fine frenzy has carried him beyond the limits of poetic license:

"I have ever heard from you Much about the beauty of the formless, But I am going to tell you More about the beauty of the form. Lo! a man goes to Venus like a demon. Rather than a fat lady like Budhisattra! And a woman runs to Hippomenes like a monster. Rather than a consumptive man like Jehovah."

With the true benevolence of the great, our poet recognizes and pays tribute to the lofty spirits of brother-poets, even across the sea. In particular, he lays at the feet of Rudyard Kipling a meed of highest praise. It is in the course of a long poem on "Imperialism":

"Oh, there is running a great stream of poetry now through the all British nations' hearts, as if there was once the revolutionary tide through their fathers' hearts in the Lord Cromwell's age!

This is a great epic without form! They are the great poets all without word! The Milton who sung it instead of them was Kipling! So his toil was paid enough.

"Yes, his toil was paid enough, perhaps over! Lo! the 'Kipling-Shrine' is becoming a usual conversational word now

Once when he was caught by a slight cold, they were so anxious, that the grand-old-man was in bed with his fatal disease— And it is said certain emperor sent his imperial ambassador especially to visit him.

Lo again! his worshippers speak highly: 'If the British principle alters after this, the first voice should be heard from our Kipling's mouth.'

Isn't that proud? No one like him was ever seen in the history of letter!"

Great pleasure as we should have in giving to the world more of these remarkable poems, we shall, we fear, be obliged to conclude with this quotation from a long poem on our author's favorite subject—imperialism. We should remark that the poet has considered at some length Kipling and the imperialistic tendencies of Great Britain, and turns from their contemplation with

"Now let me see on America—the United States. As you all know, she is proud of that she has Longfellow, the singer of peace, as her national poet.

This single matter is enough to explain her Nature! Hark! What did she cry first, when born three hundred years ago?

'Give me Liberty, Or give me Death!' She wanted such a thing! She did not want any milk.

"Thus this country was born! And she was brought up as born, peacefully, happily, and even and equally! What a fair maiden wasn't she?"

"Listen! Her children sing on the street: 'My coun—try, 'tis of thee Sweet land of lib—er—ty. Of thee I sing; Land where my fa—thers died, Land of the Pil—grims' pride, From ev—ry moun—ain side Let freedom ring.'

"Remember, however, the eighteen hundred and ninety-eight year!

Since that age, She has rejected her first desire. She has forgotten her mother's sweet breast and father's strict treatment.

Finally she ran away, being bewildered with a temptation named Imperialism.

Now she is wandering afar over the Eastern sea.

"She is not an original fair maiden any more!" True. Too true. As a citizen of these United States we admit with deep regret the perfect justice of the arraignment of our country by this gifted son of Japan. Especially the last line is fraught with profound sadness. We can not deny it,

"She is not an original fair maiden any more."

H. A. L.

F. A. McKenzie's "From Tokio to Tiflis," published recently in London by Hurst & Blackett, gives as the well-weighed judgment of this noted war-correspondent the opinion that "much of the future growth of Japan will be at the expense of our Eastern trade, our prestige, and eventually our territory," and that it means "within half a century a fermenting India and a threatening Australia."

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens. 2. "Sandy," by Alice Hegan Rice. 3. "The Tyranny of the Dark," by Hamlin Garland. 4. "Rose of the World," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. 5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

- 1. "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens. 2. "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner. 3. "Isidro," by Mary Austin. 4. "The Princess Passes," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

- 1. "Iole," by Robert W. Chambers. 2. "The Orchid," by Robert Grant. 3. "The Master Mummer," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. 4. "Opening of Tibet," by Perceval Landon. 5. "An Autobiography," by Andrew D. White.

Errors in Encyclopedias.

A man who has done a great deal of work in correcting some large dictionaries, encyclopedias, and historical reference works, who has studied ten languages, and who is well posted on a number of foreign lands, examined over fifteen thousand pages of an encyclopedia recently published in this country. Much of the work he did without the publishers' knowledge. Though this encyclopedia was considered to have been edited very carefully, he discovered over one thousand mistakes in the first volume alone. In the following volumes he found many thousands.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rufus Choate once tried to get a Boston witness to give his idea of absent-mindedness. "Well," said the witness, who was a typical New England Yankee, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a leetle absent-minded."

A Chicago girl says that while in Boston she was out yachting, when Thomas Lawson, enjoying the same sport, passed within hail. She was dared to show her Chicago nerve by speaking to him. Not to be backed down, she called out, "Hello, Copper." Quick as a flash came the answer from Lawson: "Hello, Brass."

James G. Blaine had a personal friend in the custom-house at Portland. Cleveland had been elected and inaugurated, and Federal office-holders were hanging to their jobs by their eyelids. Blaine called at the custom-house one day, and seemed surprised to meet his old friend, saying: "What, Bill, you here still?" "Yes," whispered Bill, "damn still."

A late story of Russell Sage tells how a committee of society women waited upon him and asked a subscription to some charitable object. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Morgan were down for a thousand or two each, and Mrs. Russell Sage's name appeared opposite the modest sum of one hundred dollars. The old financier reached for his pen, and his fair visitors were jubilant until he handed back the subscription list. He had merely written "Mr. and" in front of "Mrs. Russell Sage."

A young Southern lawyer, whose progress was too slow to suit him, decided to give up the law and try journalism. He had no money, hut, seeing no other way, he got into a train for Nashville, Tenn., and when the conductor called for his ticket, said: "I am on the staff of —, of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?" The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker. Come with me. If he identifies you, all right." He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right." Before leaving the train the lawyer

again sought the editor. "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper." "I'm not the editor either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

The elder Dumas once was wearing the ribbon of a certain order, having recently been made a commandant, and an envious friend remarked upon it. "My dear fellow," he said, "that cordon is a wretched color! One would think it was your woollen vest that was showing!" "Oh, no, my dear D'E—" replied Dumas, with a smile, "you're mistaken. It's not a bad color; it is exactly the shade of the grapes that the fox couldn't reach."

Mark Hanna once heard a hoy in his employ say "I wish I had Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse." The senator smiled grimly, and on returning to his office, sent for the boy. "So you wish you had my money and I was in the poorhouse, eh?" he said; "now, supposing you had your wish, what would you do?" The youngster, one of the ready-witted Irish variety, said with a droll grin: "Well, I guess I'd get you out of the poorhouse the first thing." This adroit answer brought the lad an increase of pay the next week.

"I chanced to be in Chicago," said a gentleman at a dinner board to a company of fellow New Englanders, "two or three days after the great fire of 1871. As I walked among the smoking ruins, if I saw a man with a cheerful air, I knew that he was a resident of Chicago; if I saw a man with a long face, I knew that he represented a Hartford insurance company. Really, the cheerful resignation with which the Chicago people endured the losses of New England did honor to human nature."

An English lord was traveling through this country with a small party of friends. At a farmhouse the owner invited the party in to supper. The good housewife, while preparing the table, discovering that she was entertaining nobility, was overcome with surprise and elation. All seated at the table, scarcely a moment's peace did she grant her distinguished guest in her endeavor to serve and please him. It was "My lord, will you have some of this?" and "My lord, do try that," "Take a piece of this, my lord," until the meal was nearly finished. The little four-year-old son of the family, heretofore unnoticed, during a moment of supreme quiet

saw his lordship trying to reach the pickle-dish, which was just out of his reach, and turning to his mother, said: "Say, ma, God wants a pickle."

Shortly after the introduction of the electric telegraph into Scotland, a West Highlander, who had been to Glasgow, and was, consequently, supposed to have got to the bottom of all mysteries, was asked to explain it. "Weel," said he, "it's no easy to explain what you will no be understandin'. But I'll tell ye what it's like. If you could stretch my collie dog frae Oban to Tobermory, an' if you wass to clap its head in Ohan, an' it waggit its tail in Tobermory, or if I wass to tread on its tail in Tobermory an' it squaked in Ohan—that's what the telegraph is like."

In the "Autobiography of Andrew D. White" is a story of a former senator of the United States who, about the year 1840, was sent to Russia as minister. Sobriety was not this gentleman's especial virtue, and this led to the resignation of his valet, who told as follows of the final quarrel: "This morning Oi thought it was toime to get his igsillincy out of bed, for he had been drunk about a week and in bed most of the toime, and so Oi went to him and says, gentle loike, 'Would your igsillincy have a cup of coffee?' when he rose up and shtruck me in the face. On that Oi took him by the collar, lifted him out of bed, took him across the room, showed him his ugly face in the glass, and Oi said to him, says Oi: 'Is thim the eyes of an invoy extraor-r-dinary and minister pliniptentiar-ry?'"

Mark Twain Near Tears.

Mark Twain was recently invited to revisit Reno, Nev., and attend the Fourth of July celebration. The invitation stirred his memory of the days he spent in the Rockies in the early sixties, although he found that it would be impossible for him to make the trip. In replying to the invitation, he recalled some of the memories of his experiences, and showed that the lapse of time had not caused them to become dimmed. His characteristic communication is as follows:

IN THE MOUNTAINS,

NEW HAMPSHIRE, May 24, 1905.

DEAR MR. FULTON: I remember, as if it were yesterday, that when I disembarked from the overland stage in front of the Ormsby in Carson City, in August, 1861, I was not expecting to be asked to come again. I was tired, discouraged, white with alkali

dust, and did not know anybody; and if you had said then, "Cheer up, desolate stranger, don't be downbeared — pass on and come again in 1905," you can not think how grateful I would have been and bow gladly I would have closed the contract. Although I was not expecting to be invited, I was watching for it, and was hurt and disappointed when you started to ask me and changed it to "How soon are you going away?" for I was an orphan at that time, and had been one so many years that I was getting sensitive about it.

But you have made it all right now, and the wound is closed. And so I thank you sincerely for the invitation; and with you, all Reno, and if I were a few years younger I would accept it, and promptly. I would go. I would let somebody else do the oration, but as for me I would talk — just talk. I would renew my youth; and talk — and talk — and have the time of my life! I would march the forgotten and forgettable antiques by, and name their names, and give them reverent hail and farewell as they passed: Goodwin, McCarthy, Gillis, Curry, Baldwin, Winters, Howard, Nye, Stewart, Neely, Johnson, Hal Clayton, Jones, North, Rooth, and my brother, upon whom he peace! And then the desperadoes, who made life a joy and the "slaughter-house" a precious possession: Sam Brown, "Farmer Pete," Bill Mayfield, "Six-Fingered Jake," Jack Williams, and the rest of the crimson discipleship — so on, so on. Believe me, I would start a resurrection it would do you more good to look at than the next one will, if you go on the way you are doing now.

Those were the days — those old ones! They will come no more. Youth will come no more. They were full to the brim with the wine of life. There have been no others like them. It chokes me up to think of them. Would you like me to come out there and cry? It would not become my white head.

Good-by, I drink to you all. Have a good time — and take an old man's blessing.

MARK TWAIN.

"If I were younger," said the rich old man, "I believe I might win you for my wife." "Yes," replied the cold beauty, dreamily considering his sixty-five years, "or, say, fifteen years older." — Philadelphia Press.

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In his recent lecture on "The Drama" before a San Francisco audience, William Winter, the veteran critic of the New York *Leibner*, gave a general resumé of the theatrical situation of the present time, which made the younger element in the audience sit up and open their eyes. Mr. Winter is a man who has consistently adhered to the loftiest ideals in dramatic art through his many years' service as theatrical critic. He believes in "a pure stage"—something of which the present generation has little knowledge—and in no uncertain terms the lecturer denounced the tendencies of the day: a day in which levity is supreme.

"The prevalent overwhelming sound," he said, "is the sound of the horse-laugh." He grieves over the descent of imagination from her throne, leaving to us an arid epoch in which the vulgar appetite finds the vulgar response—the response which is found in "lascivious opera-houffe, semi-nude burlesque, voluptuous, mischievous pageantry, and, latest and most delectable of dramatic fads, the odoriferous exploiting of the relations of the roud and the demirep."

The cause for this general deterioration in public taste Mr. Winter ascribes to the curse of materialism, and to the ascendancy of the plebeian, which has had the effect of lowering standards, obliterating romantic feelings, and permitting mediocrity to come forward with jaunty confidence and assert itself. The lecturer described, with the eloquence born of reverential recollection, the pure and inspiring drama of the epoch which has passed—a time in which weakness and folly, as in every age, had their showing, but were cast into shade by the lofty splendors of true dramatic art, the art which ennoble.

In spite of the real eloquence with which Mr. Winter reviewed the enchantments of the drama of the past, all of his listeners were not in complete sympathy with him, some thinking him too extreme in his moral reprobation of the low tastes and lax tendencies of the theatre-going public. Those who have known no time other than the present were puzzled and startled by his denunciation of Ibsen, Pinero, Shaw, and Maeterlinck—writers to whom they look up as lights of literature. It is true that Mr. Winter is something of an extremist, and in expressing his detestation of those writers who present baneful and gloomy images of vice, rather than ideals of beauty and nobility, he fails to do justice to their talents and originality. That their talents are sometimes perverted is due to the spirit of the age in which they live, and which is inevitably reflected in their writings. Their works are the involuntary product of an epoch the society of which shows a restless, monkey-like, and insatiate curiosity about its baser appetites. At a later epoch, Pinero's "nauseous images of carnal vice" and D'Annunzio's "menagerie of wanton monsters" will serve as a kind of thermometer to the moral temperature of the age, and some future Taine will hold us coldly up to the inspection of posterity, judging us by our contemporary literature.

That will be after the revolution has come; for revolution there will be. As Mr. Winter pointed out, this is not a world of permanence for the works of man, few influences surviving more than two or three decades. D'Annunzio's gory and sinister tragedies that enervate the moral fibre are therefore destined to perish. But that all of our gods are false, we are not prepared to believe.

In the meantime, Mr. Winter's fiery arraignment of the stage, which we patronize and support, will do us good. We become so callous to the advancing of pernicious ideas and images, and are so resigned to frivolity and triviality, that the process of having our eyes opened may induce us to hasten to rescue from their place in the dust those fallen ideals which, when in their proper place, formerly lent grandeur, beauty, and spiritual elevation to the art of the drama.

This is an off week in theatricals. There is nothing new in the line of plays save perhaps at the Central. "A Woman's Sin" at the Grand Opera House is "The Deemster" with a new name, "The American Citizen." "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," and "Harriet's Honeymoon" have formerly been presented here. The two last are not so well worn, however, as to have lost their novelty, and much pleasure may often be had in their recollections. An enjoyable performance by seeing an entertaining play performed a second time, and discovering how they have forgotten.

In "Harriet's Honeymoon" the Alcazar people have a play to fit the lighter side of their talent, although they seemed to lean on the prompter for support more heavily than usual on Monday night.

Strange to say, Miss Lawrence accomplished the feat of acting well, even while she needed to be boosted up on almost every line in the second act that fell to her share. Craig made numerous tentative excursions toward the prompter's bower, and loudly rattled the Señora Agazzina's concert receipts in order to cover the gigantic pauses that yawned between each remark. Howard Scott contrived to preserve a prince-like poise, and was able to remain on the further side of the stage, and ignore the prompter's existence.

"Harriet's Honeymoon" is an amusing trifle, although Harriet herself is a rather *difficile* young woman, and a little trying to the nerves. In the midst of the light-comedy atmosphere, however, one is suddenly conscious that the sympathies have been reached. There was not a woman in the audience probably who did not feel a sympathetic dismay and share her purely feminine sense of terror when Harriet found herself a stranger in a strange land minus a husband, a passport, and a letter of credit.

Players evidently rehearse the crucial scenes too carefully to forget their lines. At all events, Miss Lawrence and Craig were quite oblivious of the prompter when the prince fell to real love-making, and there was quite a waft of exhilarating excitement in the air when the husband, with a good-sized Yankee glare in his eye, sprang to the defense of his wife, ready to fling the code of duello to the how-wows, and demonstrate the efficacy of American fisticuffs.

The Tivoli has passed out of that halcyon period when it was possible to run along for a year and draw steadily and well with the same old company. The management is prudently alive to the necessity of providing novelty and more notable people than we used to have. Competition is the life of trade. I remember several years ago, when the Tivoli was on Eddy Street, that they peacefully ambled along for a good slice of the year with a tenor who could raise nothing bigger than a squeak. Various frightened or inaudible young men were pushed forward and were accepted, for there were not so many low-priced theatres running then, and the clientèle used to turn up automatically from habit at each new performance. The engagement of Barron Berthald is therefore indicative of the newer policy. Aida Hemmi and Wallerstedt are still new, but there is excellent music in "The Black Hussar," and, grand-opera singer though he is, Berthald has plenty to keep his good, reliable tenor busy. Millocker's works, with other light operas of the better class, are considered good enough to be retained on the repertoire of European opera-houses, when patrons are good for a change to lighter music. The fun in these old houffe operas suffers, however, from the barbarous horse-play which is introduced to take the place of the original comedy. How they are presented to European audiences we had the opportunity to find out during the recent season of the Conried Opera Company, when "Die Fledermaus" was put on. Light comedy work of the finest quality served to keep the fun alive, and there was not the slightest sense experienced of the humor being dulled or decayed by the rust of time. Comedians we can not have at the Tivoli, however. So interpolated and vapid monkey-antics we must have. Still, if you can not stand it, shut your eyes, and in "The Black Hussar" you will hear a good singing company agreeably rendering extremely pretty music.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Duse has been playing "Magda" recently at the Waldorf Theatre, London. "Perhaps," says the *Mail*, "her more earnest admirers had reason to think that even Magda is not the ideal part for Duse. One feels the beautiful personality that Duse shows us would hardly have come to her father's little home as Magda did, with all her jewels on, and sneer at the honest provincial folk, and say, 'I am I,' till one got quite tired of the personal pronoun. None the less, to see Duse is to see a good woman's heart portrayed with the perfection of intelligence and natural grace. She is, perhaps, a little more radiant than usual this year."

United States Depository.

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Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco

When De Pachmann Dies.

Vladmir de Pachman, the pianist, who dreads the ocean and has a terror of storms, is in New York. He will not go to Europe until July, the month he always makes his crossings, as the Atlantic is more tranquil then than at any other time of the year. Meanwhile, he is providing comedy each evening for the customers of a German restaurant at which he dines. An exchange gives the following account of his behavior:

He sits alone at a round table facing the room. He is so well known now that there is always an expectant gathering to watch him. The pianist enters solemnly. He unbends first when the waiter takes his coat. Looking into this functionary in the eye he bestows on him a melting smile.

M. de Pachmann usually dines alone. There are various reasons for that. The waiter hands him the bill of fare and disappears for the liter of beer which will be replaced several times before the meal is ended. After bowing with an alluring smile at the waiters standing about the room, the pianist glances at the bill of fare. "Soup?" He looks undecided, shakes his head, and then suddenly pouts like a spoiled child. In a second he decides that he will take soup. He smiles radiantly to himself, and looking up from the card, grins and bows to the other guests in the room.

The same parade precedes every course. From dubious uncertainty to delighted satisfaction every emotion is expressed on his countenance before the dinner is finally ordered.

It is with the first taste of his beer that M. de Pachmann begins to show his enjoyment of the meal. He picks up the glass and takes a long swallow. His face is blank when he sets the glass down. Then he seems lost in some sort of deliberation. Finally he is seen to be reaching a conclusion. The beer was all right.

He nods and laughs at the crowd which has been watching all this play of feature to show how friendly his feelings are. After every course his facial expression is just as eloquent.

If he puts salt on a dish he acts out in pantomime just how it tastes, and with pepper it is the same. All this comedy is punctuated by intimate conversations with the waiters, who are called up from all corners of the room. They all know the pianist and listen good humoredly to his long talks.

Long after he has finished his dinner he sits smoking and joking with them. If he sees anybody whose appearance pleases him, he bows cordially whether he knows them or not. The other guests of the restaurant greet every new trick with laughter. He takes as much delight in it as he might in the applause of an audience.

When the time for departure arrives, M. de Pachmann rises solemnly, and, bidding farewell to the waiters, puts on his coat. Smiling at the guests he passes out into the shade of Union Square.

M. Coquelin's will leaves \$40,000 to the home for aged actors founded by him, and just opened. Until his death he will pay on the legacy interest amounting to about \$1,800 annually. It is said that one of the inmates of the new home was so charmed by his surroundings that he remarked: "I am not sorry now that I have always failed to make a success."

Charles McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna," has finished a new comedy, "Genius and Wealth." Ellis Jeffreys will act the chief woman's part in it.

Allotment of New Mining Stock.

Investors who are awake to the wonderful possibilities of the Bullfrog district, just south of Tonopah and Goldfields, will be interested to know of a new mining company, controlled by practical mining men. They have bought ninety acres of rich gold and silver ground adjoining the famous Gold Bar or Benny Hazelton properties, and for the first time are offering stock for sale. All or part of one hundred thousand shares only will be sold at special bedrock price to further the development of the property, work on which has already begun. This stock is not being publicly offered, it being the plan of the company to sell only a limited amount, and if one or several parties take this block of treasury stock as a whole for the development of the property, which is rich in ore, no further sale of treasury stock will be necessary for development purposes, as the mine will carry itself.

Reliable parties to whom this proposition appeals may secure further information by calling at or addressing Room 177, Crocker Building, San Francisco. Financial references exchanged.

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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.
A legitimate triumph—"Me and Napoleon." Immease success of the celebrated tenor, **Barron Berthald**. Last week of Millocker's sparkling comic opera,
THE BLACK HUSSAR
Begins Monday night.
Only matinee Saturday Usual Tivoli prices—25c, 50c, 75c. Next—Barron Berthald in **Armorita**.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Beginning next Monday, June 26th. **T. Daniel Fraley** in Richard Harding Davis's comedy of American army life,
RANSON'S FOLLY
Special summer prices—Orchestra, \$1.50; Orchestra Circle, \$1.00; Balcony, 75c and 50c; Second Balcony, 25c. Matinee Saturdays. Special Fourth of July matinee.

CALIFORNIA. EDWARD ACKERMAN, Lessee and Manager
To-morrow night and all next week. **Frederic Belasco** presents **Florence Roberts** in the great Dumas masterpiece,
--: **CAMILLE** --:
Special matinee performance Wednesday of Ibsen's fascinating psychic story, **A Doll's House**. To follow—last two weeks of the Roberts season, **Zaza** and **Tess** of the **D'Urbervilles**.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar."
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr
Week commencing Monday, June 26th. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. The Alcazar stock company. First time in the West of the ideal romance,
--: **AUDREY** --:
Dramatized from Mary Johnston's famous novel of Virginia in Colonial times, and played for 200 nights in New York by Eleanor Robson.
Evenings—25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday—25c to 50c. July 3d—the great Fourth of July comedy, **Up York State**.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. Last week of **Maud Williamson** and **Alfred Woods**. First time of the comedy sporting drama,
--: **THE BEST TO WIN** --:
Special engagement of the popular lightweight, **Eddie Hanlon**, who will spar four rounds with Mr. Woods in the third act.
Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Sunday matinee, July 2d, **George Drew Mendum** and **George Parsons** in the stirring American play, **The Belle of Richmond**.

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.
BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.
Week beginning Monday, June 26th. Lincoln J. Carter's spectacular play of life in the South,
--: **DOWN MOBILE** --:
Watch for the great dismal swamp scene, and the conflagration in the old cotton mill. Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. Next—**Chattanooga**.

Orpheum
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 25th.
Felicitous Vaudeville.
Mr. Claude Gillingwater and Company; Eight Bedouin Arabs; George W. Day; Wilson Trio; Fred's Monkey Actors; Lillian Shaw; Lavine and Leonard; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Bessie French.
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

EDWIN EMERSON
The American War-Correspondent
TWO ILLUSTRATED TALKS
WITH BEAUTIFULLY COLORED VIEWS
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 26th,
"The Russo-Jap War."
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"The Siege of Port Arthur."
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Frawley at the Columbia.

Beginning Monday evening, T. Daniel Frawley and company will appear for two weeks at the Columbia Theatre in Richard Harding Davis's dramatization of his story, "Ranson's Folly." The play has as its setting a Western army post, and as its chief character a young lieutenant, who, on a wager, and to lend excitement to the monotonous life of the post, holds up a stage with a pair of scissors as his only weapon. There is a love-story in the play, and it is said to be marked by much good comedy. The company includes Eleanor Montell, Mark Price, Grace Thorne, Frazer Coulter, Ark Curry, Eghert Peters, Alice Martin, W. H. Burton, Katherine Raynore, Charles Sturgis, Grace De Witt, Laurence Sheehan, James McKeane, and William Wray. There will be matinees Saturdays only. A special summer scale of prices has been arranged for the engagement as follows: Orchestra, \$1.50; orchestra circle, \$1.00; balcony, 75 and 50 cents; second balcony, 25 cents.

Dumas and Ibsen at the California.

Florence Roberts will present "Camille" at the California Theatre during the coming week, beginning to-morrow (Sunday) evening, with a special matinee performance on Wednesday afternoon of Ibsen's "A Doll's House." In the last-named play Miss Roberts will be Nora. Herschel Mayall will have the rôle of Krogstad and Lucius Henderson of Dr. Rank. For the last week of her engagement Miss Roberts will probably revive "Zaza" and "Tess of the Durbervilles."

Sporting Comedy Drama at the Grand.

At to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee, Alfred Woods and Maud Williamson will begin the last week of their engagement at the Grand Opera House, appearing in the sporting comedy-drama, "The Best to Win." The play, which has never before been seen here, has a prize-fight in the third act, and, to lend realism to it, Eddie Hanlon has been engaged to spar four rounds. His sparring opponent is to be Woods, who is said to be a clever boxer. To follow, come George Drew Mendum and George Parsons in "The Belle of Richmond."

Colonial Drama at the Alcazar.

"Audrey" at the Alcazar next week, is the first presentation in the West of a dramatization of Mary Johnston's novel of that name. "Audrey" was prepared for the stage by Harriet Ford and E. F. Boddington. Eleanor Rohson created the title-rôle in the original production at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, under the direction of the Liehler Company, from whom Belasco and Mayer have just secured the stock rights. Elizabeth Woodson, herself a Southerner, will have the leading part in the Alcazar presentation. The cast is large, and the production will be most elaborate. To follow, July 3d, comes a rustic comedy, "Up York State," which has for one of its principal incidents a Fourth of July picnic scene. An early event will be the first production on any stage of a romance of modern Japan by Colgate Baker, entitled "The Heart of a Geisha." Juliet Crosby will create the rôle of the Japanese dancing-girl. After this comes White Whittlesy.

Southern Scenes at the Central.

Another Lincoln J. Carter play, "Down Mobile," will be presented at the Central Theatre, beginning on Monday evening. In this play Mr. Carter endeavors to portray life as it exists to-day in the South, and it is said that he has succeeded. All the Central favorites will be in the cast, and a fine production is promised.

"Armorita" to Be Sung at the Tivoli.

"The Black Hussar" is on at the Tivoli, with Barron Berthald as the young patriot Helbert. Others in the cast are J. Albert Wallerstadt as Walderman; William Schuster as the turncoat magistrate, Hackenback; Teddy Wehh in the rôle of Piff Kow; Charles A. Morgan as Miffin; and Aida Hemmi, Grace Palotta, and Aimee Leicester in the female rôles. Next week will be the last of "The Black Hussar." It will be succeeded by "Armorita," another comic-opera which has not been heard here in years. Barron Berthald will sing the principal rôle in it.

The Bill at the Orpheum.

Claude Gillingeater will reappear with a company of comedians at the Orpheum to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, when he will again present "The Wrong Man," the one-act comedy in which he made a hit on the occasion of his last engagement here. The Bedouin Arah, eight in number, direct from the London Hippodrome, are whirlwind acrobats, and are said to have no equals in any part of the globe. George W. Day, who writes his own songs and tells his own stories, will reappear in "cork." The Wilson Trio, German comedians, warblers, and vocalists, will appear for the first time in this city.

Their own songs in the language of the fatherland are said to be inexpressibly amusing. Bessie French, for her second and last week, will be heard in new selections. Lillian Shaw, the vocal dialect comedienne, will change her specialties; and Lavine and Leonard, the automobile comiques; Fred's monkey actors; and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

Edwin Emerson to Lecture.

Edwin Emerson, formerly of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and correspondent during the Russian-Japanese War for Collier's, Black and White (London), New York Journal, New York World, Chicago News, and the Westminster Gazette (London), will give two lectures at Lyric Hall. With Mr. Emerson will be Herr Clemens Lindpainter, who was the official photographer in Port Arthur throughout the siege, and whose house and studio were totally wrecked by Japanese shells. The first lecture will be given next Monday night, June 26th, and the subject will be "Personal Impressions of the Russian-Japanese War." On Wednesday night, June 28th, the subject will be "The Siege of Port Arthur." Seats may be secured at Snerman, Clay & Co. The prices are 50 and 75 cents.

One of Sothern's Jokes.

"F. W. W.," writing in the Denver Post, recalls an amusing anecdote of the elder Sothern, who was an inveterate practical joker. He and some strolling players were in Nova Scotia taking their vacations. They stopped at a little inn, and, one day, the honi-face coming in and seeing them enjoying themselves, observed, facetiously: "Oh, I see: hirds of a feather flock together."

The actors, not liking the interruption, were quiet, and the pause was a trifling embarrassing, when Sothern, standing up and with a solemn countenance, observed, "What do you mean by hirds of a feather?"

The host looked staggered, and replied: "Why, have you never heard of the old English proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together?'"

Sothern, having winked at his associates, they all shook their heads. Whereupon the spokesman, turning upon the man, observed, "You must have been mistaken; there never could have been such a proverb as 'Birds of a feather.' The idea of a whole flock of hirds having only one feather. The thing is ridiculous. Besides, the poor hird that had that feather must have flown on one side, consequently, as the other hirds couldn't fly at all, they couldn't flock together. But, even excepting the absurdity, if they flocked at all, they must certainly have flocked together, for no hird could possibly be such a damn fool as to go away into a corner and try to flock by himself."

Not only was the landlord completely crushed, but Sothern made the incident part of "The American Cousin," in which he made himself famous as Lord Dundreary.

"You may say," said Paderewski to a friend, the other day, in Paris, "that I have no intention of giving up public appearances at present. I love the piano too well to discard it while my playing gives pleasure to the public. But for the present I make holiday. We are hound for Switzerland and the Tyrol. I am not in any way, as you would say, 'played out,' but I have been recommended to take a rest, and I think I deserve it."

At the New Amsterdam Aerial Theatre in New York a Gilbert and Sullivan review, consisting of scenes from five of those authors' operas, follows the regular musical farce, "Lifting the Lid." The operatic potpourri is received with great enthusiasm, while the hurlesque falls flat. An encouraging sign.

Old-Fashioned Chocolate Creams—an exquisite hind of mellow cream centre and chocolate coating. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

An East Side Thriller.

The Yiddish inhabitants of the lower East Side of New York have been enjoying the thrills produced by a play which the hills describe as "A Tale of Triumphant Revenge: Concluding with the Realistic Execution Scene, a Faithful Duplicate Designed by an Eye-Witness of the Guesome Spectacle (When Gershon Marx [a Connecticut murderer] Died. Most Horrible Scene Ever Presented on Any Stage."

The play has caused great interest. Morries says to Rosie in the school-yard: "I seen it!"

"I aindt," says Rosie, sadly, "hut my uncle seen it. Undt he said de gurgles was choost fine!"

On the night that an Evening Sun reporter was present, the playwright remarked: "It was a kind of a cold house to-night. Only three women fainted. Last night there were seven, and one of 'em had hysterics and just raised hell." "Yiddish people has de feeling hearts," commented the manager.

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Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, Corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 31st of June, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3 60) per cent. on term deposits, and three and fifteen one-hundredths (3.15) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 525 California Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 710 Market Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent. on all deposits, compounded semi-annually and free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1905, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1905, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905. EDWIN BONNELL, Ass't Cashier.

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VANITY FAIR.

"R. E. H.," an occasional correspondent of the Argonaut in the Far East, has recently been impressed by the status there of white women who marry Orientals.

"Apropos of Japanese fecundity: I remember some editorials written during the Belgian hare craze at San Francisco. If you substitute Japanese for jack-rabbits, you have just about got it.

"This is the season of foreign travel, and many will now be going abroad for the first time," an old hand at traveling is reported by the Philadelphia Bulletin as saying.

Gas Economy

DO YOU KNOW Gas is only \$1.00 per 1000 cubic feet? A lower price than obtains in any similarly situated city in the United States.

DO YOU KNOW The average family gas bill for the month of May was \$2.87? Many get along on half this amount.

DO YOU KNOW A Gas Range in the cheapest range you can buy? Cheapest in first cost; cheapest to operate.

Ranges at Cost \$17.00 DOLLAR A MONTH

FREE SERVICES

THE GAS CO. 415 POST STREET

through on \$5.00 in tips and still be regarded as liberal," said the traveler. "If you don't rent a deck-chair—and many don't—and if you don't come otherwise into contact with the deck steward, there will be no need to tip him.

A man with a sense of humor writes an amusing letter to the Sun, which that journal prints under the caption, "The Lady, the Gentleman, and the Mosquito." He says: "I went to church yesterday, and during the prayer could not help being deeply interested in a New Jersey mosquito, rather than the prayer.

Collectors of precious stones in New York are awaiting with eagerness announcement of the time and place of the sale of the late Mrs. Leland Stanford's jewels. They are said to be worth \$2,000,000, and are to be sold at auction, the proceeds to go to Leland Stanford Junior University.

Under the title, "Bashful California Girls," the Redding correspondent of the Portland Oregonian says: "The new marriage law, requiring both parties desiring a marriage license to appear in person before the county clerk and answer under oath the necessary questions, has apparently put a stop to matrimony in Shasta County.

People who occasionally refuse an invitation, giving an excuse that doesn't quite align itself with truth, may get a little satisfaction out of the following two quotations. The first is from President Roosevelt's letter of regret to the Pilgrims, dated May 23d: "I have your letter of the fifteenth instant, transmitting the invitations of the Pilgrims of the United States to attend their dinner

to Ambassador Choate on the evening of the ninth of June. It is simply out of the question for me to leave Washington at the time of your banquet." The second is from the news dispatches dated June 9th: "CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., June 9th.—President Roosevelt, accompanied by two secret-service agents, arrived here this afternoon to visit the Albemarle farm, recently purchased by him." Ahem!

He—"Will you give me a place in your heart?" She—"Yes, if you can pay the rent."—Town Topics.

"A delightful sea voyage, good ship, spotlessly clean, officered by good fellows; cuisine equal to best hotel; Tahiti, a dreamland, balmy climate, a variety of scenery. One meets a delightful people, kindly and generous, who extend a broad welcome to visitors to this favored land." Steamship Mariposa sails for Tahiti July 1st. A reduced rate for the round trip, \$125. Send for circular, 653 Market Street.

—DROP IN FOR LUNCHEON AT THE VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

Table with columns: Date, Max. Tem., Min. Tem., Rain-fall, State of Weather. Rows for June 15th to 21st.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 21, 1905, were as follows:

Table with columns: Bonds, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various bonds like Associated Oil Co., Bay Co. Power, etc.

Table with columns: Stocks, Shares, Closed Bid, Asked. Lists various stocks like Contra Costa Water, S. V. Water, etc.

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the sugar stocks which were traded in to the amount of 2,900 shares. They were in fairly good demand at the close, and prices were a shade weaker.

The water stocks were steady, Spring Valley Water Company at 37 1/2-37 3/4; Contra Costa Water at 41 1/2-42.

Giant Powder sold up one and three-eighths points to 72 on sales of 360 shares, closing at 70 bid, 71 asked.

California Wine Association was in better demand, selling up six points to 84 on sales of 105 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weaker, selling off to 56 1/2 on small sales, closing at 56 1/2 bid, 59 1/2 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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238 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1960.

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Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

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**Hotel Vendome
SAN JOSE**

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

**Hotel Del Coronado
Under New Management**

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest seaside resort hotel in the world. Cuisine unequalled. Every modern convenience provided.

Summer Rates: Each person \$3.00 day, \$17.00 week, and upwards. Excellent boating, fishing, hunting, golf links, tennis, bowling. Interesting side trips. Ask railway agent or write

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HOT SPRINGS**

Natural hot plunge and steam baths and wonderful mineral waters are a positive cure for rheumatism, malaria, liver, kidney, and all stomach troubles. Arsenic beauty baths for nervous, catarrhal and skin disorders. Mineral swimming pond. Orcestrina Baths free. Rates \$10 to \$12 per week. Booklets. PECK'S, 11 Montgomery St., or H. H. MCGOWAN, Seigler, Lake County.

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"An ideal realized." Gas-lit rooms in cottages; private redwood park; expert cooking.

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Hotel and Cottages renovated and modernized. Entirely new furnishings. New bath-houses, with porcelain tubs. Spacious office, reception rooms, billiard and smoking rooms. Open fireplaces.

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A pleasant home amid the Berkeley hills, near university campus. An ideal place for San Francisco business men and families to spend the summer. Terms reasonable.

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Swimming tank, 100 feet by 40 feet, all under roof. Bowling alley, tennis court, amusement pavilion, croquet grounds, and a charming country for riding and driving. Address E. ANGWIN, Angwin, Napa County, Cal., or Peck's, 11 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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Telephone James 2531.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan were in Paris when last heard from, arriving there after a trip through Northern Portugal.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin are at "Arcadia," their summer residence in Napa County. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee will be their guests during part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Howard, Miss Sibyl Howard, and Miss Gladys Howard, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year, are expected to arrive home the latter part of this month.

Miss Helen Hyde arrived from Japan on Tuesday, and is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. David Bixler.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels sailed on Saturday for Honolulu, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Sbafter Howard will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter, at Newport this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill and Miss Ruth Merrill were in Switzerland when last heard from.

Mr. Knox Maddox has been sojourning at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Johnson (née Rixford) have returned from abroad, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Rixford.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watt and Mr. Leighton, who have been at Angwin's for some weeks, have returned to Oakland.

Miss Josephine Loughborough will remain in Paris as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allan Wallace, until next winter.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Mr. Albert Gallatin, Jr., were among the recent visitors to Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, of Oakland, were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grace have returned from abroad, and, with Mrs. Henry McLean Martin and Miss Katherine Martin, are at Santa Cruz for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe (formerly Mrs. Emilie Rabbun) have arrived from the East.

Mrs. Moseley and Miss Susie Blanding are expected home from Europe next week.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard were among the recent visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney have taken the residence at Washington Street and Presidio Avenue occupied by the late Dr. Spaulding.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kline, who have for the past month or six weeks been traveling in China and Japan, expect to return to San Francisco about the middle of July.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Maylita Pease, and Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., will leave for Portland, Or., on July 12th. They expect to remain north about two months.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned from Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fickert are spending a few days at Bear Valley.

Mrs. Gerritt Livingston Lansing is sojourning at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler and family and Miss Elsie Marsb have gone to their country place on the McCloud River for the summer.

Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere is sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau, who are at San Mateo, expect to spend July at San Rafael.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Miss Edwin Hammond, Miss Grace Hammond, Miss Daisy Hammond, and Mrs. George Fenwick sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Foster will spend July at Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll are sojourning for a fortnight at Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Cyril Tobin has gone to New York for a short visit.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour at Rutherford, Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson and Miss Helen Wilson have been sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Harry Babcock has gone to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft have returned from their country place.

Miss Helen Woolworth is at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Baron von Horst has gone to Europe, to be absent until August.

Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mrs. Clarence Kempff, and Miss Kate Brigham will be at Lake Tahoe during the summer.

Mr. G. M. Pinckard is spending the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. E. M. Colie and Miss Colie, of Orange, N. J., who have been guests of Mr. C. F. Runyon, are now in the southern part of the State.

Mr. Atherton Macondray arrived from the Philippines on Tuesday.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Frances McKinstry are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild depart to-morrow (Sunday) for Portland. Mr. Rothchild goes from there to New York, and Mrs. Rothchild will return about July

15th and go to Del Monte for the summer.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott has taken apartments at the Hotel Rowardennan for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Daniels, of Denver, Colo., have engaged rooms at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, for the summer.

Mrs. Samuel M. Shortridge is sojourning at the Hotel Tuxedo.

Mrs. G. W. McMahon and son are guests at Seigler Hot Springs.

Miss Elsie Clifford and Miss Evelyn Clifford are sojourning at San Jose.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. G. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Teal, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Lansdale, Mr. and Mrs. S. Waugenheim, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, Miss H. Samson, Miss H. Bremer, Miss A. Arnold, Mr. M. W. Buchanan, Mr. G. Sutro, Mr. C. Sampson, Mr. M. L. Savoy, Mr. E. J. Walter, and Mr. C. Burnham.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Rowardennan were Mr. J. F. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunn, Mrs. L. C. Sheldon, Mrs. Herbert Hume, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Florence Sheldon, Mr. M. A. de Laveaga, Mr. E. I. de Laveaga, Mr. W. G. Holmes, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. W. H. Sellman, Mr. and Mrs. Dugan, Mr. and Mrs. Lorigan, Mr. Albert Dernham, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Burling, Mrs. E. Sadler, Miss Sadler, and Mr. F. H. Bryant.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Tuxedo were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Wall and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lucas, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Wendell, Mrs. John Dean, Miss Dean, Miss Lillian Hoogs, Mr. J. S. Williamson, Mr. P. E. Strickler, Mr. George E. Morgan, Mr. D. M. Fraser, Mr. Gilbert Hassell, Mr. J. P. Booth, Mr. Frank M. Keane, Mr. H. H. McCloskey, Mr. William S. Barnes, Mr. W. L. Greenbaum, Mr. V. W. Gaskell, and Mr. James G. Maguire.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Washburn, of Nashville, Mrs. S. E. Halstead and Mrs. S. H. Lachland, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. B. Warren Rice, Mr. and Mrs. William Ede, Mr. and Mrs. Burr Eastwood, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike, Mrs. Grissim, Mrs. W. F. Barnes, Miss Barnes, Miss Julia M. Moore, Dr. E. C. Sewell, Dr. Charles V. Cross, Dr. Charles E. Parent, Dr. Bruce Ffoulkes, and Dr. W. Scott Franklin.

Among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Griffin, Mrs. Lester Herrick, Mrs. H. S. Crocker, Miss Constance Brown, Miss M. H. Hennessy, Mr. T. A. Brand, Mr. Horace Coffin, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. J. C. Brittain, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. C. W. Gause, Mr. W. A. Landry, Mr. William Freeman, Mr. E. C. Jones, Mr. E. C. Voorbies, Mr. F. S. Johnson, Mr. Maurice Dore, Mr. W. W. Carson, and Mr. George Hood.

Among the recent visitors at the Hotel Vendome were Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Atwater, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Scott, Mr. S. Bromley Moore, Mr. H. W. Randall, and Mr. H. F. Baldwin, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chanslor, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Deming, Mrs. James Otis, Miss Helen Scoville, Miss Amy Talbot, Miss Elenore Martell, Miss Alice Martin, Miss S. C. Wood, Miss Edna Falk, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. T. Daniel Frawley, Mr. George H. Robinson, Mr. H. B. P. Carden, Mr. J. H. Hoag, Mr. William E. Clark, Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, Mr. C. S. Falk, Mr. Douglas Talbot, Mr. Charles C. Norris, Mr. A. E. Leonard, Judge Charles W. Slack, Mr. E. A. Osborne, and Mr. Earl Talbot.

— NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

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REST A FEW DAYS

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Special rates for families during summer months. Convenient for Summer School students. Rooms single and en suite, with or without board. Rates very reasonable.

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Fruit and Vegetables Fresh Every Day from the Garden at

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Near Tallac, Lake Tahoe; mineral springs; fly fishing; grand scenery and pure mountain air.

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Comfort, Pleasure, and Health are awaiting you at charming and beautiful Tuxedo.

FRANCIS W. SMITH, Manager. Write for Booklet. Felton P. O.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Fillmore, daughter of Mrs. John A. Fillmore, to Mr. Joseph Forman Peters, of Stockton.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maylita Pease, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease, to Mr. Arthur Barry Watson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Genevieve Peters, of Stockton, to Mr. Arthur Duncan.

The wedding of Miss Nina Eldred Otis to Mr. Philip Bancroft will take place at Christ Church, Coronado, on Friday, June 30th. The ceremony will be performed at noon. The newly wedded couple will be "at home" at St. Dunstan's after August 1st.

The wedding of Miss Allen Towle, of Sacramento, to Lieutenant Lowe McClure, U. S. A., will take place at Sacramento on Saturday, July 1st.

The wedding of Miss Carlotta Klemm, daughter of Mrs. John Schroer, of St. Louis, Mo., to Captain Charles T. Boyd, U. S. A., takes place in St. Louis this (Saturday) evening. Captain Boyd and his bride expect to sail from here for the Philippines on June 30th.

The wedding of Miss Leontine Blakeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, to Lieutenant Robert F. McMillan, U. S. A., took place at Trinity Episcopal Church on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Frederick Lampert. Mrs. Robert Greer and Mrs. Silas Palmer were matrons of honor. Captain Eugene P. Jervey, Jr., U. S. A., acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant Augustus McIntyre, U. S. A., Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, U. S. A., Lieutenant Morris Locke, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Edward Selridge, U. S. A. A reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 1607 Gough Street, followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Carlotta Steiner, daughter of Mr. Peter Steiner, of Cincinnati, O., to Mr. Charles H. Crocker, took place at St. John Chapel, Del Monte, on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles C. Cox. Miss M. H. Hennessey was maid of honor, and Mr. Henry S. Crocker acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker have gone to Lake Tahoe on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia D. Gordon, daughter of General David S. Gordon, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gordon, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. Isaac Oatver Upham, took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. Maxwell Reilly. Mrs. Denis Scaries was matron of honor. Mr. Benjamin Upham acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Douglas MacBryde, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. Charles A. Tripler, and Mr. Temple Smith.

The wedding of Miss Dale Hartley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hartley, of Auburn, to Mr. Rives M. Baker, of Oakland, took place on Tuesday at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Auburn. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. K. Glover. Mrs. C. D. Hartley was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Vera Cope, Miss Elsie Mulligan, Miss Sallie Mulligan, and Miss Theo Wills. Mr. Cleveland H. Baker acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. R. T. Baker, Mr. R. W. Taylor, Mr. Alfred Kenyon, and Mr. R. L. Mikel. Mr. and Mrs. Baker have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Madeline Davis, of Boston, to Dr. George Herman Powers, formerly of this city, took place in North Andover, Mass., on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas V. O'Brien and Mrs. George F. Gray gave a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. Walter D. O'Brien, of New York, entertaining about one hundred guests.

A portrait of President David Starr Jordan, of the Stanford University, is to be painted in London this summer by John S. Sargent, and will be presented to the university. The gift is from the alumni of Stanford.

Wills and Successions.

Proceedings for letters of administration upon the will of Harry I. Thornton, who died in Oakland in 1861, were instituted in Oakland last week. At the time of Thornton's death, the will was filed for probate by the widow, but the property, consisting of several acres of land at Broadway and Haight Streets, was of so little value that she disposed of her interest in it without the formality of probate. The property has greatly increased in value, and the present owners, to make its title clear, are to have the property distributed by order of the court to Mrs. Thornton, then have the will probated and the property distributed by her among the people who purchased it from her.

Mrs. Louise C. Martin has applied for letters of administration upon the estate, valued at \$200,000, of her late husband, Shelby Foote Martin, of Oakland. The estate was left to Mrs. Martin and her two children, both minors.

Scientists to Meet Here.

The American Anthropological Association will meet in San Francisco August 29th to 31st. Papers relating to ethnology, archaeology, prehistoric man, physical anthropology, linguistics, and general anthropology will be read. The meeting will be followed by an excursion of the association to the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition at Portland. Members of the association while here will visit the University of California and Leland Stanford Junior University. This is the first meeting of the American Anthropological Association to be held west of the Missouri River, and the first meeting devoted to anthropology, archaeology, or ethnology ever held on the Pacific Coast by any body of national organization.

Henry L. Oak, who was one of the best-informed men in California on the early history of the Coast, died at Siegler's, Lake County, recently. Mr. Oak was a native of Maine, sixty-one years of age. He came to California in 1866, and, after engaging in various occupations, he entered the Bancroft Library, where he worked for twenty years at research and writing. Mr. Oak left a unique volume containing biographical sketches and autographs of many of the earliest California pioneers, and other extremely interesting data concerning the early history of the State.

A dramatic critic of a leading London newspaper complains that Maud Fealy, the young American actress, who is playing prominent rôles with Sir Henry Irving, has an offensive "American accent." He accuses her of such Chinmie Fadden talk as "foist" for "first" and "boyd" for "bird."

There is no more agreeable way of spending a holiday than by riding up the crooked railway to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, and from there enjoying the most magnificent view in the State. The Tavern of Tamalpais is a model bostelry.

Miss May Sutton, who went to England to play for the international tennis championship, has won, at Manchester, the North of England championship. The tournament for the world's championship will open at London in about a week.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. Agar, of the British Royal Engineers, arrived here last week on his way to Corea, and was a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Eleanor Robson will be seen at the Columbia Theatre in October in Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann."

J. M. Barrie's "Alice Sit by the Fire" is to be played in this country with Ethel Barrymore as Alice.

Extensive improvements are to be made on the grounds of the Claremont Club of Oakland.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Kilauea again Active.

HONOLULU, May 7th.—There is marked activity in the volcano of Kilauea. The flow of lava is increasing, and a rising in the crater gives indications that there may be an overflow. Reduced first-class ticket to Honolulu steamer *Alameda*, sailing July 8th, \$125 round trip. Full information 653 Market St.

For Rent.

Small, completely furnished house; marine view unsurpassed. If desired cook and waitress can be retained. No children. Rent \$200.00. Address Box 12, Argonaut office.

TOWNSEND'S CALIFORNIA GLACE FRUITS, in artistic fire etched boxes, 10 Kearny Street and new store now open, 677 Market Street.

BRING YOUR FRIENDS TO DINE—VIENNA Model Bakery, 222 Sutter Street.

Army and Navy News.

Major-General George L. Gillespie, U. S. A., assistant chief of staff, has been placed on the retired list.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trillee, U. S. N., and Mrs. Trillee are at Pacific Grove for the summer.

Major Cassius Gilette, U. S. A., has returned from a tour of inspection in Washington and Oregon.

Colonel J. F. Hall, U. S. A., chief surgeon of the Department of California, has returned from the East.

Assistant Naval Constructor Sidney M. Henny, U. S. N., has reported for duty at Mare Island.

An official announcement has been made at the War Department that Major-General John C. Bates, U. S. A., and Major-General Corbin, U. S. A., would successively serve as chief of staff, with the rank of lieutenant-general, after the retirement of General Adna Chaffee, U. S. A., next April.

Dr. Gustavus E. Hogue, U. S. A., has gone East, where he will remain for a year.

Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, U. S. A., died at Asheville, N. C., on Saturday, just after being notified of his promotion to the rank of a brigadier-general. Colonel Wagner was a native of Illinois, fifty-two years of age.

Surgeon-General Wyman, U. S. N., head of the United States Marine Hospital service, arrived from Honolulu on Monday.

Colonel Winfield S. Ederly, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

Thomas D. Riordan, one of the best-known lawyers and politicians of San Francisco, died at his residence in this city on Saturday. The deceased was a native of San Francisco, and was about fifty years of age. He took up the practice of law in 1879, and of recent years had been the senior partner of the law firm of Riordan & Landes. At the time of his death he was chairman of the Republican County Committee. A widow survives him.

— BEFORE LEAVING FOR YOUR SUMMER VACATION purchase writing supplies, fountain-pens, playing-cards, etc., at Schussler Bros. Stationery Department, 119-121 Geary Street.

Pears'

There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Pears' the soap for the whole family.

IF A ROOM

IS 12 X 14, 14 X 16, or any other size, we would be pleased to figure with you for the Paper, as we think we have the best line in the city at reasonable prices, considering the high quality of the Paper. There's Tapestry effects, Silks, Velvets, Burlaps, Crashes, and Leathers

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June 27th:

On June 27th, the official excursion of the Christian Endeavorers leaves San Francisco for Baltimore and the East. You can save money on your Eastern trip by joining this party. It will be the foremost excursion of the year.

This is to invite you to join us.

Mr. W. N. Jenkins and Mr. Leon V. Shaw, Transportation Managers for the Christian Endeavorers, also Mr. Frederick W. Prince, City Ticket Agent of the Santa Fe, San Francisco, will personally conduct the party. The going trip will be over the Santa Fe, and by way of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. This is the most wonderful scenery in the world. You can see it on this excursion.

The return trip may be made over lines giving the greatest opportunity for sight-seeing. By going with us, you would take part in an excursion which is carefully planned for the greatest pleasure at the least cost.

It will be to your advantage to write for details, whether you wish to attend the great convention at Baltimore, or go to your old home in the East; whether you are going to make the round trip, or one way; this is the opportunity you are looking for.

To those who wish to go as far as the Grand Canyon only, a special low rate will be named. You can choose no better place for your vacation trip than the Grand Canyon.

Ask the Santa Fe,
653 Market Street,
San Francisco.

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A natural health
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Send to people who suffer from dyspepsia.

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Magnificent residence on north side of Pacific Ave., near Laguna St.; large lot, full depth, marine view unsurpassed and never can be obstructed; 15 rooms, large halls, billiard room, 3 baths. Owner removed to New York. Offer will be considered. To inspect apply at office.

\$30,000
The most elegantly finished 12 room modern residence in the Western Addition; cost \$60,000; owner going to Europe to reside permanently. Particulars at office.

De Ruyter Krigbaum & Co.
Mills Building
Tel. Main 543.

BOVIE, TOY & CO., 117 MONTGOMERY ST.
LARGE WESTERN ADDITION CORNER.
\$10,000—One of the choicest business corners in the city; a modern attractive and well constructed building; rents, \$3,250 per annum; three stores and four flats; under lease; pays a good 8 per cent.

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S. W. CORNER GOUGH AND BROADWAY.
Modern, furnished residence of 15 rooms and 3 baths. Marine view; very handsomely furnished; 5 months or longer. Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., 218-220 Montgomery Street, Mills Building.

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED MODERN RESIDENCE TO RENT. 14 rooms and 3 baths; splendid marine view; sunn; weathered oak and mahogany furniture and Turkish rugs; 4 months or longer. Rent very reasonable. N. E. corner Vallejo and Franklin Streets. Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., 218-220 Montgomery Street, Mills Building.

APARTMENTS OR FLATS TO LET.

WARREN APARTMENTS. 701 POST, S. W. COR. Jones. Handsome apartments of 8 rooms and bath each. Elevator and tradesman's lift. Hot and cold water, steam heat; janitor and free removal of garbage. Electric lights. Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., 218-220 Montgomery Street, Mills Building.

GREEN, 1870, NEAR LAGUNA. A VERY DESIRABLE marine view; flat of 7 rooms and bath; sunn; \$32.50. Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., Mills Building.

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FRENCH, GERMAN, ENGLISH, AND SPANISH.
Miss E. Hempel, formerly pupil of Prof. De Philippe, 781 Sutter Street; also lessons at pupils' homes.

ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES, LESSONS, AND LIFE READINGS.
Give place, hour, and date of birth or marriage; and horoscope will be sent by mail. Fees—brief horoscope, \$1.00; full reading, \$2.50. Special attention to Children's horoscopes. Phone Black 373.
ROBERT R. HILL, 744 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DO YOU WANT A TRUNK
At a moderate price—one that looks good and is good or a dress-suit case, valise, or traveling set? We have them all in the best material and lowest prices Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

As to Tainted Money.
While yet the lamp holds out to burn
John D. need feel no great concern.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Defense.
[The San Francisco Argonaut, while admitting the technical skill of British humorous verse, maintains that it lacks sparkle, and that more really mirth-provoking verse is written in America in one day than in ten here.]
O British hard, draw in your horns;
Your skill in technicality
One transatlantic critic scorns
As cloak for mere banality!

Your polished verse, he says, is void
Of sparkling spontaneity.
Which means, of course, that he's annoyed
Because it lacks—Yankee-ity!

"Non est," we know, "de gustibus"—
But folk we pay our money to
For humor really seem to us
Both craftsmen skilled, and funny, too!

But has he read, this critic dread,
This Argonaut ironical,
(He might do worse) the British verse
That's published in the Chronicle?

If not, then ere his bolts he dare
To forge for our fatalities,
To mend his views, be'd best peruse
This Window's ingenuities!

—"W. S." in "The Office Window" Department of the London Chronicle.

Disagreed Thereafter
Harry loved Grace and Grace loved Harry,
And so at length they agreed to marry;
And that, as is often the case, indeed,
Was the very last thing upon which they agreed.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Who is Riley?"
[The London Academy, scoffing at American pretensions to literary fame, asks, supremely, "Who is Riley?" We are indignant. This is who he is.]
I'm ist a Hoosier poet wiv a Injeanny pen,
I write about th' little folks 'at's growin' up
'n' nen
I send it to th' magzeens 'n' nen my name
is ist
About the biggus' type 'at is, 'n' way up on the
list.
I wite about the gobbleuns 'n' giunts evy day
'N' Little Orphunt Annie 'at's at our bouso to
stay.
You want to know "who Riley is." Seeb
ignorunts is bliss.
I'm th' feller 'at invented
Writin'
Rhymes Like This.
—New York Mail.

She Grabbed at Her Skirts Behind.
I saw her to-day, she was crossing the street,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
She walked on the heels of her dear little feet,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.
She took little steps of four inches or so,
She was careful her new patent leathers would
show—
And just so they wouldn't get muddy, you know,
She grabbed
At her skirts behind.

I saw her again, later on, from afar,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
She was running like mad, for she wanted a
car,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.

She waved her free band in a wild, frantic way,
And tried her best efforts the street car to
stay,
But she wouldn't let loose of the other, nay,
nay,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.

I saw her one Sunday, she stood in the aisle,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
The church aisle was crowded, she stood quite
awbile,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
She was gownned in a fashion becoming and
new—
I watched her while the usher showed her to
a pew,
And the last thing I saw as she vanished from
view
She grabbed
At her skirts behind.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN COR-
rect form by Cooper & Co., 745 Market Street.

"Knox" Celebrated Hats.
Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 746 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,
712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

Appointment of Administrators Contested.
A suit has been brought by the Baroness Mary Ellen von Schroeder to estop the appointment of petitioners Richard Burke, of Ireland, and James Peter Donahue, of Davenport, Ia., who wish to be appointed administrators of the estate of her cousin, Peter J. Donahue, a capitalist and a former resident of San Francisco. Mr. Donahue broke down mentally while at Wiesbaden, Germany. He was removed to London, and an English court appointed Cardinal Vaughan and his brother-in-law, Richard Burke, as guardians. The baroness wishes him returned to his estate in Santa Clara County for care and treatment.

The Letter That Didn't "Appin Back."
A San Francisco lady, recently returned from abroad, wrote to the concierge of a Naples hotel regarding a letter that he was to re-direct to her from Naples. In reply she received, on a postal-card, the following weird combination of words:

NAPLES 25th May 1905
KINDLY LADY Surry that the letter did't reach the destination, for the presint did't appin back yet. With best regards,
Yours truly GEO. CONCIERGE.

There is no large city in the world, save Stockholm, where the telephone is in such general use as it is in San Francisco. In London there are only 2.02 telephones in use to every 100 of its inhabitants. In Paris the ratio is 1.85 to every 100, in Vienna 1.21, in New York 6.87, in Christiania 5.45, and in Berlin 3.45. In San Francisco the ratio is 12 to every 100 inhabitants. Stockholm has, however, a ratio of 13.70. The extraordinary development of the telephone service in Stockholm has been stimulated by the competition between the government and a private corporation.

A bicycle thief has been at work in San Bernardino for months. One day last week, Herbert Foley, the thirteen-year-old son of a prominent family, was caught stealing a wheel, and when he was followed fifteen stolen bicycles were found under his father's barn. There he had a well-furnished machine shop, and made the stolen bicycles over, transferring the parts so cleverly that identification was impossible.

A. L. Atkinson, Territorial Secretary of Hawaii, sailed for Honolulu on Saturday.

Fireworks Direct from the Manufacturers.
It goes without saying that every young member of your household is keenly alive to the near approach of the Fourth of July. To the rest of us the Fourth is a good deal like going to a circus—we enjoy it for the children's sake.
Every child should be allowed to observe the day in the typical American way—with noise and fireworks.
By getting those fireworks direct from us you get them from the makers. In this way you are assured of getting the best American made goods at the lowest prices consistent with good material. In buying from us you have your selection from a tremendous stock—the year's product of our factory. You can also get the latest novelties in fireworks, many of which are original and are sold only by us.
Our store at the Sign of the Rocket, 219 Front Street, will be open day and night, including Sunday preceding the Fourth. We would very much appreciate a visit from you. California Fireworks Company, No. 219 Front Street, San Francisco. Boxes of assorted fireworks (day and night displays) from \$1.00 to \$50.00.

Presidio Heights Home.
Furnished house; ten rooms, two baths. Choice-est part Presidio Heights; marine view; new house; newly furnished; reasonable rent. July 1st to October 1st. Address Box 15, Argonaut office.

Candy for out-of-town friends may be ordered packed and sent by us. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

Basil Tetson
BASS CANTANTE
Has returned to San Francisco after many years of professional experience in the East, and is located at
546 SUTTER STREET, STUDIO No. 52
where he will teach Voice Building, Phrasing, and Freedom of Throat. Singers who desire to prepare for professional work, ahly coached.

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Only French cars built especially for American Roads. Demonstration to prospective buyers with 30 h. p. phaeton.

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