

WEDDING AT GRACE.

Brilliant Nuptials of Miss Breeze and Lieutenant Benson.

MISS HOOPER'S DEBUT DINNER.

Fred A. Greenwood Gives a Pleasant Dinner Party at the Bohemian Club.

The present season is filled to overflowing with weddings of social interest...

At high noon yesterday Grace Episcopal Church, corner of Stockton and California streets...

The bride walked up the aisle on the arm of her brother, looking the very picture of loveliness...

It was very nearly fifteen minutes past 12 o'clock when the ushers received the bridesmaids at the head of the stairs...

The bright costumes of the ladies made the scene in the church a very beautiful one...

Soon after the breakfast Lieutenant and Mrs. Benson left the house amid a shower of rice...

Hillyer, Miss Emilie Henselwood, Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooper, Miss Hooper, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Maud Howard...

latest and prettiest selections. Mr. Greenwood's guests were: Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Ethel Tompkins...



MISS ROSE HOOPER. [From a photograph.]

Sheldon, W. R. Sherwood, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Miss Cora Smedberg, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith...

One of the prettiest dinners of the early season was that given by Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper...

Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. George H. Lent...

WEAR ordinary underwear, keep your cold; wear Jaro's hygienic underwear and lose it; health and money saver. Morgan Bros., 229 Monty.

Fell Into Boiling Water. Thomas McDonough has brought suit against the San Francisco Brewery (limited) to recover \$50,000 for injuries received in the Philadelphia Brewery...

ALL doctors don't prescribe the same medicine; all good doctors recommend Jaro's hygienic underwear. Morgan Bros., 229 Monty.

Rifled His Pockets. Little Allen, alias Cook, and Mabel Wood, alias Keating, were arrested yesterday after...

JORDAN FOR PRESIDENT.

The Distinguished Doctor Will Direct the Academy of Sciences.

RESULT OF CROCKER'S DEFEAT.

Complexion of the Regular Ticket Greatly Disturbed—Dr. Harkness to Step Down.

The California Academy of Sciences is on the eve of a very important change in its management and control...

The one really interesting feature of the campaign this year is that the academy is prepared to break away from the traditions of years by electing a new man for president...

Professor David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Jr. University, with such a man at the head of the academy members solicitous of its welfare are without exception free to admit that a new era is at hand in the field of scientific research...

Dr. Harkness who Mrs. Ryan is and would like to know where to find her. Mrs. Ryan Wanted. Chief Crowley received the following dispatch from M. McHugh, Vancouver, B. C., yesterday afternoon...

Professor Davidson, who was at the head of the independent ticket last year, has stated positively that he would not accept a nomination on the council...

Within the last year the academy has shown signs of renewed energy, and gathered together specialists from Stanford and the University of California...

Something happened very quietly in the academy three months ago which, some members say, has undone all this, however. In fact, what came to pass on this particular occasion has caused a rumpus between the men of science and those of business in the management...

As matters stood the trustees and council selected a nominating committee, that in turn reciprocated by training the board in their office, and so it happened that for five years past the management, headed by Dr. Harkness, has remained practically unchanged...

It has been stated more than once that the Stanford influence has made it impossible for the trustees to do an affair possible, and that Colonel Crocker stood by Dr. Harkness all along...

The nominations will be made within a week or ten days, and meanwhile a considerable quiet campaign will be done on the "regular" side, with a view of reaching the desired end.

PRINT office stationery on "Bank Stock" paper and save your eyes. Myself-Rollins Co., 22 Clay.

HAD NOT TAKEN POISON.

No Trace Found in the Contents of Katie Dekardie's Stomach. No proof has been found in the contents of the stomach of Katie Dekardie, alias Charles, that she died of poison...

NEW TO-DAY.

Comfortable Feet. Cost nothing extra. Goodyear Welts make comfortable feet. They are leather shoes, not rubber—better than hand-sewed shoes, but cost less. All dealers sell them.

GOODYEAR SHOE MACH'Y CO., BOSTON

was considerable strychnine, however, in the wine that had been left in the bottle. According to an autopsy performed by Dr. Barrett, the woman's death was caused by an aneurism of the great artery of the heart.

CANNOT SELL THE LOT.

The Owners of the Doe Property on Market Street Refuse an Offer of \$600,000. Judge Coffey has refused to grant an order of sale for the Doe property on Market street.

The property belongs to the estate of John S. Doe and to Bartlett Doe his surviving brother, who, with another brother, Charles Doe, is executor of John Doe's estate. The property in question adjoins the Murphy property on Jones and Market streets and runs through to Golden Gate avenue from Market street.

It was this offer from Mr. Spreckels which the executors and Bartlett Doe were so anxiously desired to accept. It was much more than the property was worth and they wished to take advantage of the offer. Mr. Spreckels owns the property on the east, and through his attorneys stated such fact to be his reason for offering so much more than the appraised value. The heirs of John S. Doe were the objectors, and upon a showing that the executors had no investment in mind in which to put the \$200,000 for Mr. Spreckels offered to pay in cash—the court refused to grant the order. Bartlett Doe, who owns a half interest in the property, was most anxious to sell. He has lost the difference between \$200,000 and \$600,000, the value and the offer for his half.

The whole family kept well with Jaro's Hygienic underwear. Morgan Bros., 229 Monty.

May Now Send Meat Cattle Here. Notice from the Treasury Department has been received by the local customs authorities of the suspension of the President's prohibition of most cattle importations from Norway and Sweden, Holland, Great Britain and Ireland, the Channel Islands and the countries of North, Central and South America, including Mexico. The Secretary of Agriculture some time ago made a favorable report respecting these countries.

Chief Crowley received the following dispatch from M. McHugh, Vancouver, B. C., yesterday afternoon: "Please find Mrs. Ryan and child. Mother dying at Vancouver—American Hotel. Send quick as possible." The child was a girl who Mrs. Ryan is and would like to know where to find her.

THE STEER WAS "NEXT."

An Intimation of Awful Things That Happened at the Potrero.

A "BEEF" IN A BARBER-SHOP.

Seventeen Cyclones That Struck a Peaceful Tonsorial Scene in Kentucky Street.

The Potrero got up another entertainment with plenty of ginger in it, night before last. The show didn't last but ninety-seven seconds, but yesterday it was entertaining the Potrero about as keenly as though it was going on yet.

The scene was the nearest little gem of a barber-shop on the other side of the draw-bridges, and the leading part was taken by a big, wild-eyed and snorting steer, who thought he would see if he wasn't "next."

Of course, steers and vaqueros are everyday features of the Potrero streets, and it is nothing new for cattle to dash along with tails up in those peculiarly rigid graceful gestures that a steer's tail may make, and it is nothing new for people to dodge out of the way—that is one of the conditions of good health out there—but never until Tuesday evening had a red steer been known to interfere with tonsorial purposes on Kentucky street.

The steer was one of a drove that Moffitt & Levy expected to clear 3 1/2 cents a pound on, and the steers were being steered from some place or other to Butchertown by four cowboys, who were doing the necessary amount of dashing and sweating. This was 7:30 p. m. sharp, and in the little barber-shop at 1532 Kentucky street W. M. Ovellar, the proprietor, was giving a peaceful ten-cent shave to Sam Quinn, who has a job as motorman on the electric road.

It was a one-chair shop that Ovellar took great pride in fixing up. His nice gilt mirror was a bargain from a Mission-street auctioneer, his bay rum bottle had a red ribbon on it, his dainty powder box was all over with blue and green and gold, and on the walls were the baby that loves the soap, the two little tots with their toy balloons and a lot of the other high-art advertisements.

"Does it work all right?" inquired the barber, tenderly, as he turned Quinn's fine head where it lay and put on another little dab of lather, without paying any attention to the sudden hullabaloo outside that merely meant "steers!" Nobody cared if a big steer had made a dash for liberty and if cowboy Bill Harney was swearing like a cowboy as he rode hard to head off the beast.

The steer had been headed right by the barber-shop, and he was madder than the vaquero. Whatever may have been the ideas and motives of the long-horned, panting, dusty, raging animal, he shot through that barber-shop door like seventeen cyclones. The shop was hardly big enough for a stall, and what happened is indescribable. Quinn couldn't start to get up until chair and all were knocked galleys west in a heap, from which the lathered Quinn jerked himself and shot into the street. Ovellar jumped to the wall in terror, cut his hair and fell on his hands and feet. The steer struck the wall in front of him in a second, reared up on his hind legs and half fell around the other way in the crowded space, wrecking the furniture in general smash-up.

The steer caught a glance at himself in the mirror close to his head, and the mirror and all the pretty things about it were shattered and wrecked. The door closed itself, and the terrified animal thrashed around for a full minute in fright and rage trying to get out or get even, and then somebody in the crowd that left the Pedro game in the saloon next door and rushed out had the presence of mind to throw open the door and dodge. Then the steer shot out and the vaquero rushed him in his proper way to the shambles.

The crowd grew and laughed in an agony of merriment at the funniest thing the Potrero had seen for many a day, and they even laughed fit to kill themselves at the pale and rueful barber who quickly sized up the details of the wreck inside. "That's the closest shave you ever got," said Harry Breen to Quinn, who stood up later while the barber took off the worst from the cheek that wasn't shaved. Quinn felt so good at his really narrow escape that he paid full price for his shave.

Every leading breeder and turfman will be at Ingleside to-day.

Death of "Professor" Simons.

Emuel Simons, known in certain circles as "Professor" Simons, aged 42 years, died suddenly of lung troubles at 628 Broadway, yesterday. He was at one time a pugilist and also had a reputation as a magician. He served in the Civil War and was a member of the Order of Chosen Friends. Two weeks ago he attempted suicide by jumping into the bay from Meigs wharf, but was rescued and taken to the Receiving Hospital. It is thought that a cold resulted from his immersion and developed into pneumonia.

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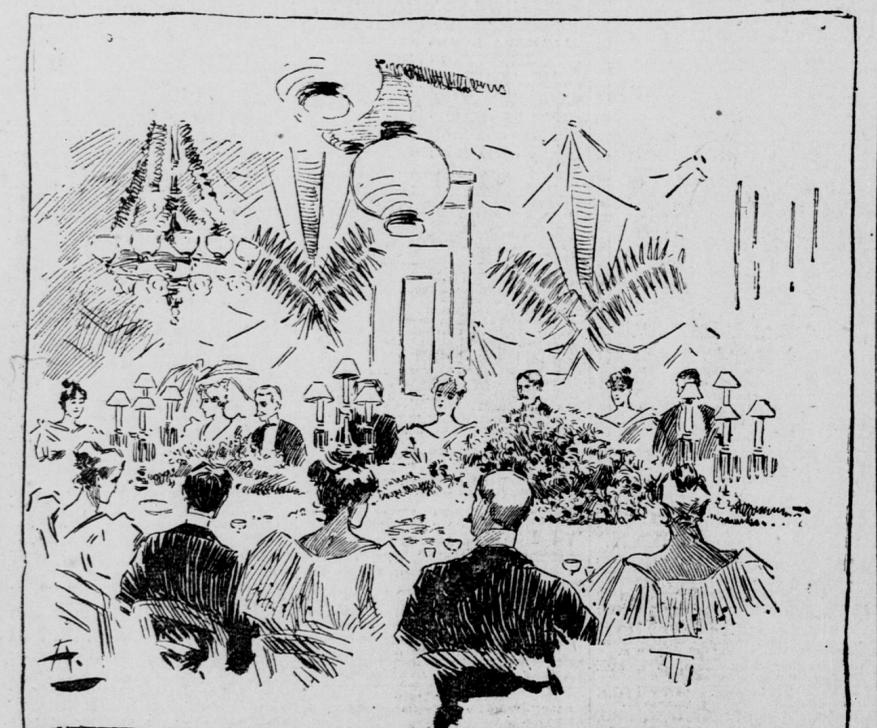
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SCENE AT THE HOOPER LUNCHEON AT THE OCCIDENTAL. [Sketched by a "Call" artist.]

ton, Major A. E. Bates, Mrs. Laura Bates, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. F. Bell, Miss Ella Bender, Lieutenant C. F. Bent, Mr. and Mrs. James N. Brown, Lieutenant and Mrs. A. C. Blunt, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Samuel H. Boardman, Chauncey Boardman, I. D. Boardman, Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Miss Breeze, Thomas H. Breeze, W. F. Breeze, Miss Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Miss Mamie Burling, Lieutenant and Mrs. Burrage, Mr. and Mrs. James Carroll, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, W. F. Carrigan, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Daisy Casserly, Misses Castle, Miss Nellie Chabot, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss A. A. Clark, Miss Grace Clark, Miss Kate Clement, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, Miss Sophie Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. C. B. Crockett, Mr. W. B. Collier, the Misses Sarah and Quilla Collier, Miss Edith Connor, F. H. Con, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Judge and Mrs. John Curry, Miss Frances Curry, Mrs. Robert Curry, John Deane, Miss Dean, Milton S. Davis, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Eyre, R. M. Eyre, Ernest Folger, Mrs. Alex Forbes, Miss Kate Forbes, General James W. Forsyth, Robert D. Fry, Miss E. B. Garber, Miss Glascock, General and William M. Graham, Misses Graham, Misses Harlow, Misses Adam, Grant, Joseph D. Grant, E. M. Greenwood, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Anna Head, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Miss Nellie

terns, the whole making a most beautiful picture. The guests sat down at table at about 7:30 o'clock, after which a jolly dance was enjoyed for about two hours, to the strains of Huber's orchestra. Quite a number from Mr. Greenwood's dinner came in and joined in the dances. Miss Hooper's guests were: Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Bernice Down, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Helen Woodworth, Miss Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Maud Moody, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Mary Stubbs, Miss Harriet Allen, Miss Ema Graves, Miss Gertrude Bates, Miss Alice Masten, Miss Gertrude Forrest, Miss Eloise Davis, Messrs. Walter Dean, E. M. Greenwood, George B. de Long, Addison Mizner, J. H. Hara, Cosart, the Hon. Macondray, Sydney Pringle, Frank B. Findley, Latham McMullin, McKee Duperr, Louis Masten, F. W. Tompkins, David M. Burnett, Sileny Van Wyck, George D. Bates, Fred Healy, Leonard Cheney, A. F. Williams, Lawrence Van Winkle and Ralph Carr.

Another pretty and beautifully served dinner was that given by Fred A. Greenwood in the red room of the Bohemian Club. The table was most beautifully arranged in the center of which was the electric fountain surrounded by a bank of red and red roses. During the service of the dinner Huber's orchestra played the noon by Sergeant John Martin and Detective Graham and booked at the City Prison on the charge of grand larceny. About 1 o'clock Monday morning they met a man on Montgomery street in front of the Occidental Hotel and took a purse containing \$340 out of his pocket. The man complained to the policeman on duty, and the police are now searching for him. The police ascertained last night that the man's name was G. R. Oil, a visitor from New York.

Jaro's hygienic underwear is made for intelligent people; others prefer cheap stuff and constant ailments, sense saves dollars. Morgan's, 229 Monty.

A New Mining Company. The California and Sonora Gold Mining Company has filed articles of incorporation, with an authorized capital of \$100,000, of which \$51,000 has actually been subscribed by the following directors: John C. Jens, \$15,000; A. Reed, \$15,000; Theo. Frolich, \$15,000; H. J. Cortsen, \$10,000; and T. P. Meligan \$5,000. The object of the company is to work concessions of rich gravel deposits in the State of Sonora, Mexico. The directors are conservative business men, and Mr. Jens and Mr. Reed have been mining experts in Europe as well as in America. They expect to develop a valuable mine.

HOW ABOUT HOME. Industry? Do you think of that when you go to buy shirts? Do you think of the 600 Men and Women who earn their living making STANDARD SHIRTS? Look for that Trade-Mark. All Dealers sell Standard.

THE STYLE OF THE SEASON. Boucle Cloth JACKETS. Best in the City. FROM \$7.50. ARMAND GAILLEAU, 46-48 Geary Street, Corner Grant Avenue.

DAISY CANDLE LANTERN. An Old Light Made New. By the use of a candlestick and a common lamp chimney. A safe candle, large size, big assortment of colors, will withstand a hurricane. Candles not blown out with hot air fan. Sample by mail, 25 cents. For sale by all merchants and grocers. Without imitations. KENNEDY'S AGENCY, Oakland, Cal. STORR'S ASTHMA REMEDY. CURES ASTHMA. Stops the severest paroxysms in ONE MINUTE. 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. All druggists, or, any size will be mailed on receipt of price. KIBLER'S PHARMACY, S.W. Cor. Larkin and Turk Sts., S. F.