The Call
San Francisco

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
DAILY CALL—$6 per year by mail; by carrier, 15c per week.
SUNDAY CALL—$1.50 per year.
WEEKLY CALL—$1.50 per year.
The Eastern office of the SAN FRANCISCO CALL (Daily and Weekly), Pacific States Advertising Bureau, Rhinelander building, Rose and Duane streets, New York.

SUNDAY.....APRIL 21, 1895

Energy is a part of good morals.

Leisure must be enjoyed leisurely.

Whoever lives pleasantly lives wisely.

The strawberry festival is the next thing.

To the average woman the new bonnet is a fiesta.

If you are sure you are left, get up and go ahead.

Crime and cobblestones make congenial company.

Make your friends useful, but don't use them too much.

Optimism may not make much, but it saves a great deal.

The Spring Exhibition ought to be able to jump into favor.

That daughter who has a wise mother need never fear evil.

We are now willing to allude to Los Angeles as a sister city.

There is no form of content with which idleness is compatible.

No woman objects to have her beauty overtopped by a bonnet.

As soon as a man gets well on in the world everybody says he is well off.

Don't fret yourself sick because you never get a square deal in a round world.

Birds may not follow the fashions, but they are dead on the spring bonnets.

Some people are so perverse they have nightmares even in their daydreams.

No one who is not conspicuously good can afford to keep away from church.

The beauty of the average box of strawberries is hardly more than skin deep.

After the showers of April the optimist finds flowers and the pessimist finds mud.

If you love the ground your girl walks on you shouldn't pave it with cobblestones.

If you feel any symptoms of the spring fever, shake the medicine habit and take a walk.

San Francisco, like a woman, is beautiful by nature, but needs a little art to show it off.

If reform, like charity, had to begin at home, it would act like charity and stay there.

No repugnance for evil is sincere that is not accompanied with an earnest effort to punish.

The greater part of your enjoyment of a holiday depends on taking your better half with you.

Men who never praise anything are generally men whose praise would be of no value anyhow.

In such blithesome weather as this the heart that is not full of song is sadly out of tune with God.

Just as war cements a people, so one great crime prevents the commission of many smaller ones.

The only thing that proves the existence of a conscience in a silurian is its ability to blunt a buzz-saw.

The Half-million Club brings back a trainload of Southern California intelligence, pride and industry.

The broadest conception of duty requires us all to accept some share of responsibility for every evil done among us.

Californians are only just beginning to learn the wonderful secret of extracting the gold from the yellow sunshine.

Some society girls are so pleased with the pictures at the Spring Exhibition they are thinking of painting themselves.

It is every woman's duty to make herself as pretty and winsome as possible, and that is why we speak of California as "she."

Although Santa Barbara is but a small city, her beauty has had enough vitality in it to radiate a glory over the whole State.

Nobody will run the danger of slipping up and falling down on the organ peels that will be found in the road to heaven to-day.

The prodigal spends money for a drink just to give him an appetite that will tempt him to spend more money for his dinner.

In nine cases out of ten when a man says his theories fit the facts he is speaking bad English. He should say his theories fight the facts.

Experts on social life in London declare an outbreak of British morality occurs there at periods of five years, and that one is due now.

Shame for the condition of our own City should not prevent us from giving a hearty welcome to the visitors from the southern part of the State.

Every native son, born of California, can show how much he adores his mother by helping to make her as beautiful as nature intended her to be.

Even the Chinese at Los Angeles did what they could to help the fiesta, and that ought to make every San Francisco silurian tremble for the security of his slumber.

As a plain matter of business or a fine matter of pleasure, would it not be profitable and pleasant to you to send the Sunday CALL or the Weekly CALL regularly to your Eastern friends?

If the Red Bluff *Sentinel* is correct in saying "What Chicago don't think of isn't worth mentioning," the world is out of luck, for what Chicago does think of is generally unmentionable.

The pictures by telegraph in the CALL have been seen thus far as only an incident in the great fiesta; but hereafter the fiesta will be historical solely because it was the first ever depicted in this marvelous way.

A BRILLIANT RESULT.

With an admirable sagacity, the Half-million Club of San Francisco—a body of energetic citizens pledged to do all in their power to raise the population of the City to a half million—accepted the opportunity presented by the fiestas at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara to promulgate the doctrine of State pride and unity of achievement. To that end it arranged for an excursion to the southern part of the State, which should carry such leading San Franciscans as have the good of the State at heart. A considerable number went—more than the long record of indifference and inaction had led us to expect. For a beginning in an undertaking which is so radical a departure from established methods, it was exceedingly encouraging, and may be regarded as but the inception of a movement which will soon embrace every Californian worthy of the name.

The reception given these gentlemen by the individual citizens and the organized bodies of representative men at Los Angeles was even more gratifying than the movement started in San Francisco. The most distinguished attentions were showered upon them. They were taken by the hand with that cordial grasp of brotherhood which means an intelligent comprehension of a citizen's duty to his State. The small ghost of State division was quickly laid. In bringing about this result the Half-million Club has accomplished the initial triumph in the series of victories which shall end with the placing of California in the high position to which she is entitled by her rich and abundant resources.

Southern California has arranged to cement this bond with an excursion of her leading men to most of the finer parts of Central California. Many of them do not know how wonderful a region this is, and the knowledge which they will acquire will equip them for the intelligent work which they have set themselves to do. With their superior energy and pride they can inform us of our shortcomings, and perhaps consent to lend us their direct assistance. Meanwhile, the alert members of the Half-million Club have learned many things in the south that will be of the greatest use to them in arousing the pride and directing the energies of our own people. They have learned something of the methods employed by Los Angeles and the contiguous region in inducing so large and intelligent a population, in assuring profits to horticulture by the adoption of business-like methods, and in accomplishing so conspicuously valuable results by making the towns and cities beautiful. In short, they have secured an insight into most of the means by which Southern California has achieved greatness. These methods they can teach to the laggards whom they left at home.

In the fraternal meeting at Los Angeles it was an inspiration that suggested a speech from R. F. del Valle as a representative of the men born in California. The plan upon which that splendid body of young men known as the Native Sons of the Golden West is constituted may not, in its present form, contemplate a regard for the material interests of the State, but out of its members might be organized a subsidiary body which could adopt that as its mission. For if there are any citizens of California who should have pride in their State and whose greatest pleasure it should be to advance it to the highest possible position they are those born on the soil, and the body of Native Sons, embracing much of the flower of young manhood that we have, has the finest conceivable material for accomplishing this splendid result.

The Half-million Club deserves the most generous appreciation of every Californian and the most earnest support of every worthy citizen.

NATURAL SOURCES OF POWER.

The further Californians remove themselves from the traditions upon which experience in other States and countries is founded the better prepared are they to master the unique natural advantages of the State. This overcoming of the habit of tradition has been proceeding slowly and painfully for years, and with every triumph in that direction has come a corresponding step forward. From stock-raising we advanced to wheat-growing, from this to the cultivation of ordinary American fruits, from this to the introduction of fruits that will grow nowhere else in the United States, from this to the making of wines, and now we are reaching out for still more artistic achievements in the way of extracting the essential oil of odoriferous flowers. In each of these steps, with all or their separate and various peculiar ramifications, discoveries have been made of possibilities strange to the experience of their initial undertaking. On every hand valuable discoveries are constantly being made, and yet likely we are hardly yet on the threshold of those that will be made.

The absence of abundant fuel is a drawback to the State, as this means a lack of sufficient power for all the valuable uses to which power may be put. Is it not worth while to look about for a solution of this difficulty on lines unrestricted by tradition and experience? Is power based upon the combustion of coal the only kind that we can imagine? Have we not found so many unexpected treasures in California as to encourage us to seek one more, and that one of very great importance? Let us see what we might find in such a search.

Of course we have inexhaustible water power in the mountains, and if this power can be transmitted for considerable distances in the form of electricity our whole fuel problem is solved. Not only, however, is there still some uncertainty with regard to the profitable transmission of such a power, but the installation of the plant is very expensive. Certainly if such a scheme would be successful elsewhere it would be more so here, where there is no severe cold to freeze the streams.

There is abundant reason to think that the State contains an inexhaustible store of petroleum and gas. The very fact that our coals are mostly lignites shows that the carboniferous formations here are very recent, and geologically this means the likelihood of there being a very abundant supply of hydro-carbons deep in the ground. Again, the mountains of what we call "bituminous rock" that exist in the Coast Range are unavoidable evidence of vast stores of petroleum. We have made only the slightest and most primitive efforts to develop this resource, and yet such efforts have resulted in rich discoveries.

Since the science of "storing" electrical energy has been more or less developed, and the "accumulator" has come to be recognized as having a usefulness within certain limitations, if we can find inexpensive means for charging accumulators we have solved a problem. The plan of charging them by steam power is unprofitable, because the percentage of such power represented by accumulators is far below that secured from the direct application of steam. If we had, say, a head of water produced at a small cost, we could charge accumulators with it at a meager expense, and in this way accumulators might be made to furnish an economical power.

We have the tides of San Francisco Bay, where appliances to utilize their power would be in no danger of injury from storms, and where the ground of power consumption would be identical with that of its generation. The lifting power that pontoons operated by the tides would develop would be measured merely by the size of the plant, and it would not be expensive when the amount of the power compared with the cost of the plant is considered. The rising and falling of pontoons could be made to store power in various ways, the lifting of water, which can be used to run dynamos, being one of the simplest.

Besides this, we have winds of wonderful constancy. By the use of windmills these breezes could be made to lift water with which dynamos to charge storage-batteries could be run, and these batteries could be put to many domestic uses, such as lighting, cooking, running sewing-machines and the like. We as yet seem not to have the smallest conception of the great value of these winds.

In addition, we have abundant sunshine, whose force could be utilized in various ways known to engineering; but the other and simpler plans herein suggested might first be tried. Thus might the fuel problem be solved to a very great extent.

THE SPRING FEVER.

In these days, amid the glow of returning summer, the bloom of a million flowers, the song of mating birds, the ripening of luscious berries and the coming of the innumerable multitude of joyous things, there falls upon man that touch of nature which reminds him he is a creature of earth, but out of harmony with the glad chorus of other creatures around him. He feels a loss of vigor. He grows languid and listless and lazy. If he be young, his fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love, but the chances are his appetite will be impaired, his vitality low, his mind morbid, and his thoughts will be inclined to a cocktail or a liver pill.

This condition of the human system at this season has been known for generations as the spring fever. It has been attributed by some to a relaxation of the vital powers, due to the return of warm weather after the more invigorating weather of winter. The change in the atmosphere is said to affect the mind as well as the body, producing a dullness of the mental faculties, as well as a torpor of the physical. The objection to this theory is, that while it may fit the facts, it tends to a resort to medicine for remedy. It suggests the advisability of taking tonics and stimulants and predisposes a man to entertain favorably even so bitter a thought as that of paying a doctor's bill.

Perhaps a truer solution of the spring fever condition is that nature is trying to convince man he should not be too civilized nor too much addicted to work. She lays upon him a sense of languidness to give him time to reflect that work is an evil and that too much of it is a species of dissipation. This feeling which man in his folly calls a depression is really an elevation of the mind to that region of pure laziness which lies adjacent to the sublime heights of Nirvana. Here nature enables him to see life clearly and to see it whole; to understand the futility of ceaseless endeavor, the folly of trying to learn while alive the inner secrets of the universe that will be revealed to him without an effort on his part when he is dead; and in this way she interfuses into his consciousness the delightful wisdom that it is good to loaf and that to lie all day steeped in sunshine and theosophy is after all the highest as well as the sweetest attainment of humanity.

From this diagnosis of spring fever it follows naturally that the healing remedy is to be sought not in medicine but in nature. Instead of taking a small pill, we must take the whole earth. We must shake work and worry from us like dewdrops from a lion's mane and, getting out into the forest, live like a lion in the joy of an untrammeled liberty. It is not a pill we need, but a holiday; not a stimulant, but a recreation. Nature at this season invites man to come back to her and renew his savagery, and imposes a languor upon him only to convince him he was never intended to be civilized.

OUR EXCHANGES.

It is the opinion of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* that San Francisco will continue to be a strong candidate for the honor of entertaining the next Republican National Convention until about the time to decide, when "she will be found not in it." It is evident the *Sentinel* has been sleeping at his post and doesn't see the situation rightly. San Francisco has no desire to be in the convention. The thing is to have the convention in San Francisco. Nearly every other large city in the Union has a favorite candidate, and will desire to be in the convention to stampede the delegates that are opposed to him. San Francisco, for that very reason, offers the fairest field to all the candidates, and assures to each an unprejudiced environment. This fact is bound to have weight with the National Committee in selecting the place for the convention, and it will be found one of the strongest arguments in our favor that no matter what conflict may arise we will not be in it.

In commenting upon an editorial in the CALL, commending the people of Santa Barbara for the prompt energy displayed in rebuilding the floral pavilion when destroyed by fire on the very eve of the fiesta, the Los Angeles *Times* says: "The State seems to have awakened fully to the fact that progress is the law under which the southern counties have been doing business during the past few years. Our fiestas and fairs are good things to draw our people together into closer contact and through these means to dispel ignorance and misapprehension. As we become better acquainted we shall come to have more pride in our great State as a whole and shall realize more fully that our interests are mutual and interdependent." Words like these are fortunately becoming common now, but they cannot be too often repeated. In the truest sense they are flowers of language that embody festal sentiments and are well fitted to the celebration of the new birth of enterprise and State patriotism. The swift work of Santa Barbara in rebuilding her pavilion was indeed commendable, and hardly less so is the generous praise which the rival fiesta city of Los Angeles has joined the rest of the State in giving her.

The ever vivacious Woodland *Democrat* says in its usual happy-go-lucky, slap-bang style that "when the National Republican Convention has nominated a candidate dictated by Wall street, as it will do, it will be an amusing spectacle to watch the wriggling of the CALL, *Chronicle* and other free silver newspapers." No doubt such an affair will be amusing enough when it happens, but it won't happen. In the meantime, however, our Woodland contemporary can find the amusement it wishes in watching the wriggle of the Democratic newspapers over the Democratic President, whose nomination was dictated by Wall street.

In a very clever and wittily expressed article indorsing the claim of San Francisco to the honor of entertaining the next Republican National Convention the Ellensburg (Wash.) *Capital* says: "Unfortunately we have men high in political places who are so ignorant of the geography of the Republic that they literally know no North, no South—and more particularly no West. They are narrow and lopsided, provincial and un-American. By reason of this they should have an object lesson, and this lesson can only be had by inviting them to come West and widen their views and expand their circumscribed horizon." The man who doubts the wisdom of this statement would doubt the wisdom of an invitation to dinner. Decidedly there are too many statesmen who know no West, and it is about time for them to come out of the Eastern kindergarten and get a National education.

Evidently we are living in a festal State. Where there isn't a fiesta, there is something else woven of roses and chuck full of fun. For example, the Pasadena *Star* says: "Los Angeles' fiesta and Santa Barbara's flower-festival are all very well in their way, but Pasadena has the drop on two still more original events, to wit, the tournament of roses and the pageant of roses." It must be conceded these names sound well, and it was a lucky thought of Pasadena to bring them forth as twins. In that form they will hold supremacy until some town starts a three-ring circus of roses and a menagerie of beauty under one tent.

Under the heading of "a bee line," the Lemoore *Leader* says: "Lay a straight edge down on the map, with one end at Walkers Pass in the Sierras, and the other at the Pacheco Pass in the Coast Range, and it passes through Lemoore. It will require an effort and involve additional expense for the main line of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Railway to miss us." That is one kind of a bee line, but the *Leader* points out another and a better kind by saying: "A little effort on our part to show up the advantages of this section as a natural, short and easy route for the new road would result in having our claims investigated by the management. Can you see the point?" If the readers of the *Leader* do not see the point they must be blind. The first bee line is mere geography, but the second bee line means "get there."

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

It is reported that three of the Supervisors are opposed to the boulevard scheme because of the financial condition of the county. There may be reasonable objections to pressing the construction of the boulevard just at this time, but we do not think a lack of funds is one of them. While the county treasury is not in a plethoric condition, that would make no difference, because the boulevard fund would be a special one. Several prominent capitalists and land-owners have interested themselves in the scheme, but before the Supervisors of either county can be expected to indorse it, the people whose properties will be particularly benefited must signify a willingness to bear a large share of the costs.—Halfmoon Bay Advocate.

A recent writer suggests that if there is anything in the law of averages or historical precedents it is about time for the United States to have another war. The average period between wars heretofore has been about twenty-five years, and thirty years have now passed since the civil war. Never before in our history, that is to say, has there been so long a period of profound peace as the one through which we are now passing; and if history is going to repeat itself a war must soon ensue.—Marysville Appeal.

No time should be lost in organizing a movement in this State to secure the Republican National Convention for San Francisco. We say in the State, because the whole State is interested in this matter, and it is in no sense a local question. The dispatches from the East all point to the possibility of this State securing the prize if it sets to work with characteristic energy to win it.—Los Angeles Express.

A Santa Cruz girl has fallen heir to one-fourth of a $10,000,000 estate in South America. An exchange remarks that this will be cheering news to the Italian counts and British noblemen who go down to Santa Cruz beach every summer to look out for matrimonial prizes while taking their annual bath.—Grass Valley Tidings.

The increase in the value of real estate in Stockton since it has been known that the San Joaquin Valley Railway is to have a terminus there for the next few years shows what Lodi will be when it is known that the electric road contracts are let. There are good times ahead for us all.—Lodi Budget.

Fresno has good reason to rejoice if it is true, as reported, that a company with $800,000 capital will dam the San Joaquin River near its exit from the Sierra Nevada foothills and develop a water-power sufficient to run half the machinery in the San Joaquin Valley.—Lakeport Bee.

The valley road will emancipate the State from the intolerable exactions of the Southern Pacific. The days of transportation brigandage are practically ended. The South moves. Let Mendocino emulate her example. Hurrah for the Low Gap road!—Ukiah Press.

We are glad the Governor did not sign the bill making the poppy the "State flower." We are a wideawake people, and the poppy would not be a fit emblem for us as it is narcotic in its effects.—Grass Valley Telegraph.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Mr. Pesterie of New York is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Salzer of Philadelphia is at the Baldwin Hotel.

Dr. T. I. Janes has returned from his work in the Eastern hospitals.

J. H. Coleman, a prominent mine manager of Virginia City, is at the Lick.

J. Diaz Durran, formerly Consul from Guatemala to San Francisco, is at the Occidental.

Herr Biermann, the German Consul from Samoa, is at the California Hotel.

Miss Hatch, sister of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Hawaiian Islands, is at the Occidental. She says the date of her brother's coming is uncertain.

Sherman W. Marsh and H. H. Preston, of Nevada City, arrived from Honolulu on the Australia yesterday and are stopping at the Lick. They had a most enjoyable holiday in the island republic, but say they will be glad to once more get back to home and business.

Charles Danforth Colby of Boston has once more returned to San Francisco. He spent the winter in San Diego for his health and was at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara during the Fiesta. Anything more gorgeous than the flower carnival he never beheld, so he says. Mr. Colby will remain a few days in this city and will then proceed to Boston.

Carlos Gutierrez, son of the President of San Salvador, arrived on the City of Sydney and is at the Occidental. Mr. Gutierrez is one of a party of fourteen young Salvadorans who came up under the care of E. Mejia, a wealthy merchant and planter of the republic. The party will remain some time in California, visiting the various places of interest, and will then make a tour of the East and Europe.

Sues the Girls' Directory.

Michael Welsh, 65 years old, has sued the Girls' Directory Orphan Asylum and Sister M. Margaret Mines, its Superior. The asylum is commonly known as the St. Francis Orphan Asylum. The complaint contains a copy of the following:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14, 1894.

I, sister superior of St. Francis Girls' Directory and Orphan Asylum, received the sum of $800 from Mr. Michael Welsh for a home for life, which includes room, board, washing and doctor's attendance in sickness, but burial is not included. "I said," this 14th day of May, A. D. 1894.

SISTER M. MARGARET MINES, Superior.

The complaint further alleges that he has not been furnished with a suitable home and that the defendants have refused to repay him the $800, for which he asks judgment.

First Avenue Boulevard.

The Merchants' Association has asked the Board of Supervisors to suspend work on the First-avenue sewer until the grades have been examined and established. The idea is to make First avenue a boulevard, and the association is taking an interest in the matter.

GLIMPSES OF THE STAGE.

There are actresses and actresses. Not a few kick themselves into popularity, others become notorious through the columns of the press by reason of escapades innumerable, hair-breadth escapes galore, and in other ways that have come to be considered legitimate. In fact, it matters little the means employed, so long as they can accomplish the one end of keeping themselves constantly within the vision of the play-going public.

Separate and distinct from these two classes comes a third that holds itself in public esteem by virtue of genuine merit, backed up by artistic talent. The word "artistic" is used advisedly, because there is a lot of cleverness floating around on the stage that is thoroughly lacking in finish or polish. To that class of actresses, therefore, who by merit and talent have gained a place in the hearts of the public can very properly be placed that delightful little child-woman soubrette, Miss Helen Henry, who for nearly nine years has been before the San Francisco public. Commencing in juvenile parts she has gradually earned for herself a reputation built upon hard, conscientious and faithful work that has not yet been attained by many older in years and of more varied stage experience. Miss Henry is a bright, entertaining and witty conversationalist, a graduate of the Horace Mann Grammar School, and is decidedly proud of the distinction that goes with being a "Mission" girl. In the following letter and in her own way she tells something of her stage life that will interest the theater-going public:

I may be able to do soubrette parts to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Morosco and his patrons, but I greatly doubt my ability to write a letter for the public gaze that will intelligently express all that might interest them so far as my professional career is concerned. However, I will do the best I can, only stopping long enough to again remind the public that I am an actress and not a writer.

I was born in San Francisco eighteen years ago last month, my father being a Baptist minister. About nine years ago my mother and I were stopping at a private hotel in San Francisco and there I chanced to meet Louis Morrison, since grown famous through his characterization of Faust. Mr. Morrison needed a child to take the part of Adrienne in 'A Celebrated Case,' and my mother finally agreed that I might attempt it, though it was to be only a temporary arrangement. Up to that time I had never even thought of the stage in any way except as something dreadful, for my whole life was centered in the church.

I went to San Jose with Mr. Morrison, and that was my first appearance on the stage. I then returned to San Francisco, playing for two weeks at the California in "Her Tournament," with Kate Claxton as leading lady. For the next two years I played at the Alcazar, doing juvenile parts in all sorts of lurid melodramas and light comedies.

After this engagement I rested for nearly a year, though I played a short engagement with Mrs. Kendall in the "White Lie," and made a brief trip to the south with Rose Coghlan.

My next regular engagement was with Wilson Barrett and with him I made an extended tour of the East. If I may be pardoned for saying it, I made quite a reputation on that trip. Feeling then that my education needed attention, I left off all theatrical work for a long period, finally graduating from the Horace Mann School last summer.

Mr. Morosco then offered me an engagement and I have played there ever since. The San Francisco people have been very kind to me in the way of generous applause, which of course leads me to think that I have not entirely worked in vain. Like every true-hearted actress I am much in love with my profession, and I certainly always do my best to please.

Of course I am yet a long way from the top round, but if hard, conscientious work avails anything, I hope some day to reach that plane in our profession commonly described as "a success."

Helen R Henry

ROBERT STEVENSON AND HIS FATHER.

Editor Call—SIR: I am sure that the able writer who penned the sympathetic notice of R. L. Stevenson in last Sunday's CALL will be glad to correct a very unfortunate impression which he seems to have received from some quarter quite unknown to me. He speaks of "the iron of his father's contempt and casting off." I had the happiness to be intimately known to Stevenson's father and I can vouch for the fact that the father was proud of the son and the son was devoted to the father. The mutual admiration and respect pictured was indeed singularly touching on the part of two men whose aims in life were so wide apart and yet who each in his own sphere achieved distinction. To all lovers of literature this correction will be, I am sure, a very intense pleasure. Faithfully yours, CHARLES BAXTER.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

The craving for Thespian distinctions appears to have taken hold of Peter Jackson, the colored fighting man. He is very keen on playing "Othello" and has not only learned the part thoroughly but has actually memorized the whole of the play, says a London exchange.

Dr. Marmorek, a young Viennese studying with Pasteur, is said to have discovered the bacillus that causes blood poisoning and inflamed wounds. He calls it Streptococcus pyogenes, and says that he has found out the antidote as well. The remedy can be used also for cases of diphtheria too malignant to be cured by serum.

The late M. Guzman of Paris left 50,000 francs to provide musical entertainment for the sick in the hospitals and asylums of that city. Some years ago a musical enthusiast left 25,000 francs for that purpose, but the sum was not large enough for any practical use. M. Guzman's addition makes it possible to carry out the philanthropic project.

Among the royal visitors expected in London during the coming season are the King of the Hellenes, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, and probably the Crown Prince of Denmark and his eldest son, Prince Christian.

In speaking of a recent visit to Constantinople, the Rev. Mr. Jessup of Baltimore says: "Of course we heard in Constantinople of the Armenian outrages. Minister Terrell thinks that both Armenians and Turks are to blame. However, our Minister stands in with the Sultan, and he is about the only representative of a foreign power in Constantinople that the Sultan receives privately and confidentially, for he is afraid of all the rest."

Speaker William P. Watson of Delaware, who becomes Governor of the State by the death of Governor Marvil, was born in Milford, Del., in 1849, and was educated at Chestertown, Md. Some of his early life was spent in Philadelphia, but he afterward returned to Milford, and in 1885 he was elected a member of the General Assembly, but after the election a question was raised as to his eligibility, and he refused to serve. In 1892 he was chosen a State Senator. Mr. Watson has never been identified with the machine of his party.

Mayor-elect George B. Swift of Chicago was born in Cincinnati, but spent his boyhood in Galena, Ill. He began his business career in Chicago as cashier of the drug house of Lord & Smith. Then he became a partner in the firm of Frazer & Smith, manufacturers of lubricating oils, and in 1870 became vice-president of the company. He first entered politics in 1879, when he was elected an Alderman. Since then he has been a United States Treasury agent, Commissioner of Public Works and Mayor for the unexpired portion of Mayor Harrison's term.

An extraordinary collection of books, the library of Mr. Gennadius, late Greek Minister to England, is about to be brought under the hammer in London. It consists of the first and rarest editions of the Greek classics, in unusually good copies, Aldines, Juntas, Stephanuses. Of Homer there are 130 copies, of Anacreon forty, of Longus sixty, of Theocritus fifty and so on. Among the books are Racine's Plutarch, Henri Estienne's Aldine Thucydides, Melancthon's editio princeps of Demosthenes, all with manuscript notes of their possessors. Besides these there are 154 lots of Byroniana, including the original manuscript of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

A TALK WITH COLONEL TRUMBO.

Salt Lake (Utah) Herald.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo returned home yesterday from the coast.

As usual, the colonel was besieged after his arrival by swarms of politicians of low and high degree, who seem to have "picked him as a winner" in the coming Senatorial contest in the event of such another misfortune as a Republican victory in Utah, but a Herald reporter caught him for a short time last evening.

"The San Joaquin Valley road is all right," said the statesman, enthusiastically. "The company has the capital to build through the valley to Walkers Pass and so give any road the opportunity of coming into San Francisco with terminal facilities. Contracts have been let and 10,000 tons of steel ordered, and there will be no delay in commencing work in earnest."

"Will the San Joaquin road be a line connecting Salt Lake with San Francisco?"

"I expect it will, and that's why my interest in it is so great. With that accomplished the people will be delivered from their bondage to the Southern Pacific, which has levied upon them all that the traffic would stand."

The colonel was enthusiastic over the project, and his statements were verified yesterday in a letter received by a well-known business man of this city from a prominent Californian, stating that the San Joaquin Valley line was a "sure go" and that it meant a competing line from Salt Lake to the coast.

After discussing the railway project in all its phases the reporter ventured into the political field, and found the colonel as wary as ever on that subject. He showed much interest in the proceedings of the constitutional convention, and was apparently as familiar with every move made and contemplated by the convention as any member of that body. On the subject of equal suffrage he expressed himself freely and emphatically.

"Personally," he said, "I am much pleased at the result of the vote to-day, as it practically settles the question here, and assures to the women of Utah the right of suffrage. I am pleased first because I believe in the principle. The question is one of the great issues of the day, and in my opinion must and should be resolved in favor of equal suffrage. The Republican party in Utah is committed to the principle, and I am glad it has kept its pledge and lived up to the platform on which it went before the people. It is the right of all men to differ honestly, and while I honor Mr. Roberts for his courage and manliness, I am glad that he should lead the fight against suffrage rather than a Republican.

"The work of the convention is being closely watched by the whole country, and in my humble judgment one of the most important matters that will claim attention will be the fixing of the expenses of the new State. Utah should maintain her reputation as the lowest taxed State in the Union, and the expenses should be just as low as consistent with good government. As I have said before, low taxation means large immigration, and on this element the prosperity of our future State will largely depend."

SUPPOSED TO BE HUMOROUS.

Bleeker—Uptowne prides himself on being one of the old settlers of Harlem.

Forthflohr (earnestly)—Well, I know it to be a fact that he's been living for over a year and a half in the same flat.—Puck.

She (haughtily)—Did I hear you call my father a pirate?

He (rubbing his coattails)—I merely said that he was a freebooter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aunt Rosa—Well, Juanito, what would you like to be when you are grown up?

Juanito (whose parents are very strict)—I'd like to be an orphan.—El Dia.

Teacher—When were shoes first introduced?

Willie Doo—I reckon it was when some woman tried to "shoo" the hens out of a garden.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She—That tenor was positively painful, wasn't she?

He—No more so than the tenner I gave up for the seats.—Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," said the practical politician, "it is true that I have made $200,000 in the last ten years, but I worked for it."

"Of course you did," replied the lawyer, "but the question the people are asking each other now is, 'Who did you work for it?'"—Philadelphia Record.

Beez—Why did that man get up and go out when they started the song, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

Weez—He's a milkman.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Chollie is a changed man. He sent $10 to the mission in China last week." "He must be changed indeed or he could never make $10 go so far as that."—Harper's Bazar.

Jaggs—Is Blodds dumb in his own house?

Laggs—Practically so.

Jaggs—What's the matter?

Laggs—He promised his wife he would always listen when she talked.—Detroit Free Press.

"Is this where you vote?" said an Ohio voteress to the election officer. "Yes, ma'am." "Then please cut off samples of all the tickets and I'll take them home and see which I like best."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy." "Well," said the other man, "you have mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—Every one in town says we are going to be married.

He—Well, it's true, isn't it?

She (sobbingly)—It can't be, Frederick. You must be deceiving me. If it were true every one in town would say we were not going to be married.—Truth.

"After all a dog is a man's best friend," said Meandering Mike, as he carefully hung his half-eaten pie on a nail in the fence. "De dog at de house where we jes' called come purty near eatin' you up," commented Plodding Pete. "Dat's jis' it. He was tryin' ter warn me again' going' up an' gittin' dis here pie, only I didn't have sense enough to take de hint."—Washington Star.

Music at the Park To-Day.

Following is the programme of the music to be given at the park to-day:

March, Bavarian ..... Schrek
Overture, "Daughter of the Regiment" ... Donizetti
Waltz, "Vienna Girls" ..... Ziehrer
Patrol, Turkish ..... Michaelis
"Les Preludes" ..... Liszt
Overture, "Ruy Blas" ..... Mendelssohn
Waltz, "Pesster" ..... Lanner
Paraphrase, "Frueh lingslied" ..... Neh
Fantasia, "Traviata" ..... Verdi
Galop, "The Storm of Le Bourget" ..... Schirmer

To Grow Coffee.

The Mauna Coffee and Commercial Company filed articles of incorporation yesterday to cultivate, raise, buy, sell and deal in coffee. The capital is $300,000, of which $16,000 has been subscribed by the incorporators. The directors for the first year are Robert Capelle, M. Hart, George Kammerer and B. L. Meininger of San Francisco, and Philip Peck of Honolulu.

E. H. BLACK, painter, 114 Eddy street. *

RENTS collected. Ashton, 411 Montgomery.*

GEO. W. MONTEITH, law offices, Crocker bldg.*

BACON Printing Company, 508 Clay street. *

CALIFORNIA Glace fruits, 50c lb. Townsend's.*

WINE-DRINKING people are healthy. M. & K. wines, 5c a glass. Mohns & Kaltenbach, 29 Mkt.*

MARK HOPKINS Institute of Art Annual Spring Exhibition. Open daily. Admission, 25 cents. *

ELEGANT crystal vases, imitation cutglass, 12 inches high, 85 cents each; 6½ inches high, 15 cents each, at Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.'s, 122-132 Sutter street. *

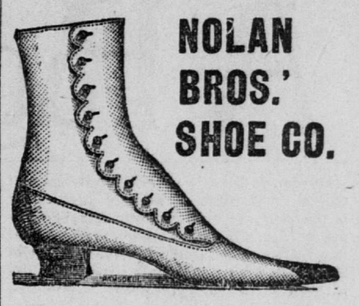
The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first built and elevated on a skeleton frame. Then it affords a shelter to the workmen from storms.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla has power to give to the blood richness and purity, and upon the healthy condition of the blood the health of the whole system depends. Take only Hood's this spring.

No buffet should be without a bottle of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer and invigorator.

IF afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it at 25 cents.

NEW TO-DAY.



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—
THIS WEEK
WE WILL PUT ON SALE
500 Pairs of Ladies' Finest Quality
TAN KID BUTTON
BROWN CLOTH TOPS or TAN KID TOPS, latest style razor toe, hand-turned soles.
Price this Week $3.50 per Pair.
They won't last long at this price, so call as early in the week as possible
WE WILL ALSO PUT ON SALE 800 PAIRS
Of our own make LADIES' FINE TAN BUTTON, latest style pointed Piccadilly toes and new style narrow square toes.
Price this week, $2.50 per Pair.
All widths, all sizes, same as above, in spring heels square toes, our own make,
$2.50 per Pair.
LADIES' FINE TAN LACE SHOES,
New style pointed razor toes; price this week,
$2.50 per Pair.
We will also put on sale 1000 pairs of Ladies' Tan Oxford Ties; all prices, all styles, all sizes.
Prices 75c, $1, $1.50, $2 and $2.50 Pair.
LADIES' TAN SOUTHERN TIES,
$1.50, $2 and $2.50 per Pair.
Extra Quality Tan Kid Oxfords or Southern Ties, Hand Turn Soles, Latest Style Razor Toes,
$3 per Pair.
The above Bargains can be had at all Our Branch Stores.
520 J st., Sacramento, Cal.
1053 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.
17 and 19 Santa Clara st., San Jose, Cal.
When you Can't Get Fitted in Tan-Colored Shoes Elsewhere, Always Go to "Nolan's" and Get Fitted There.
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Dining-Room—6-foot Extension Table, four Solid Oak Chairs.
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A LADIES' GRILL ROOM
Has been established in the Palace Hotel
ON ACCOUNT OF REPEATED DEMANDS made on the management, it takes the place of the city restaurant, with direct entrance from Market st. Ladies shopping will find this a most desirable place to lunch. Prompt service and moderate charges, such as have given the gentlemen's Grillroom an international reputation, will prevail in this new department.