The Call
San Francisco

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THE SUMMER MONTHS.
Are you going to the country on a vacation? If so, it is no trouble for us to forward THE CALL to your address. Do not let it miss you for you will miss it. Orders given to the carrier, or left at Business Office, 710 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

SUNDAY.....MAY 12, 1895

Ho for the white wings.

The world is a picnic resort.

Too much good living spoils the liver.

Understanding is the measure of charity.

Self-gratification is a lonely sort of dissipation.

The aim of the society beau is generally a miss.

Even Mrs. Grundy never hints at all she knows.

If it were not for etiquette, society would be a mob.

Some take to yachts and some call for schooners.

You cannot enjoy yourself in a hurry, so don't try it.

Happiness depends largely on knowing when you have enough.

When worry begins to agitate you it is time for you to shake it.

He who paints the town red at night finds that it looks blue next day.

Charles A. Dana should taste our wines with his mouth instead of his nose.

Some sports may bet on the bobtail horse but yachtsmen will bet on the bay.

The hope of California's future lies in a perception of the errors of the past.

Since you must take the world as it comes to you, you might as well take it easy.

By continually wishing for something they cannot get, men become anarchists.

The silurian is not opposed to public improvements so much as to paying for them.

No one can encourage goodness among the many unless he is able to see it in the few.

Japan has learned the first lesson of her standing in the pinching of the foreign shoe.

Those who seek religion to-day should avoid cobblestoned streets on their way to church.

The Santa Rosa fete leaves an odor that none of the aromas of Araby the Blest can surpass.

No heart is so hard but that some time hereafter a heat sufficient to effuse it may be encountered.

As City people go to the country for an outing country people should come to the City for an inning.

Men are not always to be blamed for their folly, for there is no fool but what would like to be wise.

He who contents himself with wishing for a thing is never satisfied, but he who works for it always gets enough.

Lloyd Osbourne has a tremendous reputation to sustain as the surviving literary partner of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The only thing that is disturbing Burlingame at present is that it may soon be regarded as a suburb of San Francisco.

There are some people who are so foreboding of evil that they really believe the coming woman will be one of the boys.

The recent warm spell has been just sufficiently hot to make us realize how dreadful the Eastern summers must be.

It must have been a hardship to the Carsonites during the hot spell not to have had not enough mint left to make a julep with.

In any quarter of San Francisco, east, west, north or south, there is enough of the picturesque to make an ordinary city famous.

The philosopher says that life is empty, but the average man can hardly find an unoccupied space big enough to stretch himself in.

There can be no true enjoyment of the world's blessings to-day by those who have failed to ascertain if there are any among us in want.

Many a man who has strutted in at the big opening of an opportunity has been seen afterwards hunting round for a keyhole to crawl out of.

Even a good wife may blow up her husband at times, but the chances are that if he got his deserts she would use dynamite instead of her tongue.

The man who can note even the slightest advance or improvement in the City without a feeling of satisfaction has something lacking in his citizenship.

The tenacity with which the Cuban rebels are keeping in evidence suggests that either the rifles or the courage of the Spanish soldiers have too short a range.

There is a pardonable arrogance on the part of Japan in making it less easy for white adventurers to conduct her affairs, now that their instruction has enabled her to conduct them alone.

A man may climb up in the world by mounting the shoulders of his neighbors, but he who can most surely enter heaven is the one who can carry the greatest number of his neighbors on his back.

People who scoff at the criticisms of the Marquis de Castellane on American life, overlook the probability that the criticisms were written by a New York journalist and the Marquis did nothing but sign his name to them.

The great fault of quick-firing rifles was illustrated in a recent battle between the Cuban insurgents and the Spanish troops when the latter, after having speedily fired their 100 rounds, found themselves practically unarmed, and then fled.

## SAN FRANCISCO IN SUMMER.

While so much has been written about San Francisco as a winter resort, and while so many admiring and delighted visitors from other lands have spread the fame of our pleasant winter climate over all the world, no sufficient attention has been given to the advantage of the City as a place of summer residence, and to the attractions it offers for pleasure-seekers during the holiday months.

Nature has been bountiful to San Francisco in many ways, but in none has she been more propitious than in the arrangement of the climate. When the sun goes southward in the winter, and the days are short, nature withdraws her winds and leaves the City in the full enjoyment of every ray of the warmth the sun dispenses; but when the summer comes and the days are long, and the sun is hot at noon, then kind nature sends to the City the strong trade winds fresh from the ocean to temper the heat, to revive the languid atmosphere and to give vigor and vitality to everything. From the bracing salt winds of the sea men breathe in strength and animation with every breath, and find in it a sense of recreation equal to that derived from a holiday.

While the summer climate is thus delightful, the City affords a thousand means of enjoying the healthy vigor which it gives to the body and the mind. Outside the attractions usual to cities, such as theaters, baths, parks, music, art, good company and the never-ceasing variety of life upon the streets, there can be found in San Francisco many of the best enjoyments of the most renowned country or seaside resorts. All along the northern, western and southern portions of the City are hills from which views may be had of scenes as diversely picturesque as any that nature affords. To one who is fond of walking and to whom the beauty and the variety of nature are delights, San Francisco is a true wonderland of charms, where every hilltop reveals a new attraction and every attraction repays the climb.

The summer aspects of beauty and pleasure in the City should be more often commented on and more widely known. San Francisco should be made the great holiday resort of people from all parts of the interior of the State. No other place can offer hotel accommodations equal to ours, none has such excellent baths, such a stately park, such a diversity of enjoyment, or such a bracing climate. Our people have of late accepted the hospitality of the festal cities in various parts of the State, and it is now time for us to return the compliment and invite our friends of the interior to make their summer holidays with us.

## THE SAN JOSE ROSE FAIR.

Because there has been no comment in our editorial columns upon the floral fair in that city, the San Jose *Herald* lifts up its voice complaining that in the multitude of fetes, fiestas, carnivals, tournaments, festivals and fairs in other parts of the State, the CALL, in the metropolitan whirl of things, has forgotten San Jose, or been neglectful of the just claims of her floral glories upon the attention of the State.

If we had offended in this way, then indeed would the offense have been grievous. The CALL, however, has neither forgotten San Jose nor been neglectful of its roses. It would indeed have been strange if we had poured forth the full measure of our jewel-colored words, our song-sweet phrases, our raptures and rhythms of rhetoric and praise upon the festivals of Santa Barbara, of Los Angeles, of Santa Rosa, of Oakland, and forgotten or neglected the rose fair of the Garden City of the sunclear valley of flowers.

It would be an invidious task for us to decide what valley in California produces the finest flowers and what city is best fitted by every aspect of nature and every form of architectural adornment to show to the world the finest and most delightful of spring-time festivals, but the San Jose people can make a safe guess at it. Her floral fairs this year and in years past have not taken the wide scope of those in the places now known as the "fiesta cities," but whenever she chooses to spread a festival all over the town and extend it to a spring-day frolic amid the romantic canyons and bowery wildernesses of Alum Rock Park, there will be no lack of a chorus of admiration in metropolitan journals, not only on this coast, but even of the remote East.

The possibilities of San Jose and Santa Clara Valley are great in every direction. Manufactories for the preserving of fine fruits may make it a great industrial center, the opening of the channel at Alviso may make San Jose practically a seaport, and this, in connection with the completion of the coast road and the construction of the line to the San Joaquin, will give it transportation advantages that may make it a city of great commercial importance. These are the possibilities of business, but there are also possibilities for a great development in the line of pleasure. The proximity to San Francisco and Oakland, the exquisite salubrity of the climate, the unrivaled roads, the delightful society, and the thousand hospitable homes—all these give to that city and county the opportunity of becoming the great esthetic pleasure ground of California, the scene of our finest revels and our most gorgeous festivals.

Certainly the CALL has not overlooked the rose fair of San Jose. It was beautiful and delightful, but it was only a suggestion of what the rose festivals of San Jose ought to be, and will be noted mainly as a promise of greater things to come.

## SOME COUNTRY SPORTS.

So long as there shall prevail the savage instinct to kill which remains as a reminiscence of uncountable wars and of the necessities of our ancient progenitors to kill animals for food, so long will the pleasures of the rod and gun allure us. It is true that in these recent years we have special agents, whom we term butchers and pothunters, to do the necessary killing that brings us food. Still we have not delegated to these agents our ancient inherited desire to kill; and that we are all the more wanton in killing for the mere love of killing is no argument either against the fact or in favor of any assumption that evolution is lifting us above the instinct.

For that matter we can easily imagine that when the present movement against the use of fish, flesh and fowl shall have prevailed because of the cruelty of the practice science will have advanced so far that it will be deemed equally cruel to take the life of a vegetable, which, possibly, in the more enlightened days ahead of us may be regarded as enjoying as great a right to life as an oyster or a cow. In that event we shall be driven to extract our sustenance from the sunshine and air, and may enjoy that occupation until we are assured that even this may be cannibalism. By that time, however, we shall have learned to live without eating at all—unless, indeed, we should sooner learn that all life thrives on death alone and that there is no continuance of life without its destruction.

While we remain under the thralldom of our present savage instincts it is comfortable to know that here in California we have so generous opportunities for indulging them. If we want to employ our time in "killing" trout, we can find the finest trout streams in the world. Notwithstanding Dr. Jordan's scientific treatises on steelheads (and some intelligent sportsmen might be able to find fault with his conclusions), the fact remains that the past efforts of the State fish hatcheries, backed by the laws preventing the pollution of streams with sawdust and other destructive kinds of industrial debris, have made many of the California streams ideal resorts for fishermen. There is probably not another State in the Union where so much skill and money are invested in this delightful sport. Besides the innumerable and easily accessible streams of the Coast Range we have the Kern and Kings rivers of the Sierra, and in the north the greatest of all—the McCloud River—where the fat and lazy dolly varden and the "gamey" rainbow trout are equally enticing.

In addition to these we have the lakes for summer trout-fishing—Tahoe, Weber, Donner, Clear Lake and many others; and, besides all this, is the totally different and equally wholesome sport of sea-fishing, which would require a long chapter by itself to discuss.

If we desire to be real sports of the daring sort we can go to the mountains of Trinity and hunt big game. Deer we may find at almost any place reasonably remote from settlement, the Gabilan Range south of Monterey being a favorite place for this species of killing. But if we want hair-raising experiences they may be found in the Scott and Trinity ranges in the northern end of the State. It is true that no great courage is needed to take a cinnamon bear, though even this wild brute is an ugly customer in a fight for life; but there is a chance thereabout, and also in the remoter mountain gorges of Kern and the contiguous counties, of finding a grizzly, that most terrible of man-haters. It is not a very valorous exploit to land a jaguar (a species of large cat, which we often dignify with the name of California lion), but it is only he who bags a grizzly that knows what real sport in California is, and who is entitled to a yellow jacket and a peacock feather in the diplomacy of sportsmanship.

## A SAN FRANCISCO SUNDAY.

It is not time yet for the residents of the interior to come in large numbers to San Francisco for their summer outing, nor is it yet hardly time for the people of the City to seek the pleasures and benefits of a trip into the country. It is the best time, therefore, for the residents of the City to make the most of the delightful interval for casting about to find near at hand the best means for enjoying a Sunday. Those whose inclinations lead them churchward cannot do better than following their bent. There may be some who regard the taking of wholesome pleasure on Sunday as desecration. These have the clearest of titles to their ground of belief, and no reasonable fault can be found with them.

It is instructive to observe that prominent among this class may be found those who have leisure and means to take a wholesome outing on other days of the week. They are fortunate in this, although, perhaps, unfortunate in being unable to establish thereby an aristocratic class custom, which has considerable influence among even the poorest of us.

But there is one broad class of San Franciscans who acknowledge no precedent except that of necessity, strengthened by customs which they have brought from abroad. The population of San Francisco is wonderfully cosmopolitan, and it is interesting to note that a very large proportion of its foreign residents are either from Catholic countries directly, or from those in which the Lutheran Reformation has worked no radical change in the customs which ancient Catholic uses made national. Thus, although most of the Germans among us are either Lutherans or non-Catholics of some other kind, they have a regard for Sunday very similar to that of such Catholic countries as France, Italy, Ireland and the Iberian Peninsula. In all of these countries, whether Protestant or Catholic, Sunday is regarded as a day for a wholesome and refreshing outing. And so generously does the more strict American and English sentiment of total disregard of Sunday as a day of pleasurable relaxation yield to the pressure of the foreign sentiment prevalent among us that San Francisco presents the interesting spectacle of an American city whose majority is almost distinctively European in its free use of Sunday for an outing.

It is a city of wonderful contrasts. Strict Sunday conservatism exercises its own powerful sway, but lying outside the limits of that influence is an immense sentiment which has never felt its pressure. So long as the elements of lawlessness, dissipation and sordidness are absent from the Sunday conduct of the foreigners among us, the means for Sunday recreation which they adopt are pleasurable and inspiring; and it is not a broad soul that would deny to conscience and opportunity any rational means for Sunday recreation. As we have so many whose only possible day for enjoying the noble benefits of a day's outing is Sunday, it becomes all the more our duty to make the opportunity as extended and the manner of its exercise as wholesome as possible.

New York excepted, San Francisco has more strangers to itself than any other city in the Union. We have aliens among us—the Chinese, for instance—with whom it is impossible to share our pleasures and holidays. But the vast army of Latins, Gauls, Slavs and Celts who prevail in our midst, even though many of them may speak tongues strange to our ears, are members of the great family to which we belong. They know the same God and the same Christ, and are trying in their own way to reach the end which we have in view. It is therefore pleasurable to one of a broad mind to see them enjoying life in their own way, and to draw a profitable lesson from the intelligence with which they exercise the fine art of extracting wholesome pleasure from the presence of a Sunday in San Francisco.

## GOING TO JUPITER.

It is reported that an unscrupulous rascal was recently tried and convicted at Saratof, Russia, for having induced a number of peasants to deliver to him all their worldly possessions with a view to emigrating under his guidance to the planet of Jupiter. He had told them in that planet they would find land in abundance, fruits growing without requiring work and a social system in which every man was equal in wealth and happiness. A curious illustration of the technicalities of Russian law is afforded in a further statement of the report that the only way in which the courts could find a legal process for punishing the swindler was to have him indicted for "spreading false reports about Jupiter."

This story would seem to give evidence of a degree of credulity among the peasants of Russia far beyond anything possible in our enlightened land. It is by no means certain, however, that this is true. Credulity has many phases, and they are not always consistent with one another. No large number of Americans are likely to think of emigrating to Jupiter, but not a few of them are in other directions fully as credulous as the peasants who surrendered their earthly homes in the hope of a better one in the big planet.

Without considering the worst forms of credulity exhibited in the United States by the followers of so-called Messiahs who spring up here and there over the country, and without counting the dupes of those who pretend to hear voices from the world beyond, but taking note only of those who expect some sweet life of sinless ease and undisturbed comfort to be brought about by a change of law or a reorganization of society, we have certainly a good many credulous seekers after Jupiter among us.

Many a self-deluded fanatic finds encouragement in his folly, and many a clever rascal finds a profit in his knavery by appealing to the credulity of men who in that particular are easy victims, but who in other respects are quite intelligent and sane. It is not always the most ignorant who are the most easily deceived. The indulgence of hope, like every other indulgence, may be carried to excess, and when it has been permitted to dominate the intellect, whoever appeals to it with a persuasive promise nearly always finds a ready acceptance of any tale however wild or improbable. Associations and organizations innumerable, and sometimes even considerable political parties, expend time and energy and money in the attempt to reach some fancied Jupiter of reform. Business as well as politics has its victims. Reported gold discoveries take men by thousands to the desolations of the desert, and other thousands rush with frantic eagerness to the cities of boom. It is so all round the world, and if credulity is to be saved from becoming the dupe of the fanatic or the knave, Russia is not the only land where there should be laws against spreading false reports about Jupiter.

## THE PEERLESS OREGON.

Altruistic doctrines are not woven into the fabric of a big battle-ship. There is no unselfish principle or design molded in the metal that shapes her huge body. If there is any regard for another during her construction, it is to mar and destroy that other.

Two objects are always in view when the modern cruiser is making ready for her dip into the sea—her guns must crush and her armor must not be crushed. This little selfish but highly practical—one might say "proper"—design, considering the fact that the fellow whose guns are to be resisted and whose armor is to be crushed is building ships under the same egotistic plans and specifications, must be and is carefully carried along to possible perfection. It is a pity that nations will not learn to war no more, but it will not do for a single nation to master that lesson and have the ignorant but highly civilized barbarians around him, staving in his plates with ponderous cones of chilled steel and bursting cubes of villainous saltpeter, mined from the earth.

Over in the Carnegie works they are rapidly unlearning the lesson of universal peace, using our Oregon's 18-inch plates of metal as a textbook; and the information gained is, that the armor of the battle-ship now being made up for war at the Union Iron Works defies all modern projectiles. The slab of steel tested was 16 feet 9 inches long and 7 feet 6 inches wide and 1 foot 8 inches thick and weighed 79,300 pounds. It was secured to an oak backing three feet thick. The first shot was fired from a 12-inch gun (same caliber as the new ordnance being mounted at the Presidio) with a powder charge of 249 pounds. The shell had a velocity of 1465 feet per second and a striking energy of 12,662 tons to the square foot. The penetration was only 6 inches or one-third, and the 850 pounds of projectile was broken into small fragments. The head of the shell was tightly welded in and there were no cracks in the plate, showing that the tensile strength of the metal was perfect.

The second shot was with a charge of 443.4 pounds of brown powder, projectile velocity 1926 feet per second and 21,885 foot tons. The shell struck 42 inches from the first shot and the penetration was 10 inches. The projectile was smashed, its head remaining in the hole and only a slight crack extended across the inner surface of the plate.

Then a shot was fired from a 13-inch rifle. This gun, be it remembered, is the Oregon's own, as four of the fine fellows of that class will do duty in her turrets, and the object was to see how much battering she could stand from her own ordnance. They weigh 60.5 tons each and have a service charge of 550 pounds, a projectile of 1100 pounds and a muzzle energy of 33,627 tons per square foot. The shell fired at the plate penetrated 10 inches and broke up, the head being welded in the target. A small crack was noticed on the surface, but it was not continuous.

When this thoroughly tested armor is riveted to the Oregon's frame she will be invincible, invulnerable and impreganble to modern rifles. Her four guns are the heaviest in the United States naval service: only she and her sister, the Indiana, being as yet armed with the noble thirteens.

## PERSONAL.

James Feeley, a mining man at Red Bluff, is at the Lick.

Carl E. Lindsay, an attorney of Santa Cruz, is at the Grand.

W. Bullard of the Shanghai Bank is a guest at the Palace.

J. D. Fraser, a mining man of Happy Camp, is at the Russ.

J. J. Rodriquez, a Los Angeles capitalist, is a guest at the Russ.

T. H. Redington, a capitalist of Paso Robles, is stopping at the Russ.

C. P. Renden, an attorney of Stockton, is stopping at the Grand.

Frank Gould, a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, is at the Palace.

E. D. Ryan and Dr. E. S. Bogert of the navy are registered at the Palace.

Dr. and Mrs. Crooks of Santa Barbara registered at the Palace yesterday.

Felix G. Head of the Petaluma Courier registered at the Lick yesterday.

W. F. Taylor, manager of the Hearst ranch at San Simeon, is a guest at the Occidental.

V. Courtois, a vineyardist of Santa Rosa, was among yesterday's arrivals at the Grand.

A. T. Wells, a merchant of Willets, arrived in town yesterday and is registered at the Russ.

B. C. Holly, a horseman of Vallejo, came down yesterday and is stopping at the Grand.

W. H. Clary, a mining man of Stockton, and his wife and daughters are stopping at the Lick.

James A. Louttit, a prominent attorney of Stockton, and Mrs. Louttit registered yesterday at the Lick.

J. D. Stephens, a banker of Woodland and one of the proprietors of Highland Springs, is a guest at the Grand.

Eugene Ysaye, the violinist, who is stopping at the Baldwin, was serenaded yesterday afternoon by the Baldwin Theater Orchestra.

Samuel T. Black, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, came down from Sacramento yesterday and is stopping at the Lick.

Colonel D. B. Fairbanks, a banker of Petaluma and commander of the Fifth Regiment, came down yesterday and registered at the Lick.

## SUPPOSED TO BE HUMOROUS.

"Isn't this the house where the ghost is heard every night walking with clanking chains?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever hear it?"

"Heavens, no; we have a baby."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Heavens, Maria! Was that phonograph open during a cat fight?"

"No. I turned it on last night when you were sleeping. Perhaps you will believe now that you snore."—Life.

On the Japanese warship. First officer—There's a cruiser reported a little ahead. Second officer—Chinese? First officer — No, sir. She's headed this way.—Sing Sing Courier.

Student—Several of my friends are coming to dine here, so I want a big table. Mine Host—Just look at this one, sir. Fifteen persons could sleep quite comfortably under it. — Fliegende Blaetter.

## AROUND THE CORRIDORS.

"Whew!" almost shouted Al Gerberding yesterday morning as he walked into the Palace. "Hot! hot!! hot!!! Whew-w-w."

"How does it strike you, Al?"

"Well, I have lived here forty years. Was born here, and, what is quite unusual, have never moved from the house where I—whew—made my first appearance. During all that time I never saw it quite so warm. There is always some other fellow who remembers a hotter day, but I'm nearly a pioneer myself. Whew!" Mr. Gerberding mopped his high, dark forehead and continued:

"I'll bet William Berg doesn't do any traveling to-day. You know Berg, the great German traveler, of course."

"No."

"Why, he walks from the corner of Leidesdorff and California streets to the Stock Exchange some days as much as ten times. Very often he walks back. He has been known to

AL GERBERDING TELLS HOT-WEATHER YARNS.
[*Sketched from life for the "Call" by Nankivell.*]

go fishing and hunting occasionally, and walk from his house out to the carriage at the front gate. When I went fishing with Berg the last time he almost lost his life owing to the frightful heat."

"How so?"

"We were up in Marin County camping out and went for a little brook trout sport one afternoon. It got so warm that we could stand it no longer and concluded to take a swim. We hung our clothes up on a tree and made for the brook. There was so much genuine pleasure in the cool water that we stayed in nearly an hour. When we got out the sun had veered around and was shining on our clothing. Berg got his apparel and was just almost half dressed when I called to him to bring me his pistol which was hanging on a limb. He started for it and just as he was about to take it down there was a racket loud enough to raise the dead and the cartridges in the belt began to explode. Berg executed a few acrobatic movements and was a half-mile down the canyon in about two minutes. The cartridges continued to explode until they were all gone. Forty-eight shots were fired in less than half a minute. I counted them myself. Whew! It wasn't such a day as this, though. By Jove, isn't it hot!"

"Say, Al, what made those cartridges go off?" inquired a bystander.

"The heat. Some of them failed to explode, but in such cases the slugs melted and ran out of the copper shells. Berg barely escaped with his life, and if he had had his hat on when the shooting occurred it would have been shot full of holes. Whew! Let's go and have a long lemonade."

"Whew-w-w," responded the listeners in chorus. "We'll go you one if we lose."

Sir Bruce Burnside, recently retired Chief Justice at Ceylon, India, is at the Occidental. Sir Bruce is on his way home to England after a nineteen years' sojourn in the Indian Empire. He is one of the most extensively traveled Englishmen who have paid San Francisco a visit for some time. On his return to England he will devote himself to literature. His first effort will be a book recording his travels and impressions of men and things; and it will be pleasing to Californians to learn that, though this knighted Englishman's first glimpse of California was obtained from the decks of the Mariposa a few days ago, he is already impressed with the belief that California is the greatest State and San Francisco one of the finest cities in the United States.

"Why," said he, yesterday, "you have an incomparable climate, unrivaled scenery, an unsurpassed enterprise, exhaustive and versatile resources and a future that should make you all glad of living at once."

Though this is Sir Bruce's first visit to the Golden West he has traveled extensively through the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, and is familiar with America's industries and conversant with the great political questions of the day, as is evinced by the reference he made to the struggles over the silver problem in this country and in India.

"It is as great a question with us as it is with your Government, as you know," he said, "and it is like a disease which cannot be doctored successfully until the primal cause is discovered. The depreciation in the rupees of our country has been such that the officials of the Goverment have suffered a virtual reduction in their salaries of almost half. That is to say, if a man is paid $5000 a year the depreciation in the value of the rupees is such as to bring it down to something like $2500. In consequence the salaries have been increased by 20 per cent. The planters are the chief beneficiaries under this unfortunate condition of things. They pay all their hirelings in rupees and receive sovereigns for their exports to England. It is a great question for all countries, and the sooner the solution is reached the better it will be for home and international commerce."

Sir Bruce's health failed him several months ago, and he asked for a long leave of absence; but the Home Government showed its appreciation of his long and faithful services by retiring him with five years' credit in advance.

His son, a civil engineer of Edinburgh, Scotland, is traveling with him for pleasure.

"As the majority of the people of San Francisco appear to have come to the conclusion that improvement of our streets is a necessity, I would like to offer to the Board of Supervisors," said W. J. Bryan yesterday, "the Market-street Railway Company and the people generally a few pertinent suggestions.

"Grant to the Market-street Railway Company the right to use electricity on Market street, I would say, on the following conditions:

"First—Remove the sidetracks now used by horsecars, leaving but two tracks on the street, and make satisfactory transfer arrangements with the Sutter-street Company.

"Second—Erect ornamental poles in the center of the street between the present cable-tracks, with an arm on each side to support the wire, and on each pole maintain a 1000-candle electric light to be lit every night in the year from dusk to daylight.

"Third—Put a gang of rammers on the street and ram the present stone blocks down to a solid foundation, and cover the surface with bituminous rock the whole width of the street. You will then have one of the best boulevards in the country. Keep the ungainly four-horse trucks off the street, and the repairs will be light and the smooth surface will be preserved.

"The poles in the center of the street will overcome the objections of the Fire Department, and the lights on each pole will add materially to the beauty and safety of the thoroughfare.

"It seems to me that these improvements might be brought about, and if the Supervisors and the improvement clubs, including the Half-million Society and the Merchants' Association will consult with the Market-street Railway officials I believe these plans could be consummated."

At the dog show last evening F. W. Sanderson, who is a breeder of prize fox hounds, in speaking of the characteristics of that breed of dogs, said: "A good hound will follow a scent he has once taken up as long as he can stand. He will never think of quitting as long as he can move. One of my pups went up to a man named Thorbury, who owned a little ranch in the Sierras, where he was troubled with jackrabbits, and he found the dog useful in keeping them away from his place. He told me that one morning the dog when about two years old got on the scent of one of the rabbits and followad it for several hours. The rabbit would sometimes double on his own track and give the dog considerable trouble and more running to do than he did. However, just before noon Thorbury's wife saw the rabbit followed by the dog at a short distance, coming down a flat about a quarter of a mile from their house. But they were both so exhausted that they were going little faster than a man could walk, and soon both lay down utterly exhausted within twenty steps of each other. Mrs. Thorbury went out and picked up the rabbit and carried it home. It was some time before the dog could drag himself in.

Last Thursday when Colonel Chalmers Scott read in the evening papers that the Governor had decided to appoint him adjutant-general, he said: "I was born on the 9th of May, 1845: I delivered the valedictory of my class at the University of the City of New York May 9, 1864; I became a member of the City Guard of San Francisco May 9, 1865. To-day is the 9th of May, my fiftieth birthday, the thirty-first anniversary of my commencement day, the thirtieth anniversary of my joining the old City Guard, and as if that was not all coincidence enough, I receive this news. I hope it will come true."

## SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The people of Vallejo are turning their attention to local matters with commendable earnestness. The people are far more interested in local enterprises than in the transactions going on in New York or St. Petersburg. Push for Vallejo and improvements, industries and progression. Now is the time for everybody to join hands with the Chronicle for a grand push for everything that will benefit the city and the county. The Chronicle can't accomplish the good work alone. Keep your shoulders to the wheel.—Vallejo Chronicle.

The holding of one or both of the national conventions in San Francisco next year would undoubtedly be of great benefit to the entire coast. These conventions are composed of the leading men of their party, and these men would visit other places on the coast on their way home, and many would return East via Portland. Upon their arrival home they would disseminate much valuable knowledge of the coast.—Portland Sun.

The wave of progress has struck Plumas as well as the rest of Northern California. With all her resources of mines, timber and dairying she is destined to grow and prosper, and we rejoice with our Quincy contemporaries that better times are coming for our neighbor. Quincy has suffered much unjustly, and she may well feel that her most permanent prosperity is yet to come.—Oroville Mercury.

Celebrating the coming of new railroads into Pasadena is becoming a little monotonous, but the Southern Pacific will find our citizens equal to one more jubilation. Bring on the road.—Pasadena Star.

When Tacoma wants a creamery she gets in and gets it. That is the way Salem will have to do. We must fly with our own wings.—Salem (Or.) Statesman.

San Bernardino is still trying to get the creamery. The people over there know on which side their bread is buttered.—Redlands Facts.

New issues demand new men. Beware the old politician who has trained himself to dupe the people.—Los Angeles Record.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Pope Leo XIII's hands are nearly useless and cause him much suffering. When he writes he must hold his right wrist with his left hand, and what he writes is almost illegible. This is not due to age, but to an attack of ague twenty-five years ago, when he was Bishop of Perugia.

Albert George Sandeman has been elected to the responsible position of governor of the Bank of England. He had previously been a director of the bank for many years, and also a director in many financial institutions and insurance companies.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle is living at the Belvidere Hotel, Davos Platz, Switzerland. He declined a tempting offer for another season here, his principal reason being that American railway cars are so unendurably hot.

The last miller of Dee is dead, but the Chester Town Council has voted to buy and preserve the mills in order to control the flow of the stream. The original grant of the mills was made by King Edward VI.

Robert Halstead, a son of Murat Halstead, has been appointed managing editor of the Fourth Estate, Mr. Birmingham's lively "newspaper for newspaper men," in place of F. H. Lancaster, resigned.

Major Pond says his offer of $3000 a night for Mark Twain, which has been standing for five years, still holds good. Twain has more calls to lecture than any other American citizen.

Rev. Dr. William Gregg, professor in Knox College, Toronto, since 1872, and a well-known leader in the Presbyterian church, has resigned the professorship on account of old age.

Robert Lebaudy has subscribed 1000 francs toward the prizes for the Bordeaux-Paris and back horseless carriage race, which will take place on June 11 and following days.

W. R. Smith, superintendent of the Botanic Gardens in Washington, has held the place for forty-three years.

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

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MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART.—Spring Exhibition open daily. Admission 25 cts. Thursday even., admission 50 cts. *

"LIKOLA" (from the kola nut) is invaluable for persons engaged in fatiguing pursuits or exercises. Wakelee & Co., chemists, San Francisco. *

Paper is being used as an insulating agent for three main telephone wires that are being laid at Nottingham.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla makes pure blood; consequently it cures disease. It is the ideal and standard spring medicine. It is impossible to estimate its importance to the health of the community.

SECURE a sound mind, which seldom goes without a sound digestion, by using Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

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

## MARK TWAIN'S FIRST LECTURE.

It was in the year 1866 in the then marvelous City of San Francisco that Mark Twain gave his first lecture. He had just returned from the Sandwich Islands, and was quite favorably known on account of the bright descriptive and humorous letters he had sent from there to the various newspapers.

Mark was a modest, curly-headed young man in those days, with the "Titian" colored hair, and a shrewd "Yankee" expression about his blue eyes.

He would not then have called the great and only O'Rell "a thing!" Oh! no, indeed! he would thus have discoursed, with smiling mouth and drooping eyes:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Rell, but you have uttered calumnies that are not backed by bedrock facts, so, if it is not too great a blow to your veracity, I shall be compelled to say you are mistaken."

But the "Mark Twain" of those days and the "Mark Twain" of to-day are different men. Then he had not gone with "The Innocents Abroad," and on his return written them up in such a manner that it was an evenly balanced opinion in the public mind whether he was a bold, bad man, or the greatest humorist of the century. To-day we accept him as the latter.

On the afternoon of his first lecture he called on me with the "Count" or another newspaper friend. My habitation was not splendid and I cannot just recall to mind whether I was then a little nobody in the eyes of the "oldest inhabitant" or had budded into a somebody that all the papers were talking about. Well, at least the gentle Mark wanted an introduction, for he wished me to attend his lecture. He was bashful in those days and timidly tendered

ALICE KINGSBURY (MRS. COOLEY).
[*From a photograph taken thirty years ago.*]

me two tickets, saying with his peculiar drawl: "Don't laugh at me, please." Imagine a funny man not wanting to be laughed at. But I do not think he considered his lecture funny; it was serious business with him.

Well, I went to the lecture. It was in the old theater opposite what is now the Stock Exchange, and it was crowded to the doors.

Mark was greeted with uproarious applause, for every one came to laugh, and laugh they would whether or no.

The lecture was good—what we heard of it—and what was not heard was applauded and laughed at just the same, for it must be funny, as Mark was considered pre-eminently a "funny man."

After a great burst of enthusiasm one behind me said: "I didn't just catch that." "Neither did I," was the answer; yet they both laughed till the tears came, for the mirth was contagious.

Then Mark had a way of filling up the applause by ducking his head out of sight behind his lectern, and as the audience thought the gentle hero had a bottle there—not water—at every "duck" the merriment became furious, for no one believed he wore a "white ribbon" and they looked from those repeated assaults on the bottle for some fun that was not down on the programme. But I could not swear that he did anything but sip a harmless lemonade.

There was one descriptive bit on the eruption of "Kilauea" that was a gem of word-painting and won genuine and warm applause.

Well, the lecture was a success, but at its conclusion the gentle Mark did not retire from the public gaze, but stood bowing to the different ones he knew in the audience and shaking hands with those in the private box, and that is the last I saw of him, still shaking hands, till I saw him on Broadway, New York. Then it seemed such a short time after that he suddenly became the great Mark Twain, the favorite writer and the millionaire publisher.

In his beautiful home he is a bright and shining light and an encouragement to all ambitious young travelers and writers the whole world over. ALICE KINGSBURY COOLEY.

Mrs. Blues—Do you have to treat your cook as if she were a member of the family? Mrs. Greys—Goodness, no! We have to be very kind and polite to her.—London Tit-Bits.

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