

g. ca. into his best form. On the other hand, I would advise you to train in mind and body. A man slightly undertrained will beat a slightly overtrained man who may be a shade the faster of the two. Nearly all novices enter their first contest overtrained. Fifteen minutes of earnest, snappy work on the path is better than half a day of alternate lounging and listless application.

In middle and long distance races great punishment must often be endured, and the contestant who never punishes himself in practice will rarely find that he has the heart for a punishing race on the path. Advise him to train at least once a week at top speed against the watch when training for distance events.

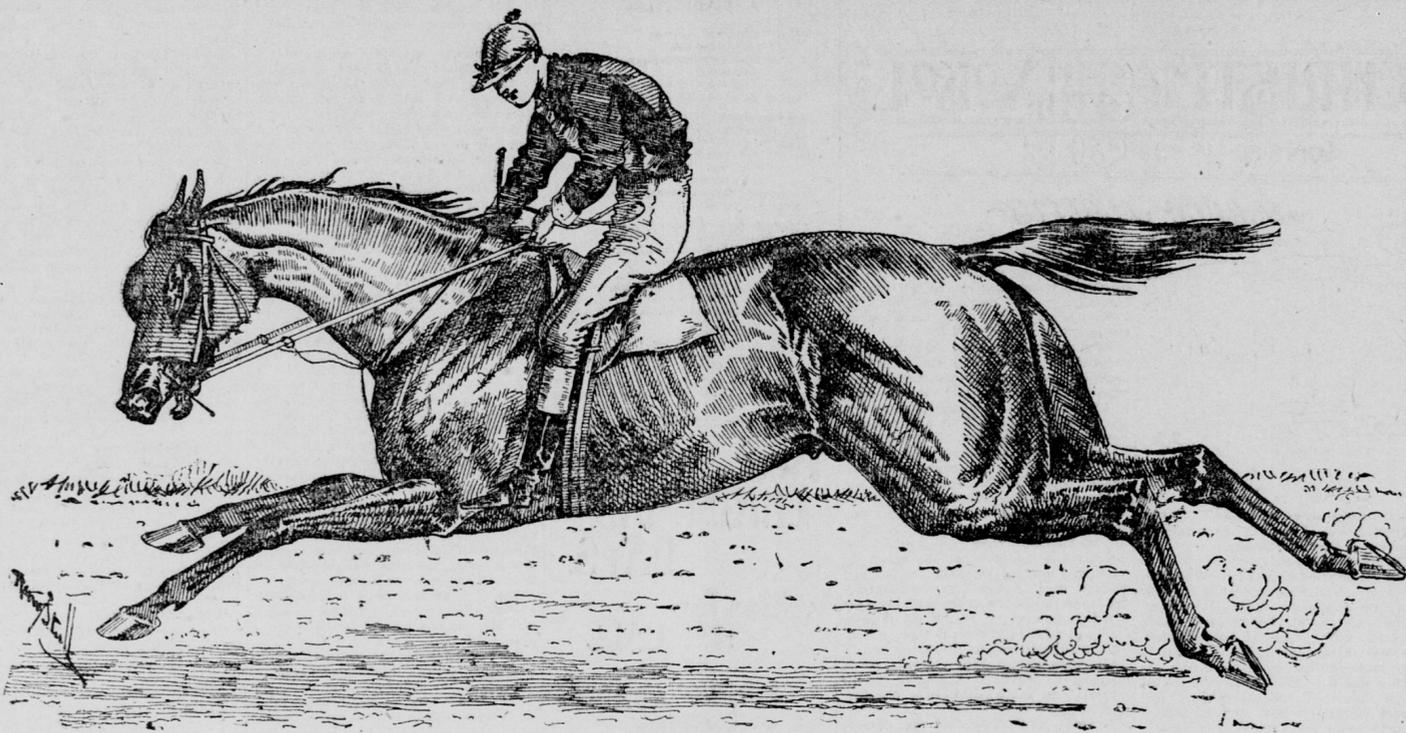
A frequent falling with novices is to dwell upon the details of a coming contest until they worry themselves sick in mind and body. Keep your mind off the actual contest as much as possible.

I would advise the aspiring athlete to select the event for which he has the most talent and stick to it. It is seldom that an all-round athlete will reach championship form in any event. One can train at the same time for the 100 and 220 yards, or for the 220 and 440 yards, or for the 440 and 880 yards, but an endeavor to cover a wider range of distances is fatal to excellence in any of them.

In conclusion I would say, Let your athletic reputation grow naturally. Don't try to force it by expounding your prowess. If you follow this rule it will save you many difficult and complex explanations when you are beaten.

WALTER SCOTT, DODGING A BICYCLE.

I wish the people who write those marvellous directions about what to do in emergencies would print at the top of the column in the very largest type, "Don't try to dodge a bicycle." I am sure it would materially decrease the number of bicycle accidents. A marked copy ought to go to a woman I saw in the street the other day. She was crossing the street when of a sudden she saw a bicycle bearing down on her. She gave a scream and stepped back, another scream and sprang forward. Then, with a series of screams, she wobbled back and forth, the man on the wheel all the time trying to avoid her. Just when



THE CALIFORNIA CRACK, REY EL SANTA ANITA.

Drawn for "The Call" by Henry Sta. J.

her destruction seemed unavoidable the man sacrificed himself and fell across the curbstone. He didn't say anything. There are some silences that are expressive.

Of course, all thinking people recognize that the only sensible thing to do when you see a bicycle headed for you is to stand stock still and give the rider a chance to turn out. There are those among us, however, who have better schemes than this. I have one man friend who has. He always carries a cane and he has always averred that if ever a bicycle attacked him he would thrust the cane between the spokes and smash the machine. I met him a few days ago. He was wearing a woolen cap and a strip of court-plaster on his chin. I hadn't got any further than "How—" when he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a silver cane-head and three inches of stick. But he was a man all through to the last, for what he said was:

SOUTH AMERICAN RACERS.

When the great race gelding Prince Wilkes, 2:14, by Red Wilkes, was sold to South American purchasers some seven or eight years ago for about \$20,000, the attention of our southern neighbors furnishing a good market; but after news had been received of several defeats sustained by the stout chestnut gelding in his new home, and his final death by drowning during an inundation which included his stable, interest flagged, and no attention whatever has been given to what should undoubtedly prove as rich if not richer a market than the American. At Buenos Ayres there is one of the finest racetracks in the world, and the club is composed of the wealthiest gentlemen in the city. The grand stand will easily seat 10,000 people, and every detail is most carefully regarded. Running races are similar to the American, but trotting is confined to two and three mile dashes, with a distance instead of a class handicap. Prince Wilkes was given a 200-yard handicap in his first start.

"Jones complains that the world is unsympathetic." "Yes, poor fellow! Even his horse ran away from him yesterday and wouldn't listen to his whoss at all."—New York Tribune.

"Belle, how do you keep Bob at home nights?" "I had a folding-bed made that looks just like a sideboard."

THEY ALL WRITE TO SUTRO.

What It Costs to Be Philanthropic.

The Odd Correspondents of San Francisco's Mayor.

Girls That Want Pianos and Men and Women With Many Hobbies.

Written for THE CALL.

If Mayor Sutro had \$1,000,000 to spend in Christmas presents for men and women unknown to him still a great many people in all parts of the world who have applied to him, for reasonable offerings would be disappointed. A million dollars would not be enough to go around. It would fall short by far of satisfying the scores of begging letters that come to the Mayor of San Francisco with each mail delivery the year around. But about a fortnight before Christmas this year the letters increased to an enormous extent, so greatly, in fact, that to answer every one would require the Mayor to spend a very neat sum in clerk hire alone, and would eat a big hole into the City Hall stationery allowance.

The fame of Mayor Sutro's benevolence and philanthropy has spread throughout the world, for his correspondents are located in almost every corner of the earth. Letters come from England, Germany, France, Russia—all Europe, in truth, and from South America, Canada, the eastern parts of Asia, and often from China, Japan and India.

When the Mayor first assumed office he undertook the task of answering most of these begging letters himself and spent some hours each day considering the applications and dictating his replies. But the labor soon became so great that he was forced to turn over the work to Miss Edna Gibson, the bright little woman who makes funny crooked marks on paper that no one can read but herself, and his clerk, Taylor Rogers.

In accordance with the Mayor's instructions they read each letter, hand him a very brief synopsis of epistles that are sometimes very long and write answers as he directs. The volume of correspondence has increased so much of late, however, that it has overtaxed the employees of the office and it has become imperative that no begging letters from outside the State shall be answered.

Aside from the astonishing number of letters received the most astonishing thing about the matter is, perhaps, the immense variety of gifts desired. Some women do not hesitate to ask Mr. Sutro to buy them bicycles or pianos, sealskin saques or comfortable homes. Others want their taxes or mortgages paid and still others ask for money without giving any particular reason except that they desire to partake of his bounty. The number of those who wish funds to aid in gaining educations is very great and all seem to feel that the Mayor will look with favor upon their applications. While most of the letters are evidently from illiterate persons many of them bear the imprint of having been written by people who have been driven by want or misfortune to ask aid from the head of a distant municipality.

In addition to those who ask pure charity thousands write to request the Mayor to buy their goods or merchandise. They offer to sell anything in the animal kingdom from an eagle or a bull pup to a bull buffalo. This probably arises from the accounts that have been published of the small menagerie which the Mayor formerly maintained at Sutro Heights.

Others have inventions, patents or real estate to dispose of and beg the Mayor to invest and not only aid them, but to increase his own wealth as well.

Perhaps the following article, published originally in a New York paper and copied widely throughout the country, has had much to do with the number of begging letters received, for scores of epistles have contained copies clipped from various papers:

honest effort constantly applied is able to enjoy the rational pleasures of life. The man who is engaged in congenial labor is the happiest of all.

"The power to concentrate wealth is a menace to the country. It is the root of a corruption that is sapping the foundations of our Government. Millions, syndicates and corporations are impoverishing the people and ruining the Nation. They call me a radical—a socialist. Perhaps I am, but I am not a fool, and I refuse to believe the sophistry of corporation advocates contrary to the plain facts of my personal observations. Our political system is all wrong, and our social system is even worse. The founders of this republic gave us the best constitution ever devised, but we have drifted far away from the principles enunciated by Jefferson, Hancock and the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

"Corporations and the money power own this country to-day, and the people are steadily being reduced to a condition of abject slavery. If I had my way I would compel every man of wealth and every corporation to contribute to a fund for the employment of the workingmen. I would tax them not only in proportion to their wealth, but in a sufficient amount to provide labor for every man willing to work. We are all worse or less dependent upon one another, and we are bound in common humanity to assist one another. If we refuse, we should be compelled to do so. I am in favor of a public fund to provide work for laboring men, and I am in favor of taxing the rich to provide the fund."

"One of the latest letters received is from an aged Baptist minister who, broken down with the toll and privations of years, asks, in a pathetic letter, a Christmas present to cheer his last days. It is as follows:

COFFEYVILLE, KANS., Dec. 5, 1895.
Hon. Mr. Sutro—DEAR SIR: I see in the paper that you are quite a rich man and very benevolent.

your intention to leave all your wealth to your children. If you should bestow any of your wealth to any one outside your children and a person that it would make happy it would be me. I am a poor man, good worker, honest and a good fellow. I would appreciate anything that was given me to help me start in this world. I do not care to be rich, but I would like to have plenty. My grandfather was broke up in speculation, also my wife's people, and have got no means to help on either side. I am highly respected among my fellow-men as being an upright man. Will you please pay me as long as I can. I would like to hear from you. Yours respectfully,
LEONARD SWITZER, Hindsboro, Ill.

An impoverished physician, who labors among the "crackers" of Missouri, scorns to beg from the Mayor but asks him to buy a mortgaged farm that something may be saved from the wreck. His letter was also the result of newspaper reading:

OFFICE OF GEORGE M. ROSS, M.D., EDWARDS, BENTON COUNTY, Mo., December 2, 1895.
Hon. Mr. Sutro—RESPECTED SIR: The philanthropic sentiment contained in the enclosed clipping, which I cut from the St. Louis Republic, has inspired me with the hope that probably you would listen to me and, if favorably impressed, would assist me and at the same time if it help yourself you will at least not be damaged in the least. I wish to sell you a piece of land. You may think there is some trickery or fraud about this, but let me explain.

I am practicing medicine among a very poor class of people—doing what good I can among and for them. A good many of them are unable to pay me, some only a very little, and only a few can pay fully and promptly. I have a family to support, and so when I myself was stricken down with a long and lingering illness it was not long until the small amount we had on hand was used up. So, as our expenses continued we were compelled to go into debt, and to pay the debts I was compelled to mortgage my place, a farm of 160 acres.

I have paid the interest on the mortgage for several times, but besides making a living for my family and paying the interest, I have not been able to pay off the mortgage. So I concluded to get me a small house in the little town near my place and dispose of the farm, for I am not able to work it at all. Something I am compelled to do, and this seems to me the best.

Now there will be a year's interest due on

the mortgage on January 1, 1896, and I would like to be able to sell the land and pay it all off before that time. To be sure, I could advertise my land for sale through some real-estate agency, but there is no certainty of its selling in four weeks, may be months. Now, my dear sir, you can lose nothing by buying this land, though it is so far from you. There has been a large emigration from Iowa and Nebraska passing by and coming into this part of Missouri. Numbers of the best farmers from those States, driven to leave their homes by the drought and failure of crops, are coming into this country. Most of them want to trade stock for land or buy on time or rent, but they are energetic and it will only be a question of time that they can buy the land they are now renting. If I could wait—but I can't—I could get a big price for my land after a while, for land is advancing in value here. My land is nearly all good, tillable land, and there is fine timber and wild grass for range purposes on nearly all of it, and this is the best fruit section of Missouri. There is a fine variety of fruit on my place, a four-room house and forty acres fenced and in cultivation, good spring living water. I do not want to swindle anybody, but if you can spare \$1200 to buy this place with you will never lose a cent of it, but it will help me, a poor but honest man, to make a fresh start in life and to make a living for a happy little family as there is on earth, every member of which will be taught to breathe a prayer for blessing on the head of the man who will thus help me to bring them up as honest and energetic as American children ought to be. You will find by referring to any of the county officers of this county, or to the postmaster, or to either of the banks at Warsaw (which is the county seat), that I am all right.

Mrs. LUCY A. BOONE, Philadelphia, Pa., 429 Franklin street.

Three hundred dollars is what a young lady in this State asks to be used in procuring an education:

Hon. Mr. Sutro, Mayor of San Francisco: Will your Honor please excuse the liberty I take in addressing you. I have read and heard so much of you and your great generosity and kindness to the poor that I venture to ask help of you. I am poor. I would like to have money enough to fit me for some kind of business. If I had money enough to go to some normal school for one term I think I would be able to teach school or some such thing. I would like to have (\$300) three hundred dollars, and in the future I am able to return it to you with interest. I will gladly do so. I am a young girl, only 18.
If you doubt that I am an honest girl—a girl of my word—write to —, at —, Please do not cast me aside unnoticed. Yours in hopes, Miss —.

In the mail came an offer to sell the Mayor a young bull buffalo. The writer says:

Mr. Adolph Sutro, San Francisco—Sir: Your name has been given to me as a possible purchaser of a young buffalo. The animal is a very handsome bull, about 5 years old. Kindly let me know if you think the sale could be made in your city and at what figure. Z. S. Lora, 1220 Douglas street, Sioux City, Iowa.

The deadly clipping was in evidence in a letter received from Hindsboro, Ill., from a man whose own and wife's family had been ruined in speculation. He wrote:

HINDSBORO, Ill., Nov. 30, 1895.
Dear Mr. Sutro: I saw in the Republic, where your name was advertised, saying you was a millionaire many times and it was not

A young lady who signs herself "M. B." and says she is "real pretty," writes from Everett, Pa., to ask for \$250 to have her voice cultured. She says:

Mr. Sutro, San Francisco, Cal.—DEAR SIR: I am, as you will discover later, a reader of Munsey's Magazine. In the latest issue I read an article of you and have from the first been impressed with the kind and thoughtful look on your face. I also noticed you were quite wealthy and have decided to write and ask a very great favor of you.

I am a real pretty young girl, and my one talent is music. I sang in the Lutheran church choir for some time, and have had all the most prominent parts. It has been my cherished hope to have my voice cultivated, and if I had (\$250) two hundred and fifty dollars I would be enabled to attend Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa. This is the first and only favor I have ever asked of any one, and am unable to say what has prompted me to ask this of you. Do ask you, and hope in the bottom of my heart that you, with so much money, will help a poor girl to realize her fondest hope, that of singing in a paid choir in some city. If you will be kind enough to answer this please address M. B., Postoffice box 277, Everett, Bedford County, Pa.

If I receive an answer and learn you take the slightest interest in me I shall be only too delighted to answer at once, send you my picture and name; also answer all questions you may care to ask.

Hoping to receive a favorable answer at your earliest convenience, I am yours to command,
M. B.
Everett, Pa., September 3, 1895.

An Alameda lady offers Mayor Sutro a young eagle. She does not mention the price.

There are some pathetic letters as well. A lady writes from Bloomfield in language and handwriting that betokens refinement and education, asking for assistance for herself and children.

Jesse W. Carper, who tells Mayor Sutro that he is secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school at New Petersburg, Ohio, and a man of good character and education, wrote less than a month ago that he would like a loan of \$100. He explained that he wanted \$50 with which to start himself in business and \$50 to buy groceries and other necessities to distribute among the poor of his town on Christmas.

Mrs. William Dwyer of Randolph, Cedar County, Neb., asked the Mayor in a recent communication to send her \$300 to pay off a mortgage on her husband's farm. Her main reason for writing was that her husband had joined the Populist party and subscribed to the Wealthmaker.

A woman in Russia, who had read of Mayor Sutro, wrote to ask for 400 rubles to start a millinery-store, while a San Francisco member of the gentler sex—married, by the way—asked the Mayor for a bicycle on which to get exercise for her health.

To those letters that are deemed worthy of answers, courteous replies, either granting or refusing the requests contained, are returned. Usually the applicant has called that the Mayor already has called that use up all his spare cash.

John O. Reynolds

TALE OF A POSTAGE STAMP.

A Costly Philatelic Specimen.

Black Bob's Wonderful Discovery in the Courthouse.

Tiny Pieces of Colored Paper That Are Worth a Small Fortune.

Written for THE CALL.

Stamps are frequently made the theme of Christmas tales in the magazines devoted to the interests of the stamp-collecting fraternity, but the wildest flights of the philatelic romancers make but feeble approach to the marvelous real story of the greatest "find" of the rarest stamps known, which was recently made at Louisville, Ky.

The stamps referred to are those that were issued by Postmaster John M. Wimer of St. Louis, Mo., in November, 1845, before the United States Government had decided to adopt the system of prepaying postage by adhesive stamps, which had been first introduced in England in 1840.

In order to permit of a full appreciation of the extraordinary value that attaches to these labels a few facts concerning their history is necessary.

Although, as stated, these stamps were issued in 1845, their existence was not known to collectors until November, 1863, eighteen years after their creation, thus indicating to some extent their scarcity. Ever since this discovery they have been the subject of deep and careful research in order to fully establish their authenticity and their consequent value. It was not long before the more scientific collectors had traced the records back so as to fully establish the legitimacy of the 5 and 10 cent values, but the genuine character of the 20-cent value had remained a subject of doubt and discussion up to the fall of 1894, when John K. Tiffany, a prominent attorney of St. Louis and an ardent philatelist, gathered together from the fortunate collectors who had specimens a number of the three different denominations, and from a thorough examination and comparison of these specimens evolved a theory which he claimed unassailably established the genuineness of the 20-cent denomination. But the full proof of the character of this most valuable of all postal labels was only obtained when the extraordinary discovery was made at Louisville.

As the result of the investigations made regarding these philatelic gems, it has been ascertained that the aggregate number of all values combined that were printed is 9000. Of this number 3500 were of the 5-cent denomination, 4500 of the 10-cent and 1000 of the 20 cent. It was further ascertained that there were variations in the designs and differences in the paper upon which the stamps were printed that resulted in seven distinct varieties of the 5 cent, nine varieties of the 10 cent and four varieties of the 20 cent. Evidence was also obtained which indicated that a considerable number of each value had never been brought into use, and which are presumed to have been destroyed.

These are the facts that show the ex-

trema rarity of all these stamps, and how much they are sought after by collectors is shown by their market price to-day. The most common specimens, certain varieties of the 5 and 10 cent denominations, are valued at \$250 each, while the rarest, certain varieties of the 20-cent, which were found among the Louisville lot, recently changed hands at the record price for stamps, a pair of them having been sold for \$5000.

Stray fragments of the story of the great Louisville find have appeared in various philatelic publications for the past few months, but the full details of the sensational developments relating to the matter were jealously guarded by those who were in a position to divulge them. The lion's share of these gems eventually fell into the hands of the C. H. Meekel Stamp and Publishing Company of St. Louis, and in the special semi-annual edition of their Philatelic Journal of America, just out, the full story of the great find is told for the first time, the only variation from absolute facts being changes in the names of those who made the original discovery and those who assisted to dispose of the stamps. The salient and most interesting features of the story follow:

Black Bob is a Kentucky negro employed as porter in the courthouse at Louisville, Ky. One day last August Bob was commissioned to clear up some boxes of old correspondence, besides an accumulation of miscellaneous traps that had for some time been an eyesore to those about the building.

In the act of shoveling a large batch of

Meanwhile Hacker was in a serious predicament. He had proposed to buy at least \$300 worth of stamps, but had no available funds. In his dilemma he remembered an acquaintance of means, who was an advanced collector. He called on him, told him the story and promised to sell him on a reasonable basis some of the stamps if he would advance him the necessary sum of money. This was readily done, as the collector was extremely anxious to secure some of the long-wished-for rarities.

True to their promise the party of four called on Hacker the next evening, and to Hacker's astonishment, produced more than forty of the coveted rarities. He carefully selected the cream of the lot, as to the sellers it made no difference whether he took a 5, a 10 or a 20 cent stamp. The result of the transaction gave the stamp-sellers \$325 and Hacker thirteen of the choicest of the St. Louis stamps, among them two of the 20-cent denomination, and from the sale of which he subsequently made a net profit of nearly \$4000.

Their peculiar and fortunate experience induced the two janitors subsequently to seek the counsel of a well-known collector and prominent business man of Louisville, in whose employ they had previously been. He proved a real friend, and on his advice they paid a visit to New York with a portion of their possessions. Here they disposed of nineteen stamps for \$2000, and subsequently other sales were made to New York and Boston dealers. Forty-two stamps were thus disposed of within a short time for the sum of \$5000.

At this stage the St. Louis firm came on the scene and by shrewd and generous dealing succeeded in obtaining all the remaining stamps in the hands of Draper and Berry, some ninety-five in number, at a total outlay of about \$23,000. The total number of stamps brought to light was 137, consisting of seventy-five of the 5 cent, 46 of the 10 cent and sixteen of the 20 cent.

Although Draper and Berry realized in the neighborhood of \$30,000 from their find, which was equally divided between them, and Bob, the real discoverer of the great bonanza, was made happy by a liberal gift.

It may be interesting to know further that all these stamps were found on envelopes addressed to Messrs. Tyler & Rutherford of Louisville, Ky., and were from the firm of William Nims & Co. of St. Louis, and that their aggregate value to-day is not less than \$60,000.

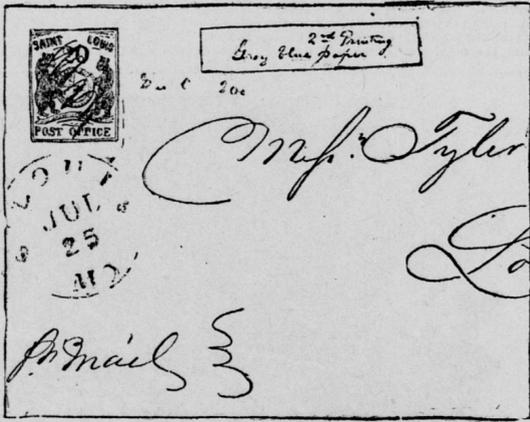
L. Seidenberg

False Modesty.

The enormous grizzly stood irresolute upon the iceberg, seven-eighths of which, as may be seen by the most cursory reference to Ganot's "Physics," is beneath the surface of the water. He was in doubt. The reference is to the grizzly and not to Ganot. On the wind came the voice of a north pole explorer.

"There's another one of those fellows," brim muttered. "They always bring their wives with them, and I wouldn't be caught here for anything in my bearskin."

On the word he made off in a westerly direction, unwitting, inexperienced chap as he was, and remote from news of the latest fads, that the new woman can stand most anything.—New York Recorder.



A STAMP THAT IS WORTH \$2500. (Drawn by a "Call" artist from a photograph.)