JAPANESE IN SAN FRANCISCO

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Special Correspondence The Washington Herald.

San Francisco, May 12.—Here at the Golden Gate the question of Japanese immigration is more acute than at any other place in the Union. To this port a large majority of the Japanese in the United States have come. Here the American Asiatic Exclusion League is conducting the movement for a law which will as effectually debar the Japanese and Koreans from coming to America as the Chinese exclusion act keeps out the Celestials. Here are published the Japanese daily newspapers, which reflect and mold the opinion of the Nipponese in America. Here is the most prosperous city colony of Japanese on the continent, and from San Francisco the large rural Japanese population of California is financed and recruited. Despite the prohibition of Japanese immigration from Hawaii, and despite the Tokyo promises of restriction, the Japanese population of San Francisco is steadily increasing.

All talk of war between the United States and Japan, the agitation of the exclusion question, and all kindred issues, grew directly out of the clash between the Japanese and white people in San Francisco. The city authorities directed that the Japanese pupils in the public schools should attend the separate school maintained for people of Mongolian descent. The Japanese pupils refused to accede to the ruling and appealed to their government at Tokyo. The diplomatic correspondence between the two countries soon became threatening, if not angry, and the war clouds thickened, while anti-Japanese demonstrations, riots, and boycotts excited the stricken city of San Francisco.

Just what Japan said to the government at Washington is still a profound secret. But events have justified the rumor current at the time that the situation was strained almost to the point of a rupture of diplomatic relations. The President sent Secretary Metcalf to California with instructions to threaten and appeal. He did both. When the Metcalf report was transmitted to Congress the President sent with it a brief message, which he concluded with this sentence: "I authorized and directed Secretary Metcalf to state if there was failure to protect persons and property; then the entire power of the Federal government, within the limits of the Constitution, would be used promptly and vigorously to enforce the observance of our treaty, the supreme law of the land, which treaty guaranteed to Japanese residents, everywhere in the Union, full and perfect protection for their persons and property; and to this end everything in my power would be done, and all the forces of the United States, both civil and military, which I could lawfully employ, would be employed."

This threat of the Federal government to use the civil and military forces of the nation against the sovereign State of California caused a great hue and cry. But even many of those who criticised the President severely at that time for his actions now praise him for having so conducted the affair as to avoid war at a time when the United States was hopelessly unprepared for the issue. The coming to Washington of the San Francisco delegation headed by the notorious Mayor Schmitz, the fury of eloquence in Congress, and the wild talk of the jingoes in Japan is all a part of the history of the time.

California and San Francisco yielded to the entreaties of the government at Washington, and did not insist on the exclusion of all Japanese pupils from the schools, public opinion being placated by the exclusion of the men of mature age who had been in classes with little girls. These grown pupils were the cause of the trouble, and when the cause was removed the situation was relieved and the anti-Japanese movement dropped in intensity from acute to subacute.

Then, as luck would have it, the loyal subjects of King Edward VII residing in British Columbia took up sticks and stones and proceeded therewith to belabor certain loyal subjects of King Edward's imperial ally, the Mikado. This proved very embarrassing to Japan, and Tokyo began to be much milder in the tone of its utterances.

This review of the beginning of the agitation of the Japanese question is of momentous significance when considered in connection with subsequent events. Since that time the United States has transferred the greater portion of its naval force from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. That there is any relation between these things may be denied by official Washington, but, then, did not official Washington deny that the fleet would go to the Pacific at all? This same official Washington denies that the fleet will stay in the Pacific, but——. Since the time that the President sent a message to Congress jumping on the Californians for their attitude toward Japanese there has been a strong movement for a Japanese exclusion law. This agitation has been kept submerged by official pressure because of the effort being made to bring about a peaceful settlement of the question which would save the face of the Japanese under the "most favored nation" agreement.

The same Japan which was so threatening when the school question first arose has since consented to restrict immigration to America if no exclusion bill be passed. The agreement was accepted, but the Japanese continue to come in. The laxity of the Japanese officials in enforcing the restriction agreement has been the subject of diplomatic correspondence which originated from Washington. When Washington writes a note to Tokyo now it is entirely different in tone and spirit from the notes that were written when the great fleet was in Atlantic waters.

Now, nobody knows these things better than the Japanese in San Francisco. Their voice is all for peace. The Japanese vied with the Native Sons in preparing to welcome Admiral Evans and his fleet to the frolic at the Golden Gate. They contributed over $2,000 to the entertainment fund, and spent good American gold for red, white, and blue bunting to decorate their shops and homes. The Japanese newspapers in San Francisco declared that they were as glad to see the fleet and as proud of its accomplishments as were any other residents of America. The Japanese consul general published an article on the coming of the battle ships which began with the word "Welcome!" Nevertheless, in the vast crowds which covered the hills about the bay on that memorable April day there was scarce a man who did not turn to his neighbor to say: "That will keep the Japanese on their own side of the sea."

It is the presence of the fleet and the cessation of threats from Japan that makes the difference in the situation here. Little is said nowadays about the Japanese in San Francisco, but there has been no change in feeling among the Americans of the city. As in every other Pacific Coast city, they declare that the Japanese must be kept out of the country, that they are more dangerous and much more undesirable than the Chinese, and that if the Japanese government will not restrict the immigration as promised, then this government must enact an exclusion law for the protection of American civilization and the institutions of the Western States.

In many sections of the West the opposition to Japanese immigration is based wholly upon economic and industrial arguments. The white laborer cannot compete with the Japanese laborer, because he cannot live as cheaply. But here in San Francisco it is confessed that race antagonism has much to do with the anti-Japanese feeling. The San Francisco trouble did not spring from an economic clash over wages; it grew out of a race question developed in the schools. When the San Francisco position on the school question was made known in the last Congress the race question was a predominant feature, and the Southern Democrats of the House and Senate, familiar with race questions, rushed to the support of the Californians.

San Franciscans repeat and ratify what was said at that time by the then governor in a message to the legislature: "In common with the people of the East, who have had no experience with these unassimilable people of Japan and China, the President does not understand the racial differences between the Japanese and Chinese and the people of Caucasian blood." It is exactly the same argument used by Southerners in defending themselves against attacks from other States on their attitude toward the negro: "You do not understand the difference between a white man and a negro."

It is very fortunate that the economic feature of the agitation against the Japanese has been emphasized. In Japan it is admitted that Americans may object to an influx of laborers who will destroy standards of wages, but every Japanese holds that he is the equal of any man on earth, and a racial discrimination against his people is an unpardonable offense. As a matter of fact, the race antagonism does not enter into the question, and San Francisco openly admits it.

In the meantime the 13,000 Japanese who are living here are finding employment and making money. The majority of them are held to be unsatisfactory as servants or laborers, but still they have the jobs. The leaders of Japanese here are trying to do all in their power to smooth over old quarrels. The leaders of the anti-Japanese agitation are content to let by-gones be by-gones, but they are no less determined in their opposition to permitting any more Japanese to come in.

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To-morrow—Japanese in San Francisco.

HEAVEN IS DEFINED

Rev. Father Russell Preaches at St. Patrick's Church.

POINTS OUT ERRONEOUS IDEAS

Asserts the Average Man Conceives Heaven to Be a Condition of Rest and Peace and Joy—Declares It to Be Love of God and Knowledge of His Infinite Perfections.

Rev. Dr. William T. Russell, preaching at the high mass in St. Patrick's Church yesterday, took for the theme of his discourse, "Heaven," his text being: "This is eternal life; that they may know Thee." He said, in part:

"There are few subjects which the sacred Scriptures are at more pains to explain and illustrate, few concerning which even instructed people entertain more erroneous ideas, because few are more difficult to comprehend, than heaven. The average man conceives heaven to be a condition of rest and peace and joy. He looks forward to his abode in Zion as to a state in which he will enjoy most of the pleasures of this life without any of its pains and anxieties.

"To him heaven is a purified earth—eternal life a prolongation of the present, exempt from its separations and misfortunes, from suffering and death. All peoples, civilized and uncivilized, infidel and Christian, have accepted these ideas of heaven—the higher civilization and culture of Greece embodying them in the conception of Olympus, while among the American Indians these aspirations found their fruition in the happy hunting-ground.

The Life Hereafter.

"Thus man, wherever we find him, conceives of a life hereafter of purely natural bliss, which can be forfeited only by his own misdoings, and this natural desire or instinct, which is so universal, can find its explanation only by attributing it to God as its source.

"The heaven of revelation, the heaven of Christianity, was never conceived of by even the wisest of the pagans. The most enlightened nations have never imagined it, save as a place of merely natural happiness, never dreamed of it, as it is in reality, a condition of supernatural bliss.

"It seems, too, that St. John, in the Apocalypse, is powerless to find any but material images to shadow forth, however faintly, the wonders and the glory of the New Jerusalem. He seizes on all forms of earthly majesty and beauty, makes use of all that stands for earthly power and glory.

"There is one, indeed, rapt to the third heaven, annealed in the divine fires, communing intimately with the most high God, yet who is silent—St. Paul the Apostle. Versed in the learning of the Greeks and Hebrews, an intellectual giant, who for grandeur of concept, subtlety of distinction, magic of style, splendor and fire, grace and power of expression, has seldom been equaled and never surpassed, it would seem that he of all men must be pre-eminently fitted to tell of the marvels, to picture the awful beauty of the mystical city of God.

"But he does not attempt it. He tells us it is not given to man to utter what was revealed to him. 'Eye hath not seen,' he says, 'nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for those that love Him.'

"Strangely enough, these few negative, luminous words convey to the mind and the heart more than all that has ever been sung by sages, saints, and prophets.

"We may, however, form a clearer conception of the glory reserved for the blessed from the evangelist's simple expression, 'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God.' It is the beatific vision, then, that constitutes the chief happiness of heaven. What is the beatific vision? It is the clear knowledge of God as He is.

Meaning of Love.

"Knowledge begets love, and the meaning of love is to give the best we have—to receive the best we know. We all love; it is for that we have been created, to long for life, to yearn for love.

"But for our love we must have an object good and beautiful. On earth these terms are relative. What is good to one may not be good to another, but to all the appearance of good is what attracts, what causes us to love, in spite of ourselves, so that man, even in loving evil—as the murderer nursing his revenge—pays unconscious tribute to Him who is goodness itself. If, then, seeing the good, we must perforce love and desire it, if we could see and know God with even the imperfect knowledge of which we are capable here upon earth, with what an exceeding great desire we should yearn for Him.

"Then, too, from the point of view of fallen man, what should remind man of God, leading us to Him, oftimes by strange perversity of human blindness betrays us into following the shadows instead of the substance.

"What, then, is heaven? It is to love God, to give ourselves to Him entirely, receiving in return God as our own. To know Him, to love Him, to rest secure in the blessed consciousness of His surpassing love for us—His beauty, goodness, all His infinite perfections ours to enjoy and for all eternity—that is heaven.

"Heaven is knowledge, heaven is love. 'This is heaven to know Thee, the only true God.'"

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

By HELEN ROWLAND.

The oftener a man falls in love, the more easily and gracefully he does it; exercise seems to keep the heart in good working condition.

It must be a surprise to a woman when her husband sues for $990,000 for the alienation of her affections, which he never seemed to consider worth two cents.

Matrimony is a revolving door, round which husband and wife follow one another without ever meeting on the same side of any question.

A woman's anxiety to keep her husband home evenings is prompted, not so much by a desire for his fascinating company, as by a morbid determination to know where he is.

Comfort is just a relative thing, after all; to one man, it means nothing less than an automobile, a yacht, and a million-dollar income; while to another, it is completely summed up in an old pair of slippers and the privilege of smoking around the house.

Love must always end sooner or later—usually sooner than the girl expected, and later than the man intended.

The woman who insists on playing solitaire in conversation is likely to end by playing old maid.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

It seems that warnings are too often thrown away when we view the number of accidents that might have been avoided. Careful persons wonder how a man can allow himself to be blind to the danger of leaving a loaded revolver where persistent little fingers can reach it; how a woman can permit dangerous liquids to remain in her home when there are children to sample everything, in bottles and out of them. Yet the news of the day tells stories where accidents of such nature occur with surprising frequency.

* * * *

Well, remorse is of little avail after death has exacted the penalty of recklessness. Probably a reform will be made in the stricken households, but there will remain thousands of families where temptation lies along the path of the children, and if they manage to escape they and their parents will owe a big debt to fortune. In an occasional family children are taught to respect the wishes of parents, but as a rule they learn an early lesson of following their own sweet will, and the only safe course for parents is to keep danger at a distance.

* * * *

A sixteen-year-old son, spoiled to the last degree, was reproved for keeping late hours, and so angry was he at the interference with what he regarded as his rights that he rushed into his father's dressing-room in search of a loaded revolver, which he knew was kept in a drawer of the bureau. Probably he meant to terrify his father and nothing more, but he succeeded in placing a bullet in his head before the horrified parent could prevent it.

* * * *

A friend of mine received a gift in the shape of a case of homeopathic medicines, which was placed on the shelf in a closet. A small daughter knew all about it, and when she found nothing to amuse herself on a stormy afternoon she remembered the neat little bottles with their burden of sugar pills. Her baby brother watched her devour a bottle or so in silence, and offered a protest when the third was opened. So she shared with him two of the most dangerous bottles in the case, and they were devouring the last handful when their mother entered the room. One glance at the labels on the empty bottles sent her flying to the neighbors, and the children were watched for hours for symptoms of illness.

* * * *

As it happens, they slept quite as peacefully as if they had been restricted to their usual simple diet. The morning found the medicine case on its road to a relative who had no children, and the mother began a system of government that made similar offenses impossible. The habit of keeping dangerous weapons and poisonous liquids about the house is general, I assure you, and the stories of fright and anxiety and sorrow on account of it are innumerable. A good dog or a strong whip or hatpin is quite as much protection, and contains no possibility of danger for curious children, which are all children. Poisons are plainly labeled when purchased, and only the illiterate can overlook.

BETTY BRADEEN.

Secretary Taft Returns.

Secretary of War Taft returned to Washington yesterday afternoon from Cleveland, where he made a speech Saturday night before the Western Federation of Yale Clubs.

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THE SOUL OF CROESUS

BY GERALD VILLIERS-STUART.

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"I might get shop-worn. Besides, mamma can't keep the shop open forever. But really, Mr. Vandraken, I don't see what earthly difference it can make to you whom I marry, or when I marry."

"Of course you are right. I had no business to say that." Then he leaned forward and said, very meaningly: "But you know you might miss a better offer."

"That is why mamma is only considering Dumbdale, M. P. But you are not living up to your reputation. Instead of amusing me you have led the conversation round to serious, almost unpleasant subjects."

"That is because you ran round to try and get at the other side of me, Lady Kitty."

A silence fell between them. They were like two players at a chessboard. Vandraken felt that he was progressing faster and farther than he meant to. The fire-game was not working out according to rule. It gratified his vanity that Lady Kitty Poher, the beauty of the season, should be interested in him, and make him feel that it was his personality which inspired it. At the dance he had forined the opinion that she was flirtatious, and that their affair would end in a laughing kiss and a shower of roses and bonbons to show that it was appreciated. He had engineered several episodes of the kind. He did not know that Lady Kitty was guided by unerring intuition in her unconscious efforts to lead him into deeper waters. He did know that she was unlike any other girl he had come in contact with, and von Tarsenheim was not there to explain that his disconnected soul, on the same star as the girl's, was trying to reach him through hers.

Lady Kitty had a daring candor, picked up from her mother, which was very telling. "I am beginning to think, Mr. Vandraken," she said, at last, "that you can't sparkle on tea. It was champagne you scintillated on at the dance, wasn't it?"

"I imagine it was your own mood. We were much more on the surface of things. You can't build up a waltz movement from every chord."

"I tell you what!" said Kitty, sitting up straight on the sofa. "I am a champion fortune-teller. Let me read your hand."

Vandraken would have liked to refuse. He had an idea that this was another attempt to get behind the mirror. But it would appear absurd to refuse to let a pretty girl hold his hand when she offered, and anyway, she probably knew nothing about palmistry.

As a matter of fact, she didn't know much about the lines, but she was so highly intuitive that she got wonderfully correct impressions from people's hands. The lines seemed to put her in touch with their magnetism.

"What delicious hands!" thought Vandraken, as she took possession of his own. And they were very perfect hands. It had taken centuries to make them. Many thousand toil-scarred hands had been used up in the process, and been buried, without knowing what they had been working for. But that is the way nature works. They cried out they had been wasted, but they were not, for here were the gossamer hands of Lady Kitty to show for it all.

Vandraken thrilled to their magnetic warmth. They stirred within him the instinct of worship, which had never yet found an outlet for its hoarded strength.

Lady Kitty gave an exclamation of surprise when she saw Vandraken's hands. "Why!" she said, "your hands are absolutely different from one another. If I had seen them poked through a screen, I would have said they belonged to different persons. Your left is quite an ordinary hand; your right looks as though it had been through an earthquake and then been rebuilt."

Vandraken's hands almost jerked themselves free from the pretty palmist's.

"As I said before, you are a very baffling person, Mr. Vandraken. I can't make head or tail of you. If I had only seen your left, I should have described you as a very practical, business-like person, your heart so much governed by your head that it is of no importance in your life. And selfish—I am afraid you are very selfish, and yet very generous. No!—lavish; that is a better word. I do not think you would give away anything that cost you anything to give. You would want something in return. Your business instinct is so strong that you would be miserable if you failed to get your money's worth. That is quite your strongest impulse, and it will injure you. You have brains, but you don't use them for good. You are very materialistic and practical, so you will use your brains in an effort to get all there is to be got out of this life. You are ruthless in this. That is from your left hand. When I come to the right, I feel dazed. Were you ever hypnotized?"

"Y—yes," mumbled Vandraken, much disturbed.

"You allowed yourself to be hypnotized, and something happened to you which changed your life. Something was taken away from you and something was given to you. Some trick was played on you while you were hypnotized. I don't know what it was—it all looks vague and blurred to me—but this I know: that your head no longer governs your heart, but you will go on thinking it does." Lady Kitty dropped his hand, and put hers up to her forehead. "I can't tell you any more—it gives me a headache. But I have a curious feeling that you are not the same person I met at the ball. You did not need any help then—you do now. Something is pleading to be released, like a soul calling from a dungeon. I don't understand it!" She passed her hand across her forehead.

"Do you know," she went on, "it is very curious, but there is something about you, something which I did not notice at first, which reminds me of some one I knew for a short time, about a year ago—some one I met at a commemoration at Oxford. He used to write poetry to me. I don't think you could write poetry—could you, Mr. Vandraken?"

"No. I can't write spring poetry, or talk like a tenor," answered the young man, rather brusquely. "At least, I hope not; and I don't see why I remind you of some duffer who does that sort of thing."

"Don't worry," laughed Kitty. "You are not a bit like him. Indeed, the first time I met you, I should have said you were opposites; but to-day something in your personality reminds me of his, particularly when I was looking at your hand."

The man and the girl had been too engrossed in palmistry to notice Lady Donoyle standing by the door. She looked at them beamingly for a moment, and locked her hands together, leaving an opening between the thumbs; then she threw a brilliant smile back over her shoulder to Lord Ancester, who was coming along behind—she had picked him up in the park—and they both passed the door on the way to the drawing-room. Once in the room, they looked at one another, Lady Donoyle triumphantly; Lord Ancester shrugged his shoulders and looked depressed. Lady Donoyle smiled down on her locked hands, and held them out to the man. "Rivie," she said softly, "put you finger into the crow's nest."

Half an hour afterward the two men left the house together. They walked in silence for a while, Lord Ancester cherishing an "I-told-you-so" expression.

At last Vandraken said abruptly: "You were right, and I'm for Paris. I'm not susceptible—hang it all! I'm not susceptible, but if I had stayed much longer alone with that girl I should have asked her to marry me."

"And you didn't feel worthy?" said Lord Ancester, hopefully. "Muddy current mingling with clear stream—that sort of thing, eh? I know the feeling." After all, he reflected, the man has some conscience left, in spite of von Tarsenheim.

But Vandraken only looked perplexed. "Didn't feel worthy! Nothing of the kind! But I've got sense enough left not to be done out of my 'hurrah time.' I've mapped out my life, and I'm not going to change the programme."

Silence fell again between the two men, till Vandraken went on, abruptly: "That girl doesn't play the game. She can't play with fire, because she is fire. I never felt the same with any other woman, Ancester. I felt as monks feel about the Madonna. What did you bring her into my life for?—after all the trouble and expense I've taken to see that my high old times throw no shadows! Suppose her face comes between me and my pleasures, what's the good of Abdul von Tarsenheim and his conscience extractor?"

They were held up by a block of carriages near a florist's shop in Piccadilly.

"Ah, my dear fellow," replied Ancester, sadly, "remember what I told you about the brotherhood of the underworld. If that is the order you belong to, celibacy is one of its conditions. The double life is a miserable life—almost as bad as the simple life. Pick your world, and live in it; but if you can get von Tarsenheim to hypnotize you again, and put you where you were before, for God's sake do it! Marry Lady Kitty Poher, and use your money and your brains to restore society to its center of gravity."

The young man shook his head and turned away, as, 2,000 years ago, another young man, who also had great riches, turned away sorrowfully from the gate of heaven.

"In five years, Ancester—no, in three years. Give me three years of it. What's three years? But I mustn't see Lady Kitty any more—and yet, no one else shall marry her—do you hear?"

"I'm afraid you will find that rather hard to arrange, won't you?"

"Hard! Not in the least. Money can do anything, if you only know how to use it. But I mustn't see her any more. I must not even think of her any more. Paris—that is what will put this nonsense out of my head; and if there is anything in that talk you put up about being my shadow, you will come with me. When we get tired of Paris, we'll work our way east by way of Vienna, Budapest, and Constantinople. I'll take out this sentimental susceptibility that's cropping up in me and drown it, like a yellow pup!" he ended, almost hysterically. Vandraken was an excitable youth.

"How white those lilies are!" said Lord Ancester, calmly, nodding toward the florist's window. "They have some wonderful way of keeping unstained in all the grime of London. Have they also an Abdul von Tarsenheim?"

"They are just the thing to send to Lady Kitty. Wait a minute, will you?" Vandraken hurried into the shop.

"Make all those lilies into a bunch," he ordered, "and send them to this address." He wrote down Lady Kitty's address. His eye was caught by some crimson roses of great size. He took one in his hand and smelled its exotic perfume. "Put this rose in the heart of that bunch of lilies," he ordered. "Oh, yes, and call a hansom. Let one of your people take them immediately."

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Full of Life, Action, and Comedy.
Next Week—THE VAGABOND BURLESQUERS.

5,000 Seats Free. **LUNA PARK** Vaudeville in the Band Shell
WEEK OF MAY 25.
AFTERNOON. EVENING.
EXTRA ATTRACTION DECORATION DAY.
John W. Ransone. Warren & Brockway.
Miaco & Doblados. Holmes & Buchanan.
Chadwick Trio.
Positive Appearance of Three English Rosebuds.

BASEBALL!
AMERICAN LEAGUE PARK,
SEVENTH ST. AND FLORIDA AVE.
4:30—TO-DAY—4:30
NATIONALS vs. DETROIT.
Cleveland—26, 27, and 28.

EXCURSIONS.

Ferry Service to Alexandria.
Steamer Lackawanna every HOUR and A HALF, 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. daily and Sunday. FARE 5c EACH WAY.

CARS TO KENSINGTON
From 15th st. and N. Y. ave. every 15 minutes. Pass Rock Creek Bridge, Park, MAIN ENTRANCE Zoo, to Chevy Chase Lake. Connect with Kensington cars. Round trip tickets, 25c, at Fussell's.

SUMMER RESORTS.

VIRGINIA.

For a Pleasant, Inexpensive Summer Outing go to Lexington, Va.
Situated in the Shenandoah Valley (altitude, 1,000 feet), about 150 miles from Washington. Noted for its agreeable climate, superb scenery, cool nights, absence of mosquitoes. Golf, tennis, fishing, and hunting in season. For information, address BOARD OF TRADE, LEXINGTON, VA.

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HOTEL RUDOLF
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OPEN ALL YEAR.
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN.
Directly on the Beach, with unobstructed view of the Famous Boardwalk.
400 ocean-view rooms; 100 private baths. Hot and cold sea water in private and public baths. Nightly Orchestral Concerts in Red Ramble Grill. Home for Washingtonians in Atlantic City. Special spring rates for May and June. Harvey Cuisine a Specialty. Write for booklet or 'phone to Harvey's Restaurant, 3065 Main.
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Atlantic City.
Open Throughout the Year.
Famous as the hotel for the comforts of home.
C. O. MARQUETTE, Manager. D. S. WHITE, President.

GALEN HALL,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
A FEW WEEKS IN OUR COMFORTABLE HOUSE, with every convenience and superior table and service, will be a great restorer. Baths for pleasure or health for ladies and gentlemen, with trained attendants only.
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OPEN ALL THE YEAR.
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THE LELANDE OCEAN END MASSACHUSETTS AVE.
Atlantic City, N. J. Rooms en suite with private baths; $12 per week upward; $2.50 daily up.
JACOB B. HAWK.

CHETWOODE OPEN ALL YEAR. PAC. AND ILL. AVES.
Near beach and attractions. Week-end rate, $3.50, Saturday to Monday. E. M. DEMPSEY.

HOTEL DEVILLE Kentucky Ave. and the Beach.
Private baths; sun parlor; elevator; steam heat. Special spring rates. Booklet. J. P. GIBERSON.

PONCE DE LEON, Virginia Ave. and Beach, Atlantic City, N. J. Special Spring Rates. ALFRED R. GRINDROD.

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HOTEL BISCAYNE,
8TH AND OCEAN AVE., NEAR THE BEACH.
Open All Year. Telephone. Booklet.
H. A. W. SMITH.

WESTMINSTER, OCEAN END KENTUCKY AVE.
Elevator to street. $8 to $15 weekly.
CHAS. BUHRE.

EXCURSIONS.

NORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY
EVERY DAY in the year from foot 7th st. for Fort Monroe, Norfolk, Newport News, and points south, via superb, powerful steel palace steamers "Newport News," "Norfolk," and "Washington."

Lv. Washington...6:30 p.m.	Lv. Portsmouth...5:00 p.m.
Lv. Alexandria...7:00 p.m.	Lv. Norfolk.....6:00 p.m.
Ar. Ft. Monroe...7:00 a.m.	Lv. Ft. Monroe...7:00 p.m.
Ar. Norfolk.....8:00 a.m.	Ar. Alexandria...6:30 a.m.
Ar. Portsmouth...8:30 a.m.	Ar. Washington...7:30 a.m.

☞Through connections made at Norfolk with steamers Old Dominion Steamship Co. for New York, and Merchants and Miners' Steamships for Boston.
☞General Ticket Office, 705 14th st., Colorado Bldg. ('Phone Main 1320), 7th st. wharf ('Phone Main 3760).
JNO. CALLAHAN, 2d V. Pres. and Gen'l. Mgr.
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May 30—Opening Day
CHEVY CHASE LAKE,
Washington's High-Class Family Amusement Resort.
Unsurpassed picnic facilities—20 acres of shade. Two springs of pure water. Adequate car service.
GRAND CONCERT BY SECTION OF
U. S. MARINE BAND,
FOLLOWED BY DANCING.
ADMISSION FREE.

RIVER VIEW
A NEW RESORT WITH AN OLD NAME
ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.
NEW MANAGEMENT.
CHARMING GROUNDS.
Plenty of Quiet Amusement All the Time.
Opens May 30 (Decoration Day).
See Daily Papers for Other Announcements. Some dates still open. Get them while they last. 'Phone 3912 Main. Eighth st. wharf.
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ARLINGTON, FORT MYER, FALLS CHURCH, CLARENDON, BALLSTON, DUNN-LORING, VIENNA, OAKTON, AND FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE. Cars at frequent intervals from Mount Vernon station, 12th street and Pennsylvania avenue ('Phone main 451) and from south end Aqueduct Bridge ('Phone west 212). Historic suburbs. Fighting ground of the Civil War. See Colonial Records and last will of George Washington at Fairfax Court House. Ask for tickets via "Falls Church Line."

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Daily 10 a. m. and 1:45 p. m. (Sundays excepted). Fare—Round trip, including admission, 75c.