SOME OF THE BOOK-BUYERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

BY KATHERINE DURHAM.

Far and away from its commerce, enterprise and wealth, the most just pride and crown of its glory, is a city's schools, museums of art and its libraries.

San Francisco has not passed beyond the money-getting epoch. The blood of the fortune-hunters and gold-seekers of '49 still rushes strong through her veins. When great values cease to be created in a day, when the unrest and fever of youth are crystallized into stable forms and life takes on the more settled habits, then the intellectual growth will begin in earnest and mental development take up the march of progress. Old cathedral windows surpass in beauty and harmony of color the new, but time will bring out the rich ambers.

San Francisco is, and so are all new cities, blinded with the vanity and ignorance of youth. Far removed from other cities and so lacking the possibility of the training and pruning close intercourse and comparison give, she grows a distinct genius. This is well, but possibly the type is not perfect. Yet to herself she seems a plant resplendent in its peculiar foliage, flower and fruit—a fruit which the stranger says is lacking in flavor or a bit crude; and jealous, she resents comment that is not commendation. A Haweis comes within her golden gates and says she has no music. Immediately a hundred voices are raised in protest, although the proofs to substantiate their arguments are few. A Baxter turns away from our gallery of art in disdain, for he remembers the great storehouses of collected works of genius in Europe. His words fall on an impervious armor of self-satisfaction, and it is set down to his English conceit and perversity. San Francisco public schools are not up to Eastern standard, and Kansas can show better rank and file.

Could she behold herself as others see her; could she look with true and honest eyes, her illusions of the efficacy of her educational methods, her art development and musical status, leaving apart some notable exceptions, must dim.

But there is one thing on which no finger of scorn can be laid: San Francisco's public and private libraries and book venders. Libraries make and mark the mental development of a people, and are the barometer of the intellectual atmosphere, and her mercury stands high.

An intelligent people demand good bookstores, and good bookstores develop an intelligent people. There are a number of good and large bookstores in San Francisco, and it is a significant fact that while there are in the United States bookstores surpassing in size there is not one which, in greatness of variety and choiceness of selection can equal Doxey's, and this in the judgment of Easterners. In the volumes of many rare and beautiful editions on the shelves of wealthy and cultured New Yorkers could be found the little pink label bearing this name, and their mates repose unpretentiously on the back cover of books which grace the shelves of such as Mme. Modjeska, John Drew and John Fiske, and some have crossed the waters and found their way to the libraries of Irving and Ellen Terry, and have invaded Mexico, Japan and the South Sea isles.

And so the well-sustained bookstores of San Francisco bespeak a reading public, and it is interesting to know that the best works of the best authors meet the readiest sale. Recently a "Handy Volume Series" of choice and standard literature was brought out at a very moderate price. They were shipped in large quantities to this coast, yet the demand could scarcely be supplied, and the piles of Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe and the like decreased most rapidly. There is ever a hue and cry against the perversity of taste and lack of appreciation of what is good by the masses, and the select few draw their robes of righteousness about them and disclaim the feeble mentality of the world. But what say they to the fact that "Marcella," "The Manxman," "Ebb Tide" and "Trilby" could scarce be turned out from the press fast enough to meet the great demand, and vanished from the venders' tables, taken up by the thirsty public as rapidly as the sands drink up the waters of a river, and the sensational and third-rate novels stagnated upon the dust-gathering shelves. And San Francisco's reading public is not all for novels and books of poems: essays and histories are not neglected. No less is the appreciation of the majority for the illustrating of the best pen draughtsmen, as Pennell, Thompson, Abbey and Gibson.

Art in boook-making as well as weighty contents find response in this people. The publishers of the tasty, unique and artistic books in the East count San Francisco merchants among their best buyers, and editions de luxe and limited numbered editions come to this coast in proportionately large numbers. That beautiful new Edinburgh edition of "Stevenson" is subscribed for by several San Franciscans. It is a good library size, but light of weight; printed on hand-made paper in type after the style of the first edition of the "Waverley Novels." The illustrations are choice and the binding plain, suitable cloth, and the whole presents as beautiful a set of books as has been published of late.

No more handsome books are made than two sets lately received by a San Francisco bibliophile. One, the scarce and beautiful edition of Burton's Arabian Nights, for which binding was specially designed and done in London, in full levant, dark blue like the Arabian skies at midnight, and inlaid with stars in gold; and the more magnificent set of books, owned by the same, is Mennier's Paul et Virginie, Paris, 1887, illustrated by Leloir, large 8vo, full blue levant, and the inside covers lined with sky blue morocco. The outside and inside covers are decorated with foliage, flowers and birds in mosaic, with different designs for each of the four surfaces. It is of an edition limited to fifty copies. It is done on Japanese paper, and for illustration contains an original water color by Leloir on the bastard title, proof's etchings in quadruplicate, separate impressions of the woodcuts of the text, and the series of Lalanzi's and Hecloen's etchings, artists' proofs. This last named edition rises to the highest art in bookmaking of the present day.

Public libraries may be the result of the earnest endeavors of a few, and be the expression of some leading minds. Not so the private libraries. If one not acquainted with the facts might have a look at the bookmen's ledgers they might be surprised to see the hundreds of monthly accounts kept as regularly as the household expenses, and in many cases exceeding them, and they would need conclude that the intellectual man is as well cared for as the physical. And there might be greater surprise in finding that women are in a large majority among the book-buyers: and some young women, scarce out of their teens, possess some of the largest and most carefully and critically selected libraries. Have we not already the new woman with us?

Individuals display different tastes and interest in the selecting and general plan of their libraries. Miss Kate Dillon's, even yet in its infancy, is a type of the young woman's library. The general plan is to embrace all the standard works of history, poetry and fiction in good and substantial binding, and to also add rare, beautiful, limited and original editions of some of the choicest works. Her special pride is an edition of Oliver Twist, illustrated by Cruikshank in his inimitable style.

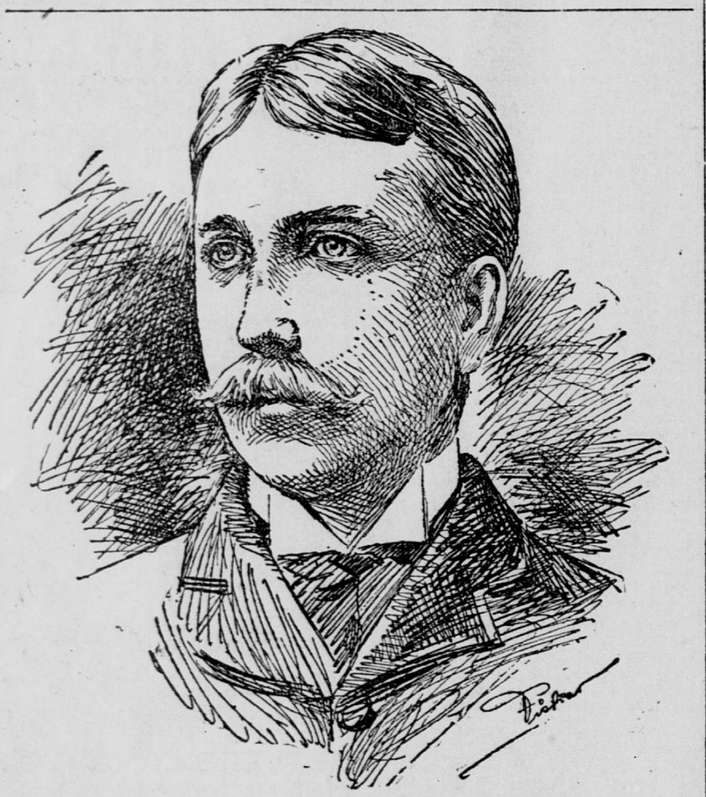
William H. Mills' taste is for essays and history, and so these volumes are in excess in his library, although the poets and novelists are not without good representation.

S. G. Kellogg's library is the type of the man's who is abreast of the times. While its backbone is the standard works, every new book on finance, political economy, socialistic and religious questions are welcomed to its daily increasing ranks.

Dr. E. R. Taylor is among the most critical book-buyers. He has fine editions of nearly all classical literature, and possesses a copy of every edition of Homer in translation and many of the important originals.

W. R. Hearst is not satisfied with books as he finds them, and their covers are stripped off and extra illustrations are added, and the bookbinder's art is taxed in devising new encasings. The illustrations of several may be united with the best printed text to form a new copy. His extensive, costly and beautiful collection of books is rarely equaled.

And these are the types of the large libraries, and there are few homes among the upper classes that do not have their collection of books, even though it is small in number. All this argues well for San Francisco and her people, and to her remarkable growth in other lines will be added her more important intellectual growth.



W. R. HEARST, ONE OF THE CRITICAL BOOK-BUYERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[From a photograph by Taber.]

NEW THINGS IN ELECTRICITY

EFFECTIVE ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—In the early days of electric lighting people were apt to think a great deal more of the mere fact of using an electric lamp than of the actual efficiency of the light given by it. Nowadays, however, the consumer is probably perfectly able to tell whether he is getting full value in light for the money he is paying the central station, and between the strict exaction of the consumer and the competition of rival lighting systems, the electric light company can only hope to succeed by the best service. Much attention has been drawn of late to obtaining the most desirable results from different methods of lighting, and the subject has been brought down to two main considerations, namely—reflection and diffusion. In factories and large shops it is likely that the old practice of allowing the light of the arc lamp to fall downward will be discarded. It is found that by inverting the lamp and throwing the light to the roof (preferably of white) by a powerful reflector, the rays are so diffused throughout the building as to give the maximum efficiency without straining the eyes of the workmen. The prevailing methods in outdoor lighting, too, are condemned as crude and unscientific. The present street arc lamps dazzle the eye, throw sharp shadows and waste light. The next improvement in street lighting will probably be to use lower candle-power lamps, placing them proportionally nearer together, at say the height of an ordinary gaslamp, using suitable reflecting hoods and making the bottom half of the globe semi-opaque and possibly tinting it a deep orange color. There would be no glare, as at present, and the effect would be suggestive of the soft and artistic light of the Chinese lantern. For incandescent lamps a luminous enamel is used which entirely hides the filament and at the same time disperses the light thoroughly. The enamel is made in various colors, but the white is to be preferred for general purposes. In domestic lighting dioptric shades having prismatic corrugations on their surfaces are coming into vogue. They give a good diffusion of light with little absorption, and when made of either plain or tinted glass have a brilliant effect. In decorative lighting many new ideas have sprung up in the distribution of masses of light in interiors, but none have yet superseded in beauty and effectiveness the system introduced last year of putting the lamps out of sight and lighting the room entirely by diffused and possibly colored lights. This will probably be the method of illuminating churches in the future. In churches where it has already been adopted the effect is described as so infinitely restful and appropriate that in comparison the ordinary method of church lighting seems garish and barbarous.

SENDING LETTERS BY TELEGRAPH.—After laboring for fifteen years on the problem of rapid telegraphy by means of the typewriter, an inventor claims to have solved it. The system is said to print telegraphic messages at the rate of 200 words a minute. The message is dictated straight to the typewriting operator. By a device attached to the typewriter a paper ribbon about an inch wide is perforated by a series of holes, varying in position and number according to the character represented. The actual perforation of the tape is not done directly by the operator; if the right letter is struck on the keyboard, the machine automatically does the rest. When the message is finished the ribbon is fed into another machine. In its passage over a roller, small metallic fingers press upon it, and as different holes come under the fingers electrical connection is made with the metal roller beneath, which produces the necessary letters. This machine is in synchronism with another machine at the other end of the line, and whatever letters are produced on one machine—say in New York—are instantly reproduced on the other machine—say in Washington. The invention can be applied to any standard typewriter. In the case of large business firms newspaper correspondents or others using the telegraph extensively punchers and ribbon would be attached to the typewriters in their offices and the messages would be delivered to the telegraph office on spools ready for instant dispatch. By the new method all possibility of tapping or robbing the message is obviated. The system is ten times swifter than the Morse, and has the additional advantage of turning out the message on page form ready for delivery. The cost of transmission is brought very low, and the possibilities of the system are suggested by the fact that business men, instead of sending their letters by mail, can have them sent by wire at the same cost as special delivery.

TELEPHONING TO THE MOON.—Both Edison in America and Preece in England have long maintained that it is possible to establish on the earth a record of the electrical disturbances that take place on the sun. An electrician now holds that it is easily feasible to telephone to the moon. He bases his belief in the possibility of this communication on the well-known laws of ether vibration. The ocean of ether quivers to every touch. It binds the planets together with an iron hand, flexible yet firm, solid yet infinitely elastic. It is the ideal medium for the transmission of signals. When it moves, even to an extent inconceivably small, our sight is affected; we see. These ether waves are eight minutes coming to us from the sun, traveling at the enormous velocity of 192,000 miles a second. It is possible to produce waves moving at this terrific speed by electrical means, as, for instance, in the telephone, which is actuated by infinitely small pulsations. When an iron mass is in the vicinity of these electrical vibrations a buzz or hum is given out. This noise may be distinctly heard in some systems of street-lighting apparatus where the current is transformed from a high to a low pressure. In accordance with this principle it is proposed to send electrical pulsations far out into the ether and have them act upon any metallic mass, like iron, with sufficient force to produce sound. If the moon contains iron, and there is reason to believe that it does, the striking upon it of these marvelous vibrations would give rise to a murmur of sound. It is suggested that this daring experiment could be carried out by means of a gigantic coil, mounted vertically, with its axis in line with the moon.

WHAT BLACKENS THE GLOBES OF INCANDESCENT LAMPS.—An Italian scientist has been trying to add to the comparatively small available store of information as to how the blackening of incandescent bulbs is caused. He found that under the microscope the surface of a used filament has little humps, resembling in miniature those on the carbon of an arc lamp. They seem to have been produced by some melted material. In places the filament is furrowed by transverse cavities out of which rise ramifications of lampblack. The film collected on the inside of the lamp shows under the microscope as a very thin coating of lampblack in which are distinguished larger grains irregularly distributed, and also yellowish crystals. His explanation of the blackening is that certain mineral substances contained in the carbon filament become fused by the high temperature and evaporate. This causes a gradual disintegration of the carbon, some very minute particles of which are projected on to the glass. When the explosions of the little humps on the filament are at all violent, entire fragments are detached, and at those places where detachments occur most frequently the filament breaks.

TIGER SHOOTING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Night fishing is evidently not to be the only sport in which the electric light plays an important part. A scientific journal gives a graphic illustration of the shooting of a royal tiger in an Indian jungle by the light of a 16 candle-power incandescent lamp. The sportsman is supposed to be sitting in a machan or platform a little distance from an animal which has been left on the ground as bait. Near him are six cells of battery, which supply current for the lamp suspended from the branch of a tree over the spot where the dead animal has been placed. The wires are brought up to a convenient place on the rifle, and when the terror of the jungle is unmistakably engaged in discussing his quarry, the sportsman, with a slight pressure of the thumb, makes the electric connection, and the light opens right over the tiger. The subsequent developments are thus described: "As the tiger is not in the habit of looking up, it is a second or two before he can make out where the sudden light has come from, and by that time he has a shell well in his ribs and further proceedings have no interest for him." It is stated that the principal difficulty in this method of besting the man-eater is the weight and size of the battery needed, and the use of a small battery which can be carried in the belt like a cartridge is proposed. It is estimated that thirty of such batteries would supply enough current to light a 16 candle-power lamp long enough for the purposes of shooting.

DOES ELECTRICITY KILL?—Just when the killing power of electricity is supposed to have been proved, officially and conclusively, the whole question has been reopened in a startling manner. A reputable physician, who was recently engaged by the authorities of New York State to investigate into the effects of electrocution, showed by facts, figures and photographs that the shock as given to criminals from the prison dynamo was invariably fatal. In the face of this, an electrician stated positively that a person exposed to the severest shock can be recovered by proper treatment. Now, a lineman has been apparently killed by the passage through him of the frightful charge of 3000 volts, and yet resuscitated after two hours.

On Good Friday, at a Socialist banquet in Paris, a scene of blasphemy was enacted in the presence of two Deputies, Ernest Roche and Clovis Hugues. A pig was placed in a coffin, revolutionary songs were sung over it, parodying a requiem, and it was then carried around the room in procession, preceded by a red cross and a red flag. When Chaumette tried to perform similar acts in 1794 Robespierre stopped him.

JOINING UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL SERVICE.

BY TOM GREGORY.

Passing the doctor is the crucial test of fitness when the recruit seeks to enter the naval service. He may take in the enlistment officer on the question of age, nativity, and also morals, unless he is so conscientious that his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth—a possibility somewhat remote—but weathering the doctor is a much more difficult bit of sailing, for the medicine-man of the navy is especially fitted—in fact he has taken a post-graduate course—in finding a man sick just when he would be well, and well when he would be sick ever afterward. Doctors may sometimes agree with one another, but they always disagree with sailors. There is endless war between the two professions.

Generally the extent of an army or navy surgeon's practice in the piping times of peace is bromo-seltzer for officers and sulphate of magnesia for the men. The physical organizations of the two are, of course, different, necessitating widely separate modes of treatment. In the realms of therapeutics there has been found only one drug that will have the same effect upon officer and private, and that is alcohol. Alcohol, as a leveler of distinctions, knocks out death, which erroneously has been thought to be pre-eminent in that work.

The citizen and citizeness—bless the French revolutionist for those noble terms—have very extravagant ideas about the military. The artist, the musician and the poet have done much to raise war out of the blood and dust and sweat and reeking slaughter-pen odors of battle, but the tailor has done more. Homer could hurl boulders and javelins through the air and tumble the Grecian heroes down to Plutus in lordly hexameter, and we long to war ourselves around the Trojan walls, but let the man with the needle of steel sew a few inches of bullion on a coat and we are mad for butchery. So the painter and the fiddler and the rhymer, led by the tailor, have rushed nations away to death. A minority, doubtless, have benefited the earth by dying, but a great majority would have been of more use above the ground than under it.

The man who could best give expert testimony on the broad question of war is the man who never came back from the battle. All the other evidence is incompetent. But the scribe who notes the parade and the review from the bandstand writes rot, which, in the eternal fitness of the thing, is in perfect keeping with the burlesque he sees moving before him.

The green and bloom of vegetation springing from the red-reeking soil of battle may cover the graves and trenches, but not the wide gulf that lies between the civil and the military. The civilian, with the fire of a noble activity pushing the world on from change to change, cannot understand why the bebuttoned and begunned soldier should stalk around his quarters like a manikin pulled by a string, a parody on war in time of peace; and the soldier, only an order-obeying machine as he is, cannot understand that he is an out-of-place figure in the landscape. The civilian, among his peers upon a social equity, cannot understand why in the military the officer is a lordly aristocrat wearing the belt and spur of knight won more frequently off the field of valor than on it. Neither can the citizen understand why the man in the rank and file must forever wear the livery of an inferior social and mental grade, and salute and "sir" with proper humility should somebody a little above his low level deign to notice or approach his locality.

All these caste mannerisms of the military are undemocratic and un-American and belong to the monarchic and titled class. They came down the ages from the feudal day, where the robber-baron had his retainers quartered in hovels around him. When he meditated a raid upon some neighbor whose female slaves and fat cattle excited his cupidity he called his captains and lieutenants into the castle courtyard and after a council of war the blooming gang all marched out together with flags and drums—and guns after the villainous saltpeter had been dug from the bowels of the earth.

War is only a horrid emergency, and so is the warrior. It is a period of destruction, and he is the destroyer. Both are to be put away and hidden like the graves they dig. The soldier in peace is a non-producer and adds nothing to the development of a state. Cooped up in his post, where he prances for the glorification of his superiors, he is not a fraction as useful and not nearly as reliable as that often-abused and long-suffering official—the policeman. The professional trooper idling in his barrack has comparatively no part or parcel in the great world going by. His only duty is to salute and "sir" and minister to the tinsel splendor of his officers without being in the slightest a portion of that tinsel splendor. He is not a bad fellow; he is only a grain of wheat under the upper and nether millstone of that system called military discipline, which forever crushes and grinds him, and he goes to dust. The deplorable circumstances that environed his life escort him to his grave, and the meager honors he receives there are about what he got in life. Nothing can be so dead as a dead soldier. The peculiar conditions of his end, unnoticed in the mad contention around him, his departure in common with many others who melted out of the thin red line being about the usual thing. The monopoly by his superior of the larger slice of the glory, leaving so little to go around among the privates, makes him horridly and atrociously dead. His grand finale is so commonplace that few note the passing of him. So much for war.

Where did this yarn drift from? Oh, yes—the recruit and the doctor.

The would-be tar if he succeeds in hauling off from the snares the man of science sets for him must steer amid dangerous questions skillfully. He must explain that there is no hereditary disease in his family (the surgeon always asks if there is, although he knows that no answer but a negative one was ever yet returned), and that he is not subject to fits, headache, heartache (that comes afterward), and in fact not subject to anything but an incurable (will probably be cured) desire to serve his country. It is not amiss to exhibit this patriotic characteristic, not that the medical inquisitor will take any stock in the recruit's professions, but the intended deception shows sincerity of purpose and that covers the other sin. The doctor is not a casuist—none are. In the dissecting-room he never found a soul nor any pathological evidences that one ever existed. A few well rounded off lies may be only due from an unusual muscular movement among the vocal organs.

The man will be turned over to the chaplain after enlistment.

When the surgeon takes the tapeline in hand to measure the chest expansion, which must be a certain number of inches, the recruit must carefully empty his lungs until his breastbone falls against the spine. After that measurement is recorded he is told to "expand," and then he must take in over a million cubic feet of atmosphere if possible. Many promising Decaturs, Hulls and Farraguts have missed stays on the expansion test, and have gone down unwept, unstoried and unsung, as farmers, merchants or professional men. They might have expanded their chests the necessary three inches and have trodden the path of fame. It is not quite plain why chest expansion is a necessity in a sailor unless, during his dramatic posings on the snowy deck for the uses of literature "his breast should heave, and his eye——," etc., as sung in "Pinafore," and by such warish attitudes strike terror into the heart of the bumboat-man alongside with a stale stock of pastry, pipes, hair-oil, jackknives and other ship chandlery, or of the grocer's clerk coming on board with a bill for the captain.

BEFORE AND AFTER "PASSING THE DOCTOR."

[Sketched by a "Call" artist.]

The next instrument of torture which the doctor uses on the candidate is the stethoscope. If there is anything that goes to the heart of man it is the stethoscope. It gets right down to the source of motion and counts the beat and heave and swing of the engines of life. The hiss of a clogged vein, the gurgle of a defective valve, the discordant murmur of the diastole within a ventricle may consign him to a long life ashore, in the very inception of his sea career.

The candidate is then examined for color-blindness. The possession of this visual defect may assist him in disassociating the banner of his country from the flag prodigally displayed during the florid flow of political stump-oratory, or waving from the center pole of the circus tent. The prostitution of the National ensign for private advertising purposes is one of the highly prized liberties of a free people. The public is given to know that a candidate for constable is capable of serving a subpena, or that some freak show is the best-on-earth-or-money-refunded-at-the-door, by the exhibition of the sacred symbol of a state fluttering around the premises.

After the recruit has passed the doctor he is figuratively chalked O. K., like a custom-house rifled valise guiltless of contraband, and enlisted. Then he is ready for other victories. He looks up the masts to the truck pointing into the clouds above him and wonders when he will be sent up there to nail a flag to the slender stick. That is one of the jobs of a sailor, he knows, because he has seen so often on tobacco packages and show cards the lofty tar with his legs twined around the royal pole with a shoemaker's hammer driving nails through the colors into the timber. That means "no surrender" to the blooming tar and to the quality of goods for sale. He begins to hear sounds around him. They are the explosions of preconceived notions of life on shipboard. Sailormen don't talk as the novelists have paragraphed, nor act as the dramatists have cast them. He is the most written and worse written man within reach of a pen. He is either portrayed as a frolicsome colt flinging his voluminously trousered legs around like the ship's pennant when the wind is unsteady, or as a mindless old human hulk warped and weather-beaten and ready to be pickled away in his deep-sea tomb.

There is nothing in common between the man before the mast and the man abaft it. A shift from one locality to the other may be called an organic change. Put the forecastle hand on the quarterdeck and, presto! he is an officer. Even the way he advanced is lost. He instantly feels that he is in a different place, and they as quickly forget that he was ever in any other. It's the way of the sea—the deep, inexplicable, spell-working, mysterious sea.

Jack drinks grog, becomes drunken and sleeps. It is his only escape from the self-contemplation of the eternal hopelessness of his social condition. No sailor loves his calling, and most all hate it. Few escape that life which promises nothing but a shot and a winding sheet, my lads—a shot and a winding sheet! The ship is the last resort. Old sailors go to it because their lives are ruined for things better, and the recruits because of a temporary failure on land, and because of ignorance of what awaits them when the mystic influence of the ocean has wrought in them a condition unfitted for the shore.

The new navy-man gets into his togs, which are supposed to clothe the wearer in a sort of wild freedom of action, and the hilariousness of the idea coming suddenly upon him runs him quickly afoul of some rule or regulation—sometimes one, sometimes the other; frequently both. In every square foot of a man-of-war is woven deep in the fiber of wood or steel a rule or regulation—sometimes one, sometimes the other; frequently both. In every cubic foot of air a bluejacket breathes is contained a rule or regulation—sometimes one, sometimes the other; frequently both.

This method of discipline-drill is perfect, and is not a very onerous practice upon the recruit, but the monotony of it wears upon his nervous system. The wisdom of it gradually unfolds as the patient sinks down in a sort of apathy. It destroys his nerves. These things are painful luxuries and out of place on the sea. The painful necessities occupy pretty much of one's time there. The negative pole of a war-vessel is forward among the crew. Everything in that locality is "no" and "not." One is kept so busy not doing things it's a wonder anything ever is done.

But it is the way there and is a part of the internal government of the ship. The powers that be on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war are in nowise personally responsible for a system they had no part in bringing aboard, neither are they needlessly harsh in executing commands that have come down to them from a source they dare not question. The remedy, if remedy there be, is beyond them, but the system is monotonous, vexatious, irksome and tiresome all the same. It makes the enlisted men discontented to see the accident of rank carry away so many privileges while their few favors are doled out to them with reluctant hand. The naval apprentice system, with its possibility of a small insignificant promotion to the hardly perceptible elevation of gunner, and which shoulder-strap writers in the Naval Institute Journal considered enough reward for the ambitious boy who won his way from forward, aft, is a failure.

The sensible youngsters see nothing in the life but an inferior position all their days and an asylum to die in. They generally take their final discharge at the expiration of their term of enlistment, and the service is not only drilling the boys to a calling they learn to hate, but is getting no return for the time and care expended upon them.

When the real friends of the service arise in their places in Congress and enact that the bright naval apprentice boy may work his way aft into an officer's commission, then the flower of the American seafaring youth will be found wearing all the blue shirts in the white cruisers. That system may not make quite as good officers as the system at present in use, but it will make better crews. The Government should do more for the personnel of the navy and fit it for the native-born boy alone. There is nothing for him in the merchant vessels; that service has long gone begging for flags and men in foreign seaports.

BIMETALLISTS MEET.

Sub-Committees Appointed for the Coming Convention.

The executive committee appointed by a meeting of bimetallists, held recently at the Palace Hotel for the purpose of making arrangements for a bimetallic convention, to convene in this City August 19, met yesterday afternoon at the headquarters of the American Bimetallic League in the Mills building, George W. Baker presiding. There were present: W. C. Price, N. W. Spaulding, W. L. Dickinson, Hermann Zadig, Julian Sonntag, August Waterman and George P. Keeney.

The secretary read a number of communications from bimetallists of the interior relative to the proposed convention, expressing hearty indorsement of the proposition, and predicting a successful meeting. Many other letters asked for bimetallic literature, especially the constitution of the American Bimetallic League, and copies of the late call issued for a State convention. In order to supply this want the committee decided to order printed several thousand copies of the call in pamphlet form for general information and distribution.

Upon motion Chairman Baker appointed several sub-committees from the general committee, and assigned each a certain field of labor in making preparations for the coming meeting.

Subscriptions are coming in from many quarters, and the committee members feel assured that the convention will be the biggest silver meeting ever held on the coast.

Secretary Keeney has figured out that the newspapers of California stand ten to one in favor of free silver. "Party conventions," said he, yesterday, "on the financial problem are of no use. The convention called for August is not of one party. It is absolutely non-partisan. We hope to get Republicans and Democrats in about equal parts. Each county is entitled to five delegates at large, and one delegate for each 500 voters as registered at the last general election. The only test is that a delegate must be an elector in the county which he claims to represent, and be in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver."

PHILBROOK'S OLD CASE.

It Is Decided in His Favor by the Supreme Court.

The case in the Supreme Court which cost Horace W. Philbrook his position as an attorney has been decided by the court in favor of the contention advanced by Philbrook and the lower court is to render judgment in favor of the plaintiff for $662 40.

The suit was brought by the executors and administrators of the estate of John Levinson against William J. and Benjamin Newman, surviving partners of the firm of Newman & Levinson, for an accounting. In that case Philbrook made serious charges against Justice Harrison, who was an attorney in the case before he was elected to the Supreme bench. For this Philbrook was disbarred. Harrison does not participate in the opinion, nor is that controversy mentioned in any way.

Charlemagne made a law punishing with death a man who should insult or beat his mother, and with imprisonment and stripes the son who should neglect to provide for her who brought him into the world.

None Too Good

No shoes are too good for the boys and girls. While they're young, their feet are made sound and healthy or ruined for life.

Goodyear Welt Shoes are easy and comfortable, have no tacks where they will hurt, do not press the feet out of shape, bring no corns, —just the shoes for boys and girls, as well as grown-up men and women.

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Goodyear Welts are LEATHER SHOES—not rubber.

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The $5 Rate Can Be Maintained at the Copeland Institute.

Not Only the Cheapest Rate, But the Very Best Treatment, Scientific, Painless and Efficacious.

Whoever pays more than $5 a month pays too much. This is the charge of the Copeland treatment. By universal admission this treatment is the best. This low rate has been the means of making the practice of Drs. Copeland, Neal and Winn the largest in the world. The large practice makes it possible to furnish only the best treatment and the very best medicines at that low rate.

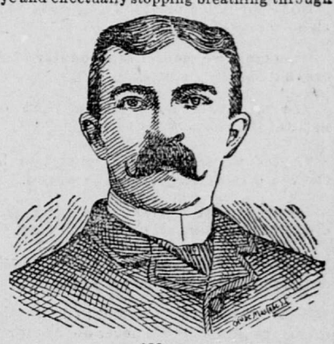
The public in its cordial reception of the $5 rate, in its generally voiced conclusion that "whoever pays more pays too much," has made the maintenance of the rate a possibility. As to the efficacy of the treatment thousands have testified to the fact that they have been cured; many more whose testimony has not been published have been cured. They are your friends and neighbors, and what they say can be taken for the truth. Why neglect a disease which not only endangers your life, but makes life not worth living when the best treatment can be had for so little money?

NASAL POLYPUS.

These Tumors Are Removed Without Pain or Loss of Blood.

In no one thing have Drs. Copeland, Neal and Winn gained so much fame as in the removal of polypus tumors from the nasal cavities. Formerly the operation was attended with much pain and loss of blood. By the operation of these specialists it is comparatively painless and bloodless and withal permanent.

The case of Mr. F. A. Pust, whose place of business is at 220 Bush street and who lives at 307 California avenue, is a typical one. He says: "About the first week in May my left nostril became completely filled with tumors (polypi), causing severe pains over my left eye and effectually stopping breathing through



F. A. PUST, 220 BUSH STREET.

that nostril. A friend of mine had been successfully treated at the Copeland Medical Institute and I immediately placed myself under their care. After one week's treatment they removed the polypus without causing the least bit of pain. I continued treatment for a few weeks longer and now feel perfectly cured, breathing through my nose with greater ease than ever before. They are very kind and courteous and it is a real pleasure to be treated by them. I feel very grateful to them for the cure they have effected in my case."

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