The San Francisco Call

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SATURDAY.....JULY 27, 1895

THE CALL SPEAKS FOR ALL.

The Potrero is flying the flag of progress.

It is evident the fruit-growers must combine or suffer.

Though the Law and Order League may be slumbering it still lives.

The more the third term plot thickens the more it looks like mud.

The Poultry Association never cackles until after it has laid an egg.

That sentiment which pities the killer is a stranger to pity for the killed.

Every kind of work undertaken by the Solid Eight has the appearance of a job.

Fredericks stumbled yesterday in his speech, but not in his fall through the gallows trap.

The Richmond at present in the field is writing poetry and making "cinch" rhyme with "pinch."

A police adjunct to the Free Labor Bureau might prove a check to the enterprise of the "hobo."

A few days more of the debate, and no one in the country will know what Horr and Harvey are talking about.

San Francisco is too poor to give away valuable franchises and too proud to allow her laws to be violated with impunity.

The Colma Athletic Club is not altogether responsible for imagining that this is Dallas, Texas, instead of San Francisco.

The women who are worshiping at the shrine of Durrant might be better engaged wearing bloomers and riding a "wheel."

The Grangers at Camp Roache might profitably devote some of their time to discussing the best means of marketing fruit.

For those who wish to combine profit with pleasure Camp Roache will be the prevailing attraction for the next two weeks.

Japan seems to be dissatisfied to discover that the bulk of parlor matches which California consumes are manufactured in Sweden.

In poking fun at Texas for arranging for a prize-fight our pride in San Francisco caused us to overlook Mr. Tom Sharkey and Mr. Billy Smith.

The Secretary of the Interior is supposed to look after the Indians, but while they are on the warpath in Idaho he is making a little campaign of his own in Georgia.

You will find in THE CALL all the news and all the evidence of the Durrant case without having to read dull columns of distasteful stuff and spun out rhetoric in order to get it.

The people say to the Solid Eight: "Why do you propose to sell a valuable franchise for $500?" And the Solid Eight say to the people: "What are you going to do about it?"

The idea of holding the next Republican National Convention in San Francisco grows in public favor in the East, and with proper cultivation on our part will receive general acceptance there.

Japan has taken Formosa, England has taken Brazilian Trinidad, Hawaii has taken French Frigate Shoals, and so the island powers of the world go on grabbing islands as if it were an insular mania.

Whatever may be any one's sentiment about loading a suspected murderer with flowers, there can be no question that daisies and violets are capable of being put to a poetic use in churchyards without doing harm.

The recent report of a discovery of antimony in quantity comes so closely on the heels of other unexpected valuable discoveries in California that we have even foregone the formality of a torchlight procession in its honor.

The Legislature intended the statute regulating the sale of municipal franchises to be a check on monopoly and a restraint on official dishonesty, but the Solid Eight construe it as a means of giving monopoly a cinch on the public.

Newspapers which give up so much of their space to reports of murder trials at the sacrifice of room that might be devoted to wholesome news are paying just such a compliment to public intelligence as the more intelligent public pays them.

When an organization of earnest citizens calling themselves a law and order league falls into desuetude because its leaders cannot agree one is tempted to wonder what it was that made the old Vigilance Committees agree with so terrible unanimity.

Street Superintendent Ashworth may feel a certain pride in the firmness which leads him to declare that the whole army of the United States could not back him down from a position which he had once taken, but he might reflect that stubbornness is not an evidence of integrity and that public sentiment is often more powerful than an army.

"OUR MERCHANT MARINE."

The *Marine Journal* of New York—the organ of the American Shipping and Industrial League, which body contains nearly three hundred thousand members, among whom are enrolled many of the most prominent citizens of the United States—is doing famous work in educating public sentiment toward the restoration of our flag upon the ocean, and possibly no more important question than this demands attention at the next meeting of Congress.

Our decadence as a maritime power is as humiliating to us as it is a source of wonder to those nations who listened to the guns of our gallant sailors of 1812 when they demanded and secured respect for the stars and stripes in the four quarters of the globe. With all our glorious prestige behind us, we have evolved into a nation of landlubbers, and an American flag on a merchant vessel is a curiosity in nearly every port in the world.

What patriotic citizen can read without intense disgust the following report of the Hamburg Consul to the United States Treasury Department:

"It seems a very sad commentary to have to make on the shipping of our country when I reply to the first four interrogatories of the treasury by saying that during the year in question there was not a single American steamer of any sort or tonnage entered at this port. Nor can I find in the records of this consulate, covering a period of over thirty-five years, a trace of any others, with the exception of the year 1888, when one steamer of about 1900 gross tons happened in.

"I cannot but believe that such an announcement would astound most of our people when it is considered that Hamburg, a city of over half a million souls, is, after Liverpool and New York, the largest shipping port in the world; that it is by far the most important seaport and distributing center of the Continent; that in its harbor can be seen the flag of every third-rate power in the world that has a seacoast; that so large a part of it has been built with American dollars; that its import and export trade with the United States is larger by much than that with any other country, and that one steamship line alone dispatches on an average over three steamers a week the year round carrying passengers to the United States, while the same number bring them back from there."

England's greatness is mainly due to her supremacy on the sea. She practically does the ocean carrying trade for the world, and America pays untold millions annually as tribute to the shrewdness of John Bull. We can no longer pursue this policy of supineness. There is rising in the Orient a young giant whose slumbers were broken by the guns of Commodore Perry, and who now is about to enter the arena of maritime conquest and contest with all comers for the trade of the Pacific.

That this danger is not remote is evidenced by the action of the Japanese Diet in February last in passing resolutions to open great lines of communication with Australia, Europe and America by generous subsidies to its steamship companies, taking their cue in this respect from nations who have learned the wisdom of the policy. Are we to remain content on land, or will a generous Congress enable us to win back the inheritance which we have lost?

FOR CLEAN JOURNALISM.

THE CALL stands not only for legitimate journalism, but for clean journalism. It has attested its earnestness in the one case by refusing to publish lottery advertisements or fakes of any kind, and it will now give proof of sincerity in the cause of clean journalism by reporting the Durrant case simply as a matter of law proceeding, and not as a morbid sensation, giving all the news, all the evidence and every notable feature of the trial, but carefully abstaining from any tendency to pander to depraved tastes by giving exaggerated prominence to that which is essentially vile, vicious and destructive of the best interests of the home and the community.

It is possible that by pursuing this course we may lose the sale of some papers on the streets, as we have lost some by refusing to tolerate fakes and lotteries. We are prepared to meet such loss without regret. THE CALL goes to the homes of the best people, far and wide, throughout the City and the State, and it is the intention to keep it always worthy of a welcome there. As a newspaper engaged in recording the events of the day, it must, of course, report crimes when they occur, but it will not make vicious sensations of them. It will be always for clean journalism, legitimate journalism and honest journalism, defiling no home into which it goes nor seeking any approval save that of intelligent, pure-minded men and women.

A MARKED CONTRAST.

Although the Farmers' Camp of Instruction, which, under the patronage of the State Grange, is to be opened at Camp Roache, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, today, is as yet an untested experiment, it has already attracted considerable attention in the East, and in several States there is more or less public discussion concerning the advisability of following the California example.

It is curious to note that in some parts of the East and the South fears are expressed that if such assemblies were attempted in those sections they would degenerate into a species of political camp-meetings. The Galveston *News*, for example, after reviewing what THE CALL has said about the prospects for good at Camp Roache, says: "Schools of this kind are badly needed in Texas and in other States; but if a meeting were called to discuss the economics of the farm it is quite probable, judging the future by the past, that the whole shooting match would be captured by wild-eyed political apostles, each intent to convince and scorning to learn, and so turned over to unprofitable and untimely campaign wailing and trancing."

That no such "wailing and trancing" has for a moment ever been thought of in connection with Camp Roache is another evidence of the superior conditions of rural life in California when compared with that in other States. In this golden land the politician does not boss the farmer. He is never permitted to jump a farmers' meeting and run it to suit his notion. Camp Roache will be a genuine school of instruction in agriculture and economics. Those who give the instruction will be acknowledged authorities on the subjects they deal with—men holding high rank as educators and scientists—fully capable of making their lectures in a high degree profitable to every earnest listener and student in the camp.

The contrast in this regard between California and some if not most of her sister States may well be noted among her advantages. It can result only from one of two things. Either our farmers are more intelligent than those of the East, and therefore more capable of distinguishing between a philosophical discussion of economic topics and a political harangue, or else they are more prosperous, and therefore better able to study conditions scientifically instead of complaining of them as grievances. Perhaps both of these causes have combined to produce the contrast so favorable to us. It is one, at any rate, we can regard with satisfaction and a just pride when during the next two weeks we note day by day the proceedings at the camp.

THE SOUTHERN OUTLET.

The efforts which the Southern Heights Improvement Club is making to introduce an adequate water service at the Potrero and otherwise to make that part of the City more important than it is call to mind a long series of very interesting matters. A good many years ago a sharp land scheme worked up a boom for that section, and many thousands of lots were sold to confiding purchasers. Many of these lots have been since sold under the hammer; and while that miserable speculation ruined the progress of the section for nearly two decades, and went to the long account of the evils which booms create, matters are going forward there now at a rate and in a spirit which deeply concern the entire City.

Other causes have operated against the advancement of the Potrero. One was the unattractive name of Butchertown, which is situated therein, and the other was the execrable condition of Kentucky street, the direct route from that section to the downtown part of the main City. Within the last year Kentucky street has been paved with basalt blocks, the wretched horsecar line has been changed to an electric road and extended more than a mile beyond its former terminus, the Sixteenth-street electric road has been constructed, and the whole region has been opened comfortably to all parts of the South Side and the City at large. More than that, China Basin has been leased to the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad, and the Southern Pacific is reported to be ready to construct its long-promised "cut-off," which will divert the main line of the Coast Division from the Ocean View route to the Potrero. An enlargement of school facilities, an extension of the street-lighting system and a more generous police and fire protection are among the more recent acquisitions.

It has been many years since the famous old San Bruno road was practically forgotten for the San Jose road, and yet the San Bruno road, which is the southern outlet for the Potrero, is by long odds the most interesting and picturesque drive on the peninsula. Had Railroad avenue and Kentucky street long ago been made decent highways the San Bruno road would never have lost its popularity. A vast amount of improvement between the southern terminus of the Railroad-avenue electric line and that part of the San Bruno road which begins at the bay shore will have to be done before the influence of the Potrero can be felt toward the south. There exists a noble opportunity for making this old road the handsomest drive that San Mateo and San Francisco counties can foster.

It follows the base of the steep, dun slopes of the San Bruno hills, keeping some fifteen feet above the high water of the bay, and pursuing the shore contour in all its bewildering windings to Baden. At intervals in the trip southward from Railroad avenue an ancient and all but abandoned wayside inn is passed—not such hard, mean and dreary resorts as are found along the newer suburban thoroughfares, but quaint and rambling old houses set in parks of cypress and eucalyptus, all sheltered from wind and sun, and looking restful and inviting. Their glory has been gone these many years, but their charm has only been heightened by time and neglect, and there is many an enterprising wheelman who knows of the quiet and repose which they are still able to extend.

That is the southern outlet of the Potrero. On the north the sappers of progress are building roads and streets, and in the heart of the Potrero itself formidable hill barriers are fading away to meet the demand for room. The wonderful stone dry-dock, perched away on on the extremity of Hunters Point, is as yet approached only by the meanest and poorest of roads, and not the slightest effort has been made to extend this drive southwardly around the point to rejoin Railroad avenue or the San Bruno road.

The heights of the Potrero are exceedingly picturesque, for the hills of San Bruno have a charm and character not possessed by the other hilly regions of the City, and now that the City has at last discovered how valuable a section this is the hammer and saw are giving clamorous evidence of development.

THE NEWSPAPER IN THE FAMILY.

Few men or women would wittingly allow acquaintances of impure mind to invade the sanctity of their homes, to seat themselves by the fireside and converse with them and their children on subjects unfitting in character and degrading in tendency, says the New York Mail and Express, and yet how many of these people who are most careful in their friendships allow publications to enter their homes, the influence of which is vastly more insidious and demoralizing than is that of any individual.

The ordinary objectionable publication can be guarded against, but with the average daily sensational newspaper the good and the bad are so interwoven, so inextricably mixed, that it seems almost impossible to find in these days a paper which can without fear be introduced into households where young girls and boys are a component part of the family life.

The rapidly developing tendency to treat of all matters, no matter what their nature, on a news basis has had, and is having, a serious effect, not perhaps as yet so much on actual morality as on the public sentiment toward it. It takes very little familiarity to accustom the average man or woman, young or old, to a contemplation of vice, and familiarity with it quickly results in a passiveness in viewing it which destroys that feeling of disgust and antagonism toward it which is the safeguard of society.

When a scoffing and sneering influence is brought into the lives of the young the effect is especially disastrous, for it appeals to an unformed and eager imagination, willing to see in such authority a worldly wisdom and knowledge.

Vulgar jokes, personal abuse of political rivals, unpatriotic views of patriotic events, the distortion and criticism of the motives and endeavors of honest men, all combine to make the reader a more undesirable neighbor and citizen and to lower the standard of public morality.

There is only one method of remedying this evil of plain speech on unsavory subjects and disingenuous criticism on current events; it is for the public to discountenance it by ceasing to read or bring into the family the papers which give it circulation. This can be done, and should be done. There are decent papers; papers into the columns of which sensational news and scandalous matters are never admitted. These should be supported.

Generally speaking a newspaper is what the mass of its readers want it to be. The law of supply and demand is almost universal, and yet the right exerts a strong influence. It has a potential power of its own. Editors, as a rule, desire to cater to what is good rather than to what is evil.

The trouble is that it is the wrong kind of influence which is apt to be most in evidence, and it is this which has had much to do in developing the sensational features of modern journalism. This has been so, but a reaction is inevitable, and signs of it are already apparent. Men who are interested in this end of the century's social development can do no greater good than by bringing direct pressure to bear on the editorial sanctums of the great newspapers.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS.

It is a safe speculation that if the Fish Commissioners ever want to confer with a reliable authority on the piscatorial art they will never go to Tom Burns, cashier of the United States Treasury. The only objection is that Mr. Burns has generated some original methods in the matter of fishing and they are not, as a rule, accepted by the better class of legitimate anglers.

To illustrate Tom's peculiarities: One day last week he decked himself out in a complete fisherman's costume—British hat, laced boots, wicker basket and all—and proceeded to leave his house for a few hours' sport in the deep, deep sea. Toward evening he came straggling back to the City with a weary look and met some friends coming out of the Occidental Hotel. "Hello, Tom. What luck?" was the first inquiry.

"Luck?" queried Tom. "Plenty of it. Just come out in the annex of this institution and I'll show you. Stand back there, Doc Hughes, while I hold this big one up in front of your eyes." With that he plunged his hands down to the bottom of his basket and felt around for a moment with an earnest expression on his face.

"Where did you catch them, Tom?"

"Off the point by the old fort above Sausalito," answered Burns, still searching for the "big one." "Oh, here it is. How's that, Doc?" he remarked as he brought a three-pound Lake Tahoe trout into view. "Ain't she a dandy?"

Dan O'Connell, who happened to be present, looked sideways at Jim Flynn and Flynn looked inquiringly at Hughes, who in turn was eying Mr. Burns with a suspicious look on his face. Burns was absolutely indifferent to the silence, for no one said a word. All eyes were riveted on the fish. Presently the man who went down to the sea in a boat broke out:

"No wonder you're knocked speechless. I should think you would also lose your sight. Did you ever see anything to approach that. Here's another." He then proceeded to drag out a two-pounder and followed it with a dozen brook trout. The silence was almost visible to the naked eye, and O'Connell was compelled to approach the nickel-in-the-slot machine for fear he would break out in such tremendous applause that he would be put out of the place.

Presently Mr. Flynn, who has known Burns since childhood, threw off his dazed condition and inquired of Thomas how he caught them.

"Well, I don't like to give up the rudiments of angling to immature sportsmen like you, Jim, but if O'Connell will quit moping over there and acknowledge that he is not the only angler in this county I will tell you how it is done."

Dan straightened his face out, extracted a caviar sandwich from the lunch table and bowed gracefully.

"All right, Dan. Never be jealous of a good angler. It happened this way. I caught the small trout in the surf with a fly, and in the afternoon I floated out a little from land and sneaked these big ones out with a trolling line. Always bait with worms, Dan. By the way, it's a wonder you never got onto that place. Well, I've got to get home. See you to-morrow."

Mr. Burns moved away, and the worthy Daniel O'Connell, poet, playwright, bard and Bohemian, muttered, "Great guns, Tom Burns has a prolific imagination."

JUDGE ROSS' DECISION.

Heretofore it has been almost the invariable rule for United States Judges to conform their decisions to those of States in State matters, but the "new man" is on the bench now. The States can hardly do anything nowadays but what United States Judges may be induced to see some Federal question involved and act accordingly. Judge-made law is the more alarming because it passeth the understanding of men to foresee it. To use a Scriptural simile, it often "comes like a thief in the night." This decision of Judge Ross unsettles investments from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000, investments made under a law that had stood the test of our State Supreme Judges and of as able and careful attorneys as there are in Europe and America. It also casts a blight over many settlements founded on the Wright law. But we understand Noah and his family survived the flood; the United States, the Civil War; the railroads, the Debs rebellion, and the country is likely to survive the second administration of Grover Cleveland, and California may prosper despite the decision of Judge Ross.—Pomona Times.

But Judge Ross' judgment is not infallible, and to the common-sense mind of one not versed in law intricacies there are evidences of weakness in his conclusions. We have only a short time to wait for the ruling of the United States Supreme Court on a similar case, which, of course, applies to the Fallbrook issue, and there seems a reasonable probability that the Wright irrigation act will be sustained.—San Diego Sun.

Judge Ross of the United States District Court has decided that the Wright law is unconstitutional. This is an unfortunate decision for California as it affects the irrigation districts formed under its provisions. If the law is in conflict with mandatory provisions of the constitution, and the Supreme Court affirms this view, then it will affect the bonds.—Marysville Democrat.

If Judge Ross' law is less sound than his loyalty; if the taking and selling of property under the Wright irrigation act be really for a "public use"—then the Supreme Court of the United States can be trusted to so declare. In fact, that tribunal has always given the benefit of every doubt in favor of great public enterprises and improvements.—Sacramento Bee.

In these days of stupendous enterprises, conducted by enormous aggregations of capital, we are gradually drifting away from the ancient moorings of constitutional regard for individual rights, and if we are ever to return to them it will be through the application of some such heroic remedy as that prescribed by Judge Ross.—San Luis Obispo Breeze.

The Ross decision will injuriously affect many, while the State decisions damaged few, but this does not decide the question of right and wrong involved. If the Ross decision is sustained the regret will be that in the enactment of the Wright law the Legislature in trying to do too much defeated itself by doing nothing.—Stockton Independent.

The result is likely to be so serious that it suggests the query whether the law might not be amended so as to secure investors from loss and provide a way by which improvements now in progress can continue. The expense of a special session of the Legislature would seem to be warranted by the existing conditions.—Riverside Press.

Irrigation is the great question in California, but the courts have made small headway in solving the legal status of water. The riparian question has not been solved, and the water used by thousands of people in producing millions of dollars' worth of products is so used by sufferance or by shotgun law.—Colusa Sun.

The irrigation question is so important for California that it cannot be allowed to sleep, and some way of keeping within the constitution and yet building irrigation ditches will have to be discovered, and no doubt will be.—Los Angeles Express.

If Judge Ross is sustained in the position he has taken then it will be necessary for the friends of irrigation to frame a new law. It is not for a moment to be imagined that the desert wastes are to remain unsubdued.—Riverside Enterprise.

The most serious question affecting the irrigation sections locally is how to adjust matters so as to keep up the water service established under the district system, or what to substitute for that form of organization or co-operation.—San Bernardino Times-Index.

The decision, if sustained, paves the way for interminable litigation, for the millions of dollars of indebtedness that exists, and the ownership of the water rights, will all have to be settled by proceedings in equity.—Los Angeles Journal.

If the decision of Judge Ross is good law, then the credit of California ought to and will suffer very materially in the estimation of the capitalists of the world.—Visalia Times.

ON THE SIDE OF REFORM.

With all their faults, newspapers are indispensable, and life would lose half its charms without them. Let it be said to their credit that in time of great popular outcry against abuses their voice is generally on the side of reform.—Justice Brown of the United States Supreme Court before the Yale law graduates.

THE LAST MAN.

A LEGEND OF A LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE.

Undertaking to make my way on foot across a piece of desert in Arizona, I was overtaken by a sandstorm, and there began in good earnest a battle for life. My course was with the wind. I would fall occasionally and sometimes I would think of resting, but the danger of being covered with sand gave me nerve to move on.

Finally I gave up the struggle and was happy in the thought that death would soon end all. But a man bent over me and whispered "Courage." He took me by the hand and led me on, for how long I know not, but we were finally seated in the shelter of one of the old Aztec ruins.

He took from his pocket a small vial and poured a few drops of the liquid on my tongue. I felt a renewed energy surging through my every nerve. I asked him what it was.

"That," he said, "is an elixir made of the fruit of this valley four thousand years ago."

I looked incredulous, and he continued:

"I will tell you a story, for when you leave here you cannot tell whether you have been dreaming, or whether you really met a man responsible for the death of a nation; a man who has been doomed to wander over this region until a people shall come capable of making laws for their own government and preservation. Shall I tell you the story?"

Wondering if I had not been thrown in with a lunatic or whether I was not really in a dream, I nodded assent, and he continued: "This country was inhabited by a people civilized to a high degree. Comparing dates with your chronology, I think the occurrence I am about to state took place about the time Moses was leading the children of Israel out of Egypt. The ownership of the land was absolutely in the individual. I was an ambitious man and sought to be the ruler of my people, but I did not succeed and became morose. The people lived by taking the water out over the land through the canals, the ruins of which you see here. I owned the land at the very mouth of the stream. Reading one day the musty volumes of antiquity, I found that it was a law of the people from whence our ancestors came that any man owning land on a stream had a right to have the water flow on past his land undiminished in quantity. I said that the people should no longer take the water out of the stream to water their lands. I took the musty volume to our court, and the court said I had a right to enforce the demand. By order of the court every irrigating ditch was closed. A drought came to help me on in my punishment of the people. Vines and trees died and crops did not reach the harvest. They passed a law to pay me for the use of the water, but the court said that water for irrigation was not a public use and my right could not thus be condemned; that I had a right to see that water flow past my door unimpaired in quality, undiminished in quantity. Death by starvation began to come. Some people said they would take it by force, but the soldiers, starving themselves for want of food, shot the excited and unreasoning down. The Judges sat upon the bench hollow-eyed and pale.

"They appealed to me, but I knew no remorse until every living creature was dead, and then I heard a voice as from the clouds pronounce my doom. Then I found that I had been crazy, but it was all too late! yes, too late, too late."

"Will your wanderings cease," I asked, "when water may be taken from the stream without the consent of the lowest man down the stream; in other words, when taking water for irrigation shall be declared a public use?"

"Yes, but that I fear me is a long, long way off."

"No," I said, and I said it with some pride, "we of California have such a law and our courts have declared that such taking is a public use. You may soon be at rest. You may order your coffin as soon as you please."

"I had some hope in that decision," he said, "but you will find that my hope was not well founded. In the meantime let me pour another drop or so of this elixir on your tongue; you need rest. * * *

When I awoke I felt refreshed and I thought that it had not been all a dream. I made my way to a small railroad station and took the train. From the newsboy I purchased a copy of THE CALL, and the first thing that attracted my attention was a telegraphic account of the decision of Judge Ross, declaring the Wright act unconstitutional; declaring that water for irrigation was not a public use; that there could be no legal diversion of water. And then the picture of those ancient Judges, "hollow-eyed and pale," still upholding the law, returned to my mental view. I thought of that unhappy wanderer still longing for his coffin.

WILL S. GREEN.

San Francisco, July 26, 1895.

THE JUDGES SAT UPON THE BENCH, HOLLOW-EYED AND PALE.
[*From a sketch made for "The Call."*]

OUT-OF-TOWN PERSONALS.

Santa Cruz, July 25.—Arrivals at Sea Beach Hotel for the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. M. Louis, Miss Jessie Louis, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Warndorff, A. M. Barker, M. S. de Quadros, Mrs. L. D. Brown, Miss L. M. Boynton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hodgkin and family, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, E. N. Snitzer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Schrader, Mr. and Mrs. M. Wolf and family, H. L. Martin, James C. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Livingston, Mrs. Joseph R. Ryland, Mrs. A. G. Ehrenberg and children, A. N. Ramsay, C. S. Wallis, Mrs. G. W. Baylay, A. N. Baylay, E. M. Arthur, Mrs. G. H. Wheaton, Miss Street, W. R. Wheaton, H. T. Lally and family, F. P. Spiers, Mrs. E. Butler, William McNett, A. P. Hayne, E. C. Bedell and son, Miss H. F. Willey, Miss N. T. Bennett, George H. Pippy, D. W. Kirkland, L. N. Baker, Mrs. Hague, Miss Lillian Hague, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hart, Mrs. H. C. Symonds and son, Mrs. H. J. Slocum, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Vander Veer, Mrs. N. P. Chipman, Miss Alice Chipman, Mrs. James Finnoll, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Bowden, J. S. Janes, Ernest Lion, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Church, E. W. Williams, John N. Featherston, A. S. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Weber, Mrs. F. W. Moore, A. M. Sharp, Charles Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fuller, Mrs. George Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith, Joseph Bernard, E. H. Garrett, Alice Garrett, Henry Garrett, Mrs. H. Brown, Master Hubert Brown, Eva Roff, C. H. Gordan, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hill and family, Miss Grace Taylor, Miss A. Taylor, G. W. Kramer, Mrs. C. Dunn, Miss Dunn, J. L. Posadas, M. W. Posadas, Mrs. Charles A. Hibbard, Mrs. J. L. Daniels, W. A. Buckhart, Mr. and Mrs. James Bithel, Mr. and Mrs. C. Muller, Gus Lion, C. A. Hibbard, J. L. Daniels, Mrs. O. M. Ladd and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dorsey, Mrs. P. Davis, Miss Rose Davis, J. H. Garrett, P. J. Donohue, W. P. Thompson, Nathaniel Symonds, Mrs. Teresa Crosson, Miss Mary Crosson, Miss Charity Crosson, G. G. Kimball, Henry W. Gardes, W. L. Helke, Mrs. D. Rothenbush, Miss Louise Rothenbush, J. L. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Coope and daughter, Samuel Bibo, William N. Kitchenn, Miss Trimble, R. S. Hunkins, A. P. Frazer, J. C. Frazer, Mrs. J. Campbell Harris, S. Powers Harris, H. F. Harris, Edmund Bliss, Mrs. Louis Lieb, Miss Morse, Miss K. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. McD. R. Venable, Joseph Steele, Mrs. A. Heiderheimer, Miss C. Rosenblatt, E. S. Rosenblatt, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Moore, H. F. Gould, Miss Anna Wainright, Miss Carrie Gould, Miss Leekly, Miss Davison, Miss May Lowell.

Monterey, July 25.—The following are the San Franciscans registered here during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Henecken, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Stevens, Lieutenant Treat and family, R. B. Hoyne, J. Glover Smith, A. D. Cutler, Dr. G. F. Winslow and family, H. E. Huntington, William F. Herrne, E. S. Pillsbury, E. S. Pillsbury Jr., F. R. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, Mrs. Bliss, W. F. Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. Witcher, A. M. Ramsey, G. H. Benton, Misses M. and L. Burton, M. Carilla, C. Johnson, John Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitelaw, E. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. C. Rosenblatt, E. S. Rosenblatt, H. C. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bruse, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Miss L. Mendell, J. A. Mendell, Clarence Mendell, Marion P. Maus, W. H. Taylor Jr., H. G. Howell, H. M. Stetson, A. J. Dibblee, L. E. Van Winkle, H. R. Teyis, James H. Burling, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Beveridge, Mrs. H. Judas, Miss Herschman, Mrs. S. H. Leary, Miss L. Leary, Mrs. S. F. Sandford, R. L. Fleirthal, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Alyce Gates, Gertrude Gates, Horace Hill, Miss C. Meyer, Miss Meyer, Mrs. C. L. Ackerman, Master Ackerman, P. C. Meyer.

Vichy Springs, July 25.—Among the late arrivals here from San Francisco are: W. S. Fitch, E. Berge, Seth Mann, L. S. Vassault, F. T. Vassault, E. Knowlton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Capelle, General and Mrs. John A. Dickinson, Major and Mrs. D. O. Miles, J. Simpson and family, H. L. Van Wyck and family, Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells, Joseph Clark, Mrs. B. W. Day, Miss Mollie Day, J. J. B. Argenti, H. C. Owens, Charles Albert Adams, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Colter, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hosmer and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. M. Lange, Miss M. Lange, Miss Myra Jeffers, Mrs. M. A. Becker, Miss Etta Bennes, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Mrs. C. F. Doyle, Thomas W. Doyle, George Goodman, Miss Kate Meanasses, Consul-General Adolph Rosenthal and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Shattuck, Miss Blanch Morse, Mrs. T. G. Gruenhagen, Miss Clara Lauterwasser, Miss Dennis, Miss Henderson, Miss Hongsberger, Miss Castlehun, George Jones, Mrs. A. W. Moulten, Mrs. A. A. Martin, Mrs. Alex Warner, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Alysse Warner, Mrs. L. Goodfriend and children, Dr. L. Pawlicki, Captain Bidlawski, Mrs. J. G. Grannis, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bergham, Mrs. W. J. Lowry, Miss Lowry, Miss Isabell Lowry, F. Washington, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. William Broderick, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Sparrowe, M. Skelly, Miss Sadie Skelly, Alameda; Harry R. Allen, Miss Margaret Wales, Mrs. R. E. Colby, Miss B. E. Colby, Alex B. Watson, C. A. Bond and family, San Rafael; Andrew Markam and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Davis, Miss Ethel Davis, Santa Rosa; J. George Gardiner, Oakland; Volney V. Ashford, Honolulu; Charles Huk, Eureka.

Howard Springs, Lake County, July 25.—The latest arrivals here are: Mr. and Mrs. D. Knabbe, Mr. and Mrs. John Lutzen, Miss A. Lutzen, Mrs. D. Megowan, Miss M. Megowan, Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. John Niehlson, D. Dunker, Charles Jonas, Miss L. Mahoney, M. Sol Heyman, H. A. Wuhrman, J. Seedorf, Martin Hencken, Nicholas Fick, August Brune, Miss A. Brune, A. J. Barkley, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Martin, Miss M. Kennedy, William Kennedy, H. F. Suhr, James Taylor, William Foster, Mr. and Mrs. James Badger, E P. Gill, Mr. Stalker, Miss Gorman, Mrs. L. E. de Urunuela, Miss Lucy de Urunuela, N. R. de Urunuela, A. C. de Urunuela, P. de Urunuela, Ben de Urunuela, Mrs. H. K. Zeimer, Hon. J. V. Coffey, J. Coffey, Father Scanlan, Father Lagan, Robert Sanderson, P. T. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. B. Carson, Ben Erickson.

Skaggs Hot Springs, July 24.—Among the late arrivals here are: W. F. Connolly, George Murison, J. W. Carmany, L. F. Olsen, E. C. Ballard, Miss Sadie Skelly, M. Skelly, S. H. Parker, Ralph Givin, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy, J. J. Crowe, G. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Oakley, A. Hutchison, H. Romig, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dehay, V. Aravin, T. J. Dehay, F. Vadon, Miss E. Dehay, T. Dehay, P. Dehay, J. P. Thomas, A. L. Fisher, J. C. Nealon, J. Nealon, J. C. Cunningham, Charles H. Meyer, C. A. Meyer, J. H. Meyer, H. H. Pabst, Mrs. H. Schmidt and son, Mrs. C. Peltier, W. B. Cluff, Mrs. A. McLaughlin, Miss Jennie McLaughlin, Dr. C. W. Weaver, Miss A. Baker, William Leist, Miss K. Porterfield, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Miss M. Phelps.

Gilroy Springs, Santa Clara County, July 25. Following are the latest arrivals at the springs: J. B. Lanigan, E. S. Gilbert, Nat Demartini, Miss Nannie McNally, Mr. and Mrs. Ed M. Graney, John C. Coyle Humphrey, O. J. Phillips, Mrs. H. C. Tobin, Mrs. Henry Mayock, Miss Ama Mayock, Dan Miller, V. Milasich, A. E. Weith, Adam Miller, E. A. Hermann, H. Atkinson, Pierre Carrere, J. Henry Dibbern, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rainey, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Sullivan, L. G. Dolliver, John Rainsburg, Mrs. Snell, S. S. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Thompson, James H. Doran, Mrs. Breeze, Mrs. Charles Augustus and family, T. B. Nell.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., July 25.—The late arrivals at the Hotel del Mar are: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lauxen, Miss Lita Lauxen, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gall, Master J. Gall, M. A. Ryan, Stockton; Miss Carrie Buckley, Napa; Mrs. J. P. Montague, Miss Montague, Miss Josephine McGregor, M. Silverberg, Oakland; Miss Mary Connelly, E. Hayns, Philip Bannon, L. F. Bannon, W. H. Looker, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Creighton, Master Walter Creighton, Mrs. A. J. Martin and son, Miss Virginia Martin, Miss Irene Pendergast, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mahoney, Master Fred Mahoney, San Francisco.

Madrone Mineral Springs, July 25.—Among the late arrivals here are: J. Bender and son, Miss M. Bender, Miss E. Bender, Ohio; E. Bender, Morgan Hill; A. J. Stalded, J. S. Turner, E. H. Bennison, San Jose; George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Ciprico, Mrs. G. Dorn, F. H. Hyde, S. K. Snyder, San Francisco; L. J. Pinard, Madrone; Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Abbott, Miss Dorthy Abbott, Miss Phyllis Abbott, Mrs. Jessie K. Jordan, Stanford University; Miss E. Dyer, Oakland.

Hopland, Mendocino County, July 24.—Among the late arrivals at Duncan Springs are: Albert Getz, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Mosebach, Mrs. Ellis, James M. Kelley, James F. Brown, John Sroufe, San Francisco; C. Temple, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Brown, Mrs. A. J. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dresser, Elmira; Mrs. Greene and son, Cloverdale; Mrs. L. W. Burris and Master Earl Burris, W. J. Eardley, Santa Rosa.

NEW YORK, N. Y., July 26.—Californians registered at hotels to-day were: San Francisco—J. McR