



**Social Gossip**

and we got aboard. The horse started off at a jog-trot, and we had only gone about four blocks when the regular snail's pace, which would have enabled anyone to keep up with the car by walking easily beside it, when out from a trim garden stepped a little girl, and handing the driver a letter, said simply, "From Em," and retreated. A huge smile broke over her countenance, as she tore open the envelope, and laying the reins upon the dashboard proceeded to unravel its contents. This done he was in a very amiable frame of mind, and volubly named to us the different homes we passed. It transpired that this road conveyed to the L. O. O. F. Cemetery. When we left the car I innocently inquired when he would be back.

"Oh, not for an hour," he said. "If you go right through the cemetery you'll get the other car, and that will take you back by a different route. Hello, or you'll miss it. That one don't come out again for two hours."

"We did as directed, and, of course, missed it. This was an unlooked-for predicament. Two hours to wait on this side or a tramp in the hot sun through the cemetery again to get the car driven by Em's brother."

"We decided in favor of our present situation, and after spending half an hour strolling about reading headstones we finally settled ourselves in the shade of some lovely old oaks outside the grounds, from which were suspended two or three rattan swings, where we further amused ourselves with a truly juvenile manner. This, too, grew tiresome after a while, and just as we began to realize that our list of diversions was exhausted and the time was dragging along in a most trying fashion, and visions of the cool hotel parlor and rocking-chairs, and the pleasant conversation before our eyes, and we began to despair of ever getting back to town again, away in the dim distance a town speck on the horizon, but growing momentarily nearer, behold a street car! We sallied forth to meet and lay siege to it, lest it get away from us.

The driver told us that we could not get back for another hour. How did you happen to return so soon, we asked.

"Oh, they said you was out here and I come out to fetch you in," was the cheerful rejoinder from the youthful driver. "We only make four trips a day out here; I don't pay any way; you see nobody ever thinks of riding in this town; you're the first passengers I've had for a solid month."

"As we jogged back to town he sat down on the step of the car and let the reins hang loosely over the dashboard, singing the while in a contented undertone the aforementioned popular song. I remarked to my companion that the street car system was evidently an accommodation for tourists, and they were probably glad to have us ride free of charge, that we might see the town and perhaps find some inducement to settle, that the driver was a very charming, had overheard and was shaking with laughter, came in and collected our fare. He gave us a very grimy and ancient looking transfer slip, with which we finally boarded the Fourth-street car and were 'driven' back to the hotel.

"This last Jehu actually sported a species of uniform and seemed to run his car with some degree of regularity. The drivers were also conductors and exerted themselves to entertain us with information about the place. Without further incident we reached our hotel, but we both agreed that it was a most novel system all through and highly amusing to travelers who were used to a more speedy style of transportation."

I heard the other day of one of the meanest cases of so-called pride that ever came to my ears. It was a young man, and there is plenty of ground on which to build. Scores of men from the shops often stand in the pelting rain waiting for their car, as the terminus of the road is now too distant from the depot to make that available in bad weather.

A Twenty-eighth and M, and again Twenty-eighth and P streets, there is nothing to offer a shelter with the exception in the latter case of a decrepit bob-tail car whose day of usefulness is ended, and whose broken windows subject the wayfarer to every wind that blows. Cannot this be remedied? As one of a number of people who patronize this car system every day in the week, I would feel personal gratitude for such an accommodation, and mine is the voice of many others.

Speaking of street cars reminds me of an experience of a friend last year while sojourning in Santa Rosa. In this picturesque town, which is a beautiful dream of riding, but business men and society women alike foot it wherever they chance to be going. There are three horse-car lines all running. "Enterprising town!" I hear you exclaim. Oh, yes, very, but hear me out. As I said, the streets are paved with lines, but each belongs to a different company, and each company is striving with all its might and main to secure franchises to cover the entire town. Meanwhile just to satisfy some quirk in the law each company runs one car (1) over its road. I give you the story in her own words.

"I started out to take a survey of the town with a friend, and as we passed from the hotel window that a car had seen at uncertain intervals up Fourth street, we determined to try our luck in that direction. As we descended to the street and waited for the car to come, it was twenty minutes, and no car. Just as we were on the verge of hysteria from being stared out of countenance by the natives as a strange species, lo! and behold! quite unexpectedly, a car, whose appearance defies description, hove in sight around the corner by the town hall.

"Come on!" I exclaimed, grasping my friend by the hand and half-dragging her across the street, as I dashed headlong toward that ark of deliverance, here's our opportunity; we must grasp it before it vanishes. We boarded the car and inquired its destination.

"South Park," the driver answered.

"When do you start?" I asked.

"Oh, anytime," he amiably replied. "I just wait until I get ready to start."

"Why, then, how do the citizens know what to depend on?" I inquired.

"Oh, these people never ride," he said; "they'd squeeze a nickel 'til their fingers met before they'd pay it out for a street car ride. We just run on general principles; nobody don't never ride."

"Here he started the car and launched forth in a steady flow of entertainment concerning the town in general and street car lines in particular, until finally we returned from the park, which proved to be a forlorn looking racecourse enclosed by high board fences. Our charioter entirely forgot to collect our fare, and seemed surprised and almost dazed when on our return trip they neared our starting point I gave him twenty cents. I was afraid at first he had not given him enough, but as he reflectively dropped the coin into his pocket, I concluded it was all right, and asked him where I could find another car, telling him I was trying to get an idea of the town by means of its street railroads.

"Just below the opera-house," he said, and off we started.

"After a wait of about five minutes on the corner designated, our car appeared

Mrs. Moeller sang as she ever does, of a depth of feeling that carries the listener right along with her, and causes him to feel to the utmost the sentiment of that which sings. Miss Felter sang in a manner showing the study and hard work to which she has subjected her voice, but it is certainly a mistake for any but an operatic voice to undertake operatic music. It requires too much force in a dramatic line, which can be supported only by a voice capable of impassioned feeling and strength.

Miss Felter was much more pleasing in her rendition of "Suzanne River," which was heartily encored. Mrs. Hawley was in good voice, which means a great deal to those who have the privilege of hearing her sing. The number, though pleasing, did not give full scope to her ability as a vocalist. Mrs. Hawley is one of our best contraltos, and her voice has a rare quality that reminds one of the resonant tone of a violoncello. I noticed Mrs. Gopfermuth among the sopranos, who showed her usual power in solo work and in secular music; her voice is of rare volume and sweetness which certainly should be brought before the public more frequently.

Miss Crabtree was a very agreeable surprise as a violinist. She evidently loves her instrument and plays with great expression and fervor, bringing out the sympathy which in a violin only awaits a master touch to be revealed. Miss Crabtree was a pretty study as she played, every emotion called forth by the composition she was interpreting lighting her face the while.

Of Willis Bacheller enough cannot be said. A voice of such power and sweetness is rarely in itself, and when cultivated so as to be absolutely under control of its possessor, as in his case, it creates an effect one is willing to have reproduced interminably. I think his finest number was a "Song of Faith," by Charinade, which was beautifully interpreted and given an enthusiastic encore, to which he could not be persuaded to respond.

Mention must be made of Miss Annie Schaw, who accompanied every number during the evening with great taste and skill. A good accompanist is a very necessary adjunct to solo work in any line, and Miss Schaw has proved herself an accompanist of no small merit. The "Blue Bells of Scotland," which was perhaps their most pleasing number, the minor change being brought out with great effect. Mrs. Moeller is a very efficient director, and I think it is safe to predict a bright future for the society, if it holds well together and continues as it has begun.

POLLY OLIVER.

**"BRICK" POMEROY.**

Well Known in Newspaper Circles for Years.

The recent serious illness of Marcus Mills ("Brick") Pomeroy brings him again prominently before the people. He was born in Elmira, N. Y., December 25, 1838. He turned his attention to printing and later to journalism.



He became popularly known as "Brick" about thirty years ago, when his writings attracted national attention, being copied in most of the papers of prominence. In 1860 he bought an interest in the La Crosse Wis., "Democrat," and soon gained full control of its policy. He grew rich at La Crosse, his paper gaining a circulation of 100,000. In 1860 he was induced to go to New York and establish a Democratic daily. "Girls don't do it," he said, "but I do it for protection. It is based on a story which runs about as follows: 'The bicycle is one of the products of Japan which are now being sold in San Francisco. It can be manufactured in that country for \$12 in silver. It is sold in San Francisco for \$24 in gold. The seller takes that \$12 in gold and puts it into \$24 in silver, pays the cost of the freight and duty, and has a profit of \$4 or \$5 on each bicycle.' That is a very pretty story, but the trouble with it is that it is pure fiction. The cheapest high-grade bicycle in the market sells for about \$85."

**STICK TO YOUR PARTY.**

Los Angeles Record: What you want to do is stick to your party—through thick and thin, stick to your party. If you believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver and the national convention of your party nominates a gold-bug candidate for a big gulph and you just want to give a big gulph and swallow it all down, and stick to your party. If you are a producer of oranges, lemons, prunes or raisins, and your party declares for a tariff for revenue only and cuts down the protective tariff on what you produce and lets in the foreign product to your ruin, why just stick to your party. Why do you want to stick to your party? Because your party can't maintain its organization unless you do. Because your party managers and bosses can't get the offices unless you do. Because there can't be a great and glorious victory unless you do. Because—why—just because. That's what the matter.

**THE BATTLE FOR CLEAN BREAD.**

Oakland Tribune: The Board of Health of San Francisco has on the condition of the bakeries of that city. They took occasion to visit many of these concerns at night, and without notice to the owners. They found a degree of filth that was appalling. From these noisome pits bread is sent out to thousands of consumers. There are two articles of daily public consumption which affect directly the health of thousands. These are bread and milk. Absolute cleanliness is necessary in the production of both. No doubt, many of the bakeries are in a good sanitary condition. But if thousands of consumers could see the place where their bread is made, and especially the process, they would not want to touch a single loaf. Wholesome

**VOICE OF THE PRESS.**

**EXPRESSIONS OF INTERIOR CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPERS.**

**Comments Upon Things Local, Governmental, Practical, Theoretical and Current.**

**Benicia Sun Era:** At the press meeting in Sacramento last week matter was brought up and discussed to some length that should interest every one. This was the coming fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of gold in California. It was suggested that two great historical events could be combined in one. First, the discovery of gold, and second, the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe, by which the United States acquired the vast territory now embraced in the whole of the western coast of America south of Oregon. The date is less than eighteen months off and plans ought to be matured for this coming event so as to make the occasion a notable one.

**CORRECTLY SIZED UP.**

Santa Cruz Sentinel: The Sacramento "Record-Union" correctly sized up things political when, in the course of an editorial, it says: "The Republican party in the United States has nominated McKinley. The politicians will defeat him only at the peril of weakening the party in the coming campaign."

The coming convention may be just as well for the situation, yield to the inevitable and declare for McKinley. Whether it does or not will make no difference. A majority of the delegates from California will vote for him in the St. Louis Convention.

**ZANTE CURRENTS.**

Colusa Sun: Noticing an article in the "Sun" on the decision of the United States Senate regarding the Zante current to be dutiable, thus "protecting" our small seedless dried grapes, the Reedy "Exponent" tells about how John P. Irish, Stephen M. White, A. B. Butler et al. helped along in the matter, and seems to think it made a point on the "Sun" because the "Sun" said the system was an outrageous one. Now be it known to the "Exponent" that as long as the system making consumers pay, not only the burdens of Government, but a bonus to people engaged in other and favored occupations, the "Sun" will bend all its energies to have any California product put in the list. Neither is there anything inconsistent in this; the system is a most outrageous one, but while the middle and laboring classes are going on we want our share of the "swag." The gentlemen named are entitled to great credit for the victory won in behalf of the grape industry of California, but this is in saying that the principle is right. If in Congress the editor of the "Sun" would swap on everything to get any leading industry of this State in a list where everybody in the country would be forced to pay more for the product. Does the "Exponent" understand the position now?

**"ARE WOMEN MODEST?"**

Fresno Republican: Concerning the Pearl Bryan case, it would be pleasant if one could believe that these Newport women are exceptional in their sex, but it is impossible to do so. The evidence to the contrary is too constantly introduced to leave room for doubt. The best women of the town who seek the salacious and revolting in Newport are like "the best women" of many another place. They are those whom the papers mention as "best women," but it is certain that the expression is erroneously, if popularly applied. The best woman is not hunting for a place where she may gratify a prurient imagination. Such a place is the one which she avoids. She stays at home, goes her modest way and does her honorable work in life. Her name is not blared to the world, but the respect of all who know her is bountifully her own through all her life, and when she dies her memory is a blessing.

**THE QUESTION WHICH WAS SUGGESTED IN BEGINNING THIS ARTICLE IS APPLICABLE TO MANY WOMEN—AND, AMONG THE REST, TO THE BEST WOMEN OF THE TOWN—BUT IT IS A MOST PLEASANT THOUGHT THAT A GOODLY NUMBER OF WOMEN REMAIN OF WHOM IT WOULD BE SACRILEGE TO ASK SUCH A QUESTION.**

**A PRETTY STORY.**

Woodland Democrat: The New York "Advertiser" gives an object lesson which illustrates the necessity for protection. It is based on a story which runs about as follows: "The bicycle is one of the products of Japan which are now being sold in San Francisco. It can be manufactured in that country for \$12 in silver. It is sold in San Francisco for \$24 in gold. The seller takes that \$12 in gold and puts it into \$24 in silver, pays the cost of the freight and duty, and has a profit of \$4 or \$5 on each bicycle." That is a very pretty story, but the trouble with it is that it is pure fiction. The cheapest high-grade bicycle in the market sells for about \$85.

**STICK TO YOUR PARTY.**

Los Angeles Record: What you want to do is stick to your party—through thick and thin, stick to your party. If you believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver and the national convention of your party nominates a gold-bug candidate for a big gulph and you just want to give a big gulph and swallow it all down, and stick to your party. If you are a producer of oranges, lemons, prunes or raisins, and your party declares for a tariff for revenue only and cuts down the protective tariff on what you produce and lets in the foreign product to your ruin, why just stick to your party. Why do you want to stick to your party? Because your party can't maintain its organization unless you do. Because your party managers and bosses can't get the offices unless you do. Because there can't be a great and glorious victory unless you do. Because—why—just because. That's what the matter.

**THE BATTLE FOR CLEAN BREAD.**

Oakland Tribune: The Board of Health of San Francisco has on the condition of the bakeries of that city. They took occasion to visit many of these concerns at night, and without notice to the owners. They found a degree of filth that was appalling. From these noisome pits bread is sent out to thousands of consumers. There are two articles of daily public consumption which affect directly the health of thousands. These are bread and milk. Absolute cleanliness is necessary in the production of both. No doubt, many of the bakeries are in a good sanitary condition. But if thousands of consumers could see the place where their bread is made, and especially the process, they would not want to touch a single loaf. Wholesome

bread can only be made in a clean place and by clean persons. The custom of buying bread from the bakeries has greatly increased of late years. The theory is that it can be supplied cheaper in that way than it can be made in the home establishment.

Bread is not exactly the "staff of life" when it is turned out from some filthy place by filthy men. It is well that Boards of Health are beginning to deal with foul bakeries. They have dealt with impure dairies greatly to the benefit of the public. Good bread is never made in a place where disinfectants are necessary to ward off disease.

**TROUBLE AHEAD.**

Oakland Enquirer: Evidently the Republican State Convention is in for some exciting work. If the Alameda County contest does not make it the Fourth Congressional District affair certainly will. In that case each of the factions accuses the other of wholesale stuffing. For example, the anti-Spreckels people charge that at the other's primary the returns show pretended votes cast "by men who are dead," "by men who are in prison," "by men who are absent from the State," "by men who were never in existence" and "by the pure" election officers by handfuls, without regard to names at all. And equally copious accusations are returned against the party of the other part. If the State Convention goes into an investigation of the details of this primary fight, it will have business enough to keep it in session a week.

**MISREPRESENTATION.**

Los Angeles Express: The campaign of misrepresentation in connection with the harbor appropriation seems to have gotten a little more wind this morning and as a result the shrieking about jobs and spoils is more vigorous than it has been for several days. The reason, probably, is that the Senate Committee on Commerce yesterday reported the amended bill with the appropriations for both harbors to the Senate. It is claimed that the sentiment here is unanimously in favor of San Pedro or nothing and it appears that this falsehood is being industriously circulated in the East, and the popular feeling out here is resentful. It must be admitted, and we do it cheerfully, that in falsification the No Harbor crowd have distinguished themselves beyond all precedent. It has been claimed that no one favored Santa Monica but Huntington in Washington, whereas the truth is that all the Senators who have investigated the matter personally have voted in favor of an appropriation for Santa Monica, even including Senator Elkins. While Santa Monica did not send a delegate East as soon as San Pedro this year, it has repeatedly sent delegations before, including Colonel J. D. Lynch, who fought for Santa Monica two years ago, while San Pedro sent no one.

The opponents of Santa Monica admit that their only objection to that point is the Southern Pacific Railroad's interests there, although its interests are much greater at San Diego. But they think it will annoy Huntington to have the harbor at San Pedro. That is the all desirable object to be achieved.

**DRESSED FOR AN X PHOTO.**

The Young Lady Insisted on Primping and So Did Her Mother.

Mother and daughter were very busy.

"There!" said the mother at last. "You look like a dream."

"I'm my hair all right?" asked the daughter.

"Better saw it more becomingly arranged," replied the mother.

"And the roses?"

"Just where they will be most effective."

"I don't believe I look as well in this gown as I did in my light blue," said the daughter, doubtfully.

"You never looked better in your life," returned the mother, decidedly. "The gown shows just enough of your neck and shoulders to make you look your best."

She looked at her daughter critically and admiringly for a few minutes, and then deftly rearranged some of the ribbons so as to give a little better effect.

"Now, take your bouquet and come along," she said.

"Dear me! I had almost forgotten the bouquet and I should have been fearfully disappointed if I had found when it was too late, that I had left it behind."

"You would have had to return for it," returned the mother, promptly. "I should have insisted upon that. A daughter of mine must do a thing right, if she is to do it at all."

"Of course," replied the daughter, as she prepared to accompany her mother.

It was perhaps half an hour later that they stood in the laboratory of the scientist.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"In just a minute," replied the mother, as she put the final touches to the toilet of her daughter. "I wouldn't have her picture taken unless she was looking just right for anything."

When all was ready the scientist turned on the X rays and took a Roentgen photograph of the fair young thing in an effort to locate a dime she had swallowed two days before.—Chicago Post.

**A Line of Old Scottish Editors.**

The death this week, at the ripe old age of 82, of James Chalmers of Westburn, Aberdeen, who for forty years conducted the Aberdeen "Journal," the oldest newspaper in Scotland, recalls some interesting incidents of the early days of that publication, which was founded by his grandfather. The first issue came out with a description of the battle of Culloden, which had taken place 100 miles to the northwest, only two days before. This is a piece of newspaper enterprise, was not surpassed for over 100 years. The old Chalmers—who, by the way, served his apprenticeship in London along with Benjamin Franklin—was an ardent royalist, and naturally the account which his paper gave of Culloden was by no means pleasing to the discomfited Jacobites. Accordingly, on their way south after rout, they laid siege to the "Journal" office, and forced the inmates to flee for their lives.

Chalmers escaped by a back window, and fled in so doing, and made good his way southwards. Reaching the office of Dece, two miles away, he went to take shelter in an outhouse. What was his dismay to find it full of Jacobite soldiery! Unaware of his identity, the men treated him kindly, and inquired how matters went in the town. "What," they asked, "is that rascal Chalmers doing?" Their frightened visitor retained enough presence of mind to reply that he was still printing the Duke of Cumberland's manifestoes. On that some of the soldiers went down on their knees and with drawn dirks swore to have Chalmers' blood when they could catch him. Unwittingly they then allowed their intended victim to escape, and he joined the King's army, of which he was appointed an assistant Commissioner.—Westminster Gazette.

**Pozzoni's Puff Box**

the latest thing out. One given with each box of Powder. Ask for them.



**It Reaches The Spot!**

NINE-TENTHS OF THE AILMENTS WHICH men have can be traced to their foundation at the small of the back. All the important nerves center there, and that is the spot through which the electric current from Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt takes its course to reach the weakened parts. While you sleep at night it feeds the famished nerves and cures Kidney and Liver Troubles, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Varicose veins and all weakness of men and women.

**Rheumatism.**

Passadena, Cal., March 14, '96.

DR. A. T. SANDEN—Dear Sir: I bought one of your Electric Belts for Rheumatism, which came on by severe pains in the back and kidneys and spread to my arms. They were so bad that I could not put my shoes on. I found relief as soon as I applied the Belt and slept better the first night I wore it than I had for two months. I used the Belt six weeks and am now cured and as well as any man of my age, 62 years. I can recommend the Belt as being the only cure for lame back and Rheumatism. Yours truly,

WILLIAM WALKER.

No. 9 Plant Block, Pasadena, Cal.

**Cure Your Back**

Cure your back and you cure the source of all your other ailments. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt will cure you. Try it. Book, with full information and prices, free.

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,

632 Market street, opposite Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal. Office hours, 8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Sunday, 10 to 12. Los Angeles office, 214 South Broadway; Portland, Or., 255 Washington street.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION

The Leading Paper of the Interior of California.

The pioneer journal, which, from early years in the history of the coast, has maintained THE FRONT RANK OF JOURNALISM, having every news facility with the San Francisco leading dailies, and sustaining the fullest public confidence.

IN ALL RESPECTS The Best Advertising Medium ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Clean in all departments, and therefore pre-eminently THE FAMILY JOURNAL. The best paper for the Home-seeker, for the Merchant, Farmer, Mechanic and all who desire the full news of the day presented in a cleanly manner.

Pozzoni's Puff Box