

NEWSBOYS OF SAN FRANCISCO SAY "THE CALL" SELLS WELL.

Strong Testimony of the Growing Popularity of the Paper—All the People Like It—Increasing Sales of the Sunday Edition in Every Part of the Town and Country—In Demand by All Classes of Citizens.

THOMAS McCANN.

"How many CALLS do I sell every day? Well, if I said about eighty I might be lying, because to-morrow I might sell ninety or a hundred. Ever since THE CALL took a boom on I have had to order



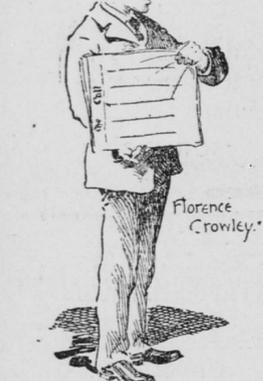
more every week. That's the way it seems to go, and as long as the demand keeps up I am ready to do the supplying. Last Sunday we had sold a long before noon and I had to lay in a fresh supply. On the dead square all the kids who work for me made money on that issue, and people who never bought it before ask for it now. I never saw a San Francisco paper take such a spurt. That's straight."

FLORENCE CROWLEY.

"Dey's nutin' de matter wid DE CALL. I sells 'em in de mornin' for a few hours and in de afternoon I works up in de town in a mattress factory. See?"

"How many CALLS do you sell while you are at it?"

"Bout twenty. Dat's as many as most



of de utter kids sells de morning papers. Tree monts ago dey wasn't anybody calling for it, but now a mug can get out and make a good ting of it widout rustin'. Dat's what I do. You see, McCann stays here all day and scoops in de dough wid a steady pull. You can bet on DE CALL."

EDDIE HIGGINS.

"So you are the youngest who sells nothing but THE CALL on Sunday. How many can you carry?"

"What'er you givin' us? I don't take the whole bundle out at once. When I sell one armful I come back and get more.



Don't I, Tap? I can't get away from the school in the weekdays, so I only work on Sunday. Saturday I have fun. When people go out of town Sunday they take THE CALL with them and read the stories. My mother reads them to me sometimes. Last Sunday I sold over eighty CALLS, and this coming Sunday I am going to take out a hundred."

WILLIE BROWN.

"Me and two other fellows have got a dead cinch on the trade of the men-of-war



in the harbor now, and every morning we

get on the ships' tugs and go aboard. All the officers like THE CALL, and say it gets all there is a-going. I sold 150 in one week and the other two kids sold almost as many. Why, say, when I first began to go out to the warships I didn't take THE CALL with me, but since I heard everybody calling for it I lays in a stock, and now I don't sell nothing else. When I gets my hands on a good thing I am a great stayer. I read THE CALL myself."

HERMAN PIFFERO, ALIAS "THE ACE."

"I'm one of the fellows who goes out to the ships in the morning and gets my work in on the sailors. Me and Brown is pals, and the sailors and officers we don't know ain't worth knowin'. I'll tell you how we does it. As soon as a new ship comes in



we get aboard of her, and the cap'n says, 'Boys, give me the paper with the news.' Well, we hands him THE CALL, and the next day when we gets on board again he says, 'Give me THE CALL.' That's the way we works it, and the man is always satisfied. I get rid of about thirty papers every day, and that's wages for a kid."

TAP WILLIAMS.

"Well, you see, it's just this way. I'm a kind of a boss here, and don't have much time to sell papers. I have too many kids to look after. I do a little work during the day, and sell about twenty CALLS of the daily edition, but when Sunday comes I hop in and knock out about 125 or 130.

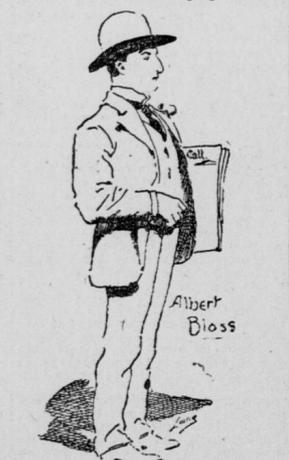
out three or four, and after they had sold them they thought it was about time to quit buying for that day. Now, we get in early in the morning and grab more. You bet when the newspapers get in and try to beat each other the newsboys make money on it."



The demand for the daily CALL has increased about double, and of the Sunday paper I sell almost three times as many. I'd sell more if I had time, but a fellow can't be a boss and a laboring man too. I have one kid who sells nothing but THE CALL on Sunday. Here he is."

ALBERT BLASS.

"I've been selling papers right here on the corner of Montgomery and Market streets for the past few years, and as the cable-cars go by I jump on and go through. Of course I see all kinds of people and sell



to everybody. I used to take out only the papers which were called for the most. There was two of them, but since THE CALL began to print the news from all over the earth I find that people who never paid any attention to it in the past take it regularly now. I have a regular run of certain people and I am adding to the list every day. There's money in it, too."

TOM SMITH.

"When I want to sell THE CALL I get a big batch and climb on board the cable-cars and yell, 'CALL, CALL, MORNING CALL,' a few times, and by the time I have passed through the car they are gone. I have sold as high as eighteen and twenty copies in a few hours that way. The working people who come into town in the morning from the outside parts of the City ask for

THE CALL more than they do for any other paper. You know what kind of people I mean. Them fellows who dresses pretty



decent and has to work for a living to pay for the togs they wear. I sell lots to them."

DAVID BARREN.

"How long have you been selling papers, young man?"

"About five years, ever since I was able to take care of myself. I know what I'm doing when it comes down to selling papers."

"How does THE CALL go among the newsboys?"

"Sav. Now y'er talking. All the kids handle THE CALL now. They used to take



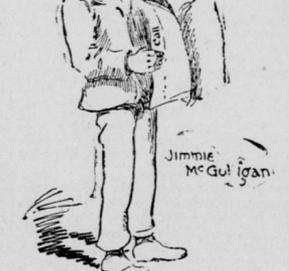
up any information at first, but finally drawed."

"On weekdays, mister, I sell about fifteen in the morning, and then I go home. I know lots of ladies who take THE CALL every morning at the ferry, and many old men sit down in the cable-cars and read it while they go uptown. If they wasn't so many sold on the trains I would sell more, but the ladies and old men who buy from me always wait until they get in the City."

JIMMIE MCGUNNIGAN.

"Spud, how many CALLS do you sell every day?"

Spud was rather reluctant about giving



up any information at first, but finally drawed."

JIMMY BROWN.

"Lemme tell you something about THE CALL, mister. One day last week I went up in the Mills building and walked into the lawyers' offices and around among them men who sit down all day and don't do nothin'. Them fellers who smoke good cigars and spits on the floor. In one office



they was three men. One feller says THE CALL wasn't sensational enough, but the two other fellers says, 'Give us THE CALL then, and we'll take it home.' Now I sell about twenty papers among the lawyers to take home with 'em. I made \$8 last week sellin' THE CALL. That ain't bad, is it mister?"

JOHNNIE REY.

"How many CALLS have you this morning, Johnnie?"

"Thirteen. I always sell right here by the fountain where I am sure to meet the same people every day. Lots of men get

off and on the cars here and I know most all of them. All I have to do is shove a CALL at them and get the cash. Sunday is the boss day, though. Everybody buys THE CALL, and a fellow can make enough money in the morning to have lots of fun the rest of the day. Forty or fifty is no-



ing, and if the boys wasn't lazy they could sell a hundred. Last Sunday I sold sixty-five by 3 o'clock."

JOE SMITH.

"I'm onto de boss snap wid DE CALL. Dis is de way I does it. In de mornin' about 10 o'clock I gets me twenty papers, ye see, and sneaks off down to Front street and Battery street and Sansome street, and slides into de merchants' offices wid de paper. Well, dey buys it, ye see, and



keeps on a-buyn' it, ye see, until de first ting I knows de bookkeepers and de clerks all over de whop is buyn' it, and consensently I does a whackin' business among de merchants. Now, dat's what I call a great graft, one showin' a lot of sense. De first ting de boys know I'll be havin' de cream trade of de City."

JOE MCCARTHY.

"I haven't sold papers very long, but since I have been in the business I have seen THE CALL go up like the dickens. I sell papers out in the Western Addition in the morning and have to come downtown to get them. When I get back the people are getting up and poke their heads out of the



windows to tell me that they want a CALL. I sell more CALLS to families than I do any other paper, so I will keep on selling it. Nobody ever stops THE CALL when they once start in to take it. A great many people have stopped the other papers and buy for THE CALL from me."

CHARLES MULLEN.

"You see I have got a sort of separate business all by myself and sell papers along the seawall, above Broadway. All the workmen along the wharves and the

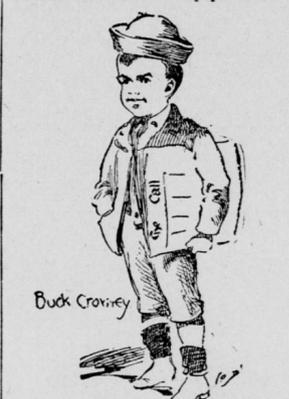


mugs who work in the storerooms buy THE CALL and read it at noon. I generally take out about thirty in the morning and they are gone by noon. I am the only

newsboy who goes up that far and I find it pays. All the time the demand is increasing and in a few weeks I will have one of the best routes in the City. If THE CALL increases as it has done in the last three months it will be ahead of them all."

BUCK CROWLEY.

"I don't know how it is that people talk hard times so much in this town. I am making plenty of money to suit me and it only takes a few hours in the morning. I go down to the wharf and stand at the Oakland mole with a dozen papers and sell



them all. I used to take about five CALLS, but it wasn't enough and I took more every day, until now I sell twelve or fifteen a day. That may not sound big, but it is as good a record as any other kid as young as I am. One day last week I sold twenty-seven copies of THE CALL during the middle of the week. That's good enough for one day, isn't it?"

HARRY WEINBERG.

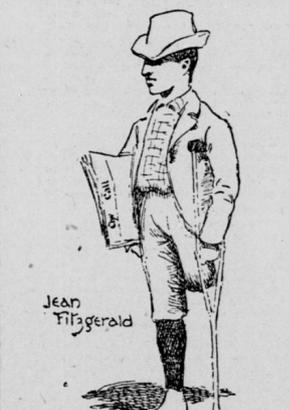
"Thirty CALLS daily is about the regular thing for me. It used to be ten, but the people kept calling for it and I had to lay in a new stock. All the boys are surprised at the way it is climbing up. No other



paper ever did that in this City before. Three or four ahead of itself compared to a month or two ago. I know what I'm talking about. Why, say, mister, I've been selling papers on the water front ever since horse-racing started and I say that I saw THE CALL at its worst, but now I see it at its best and still climbing. Ask any kid here and he'll tell the same as I tell you."

JEAN FITZGERALD.

"It doesn't make any difference if a fellow is crippled. Now, I can always make a good living by selling papers. A good many men who are injured less than I am sit around on beer kegs and talk about misfortune and hard luck. Makes me tired.



That's what. You want to know how THE CALL sells? Well, I'm about as well posted on that question as the next man, and I tell you it's going fine. If it wasn't you can bet we wouldn't handle it. Just think, six months ago we used to get a copy of THE CALL only where it was asked of us, but now we have calls from all hands, and we keep a good supply with us."

FRANK HANLEY.

The smallest newsboy on the water



front was not altogether communicative

about the occupation of selling THE MORNING CALL to any and all comers, but finally admitted, at the solicitation of the "boss," that he was surprising his folks by the returns he brought home nightly.

"I sell more papers now than I ever sold before. Lots of ladies stop me and ask me for THE CALL, and two little girls, who live in Alameda, come and get one from me every morning. They read it and then take it home with them in the afternoon. I see them every day. They call me the Midget, but I make as much money as the others."

WILLIE PACK.

William was not inclined to talk at length or enter into details about THE CALL, but when asked whether or not he sold it, he replied: "Cert. If I didn't make money at it though I wouldn't be seen dead



alongside de paper-selling business. You bet when dere is money in anything I'm right around lookin' fer a chance to get in, and you can put up on it. De CALL is a money-makin' concern. I'm onto dat. Didn't use to 'mount to much, but she's a naiter now and we're pullin' in de dough all along de street. I can sell dat paper anywhere now, but dere was a time when you couldn't give it away as a gift."

ALBERT GREEN.

This youngster sells papers around the vicinity of Powell street, and was born in Georgia.

"I been sellin' DE MORNING CALL now foad mity near foad monts, and you hear me I done make heap o' money some dese days. I ain't no common stock what don't know



ruffin. I see dead on, I is. I done sold forty-eight papers dis mornin', and I done reach fifty to-morrow. 'Deed I will.' Mr. Green wandered on at great length about the beauties of a business sense, and when asked what class of people seemed to prefer THE CALL, answered, "De white people."

DIPLOMAS FOR DOCTORS.

Thirty Graduates of the California College Receive Degrees.

Metropolitan Temple Filled With Listeners to the Commencement Exercises.

The seventeenth annual commencement exercises of the California Medical College were held at Metropolitan Temple last night. Thirty of the industrious students of the college were about to be conferred upon them the degree of doctor of medicine and the big building was crowded with their friends, ready to applaud their success and to make as hearty a response as possible to their first public bow.

The interior was a dream of summer dress and millinery, flowers and bunting when the hour for the opening of the exercises arrived. All around the gallery the class colors, yellow and white, were gracefully intertwined and festooned in folds, caught up here and there with the stars and stripes enfolding the shield. Large banks of flowers were visible on stands near the stage, placed there by friends of the graduates as tokens of their esteem.

The graduates filed in at 8 o'clock and took the seats provided for them on the right of the stage and were received with prolonged applause. A few moments later the faculty followed, and the exercises were opened with a selection on the organ. The Rev. W. W. Case, pastor of the Howard-street Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered the invocation, and Dr. M. E. Van Meter, who acted as master of the ceremonies, introduced Mrs. Genevieve Faro, who rendered the solo, "But Yesterday," in splendid style, for which she received an encore. Little Mildred, the child actress, sang "I'm a Little Too Young to Know," and was forced by the continued applause to respond to two encores. Mrs. Mary Mann Brown was on the programme for two solos, but so well were her efforts received that she was compelled to respond with another.

Dr. Van Meter, addressing the dean of the faculty, D. D. McLean, on behalf of the graduates, who were standing by this time, stated that there were thirty young ladies and gentlemen who had been enrolled in the medical profession.

"They have been earnest students of the college," he said, "for the past three years. They have been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. I take great pleasure in presenting them to you now."

"It is unnecessary for me," said Dr. McLean, "to make a long ceremony of this

matter. You would rather receive these parchments than any word I might say to you.

"I must say to the audience that it is less than a year since we met here before on a similar occasion, but that is made necessary by the fact that we have changed our terms. I make this explanation so you will not think we are graduating too often. Beginning in October next the terms at college will be four years. I recollect when I came to the State that the term was of two years and those only of twenty weeks. Then we advanced it to three years, and not satisfied with that we have still advanced it to a four years' term, eight months in the year."

"Now, I will say that the people of California have advanced medical learning more than any other part of the country. There are a great many of the Eastern colleges that have only two-year terms, while we, on the shores of the western ocean, try to keep pace with the procession. In creating this four-year term we have been filled with the idea that we shall be able to graduate a better class of physicians than that can be turned out in the country."

"It now becomes my privilege, under the authority in me vested as president of the California Medical College," said he, addressing the graduates, "to confer upon each and every one of you the degree of doctor of medicine, with all the rights, privileges and immunities thereunto belonging."

The graduates passed from their places, received their diplomas from the president, bowed to the audience and were applauded as they resumed their places. Those upon whom the degree was conferred are:

Edna Richardson Baker, Edward Love, Edward Bennett, W. F. Millhorne, Beecher B. Bolton, John A. Moffitt, Albert E. Byron, Flora Morrison, Benjamin N. Childs, John B. Mitchell, Fred A. Childs, George E. Osborn, James E. Daley, F. Clayton Peirson, George H. Derrick, David Brandley Plymire, John A. Fritz, Marie Spiess, Benjamin T. Freshman, Wislizenus Swayze, William S. Groves, Alice M. Swayze, William T. Hicks, Francis A. Spinkles, William R. Jamison, Charles E. Taylor, Morne Sophie Johnson, Louis L. Van Loenen, Thomas Francis Kellegan, Frank D. Walsh.

Schumann's "Novelette in F" was given on the piano by James Hamilton Howe, after which S. Homer Henley and Miss Maud Chapelle rendered vocal solos, which were loudly encored.

In the absence of General W. H. L. Barnes, who was announced for the address, Rev. W. W. Case was called upon to speak to the graduates and his friends. He responded, and his remarks were so humorous and so full of keen point at the same time that the audience was convulsed and convinced at once.

"I belong to that great trinity in every city," began the reverend gentleman, "that trinity so necessary to all—the doctor, the preacher and the undertaker—no single member of which is called in till absolutely needed."

The speaker then stated that he took it upon himself to say that he, too, was a member of the faculty of the college. He was professor of the theory of human nature, without which no medical person could get along in the world. He gave numerous instances of the application of the insight into human nature, fairly taking his hearers by storm. He wanted to stop but they made him go on and he talked in the same strain for fifteen minutes. When he had concluded all present sang the National hymn "America." Rev. W. W. Case pronounced the benediction and the commencement exercises were at an end.

LEARNING TO USE ARMS.

Workingmen Form the "National Labor Army" for a Strange Purpose.

Propose to Have Drills and Acquaint Themselves With Military Tactics.

There has been organized in this City what the members of it call the "National Labor Army," and a meeting will be held to-night at 1159 Mission street. It is proposed to meet every week and do something else than discuss social problems. The members are to fall into line and learn the tactics of war.

They have adopted a preamble, constitution and by-laws, enrolled a long list of members, elected officers, and are ready for the rudiments of a martial training.

In their preamble adopted at the last meeting they recited a list of instances wherein property rights have seemingly been placed above the considerations supposed to be due to human life in the conflicts between labor and capital, particularly during the Homestead and Pullman strikes, and they also charge that the money power has tampered with the ballot box in this country and as a cause of exercise of the suffrage, as a cause of great mass of the people to lose confidence in the efficacy of the elective system of government.

Ed Mark, the president of the A. R. U., has been chosen for its president and Walter Joyce, the president of the Wage-workers' Union, its secretary.

Any man who is a wage-worker or a sympathizer with labor can be admitted to membership whether he belongs to a union or not, or whether he is actually a workman.

A doctor connected with one of the local medical colleges has already enlisted in the army as a regimental surgeon and he promises to supply a complete hospital corps for the first regiment, and besides to give \$500 for the purchase of guns when the need of guns for drilling purposes becomes apparent. The army is not organized in connection with any labor union or system of affiliated or amalgamated labor organizations, the president explains, and the fact that Harry A. Knox of the A. R. U. drew up the preamble, he says, is not to be taken as indicating any connection between it and that organization.

GHOST-LIKE BALL PLAYERS.

They Ran Bases So Swiftly That the Umpire Couldn't See Them.

"Never heard of the old Hot Feet?" queried the baseball crank, as he laid down the sporting paper and prepared for a reminiscence.

"No-o, don't remember that I have," replied the man who is down on baseball today.

"Well, they disbanded. Played at Swishville. Great ball they put up, too."

"But why did they disband?"

"Couldn't get fair treatment from umpires."

"Why, what was the reason?" asked the man who hates baseball today.

"Tell you how it was. Every man in the team was a sprinter, and they ran around the bases so infernally fast that the umpire had to have 'em whitewashed every second inning so he could see 'em."

"Do you expect me to believe, sir," asked the man who hates baseball today, sternly, "that the umpires could not see great, strapping fellows going around that little diamond?"

"Oh, occasionally, replied the crank.

"When one of them would slide the umpire would see the smoke?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.