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DAINTY DISHING.

HAPPY THOUGHTS JOTTED DOWN BY CAROL CROUSE.

"Here's to the Cook, Bless Her!"—A Culinary Contrast—Down in "Ole Varginny."

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION.]

San Francisco and Vienna are two cities of all the world whose citizens are most addicted to breakfast on coffee only and to suicide. That there is a connection between the two practices may not be difficult to prove. Coffee supplies nothing to support the body's wasting tissues, but is a stimulant only. Its mission is to arouse the nervous forces and digestive organs for assimilating food, but when breakfast consists of hastily-swallowed liquid, a reaction occurs that weakens instead of strengthening the stomach, leaving the physical system unprepared to resist life's trials. People who succeed, whether by superior use of head or hand, must keep a clear brain, and to get it the stomach must have food that will attract to itself blood, which otherwise crowds the head and dulls the intellect. Business trouble, domestic sorrow, the thousand ills that daily beset us, are more readily combatted when the body is in good fighting order, and that it is not unless supplied with proper ammunition for a starter.

Furthermore, frequent accidents prevent luncheon. Bad news by morning mail, an unexpected departure, rush of business, an appointment secured at noon only—dozens of reasons defer the midday meal so late, it is omitted as being too near dinner.

"Heavy food is repulsive when I first get up."

Is there no happy mean in your external imagination? Certainly to undertake steaks, chops and vegetables before the system is fairly wakened must be pernicious to those of sedentary habits. Leave them then until the day's work is over, when one has time for thorough mastication, digestion and rest. People who put in ten daily hours at physical labor have no trouble to eat a hearty breakfast. They know their strength will fail without all the good food they can get, but of more importance is the fact that expecting to rise at 6 or 7 in the morning they have retired at 10 o'clock and had sleep enough. People who pass an exciting evening at parties, theaters, doing night-work, who retire anywhere between midnight and daylight awake from slumber unrefreshed and lo! Beelzebub in all his ugliness is not cross in the morning like unto one of these. Never trust a person who habitually gets up "out of sorts." Early good humor augurs well for all day, generally for all time. Courting hours ought to be reversed. To fix up all serene when evening company is expected is easy enough, but the best of one's temper is before breakfast. What revelations would ensue could sweethearts meet then, casually!

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Go to bed early. At least stay in bed eight hours. Keep the eyes shut, whether asleep or awake, that straining optic nerves may not produce headache. Get up good-natured and in time to thoroughly arouse the system before eating. Use fresh water, none that has stood over night in your bedroom pitcher absorbing noxious qualities. Go out of doors if possible or at least into a different atmosphere from the bed-room. Breathe fresh air until the lungs are completely refreshed, the blood actively roused. Sit in sunshine and read the morning paper before breakfast. During or after breakfast reading diverts action from the stomach to head, marring digestion. Pick a flower and lay it beside your plate. Go to market perhaps, or at least to something to bring your mind out of its nocturnal shell. Eat half an orange, a handful of berries or a tiny bit—not much of other fresh fruit. Wait fifteen minutes and the fruit tonic will bring your appetite.

EL PADRE.

If you have worried all night about business do not get up to inflict your mugwumpness on others. Your family have their trials too, trivial to yours perhaps, but all they care to endure. Talk the morning news at the table. Your wife will probably be busy half the day ere she can read the paper. You may tell her something that will please her hours in advance of her time, maybe change her plans for the day. Instead of leaving all intellectual development to school teachers assist them by interesting your children in topics of the times. Teach them to notice the world's progress in socialism or science, and to take pride in our national history, as reported in newspapers.

Wherever family prayer holds sway, there are stupid children. They are compelled to sit quiet when they should be out in morning sunshine, to listen to a drawled out Bible reading of which no explanation is made, no use shown. Then they don't listen to a drawled out prayer, wishing to goodness it was abolished, learning contempt for religion's real truths, doing them more harm than good. It is questionable, anyhow, whether you have a right to force on them belief you cannot justify. No matter what is preached to children, they will judge religion by acts of its votaries. Unless religion improves intelligence, wins love, companionship, and above all, respect from children, its mission is unfulfilled. Half an hour ever morning applied in explaining newspapers, in teaching little ones to read and think for themselves, will make them quicker witted, give more information and better teach morality than by preaching topics they know not how to apply. He is a mighty mean man who does not notice birds and blossoms. Thousands of American children grow up ignorant of the commonest birds and plants in our native land, yet, how could God's greatness be better proven to a child than by interesting it in the mysteries of vegetation, the habits of feathered tribes? They all know about Jonah in the whale's belly. Any reasonable person can judge whether a study of objects that God has made, or tales man invented, is most conducive to spiritual development. Some parents are so intent on making the children love God they neglect all means of inviting affection to themselves, but a family circle presents no better opportunity than breakfast hours to display kindness and intelligence, which are outgrowths of true religion.

"THOU ART MY OWN LOVE, BELIEVE ME."

In a party of Bohemian bon vivants dining together arose discussions as to the one most desirable accessory to a good meal. Neat speeches were made defending Mumm's champagne, money to pay for it, good food, good cooking, pleasant companions, fresh air, leisure, etc. Study has induced with me a belief that nothing so adds to epicurean enjoyment as dainty dishing. All other advantages are offset by the look of neglect usual to breakfast, for which appetite requires most coaxing. Anybody can arrange a good dinner with all day, or luncheon with two hours to think it out, but she who can quickly rush up good breakfasts is a household angel with prepondering chances of becoming one in Heaven. A principal reason why people fail to eat breakfast is it is not made attractive. It is not you nor I, but always others have easy work and good pay, so since we must work and must get breakfast, let us get good ones and try to find out the easiest way of so doing.

HERE'S TO THE COOK, BLESS HER!

No person can cook with economy of time, labor or food without thinking ahead one, maybe two meals. For this are we cooks. Morning worry can be greatly lessened by making ready over night things wanted for breakfast. The stove can be emptied, fire laid, table neatly spread and food made ready. More dishes than two and fruit cloy the eye and detract from appetite. Put nothing but necessaries on the breakfast table, except flowers. Breakfast is where the family cook usually serves rewarmed dishes, which is fit enough, but they should be served in new form. Mashed potatoes, rice, germea, oatmeal, all cereals "left over" look better and taste better when molded into small cakes, rolled in flour or crumbs and fried brown.—whole potatoes should be sliced, salted, a small, finely-chopped onion or a bit of parsley added, and inclosed all night in a tight tin can. By so doing they are ready, thoroughly seasoned, kept moist and the house free from odor. In frying eggs, have the grease hot first, and do not cook in a jumbled mess. Let each harden its white ere another is added, and arrange them on a platter, instead of a deep dish, to be broken or smeared in serving. Keep kitchen windows open from the top, to avoid overheat, smoke, odors, and insure appetizing air.

"DOWN IN OLE VARGINNY"

Mammy Sue used to say: "I 'clar to de good Lawd, I got such a roomatiz dis mawnin' I kaint 'pear to git roun' nowhar. Deed me, I doan know how massa gwine ter get him ham lettuce this mawnin'. I like mighty well ef I knowed two nice chillens ud go outen de gahden an' get 'bout fo' little ingens an' fo' lettuces 'fore dere pa come down to breakfus'. I 'low deres sumpun mighty nice in de kubbud, when I fines two nice little chillens to hope dere old mammy whats raised 'em up, an' dere pa likes de ham lettuce."

Who could resist such insinuations? Not childish hearts, surely, and forthwith the greens appeared. She used to fry in a "spider" thin slices of ham, previously boiled, and lay them in a nice platter, very popular with "two nice little chillens" because of its plain red band. She chopped the green onions into the dry-squeezed lettuce, stirred all into the hot ham-fat, with a little spiced vinegar, and spread the salad around the meat. With it she served eggs in the shell, wild blackberries and cornbread, which made a breakfast "mighty nice in de summah's day."

CULINARY CONTRAST.

Did you ever notice the similarity between marriage and hash? They are alike, in this that when carelessly compounded nothing is so disappointing, but when resulting from judgment nothing is so soulfully intense as it were. Discussion of marriage is secondary, as we can make observations on others' experiences, while hash is something solved only by internal proofs. During the pliocene, tertiary or some other remote period, the writer hereof came home from boarding-school, and the mother said: "Child, hie thee hence within the kitchen walls, where culinary glory waits, and crown thyself by getting lunch while erst the maid doth wash." Of course. Nothing easier.

"Mary, what is there to have for luncheon?"

"Plaze, Miss, there's hash to make."

"And how do you make it, Mary?"

"Sure, Miss, that's aisy enough. Jist cut up tagaither iverything ye finds cowld in the panthry."

The family's survival of my maiden effort proves that the innocent sometimes are guarded by special interpositions of Providence. Since then I have studied hash in all its forms, and acquired a reputation for excellence therein that gives me the *entree* to our best hash-eating families. Numerous amateur cooks have vainly sought the secret of my success, which will now for the first time be donated to all who are not too mean to eat hash.

FRIED, TRIED AND TRUE.

Trim the meat perfectly free from gristle, but leave some fat, and in chopping watch to throw out tough bits as they appear. First put an onion into the bowl and chop to a jelly, then the meat, and chop very fine; also a tart apple. Prefer mashed potatoes. If whole ones, chop very finely, salt and pepper well, adding meat gravy or soup to moisten. If onion is disliked, use summer savory from the drug-store, nice with all recooked meats. Mold the hash into cakes and let it stand over night in a covered vessel. Roll in crumbs, fry in an uncovered pan, serve on a green garnished platter, and it will prove but too internally utter. The above may seem to contain nothing new, but depends on fine chopping and thorough amalgamating of its ingredients.

LA MERE.

Only a blind or soulless man could enjoy breakfast with his wife at table in a soiled, perhaps ragged frock, a dirty kitchen apron, no collar, sleeves up and hair in a straggling, unkempt twist. If a mother must do her own cooking, her industry is commendable; but her example for neatness is quite as necessary. Five minutes will suffice to at least brush up loose hair, to substitute a white apron—above all to put something white around the neck. Three-fourths of a yard of calico make sham sleeves that pull off and on instantly. They save a good garment from wear and tear, and insure neatness.

Train your little girl, also the boy, to be helpful. Any woman should be ashamed who comes to marriageable years without having learned housework. If you "don't want to bother," do not complain when they no longer wish to learn.

PARA LOS NINOS.

Little folks, there are many things you can do to make breakfast a merry meal. Go to bed the first time mamma tells you, then you will surely get enough sleep so as to jump up right away at her first morning call. Dress at once neatly for the day so you will have time to eat breakfast without hurrying off for school. Come at once to table when called and encourage others to do so that all may be together as one family, not string along like tramps. If there is any dish you do not like make no remarks. Let others enjoy it if they wish. Do not say, "It made me sick once," or "It does not agree with me." Nobody wants to hear reasons. Just say, "I do not care for it." Leave all drinks stand until through eating. Avoid stirring, also noise with your breath or lips like an animal.

LITTLE BOY COOKS.

There are men in Paris who make fortunes dealing in stale bread. They go daily with carts buying from restaurants, hotels or families, stale bread which is toasted brown in ovens. It is then crushed with rolling-pins, put into tight glass jars and sold again. Everybody buys back their roasted bread, rolling in crumbs everything fried, using them also for stuffing, bread pudding, soups, etc. Mamma would find such crumbs very convenient and be glad for you to make them if you are careful about tidying her kitchen again.

NEAT LITTLE GIRLS

Can fix oranges so everyone will want some for breakfast. Use a sharp, small knife but do not be awkward and cut your hand. Take an orange for each person and a couple to spare. Pull the skin off downward and the white inner rind comes also. Slice in thin chippy pieces to, but not through the center, which will soon appear in your left hand, a tough, stringy core you never knew was in an orange. A big teaspoonful of sugar to each orange, mix well and leave stand a long while to dissolve, over night is good. Serve in side dishes, and if your papa is a Spaniard sprinkle his with red pepper. If mamma is a French lady put a tablespoonful of claret on hers, but a little plain American girl will go to the front door and call out, "Papa, please come in to breakfast. It's all ready."

CAROL CROUSE.

From the large central compressed air station in Paris, special air conduits are to be laid to sub-stations, each of which will be equipped with compressed air engines, driving continuous-current dynamos.

BARGAIN HUNTERS.

WOMEN WHO FALL AN EASY PREY TO SHREWD DEALERS.

Paying Double Prices—Instances of Their Expensive Judgment of Goods.

Yes, hunting bargains is part of a woman's life. Nor is it essential that the word "bargains" in this connection should apply strictly to shopping. Principally, if not primarily, she desires a bargain in a husband—and who can blame her?—just as much as she does in a dress; and if, perchance, a week should pass over her head without her being able to record in her diary a bargain of some sort, she would feel that she had lived in vain.

Of course, no woman ever pays an ordinary price for anything, be she rich or poor. Merchants understand women's weaknesses in this respect, and while one may say they are cruel to take advantage of them, he can say with equal truth that they would be cruel not to humor them. Not every woman strives to delude herself, but certainly the masses do so, and no one knows this better than woman herself. A striking exemplification of this fact may be witnessed any day in a millinery store, where, as a rule, woman deals with woman. The woman who can afford it will pay $25 for a bonnet which, in all reason, she should have secured for $10 or $12; but if the saleswoman were to ask her the latter figures she would turn up her nose and walk away.

The manager of a well-known millinery store relates a typical incident. One of his best patrons desired a new spring bonnet, and in selecting the trimmings was shown some point d'esprit lace.

"How much is this a yard?" she asked, holding up a sample which she had been examining for some time.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"I want something better," she said, giving the article a careless toss to one side.

The lady in waiting took one furtive look at her only, but that was sufficient to obtain an accurate mental photograph. Bringing out another box, containing precisely the same article and pattern, she said:

"I see you like that pattern. Here is point d'esprit, exactly like that, but it is the real article."

"How much is that?" asked the purchaser, smiling.

"This is $10 a yard," was the reply.

"I'll take that," she said without further parley.

And she did take it, and paid $10 a yard for it in preference to securing it at $2 a yard.

"I want some good all-wool dress flannel," said a young lady in a dry-goods store the other day.

An article was shown her. It was just what she wanted.

"How much is that?" she asked.

"Forty-nine cents."

She turned up her nose.

"I've got the same article for sixty cents," said the proprietor, and he carefully took down from the shelf another bolt of flannel exactly like the first. He carefully dusted off the counter, and laying the flannel down tenderly, said: "I am sure you will like this; I see you are a judge of a good article."

"There, now," she said, almost before she had time to feel of its texture, "I like that. You say this is sixty cents?"

"Sixty cents."

"Well, you can give me twelve yards of it."

Here is a purchaser in a decorative art store. She has a very slight knowledge of decorative art, and would as readily pay $100 for a fifty-cent vase as fifty cents for a $100 one, but she affects to know all about it. She asks for a royal Worcester vase. One is shown to her—a little thing for $25. She wants "something better," she says. The clerk smiles and produces a $100 vase.

"Haven't you got anything else?" she asks.

"Certainly."

A $200 vase comes out. She looks at it a long time, wants to know if it is real, and finally remarks she doesn't like the work. Then the clerk takes another penetrating look at her and hauls down a Venetian or Satsuma article worth about $25. This is beautiful, and catches her eye, and her face lights up.

"Now, there," says the clerk, determined to get rid of her, "is the real royal Worcester."

"And what's the price of that," she asks.

"I see you are a judge of a good article," says the clerk, "and I'll make that to you cheap;" and then, pretending to carefully examine the cost price, says: "I'll make that to you for $100."

Of course she takes it, and goes off congratulating herself that she has gotten a bargain in royal Worcester.

But there is the suspicious woman, and of all creatures on earth she is the most aggravating to the inexperienced salesman. She takes exactly what he doesn't tell her to, and wouldn't dream of purchasing the honest article which he, in his failure to understand her, honestly recommends, and he turns away with the mental determination to never again try to give a woman the worth of her money. To the experienced salesman, however, this creature is one of the most familiar of purchasers, and he generally succeeds in selling to her exactly the thing the house has been trying to get rid of for months by carelessly showing it to her and then praising something else. But how many women go into a store without having the faintest idea of what they want! Here is a familiar conversation:

"I want to see some dress trimming."

"What kind, please?"

"Oh, I don't know. Show me something."

Seventeen kinds of trimming are finally piled upon the counter.

"Well," says the would-be purchaser, "this is none of it exactly what I want. Haven't you something else?"

She is asked if she can't describe the pattern she wants.

"Oh, yes," she says, "of course. I want it like this;" and, after all the trouble she has occasioned the saleswoman, she draws a sample of the very thing she wants from her reticule, and a moment later she has found what she wants. But she came there to feast her eyes, and she got the overworked girl behind the counter to spend fifteen or twenty minutes gratifying her curiosity.

"Bargain day," is productive of all sorts of annoyances. In a large store the bargains are confined to only a few of the departments, and the purchaser who does not secure all she wants of a thing, deciding to come at another time and get more if she needs it, generally gets left. To illustrate: A lady bought a half-dozen napkins at a bargain. She concluded a few days after that they were quite pretty, and as six would be scarcely enough to go round for "company," she would get as many more. Back she goes to the store, but when she come to buy them she finds the price is marked up 15 or 25 cents above what she paid. She protests, and after ruffling the temper of the clerks and working herself into a mild fury the fact finally comes to the surface that she made her purchase on "bargain day." Out she flounces, determined to wait for another bargain day, and she daily watches the advertising columns of the papers for bargain day at this particular store. It appears on the next Friday or Monday, and without stopping to observe that the department in which she is interested is not included in the bargain sales, away she goes, puffing and blowing, her whole soul bent on getting another half dozen of those napkins. Arrived at the store, she learns, to her disgust, that there are no bargains at that counter that day. She expresses her disgust, too, and lowers at the poor clerks just as if it were all their fault.

Having had her say there, she goes into the dress-goods department and buys, say, eight yards of a peculiar shade of blue goods, and then goes home with the satisfaction that, if she didn't get the napkins, she at least got a bargain in a dress. Next bargain day she appears at the store again, this time to get a couple more yards of "that dress I got here last week," she says to the youmg lady behind the counter, and really thinks it unpardonable ignorance on the part of the girl that she does not only not remember her, but also the particular piece of goods from which she bought her dress. With a "What do they keep such people in stores for?" query, she produces a sample of the goods. The young woman examines the sample and informs her that that particular goods is all gone.

"Well, but I want that and nothing else," she says.

"It is entirely out of stock," replies the girl.

"But I must have it," she says, with some firmness.

She is again told that it is not in stock. Then she makes a straight dive for a floor-walker, and lays her complaint before him. The young lady who was so discourteous (?) as to not sell her what was not in stock is called up. She explains, and then the woman is informed that they will probably have some more of it in a few days. But she is not satisfied. She wanders away and tells a cash-boy she wants to see the manager. The boy goes for the manager. In a moment he returns with the very man she made complaint to. She looks at him, excuses herself and goes back to the napkin department. Napkins are still high, and she goes home mad, and declares she will not patronize such a house again—never.

A few days more roll around and she makes up her mind she will go and pay the regular price for a half dozen more napkins to complete her set. But her determination to get a bargain has blocked her. Those particular napkins are all gone—"Just sold the last of them this morning," the clerk says to her, and expresses great sorrow at her disappointment. To say that she is now furious would hardly express it. She deliberately makes a show of herself and then flounces out, with the inward satisfaction of having told them what she thought of the whole lot.

A lady came into a Sixth avenue store the other day and complained that some buttons she had got there were not good.

"What's the matter with them?" she was asked.

"The shanks all came off," she said.

She was asked to describe the buttons, and said in reply that if they would show her a certain line of buttons (naming the line) she would point them out. She wanted them to give her enough to make up the set. After some time, and the manager and several clerks all failing to find the particular kind of button described, she opened her cloak. She had the buttons on her dress, and had been wearing them some time, but wanted more of them. It is needless to say that the manager and clerks were all disgusted, and with one accord turned and walked away, leaving her standing there alone.

Then there is the woman who sees a bonnet in the show-window that she knows is exactly what she wants; it will just match her dress, and nothing else will do but that particular bonnet.

After a good deal of trouble, and the creation of disorder generally in the window, which has been dressed with so much care, the bonnet is brought forth. She tries it on, looks at herself in the glass, and then suddenly exclaims:

"Oh, this is green! Why, I thought it was blue. Why, I really couldn't wear that with a blue dress. How stupid of me!"

But, returning to the subject of bargain hunters, there are women—lots of them—who are sensible shoppers; who know what they want when they start out, and how much they want of it.—*New York Star.*

THE NEWEST FASHIONS.

Tight coat sleeves are out of fashion.

Fancy runs riot in the sleeves of the newest tea-gowns.

Crepe de chine will be largely used for afternoon watering-place gowns.

Moire ribbon is as much in favor upon lace gowns as it was last summer.

Black is now stylishly worn with any color from the palest to the deepest.

Lilac and wistaria will be favorite flowers for ornamenting summer lace bonnets.

You can now buy "Pigs in Clover" in gold of a size to dangle from your watch-chain.

Fine-cut glass divides the honors with silver in decorating the tables of our modern sires.

A silver hen and chickens perched upon a crystal slab is the oddest of the new paper-weights.

An authority declares that "ruffles, puffs, flounces, and furbelows are looming up in the near future."

Yoke waists are now as popular for grown folk as they have been for children for the past two years.

A combined card-case and pocket-book in etched silver is new, handsome and wonderfully convenient.

Enamel violets hanging thick from a slender gold chain make the handsomest of the new flower necklace.

Many of the new silk wraps have a boa of Chantilly lace down the front, and are heavily trimmed with fine cut jet.

The combination of blue and black is now so much in favor as to seriously threat the long supremacy of green.

Silver eggs that are bonbonniers, and golden lilies, otherwise lace pins, are among the pretty things appropriate to the season.

A feature in skirt trimming this spring is the straight panel hanging loose over one side and of a stuff entirely different from the dress.

The sash is de rigueur with Worth, and his latest caprice is the putting of a narrow ribbon beltwise around all waists, even those with sharp points.

Many of the handsome new ginghams will be lined with silk and so elaborately beribboned that they will cost more than a gown of silk throughout.

Midsummer gowns of white crepon, draped in most æsthetic fashion over yellow, blue or pink silk, will be very much worn at Newport and other resorts.

Some of the handsomest of the new evening gowns have ostrich feather trimming four inches wide all around the court train, as well as upon the waist and sleeves.

Clinging stuffs, such as crepon, light silks and so on, are preferred for summer wear, though fine light cloths will be much used for traveling and seaside wear.

Many of the new straight skirts are plaited on to the belt, but they are much more stylish if shirred three or four inches deep and drawn to fit the foundation skirt.

Some very handsome new oval cuff-buttons are of platinum and gold woven into a lattice pattern, with a small diamond and ruby alternately at the crossing.

The new loose sleeves come very high upon the shoulder, and are puffed or shirred or plaited throughout their length in more ways than the mind of anyone can conceive.

AT THE BAY.

COMMENTS ON PASSING EVENTS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Cruise of the Charleston—The New California Theater—In Athletic Circles.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17, 1889.

The return of the cruiser Charleston from her first official trial trip has called forth much comment, both on the new warship and the ability of the Pacific coast to compete with the East in the construction of vessels of this description. Praise of the Charleston has been abundant. Captain Goodall, who took her to Santa Barbara, declares that he never set foot on a better ship, and if he were to hang for it the next moment, nothing but an expression of entire satisfaction could be drawn from Irving M. Scott of the Union Iron Works. But back of all this superficial rejoicing the contractors have felt a twinge of disappointment, and the Charleston will not become Government property for some time. The trip south demonstrated many things in the cruiser's favor. She is steady, rides easily, obeys her wheel readily, is not difficult to handle, and her appearance is pleasing—more than that, even imposing. But she is a dyspeptic—looks well from the outside and groans inwardly, because her machinery is not equal to the task imposed upon it. There is no fatal defect, only proof that her contractors had a subject to deal with, which, in some points, exceeded their knowledge, and in two months' time San Francisco's first contribution to the country's naval forces will probably be in a condition to steam away, and bid defiance to all ships of her class. The result of the whole work is what might have been expected. Much to their credit, the Union Iron Works undertook an experiment of great magnitude, and has carried it out with little direct profit to themselves, and maybe some loss. It took time, and very much more time than the Government intended it should, or the contractors calculated upon, but the ability of the Pacific coast to successfully compete with the East has been very clearly demonstrated, and, in congratulating Mr. Scott on the result of his first attempt in naval architecture, one may do so very conscientiously, for the fact that he has bid upon and received the contracts for two more steel warships—one a cruiser larger than the Charleston, and the other a coast defense vessel of the monitor type—is sufficient indication that he sees money in his new departure, at the same time adding materially to the reputation of the coast.

On no occasion since the first visit of Patti to San Francisco has there been such a remarkable gathering of play-goers as filled the new California Theater at the opening of the House Monday evening. Booth and Barrett are capable in themselves of drawing brilliant crowds of first-nighters, but it is doubtful if they were not of secondary consideration to most of the people who attended Mr. Hayman's house-warming. Such are the associations clinging to the California Theater that it has become one the city's monuments, and the recent change seems little beyond the metamorphosis of the old play-house into a beautiful temple. The opening was most favorable. Over $200 had been paid for the privilege of selecting one of the boxes, and premiums on the others did not fall much below this figure, giving indications that there was to be a great display of diamonds and silks—and there was no room for disappointment. The audience was one of fashion robed in its most costly finery, and many seats were occupied by gray heads who twenty years ago had attended the opening of the old California, belles and beaux of the day. The scenery was extremely brilliant and set off to advantage the elaborate appointments of the house. And they are elaborate. There has been a lavish expenditure of money to give San Francisco one of the most beautiful theaters in the country. Good taste has guided the outlay and the result is certainly charming. But notwithstanding the beauty of the place there is a very serious defect in its imperfect acoustics, which render the rear seats almost valueless. More than this the draughts which whistled about the old California seem to have been inherited by its successor, for portions of the house have been most uncomfortable during the past few nights, and the plan will not be satisfactory until these matters have been remedied. It is Mr. Hayman's intention to continue the Baldwin as the most select theater in the city, and to play good attractions at the new house at lower prices—probably a dollar.

Another theatrical event in which San Francisco has been unusually interested, was the debut of Miss Sibyl Sanderson, daughter of ex-Chief Justice Sanderson, in Massenet's new opera, "Esclarmonde," presented in Paris for the first time Wednesday evening. Miss Sanderson went through with a remarkable performance, and as Sacramento was her birth place her success will be as much appreciated there as here. The most wonderful feature of her singing was an outbreak of melody in which she ran to high G—a note within the compass of but few voices in the world. Even the divine Patti seldom ventures above E, and Miss Sanderson's ability to carry a trill on the note second above this is a most extraordinary accomplishment. All of fashionable Paris from President Carnot down turned out to hear the young American, and, at the conclusion of the performance, according to cable dispatches received in this city, there were not words enough at command to express their appreciation. Miss Sanderson lived in Sacramento for several years, and will be remembered by many friends.

The days of walking matches in San Francisco are over—at least until another generation springs to the front. The last affair, which ended Wednesday night, was a six-day panorama of dismal fakes. Manager Hall's conduct in New York met with the severest criticism and it has not escaped it here. Believing in the innocence of the people west of the Rockies, he has inflicted a succession of hippodrome side-shows upon us which would have tested the patience of the most verdant hamlet. But Mr. Hall received his punishment at the hands of that odd character, "Old Sport" Campana, who pounced upon him and administered a very vigorous drubbing. Most of the walkers who had money enough left the city, and the others are booked for a protracted stay of indefinite length.

The decision in the Chae Chang Ping case, upholding the validity of the Chinese Exclusion Act, was received here with much satisfaction. Consul Bee seems to be the only white man who has suffered any uneasiness of mind, and he has unconsciously afforded quite a fund of amusement. No one dares to hope for such good luck as the Chinese representative holds out to us in his prediction that six years from now the total extinction of Mongolians from California will be accomplished, and his declaration that the Chinese Government is too dignified to seek retaliation also bears a strain of humor. Perhaps Consul Bee forgets that Australia and many weak, isolated powers of the Pacific have refused to harbor any more coolies, and that if they can afford to bar them out the United States certainly can. San Francisco's bills of moral and physical health would be very much cleaner if she could dump all her Chinese population far out into the ocean, but unfortunately she must endure her affliction calmly in the hope that time will relieve her.

When President Harrison turned the patronage of California over to the Republican delegation he threw down a bone which has so far been productive of little else than continuous snarling. Senator Stanford invited his colleagues to meet at his California-street mansion on Monday and discuss the apportionment of offices over a tempting luncheon. The only point upon which the Congressmen agreed was the ability of the senior Senator's cook. The dainties upon the table were well cared for, but the offices suffered. A great matter of contention was the Sacramento revenue district. De Haven insisted upon the appointment of J. K. Klein of Ukiah, and McKenna would listen to no one but Hallcomb of Yolo. No conclusion was reached, and the party dispersed without having accomplished anything of note.

Peter Jackson's departure does not seem to have dampened the ardor of the sports much, for the calendar contains several attractive events. Joe McAuliffe and Lees, the Australian, are to meet at the California Athletic Club Wednesday evening, and unless the American's knock-out at the hands of Jackson has taken the starch out of him, his admirers will have an opportunity for some robust howling next week. Mike Lucie arrived Tuesday evening to train for his fight with La Blanche, the Marine. Lucie has an ideal physique for his business, and those of La Blanche's followers who have seen him stripped realize that their favorite will have to do some fierce work to do up his man.

Society circles have been unusually quiet this week, preparations for summer trips abroad and to the country no doubt interfering with the rush of festivities.

PERCY W. ROBERTS.

THE OLD MAN OBSERVANT.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS: The plan of THE SUNDAY UNION, of which this is the initial number, includes a little department consigned to my tender care. It is merely a matter of the supervision of the earth and the people and things thereof, and it is expected that this assignment will consume only a small part of my time, so if any of you happen to hear of anything in the way of genteel employment with proper compensation which would serve to occupy part of my leisure hours, kindly inform me of the same. I hate to be idle.

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Seriously, I expect to have a weekly informal chat with you on matters likely to interest you and me, concerning all sorts of subjects. I wrote out a very elaborate prospectus of my intended plans for this column. It made four pages of closely-written manuscript, and it is in my boudoir now, in the shape of shaving-paper. I finally concluded that it would suit you better to find out for yourselves what were my designs upon the community.

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The familiar old phrase, "The Chinese must go," has been amended and now runs thus: "The Chinese must go and stay gone." Gentlemen of the United States Supreme Court: "For this relief much thanks."

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John was a good thing in his way for awhile, but there got to be too many of him. He may be said to have outlived his usefulness as a factor in American civilization, and when he quits our usually hospitable shores for his natural home the chances are that the stereotyped polite invitation to "come again" will be conspicuously omitted.

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It is a matter of fact, however, that we are every day receiving accessions to our population which are worse by far than the Chinese. The latter come here to work, and they work hard. As a rule, they are peaceable, inoffensive citizens, even if they are a curse in the matter of robbing white citizens of a chance to earn a livelihood.

But what shall we say of and what shall we do with the great overflow from the moral cesspools of Europe which is washed upon our shores? The Devil has a big American branch office at Castle Garden and it is doing a rushing business from one year's end to the other. Biped cattle and fiends in human form; mendicants, paupers—scum of humanity in general. Such are we receiving into American citizenship every day. Is it a wonder that there are many who contemplate with fearful apprehension the future social and political life of the nation?

We have made a good start in the way of self-defense in the matter of restricting the immigration of Chinese, who cut no figure in our politics; now let us devoutly pray for relief from the vicious European outcast who is the worst curse of American citizenship, and whose vote counts for just as much as that of the noblest citizen in the land.

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About a year ago our worthy City Trustees passed an ordinance against cigarette smoking by boys under seventeen years of age. The law appears to be inoperative, inasmuch as we frequently see on our thoroughfares boys whose ages range from seventeen down to seven years puffing away at the other end of a poisonous cigarette, "just like a full-grown man." The cigarette habit is harmful enough to adults, as has very clearly been demonstrated in thousands of cases, but in the case of growing children it is simply slow poison.

If private command, advice, entreaty, and fine and imprisonment fail to operate for the check of this disgusting and alarming evil, how would it do to erect a public spanking machine for the benefit of the juvenile offenders?

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And through this machine it might be well to run another class of smoking offenders—those who spoil opium. They are not generally children in the sense of age and physical development, but they are very young children in the matter of sense, and I have no doubt of the efficacy, in their cases, of an occasional allopathic dose of spanking.

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Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," etc., has for twenty-two years been a leading editorial writer on the London *Telegraph*. He has written in that time 8,000 editorials, which work he characterizes as the hardest of his life. He might acquire some very valuable points from certain of our American editorial writers. Many of them have been far more prolific of editorials than has the distinguished author in question, and their matter bears upon its face evidence of the fact that it was not hard work at all.

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By the way, it is noteworthy that the vapid and inane jokes about the poverty-stricken newspaper men are becoming more rarely met with of late years. Time was when it was considered quite the thing for "the printer man" to exploit his poverty incessantly and for the public to look upon him as a modern edition of Lazarus. Times are changed now, and the newspaper man, as a rule, holds his head pretty high. Of course many of them do not succeed, but they are not newspaper men—they're only "journalists."

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The Kings of Belgium, Saxony, Greece and Servia will visit the Paris Exposition. They are not very big kings, it is true; but they beat four—ordinary men, as a drawing card for the great exhibition.

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The rush on the Atlantic steamers for the season has been so great that many of us will be compelled to abandon our proposed trip to Paris on account of the impossibility of securing traveling accommodations suited to our imperial taste and royal deserts.

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At this juncture of my discourse the Managing Editor interrupts me with a casual observation to the effect that brevity is oftentimes an admirable feature in a newspaper article. I don't know just what he's driving at, but I'll think it over for a week.

OLD MAN.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ROSALIND MAY'S LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Gossip About the People of the Stage, and New Plays and Authors.

Rosalind May, our regular New York correspondent, sends the following news of the stage in Gotham:

"Musical interest, and dramatic as well, centers in the three operettas that are put upon the boards for the first time. 'Clover' at Palmer's Theater, by the McCaull Company' leads off; 'Les Brigands,' the night following, at the Casino, and lastly, that long-talked-of performance, 'the Oolah,' that under Frank Wilson's management, replaces 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' at the Broadway Theater. All three operettas are expected to entertain the public during the summer, when the closing of the other places of amusement, and the distance of Coney Island, renders it desirable that something should be at hand to while away the dreary hours for stay-at-homes; the Casino, however, having the advantage of that lovely roof garden, which is once more thrown open on the 13th inst., and where each night a supplementary concert will be given.

"At the theaters attractions still linger; notably Rosina Vokes at Daly's. 'The Wife' is given at the Lyceum until May 18th, when the pretty little house closes till fall. Even the 'Old Homestead's' last days are announced, although they run well into June, while at other theaters, strolling companies or doubtful ventures fill up the time until summer heat extinguishes one and all. On the list of doubtful ventures, 'Robert Elsmere' at the Union Square may safely be classed, or strictly speaking, scarce doubtful, since its collapse was so immediate as to necessitate the announcement of a play which as yet is on the dubious list—'Old Jed Prouty.' It were unkind to say in advance, that it is inspired by the 'Old Homestead,' yet the term 'features of New England life,' point that way, and cause apprehension as to yet another imitation. J. K. Emmett, at the Fourteenth-street Theater, has had a successful time; Robson and Crane, at the Star as well, while a reproduction of the 'Black Crook,' considerably shorn of original glory, drags its length at the Standard Theater.

"At the Madison Square Theater 'Captain Swift' is replaced by 'Leatherbrain,' a comedy, in which the principal role might be played much better than it is by Minnie Maddern. The piece had considerable success abroad, and at one time Mr. Frohman contemplated producing it at the Lyceum. In Miss Maddern's hands it cannot be called a failure; the audiences of the present are apparently satisfied by their evening's entertainment, and fortunately are not too critical. A spiral staircase, introduced with considerable cleverness, seems to be regarded as the masterpiece of the production, and for such purpose the double stage of the theater is particularly well adapted. Next week I will send a special notice of the three new operettas."

NOTES.

Sarah Bernhardt's great triumph in "Lena," the French version of "As in a Looking-glass," is won in the death scene, which, all the critics agree, is a wonderful piece of acting. One of them, in his account of it, says: "Sarah has killed herself so often that a hushed expectation filled the audience. How would she die? She died as she had never died before—which is saying a good deal. Not a word, not a sound escapes her lips from the moment she remains alone with her despair; she hesitates before a dagger, moves to a cabinet, takes a phial, pours the contents into a cup and drinks it. With automatic steps she then seeks the diary in which her confession is recorded, and adds a few lines. Once her head falls forward on the book; the somnolence of the drug is on her already; she rises—her face rigid in the lamplight, her limbs heavy, her motions slower and slower; she has yet the dumb instinct to grope for Ramsay's picture; it drops from her unconscious hands and she falls sitting on a couch, her head thrown back. She is now roused by loud knockings and calls at the door; only once, when Ramsay's voice tells her she is forgiven, she lifts herself for an instant, only to sink again. When at last the door is broken open and her husband rushes to her side and touches her, she falls forward and lies prostrate on the ground. The effect of this mute, silent scene is indescribable."

A New York dramatic critic makes this startling cut at the "dramatic cheek" of certain adapters: "Since the published protest of Mrs. Humphrey Ward against trying to turn her undramatic novel into a drama, William Gillette's name has been dropped and we are now informed that Robert Elsmere is 'founded upon the famous novel' by 'adapters employed upon the work.' We are also informed that 'it has been necessary'—like the French Judge, we do not see the necessity—'to make some slight departure from the story' and 'to vary several of the minor characters.' This is cool! Some slight departure! Vary several of the minor characters! Why, the play is no more like the novel than soap is like cheese."

Syd