

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT SPECIALS THAT ARE WORTHY OF PROMPT ATTENTION!

Our this week's special offerings SHOULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED BY ANY ONE WHO CARES TO SAVE MONEY ON THEIR PURCHASES, for they include the following as well as an endless variety of other special lines of NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS, all offered at PRICES THAT GREATLY FAVOR THE BUYER!

LADIES' SPRING CAPES.

LADIES' DOUBLE FULL RIPPLE CAPES, of navy and black cheviot, with upper cape and rolling collar, trimmed with several rows of mohair braid, worth \$3.50, will be offered at \$1.75 each. LADIES' DOUBLE CAPES, made of Black, Tan and Navy Blue Cloaking, upper cape and collar braided in pretty designs, worth \$4, will be offered at \$2.50 each.

LADIES' VELVET CAPES.

LADIES' SINGLE CIRCULAR CAPES, of black velvet, lined with twilled silk, very neatly beaded, neck finished with ruche and streamers of satin ribbon, worth \$5.50, will be offered at \$3.50 each. LADIES' SINGLE RIPPLE CAPE, of black velvet, with changeable silk lining, very neatly jetted, finished at neck with ruche of ribbon and lace, worth \$7.50, will be offered at \$5 each.

LADIES' SPRING JACKETS.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED JACKETS, in mottled effects, different shades, with very full leg-o-mutton sleeves, large bone buttons, notched collar, worth \$7.50, will be offered at \$5 each. LADIES' SUITS, consisting of Skirts and Double-Breasted Jackets, in navy, black and mixed brown cheviot, with ripple skirts, mandolin sleeves, neatly finished, worth \$7.50, will be offered at \$5 each.

LADIES' SUITS AND SKIRTS.

LADIES' SUITS, consisting of Skirts and Double-Breasted Jackets, in navy and black cheviot, also checks and mottled effects in shades of gray and tan, lined throughout and neatly finished, worth \$10, will be offered at \$7.50 each. LADIES' SUITS, consisting of Skirts and Double-Breasted Jackets, in navy and black cheviot, also checks and mottled effects in shades of gray and tan, lined throughout and neatly finished, worth \$10, will be offered at \$7.50 each.

CHILDREN'S JACKETS.

CHILDREN'S DOUBLE-BREADED JACKETS, of fancy checked material, in blue, red and brown, leg o' mutton sleeves, notched collar, bone buttons, worth \$3, will be offered at \$1.95 each. SPECIAL SALE!—Enormous purchase of Fine White Blankets (slightly imperfect), the clean up of the mills, ON SALE AT LESS THAN MILL COST.

Table listing various blanket types and prices: PURE WOOL CRIB BLANKETS, size 36x50 inches, \$2.50 Pair; FINE WOOL CRIB BLANKETS, size 44x54 inches, \$3.00 Pair; SINGLE RED LAMB'S-WOOL BLANKETS, size 54x94 inches, \$4.00 Pair; DOUBLE RED MISSION BLANKETS, size 68x90 inches, \$4.90 Pair; EXTRA AUSTRALIAN WOOL BLANKETS, size 72x82 inches, \$5.50 Pair; CHOICE LAMB'S-WOOL BLANKETS, size 78x84 inches, \$6.50 Pair; SPECIALLY LARGE FINE BLANKETS, size 82x86 inches, \$7.75 Pair.

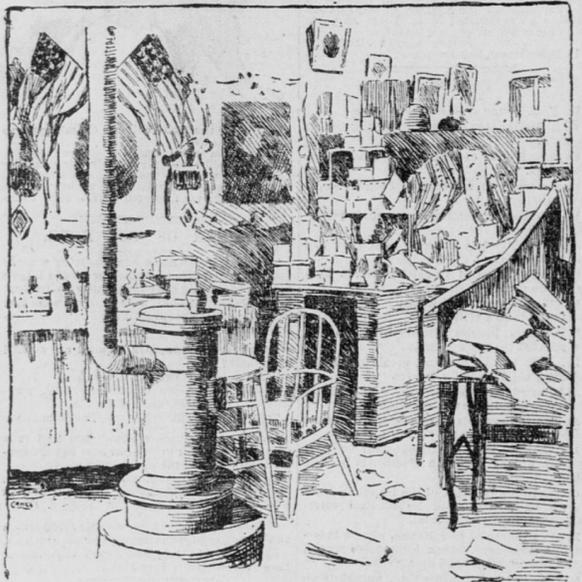
OUR NEW CATALOGUE is now being distributed to our COUNTRY PATRONS ONLY, to whom it will be mailed free on receipt of address.



January, nor did young ladies start out with black locks in the morning and appear with blonde ones in the evening. In the days of old peroxide of hydrogen was unknown to the children, and although there were wonderful mixtures for softening the skin, for making the hair more glossy and the hands more soft. People did not have as many clothes in the old times. A matron freshened from season to season the black satin or black silk that was her "best dress," and only changed it on special occasions, such as the marriage of a son or a daughter, the brocade that, it was whispered, came from France. With this brocade was worn, not twenty yards of imitation but one yard of real lace, and the festivity over it was carefully put away and remained in the seclusion of a carved chest, with the perfume of cloves and lavender, until another feast day came about. In those old days servants were better. Why? Because mistresses took an interest in them, and the one that intended to marry was assisted in getting her household linen, while the one who nursed my mother and my children, me and all my children, was buried from the house of her mistress, often beside her mistress, and laid to sleep forever with that best tribute, love and sincere tears. In those old days men made love to women as they do now, but that love-making culminated in marriage. Men spoke to women with more reverence than they do now, and when young Knickerbocker took to visiting Miss Stuyvesant every Sunday night, both families knew what it meant, and Mrs. Knickerbocker and Mrs. Stuyvesant looked through their linen chests to see what could be spared, and Mrs. Stuyvesant wondered if it would be wise to give these young people, just starting in life, a silver tea service. No, no, no, their descendants demand diamonds, necklaces and wonderful sunbursts that too often cover hearts that have married for diamonds and not for crowns of love. In those old days a mother willed her fur cloak to her daughter; it was worth it; it was real sable or real ermine, and styles did not change with the fancy of every cocotte, as they do nowadays. A well-cut, well-made garment was in the fashion, and the mother's fur surcoat was gladly assumed by the daughter and willed by her to her eldest daughter. In those days marriage didn't mean, always, the union of great wealth and great beauty, as it does now. A man married entirely for love, and his father could sympathize with him, even though his mother longed for him to wed one of the rich young ladies who came of an afternoon to knit and drink coffee with her. But the father's heart went out to the son and he settled a dowry on the poor girl and the marriage meant the making of a home; indeed, it meant more than that. It meant surrounding two young people with six or eight, or ten, or twelve little people, born of their love, and each greeted gladly. Nowadays, marriage too often means a hotel and a puppy. I am fond of dogs, but there is no dog that can take the place of a baby, and no people who are married can find perfect happiness when they make their family consist of their two selves and a dog. It is true that there are some unhappy people to whom God doesn't send little children; but those to whom he does send them should receive them with open arms and remember that, as they are children born of wedded love, so they will encourage and keep young the wedded love forever. In these days women forget the wonderful bond that a little child is. What foolish women they are! A husband may be led astray, may sin grievously, but if he can ask his pardon through the eyes of a little child where is the wife who would not grant it to him? A wife may seem foolish, a bit tiresome, and sometimes even silly, but if her love for her husband lispis itself in the voices of little children her weaknesses will be forgotten and only her virtue remembered. And yet there are women who do not care to be mothers! In those days of old, women may have been—if such a thing is possible—over-irreligious. And such a thing is possible—in a way. The hot Sunday dinner was unknown and children wept over the catechism and went to sleep and were wakened up to hear the clergyman preach about the horrors of hell and the certainty of small boys and small girls getting there, but somehow it made a good backbone in men and women, did that queer religious terror. I have known what it was to sit upon a bench, that was uncushioned, at a silent meeting; no preaching against her ever equalled that. For that meant two hours of absolute silence, ending in a sigh of relief, when the older Quakers, who sat up and faced everybody, shook hands. During that time there came before me, as no preacher could have painted it, the sins I had committed. I remembered kicking Ned, the dog; I remembered sticking out my tongue at Henry Clay, the canary bird, and I remembered, worst of all, that when I was sent up to the bathroom one day and told to wash my face and hands thoroughly, I only gave them what in my Southern home would be called "a lick and a promise." I tell you, my friend, that a still meeting of two hours will convince a spiteful child that it stands before God on a par with Judas and Ananias. But this never hurt me. In fact, I think I always felt better, and as I frisked home, hanging to my grandfather's hand, I would nod at father Gibbons and stretch my mouth very wide to show that my second teeth were all quite in. But those days are only, after all, a little while ago. They seem like yesterday to me. Here is a question for the very learned people: Why is it that we forget the wonderful things that happened a month ago and remember so perfectly everything that happened twenty-five years ago? The X rays cannot answer this question. To be quite honest, I have very little belief in the X rays. What good will it do some girl who is horribly unhappy, inasmuch as she feels she is to a victim to consumption, to have an X ray thrown on her and make her doubt a certainty? Yes, my friend, I am a believer in hope. It is an old-fashioned belief, but then I am a bit old-fashioned and have a leaning even toward Judas, fully believing that "While the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return." In the days of old, women who did not believe were unknown. Nowadays we may have cleverer women—doubt it. But in those days little children hung around their mother's knees and learned to say their prayers, and later on, when they were big children and the sorrows of life came to them they returned to that mother and wept out on her heart the griefs that they could not tell. BAR. Sixty languages are spoken in the immense empire governed by the Czar of Russia.

COLONEL WARREN'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

THE late Colonel James L. F. Warren had for years been planning for the classification of his belongings, being desirous of putting beyond the perils of the auctioneer such of them as were of rare historical value. He seemed quite hale and hearty only a year ago when he informed a friend that "the very thought of executors pawing around and hawking his collection to idle-minded sightseers haunted him." But the colonel's object,



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF COLONEL WARREN'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. (Sketched by a "Call" artist.)

in this respect, was never accomplished. The idea of himself making a disposition of his effects never got beyond the stage of intention, and when he passed out of the world of flesh some three weeks ago his curious and his treasures of literature science and art were still scattered about his veritable "old curiosity-shop" at 1004 Howard street, and the confused heaps of his papers, books, magazines, pictures and relics were almost hidden underneath the undisturbed dust of months.

To-day the executors are performing the laborious task that Colonel Warren laid out for some time past, and the stage of the world of flesh some three weeks ago his curious and his treasures of literature science and art were still scattered about his veritable "old curiosity-shop" at 1004 Howard street, and the confused heaps of his papers, books, magazines, pictures and relics were almost hidden underneath the undisturbed dust of months.

Old Colonel Warren was a walking encyclopedia of information. He possessed a splendid memory, and from the year 1845 when a mere child of 10, he continued to collect and store papers and periodicals that might become of value at a future day. It is to be regretted that the Colonel did not find time, in his later years, to write a volume with reference to his collection, for much of the interesting history of many of the relics was buried forever when the man whose chief pride they were was laid below the reaches of the sun.

Still, as you push or slide your way through that memory-haunted shop with its wealth of old books, cases of relics and mineralogical specimens, stacks of albums, trunks and boxes filled with history-breathing letters and manuscripts and tokens from everywhere, and march through a narrow aisle, upon each side of which newspapers are piled from floor to ceiling, and when you are assured, furthermore, that heaped up there out of sight are complete files of leading papers and magazines from the very beginning of the century, you hardly feel that anything is needed to inform you of their value. The books and papers speak for themselves, and the late owner had labeled many of the relics with a careful pen.

The executors are taking an inventory of the contents of the shop, and it will be weeks before they can possibly form an estimate of the value of the collection.

It is rather a puzzle where to begin to describe the mass of things in this long, dark room. In the first glass case that



FILES OF OLD NEWSPAPERS, WERE PILED AS HIGH AS THE CEILING. (Sketched by a "Call" artist.)

meets your gaze as you enter, you may behold some Fiji Island musical instruments, an elephant's grinder, a shark's tooth and then a piece of the ship Cadmus, in which that famous friend of America, the Marquis de Lafayette, made his first trip to the united colonies in 1777. Colonel Warren prized that bit of wood dearly. To his intimate friends he would sometimes, while in a reminiscent mood, picture the scene of the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument in 1825. Lafayette was there, the guest of the Nation, and Warren, then only 20

years of age, was one of the guard of honor to the Frenchman who played so glorious a part at the side of Washington. And so that piece of the ship Cadmus told volumes to the eye of the nonagenarian. A few sticks of wood, a work of art, "Bunker Hill Monument"—made of rare and beautiful shells, crystals and mosaic. On the floor below it is a cannonball dug up by young Warren in 1823 on the hillside where his immortal namesake inspired the Continentals by his stirring words and flashing sword to deeds which bled a way for liberty.

Would you know something of interest about the early history of agriculture in California? The tall broom, with the very long brush, leaning against yonder case, will tell you a little and give you a hint as to where you may find more. The label on it reads: "First broom made in California—1852. Exhibited in Sacramento at Warren's Agricultural Fair on J street." In fact, Colonel Warren held the first agricultural fair in the Golden State, and he has been styled "the father of husbandry in California." He is credited with having been the foremost man at the dawn of statehood here to call the attention of the general public to the desirability of cultivating the soil and of seeking fortune by its tillage rather than continue the crush to the crowded mines. Here lies a box containing sixty specimens, each in a little bottle by itself, of California native flower seeds, packed in 1852 and 1853. A catalogue accompanies the box. May not some specialist in floriculture find value in these? Might not these same seeds serve to explain away a doubt as to some fact of a flower's nativity?

Over there in the corner, black with dust, is a sack of our first ever manufactured in California. It was made by Warren himself in 1853. Look around at the paintings on the wall. Let us wipe away some of the dust. Ah! there is an ancient painting by Rudolf Wargitzky, Berlin, entitled "The Piper and the Madonnas." It is a copy of a painting of General John A. Sutter, by one of the early California artists, occupies a prominent place. It is said to be the finest likeness in existence of that man whose name is so indelibly associated with our pioneering times. An oil portrait of the "good gray poet," Walt Whitman, hangs next to it, and next to that again is a portrait of Warren, painted by W. C. Pratt at Boston in 1877.

Stacked up on a table is a pile of samples of California woods prepared by Thomas Hatch, woodworker. The samples embrace the yellow pine, big-tree sequoia, laurel, ash, fir, curly redwood, live and white oak, maple, alder, white cedar, shitan wood, camphor, pear, birch, madrone, sugar pine, sycamore, nutmeg, plain redwood and walnut varieties.

Here is a set of carved ivory chessmen, marvels of exquisite workmanship. A slip of paper in the box informs the curious that "this is the best set of chessmen on the Pacific Coast and it was purchased from Samuel Brannan, then of the firm of Osborn & Brannan on Montgomery street, in 1849, and I paid \$50 in gold for them." The Colonel valued highly an iron model of the burial casket of Napoleon the Great, purchased in Paris in 1847. It is made so as to serve as an ink well.

Between the years 1820 and 1845 Colonel Warren conducted the Nonatum Vale Gardens, at Brighton, Mass., and among his effects is a visitor's record-book of that resort, containing photographs of such illustrious Americans as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant and Ellhu Burritt.

Colonel Warren traveled in Europe with Ole Bull when the latter was in his prime, and about the shop are numerous pictures and autographs of the great master of the violin. At the bottom of one large likeness of himself the musician wrote: "Homage to Colonel Warren, the father of agriculture in California, the father of the homeless, the father of his friends, the staunch defender of liberty in the arts and sciences, and the protector of his admiring friends." OLE BULL. San Francisco, March 4, 1870.

In the mountain of papers, above referred to, the deceased only a year ago ventured the opinion that there were nearly 2,000,000 of newspapers and periodicals. Had the colonel lived for another decade, the increase in his newspaper collection would have crowded him out of doors. A copy of the "California Silk-Growers' Manual" by Louis Prest, pioneer silk culturist of the Pacific Coast (1867), is marked "very rare—price \$25." Stumbling over a coral tree from the Solomon Islands, you run against a table

full of rare books. There is a "Collection of Church Music," by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, printed in 1823, and a complete set of the British poets—well bound and finely preserved, in fifty volumes—edited by Robert Weale, and published by Samuel T. Bradford, Philadelphia, in 1822. Rare books abound on the numerous shelves.

One of the rich moments of famous people is a rare case of a combination of gold, silver and copper, and said to have been the treasure safe of the great Kolla of Peru. The collections of old European and American coins, and of stamps from nearly all nations, are extensive and valuable. There is no telling, indeed, what a new wealth of curios and relics may be discovered when the contents of the old shop are thoroughly explored.

As you enter the colonel's life he was constantly at his desk in the dusky room during the daytime, and at night he reposed on a cot in a valley between his mountains of papers. The old place was more than a home to him. He had there among old friends and darling memories and dreamed old dreams over and over again. He prized everything in the shop, even to the type with which he had long ago printed the California Farmer. The all nations in the day had been hotel-keeper, temperance lecturer, merchant, newspaper editor and agriculturist. At last his relatives forced him to leave his treasure-house in order that his life might be prolonged by more regular mode of existence.

Yes, we propose to conduct our whist articles to reach and assist the beginners who will study a little. We also intend to remain in shallow water, and not to wade out "over our heads," which seems to be the fashion with those that go into print possessed with a smattering knowledge of the game. It is the custom with many whist writers to tell all about the "grand coup," the "fourchette," the "echo of the call," the "sub-echo" and other things before they try to get their readers out of their whist kilts. Like many others that play at the game, in our own opinion we knew more about whist before we read or knew there was such a thing as a book published on the game than we did after ten years of hard study. For about five years we have been a pupil of Miss Kate Wheelock, and if the little queen will permit us to be one of her loyal subjects five years more we will continue to be one of her pupils. Her judgment and knowledge of the game is so great that no question in whist ever comes up that we do not turn to her for an answer. She is as well as ever willing than our queen to help along those who are trying to help themselves. This much we have said in answer to letters received, asking if our whist series will continue, as it is our intention to help those who are willing to study a little.

"Whist" for April is just at hand. Many things that are said in this number are of a nature to interest players. The columns of Whist are open for writers on the game from all schools, and just now before the June congress takes place, Whist is undoubtedly encouraging this class of players to get them to show up in full force at the congress and prove by their play that their different systems of facts have or have not ground to stand on. In the game just at the present time there are a lot of players who are beating a "com-to-m" or playing on one string, called the short-suit game. Every whist player of the first rank knows there are times when a hand demands the opening of a short suit just as well as other hands demand the opening of the long suit. It is not possible for it to occur in the lifetime of an individual that two deals in whist were ever exactly alike, consequently they are never played alike. Some three years ago, in an article that appeared in the Brooklyn Eagle on the subject of how to open the game and how your partner should treat your original lead, we made the following statement:

When the original leader opens a plain suit, with both elements of strength declared, his partner should push all the way and establish that suit immediately and bring it in later, and not try to establish one in his own hand. In its opening, when the partner leads for the first time, if he has a card that will assist in the establishment of his partner's suit, he should lead it, instead of standing in mind that a very long suit will seldom ever, go round more than twice; or, should he have four trumps, better still commence at once to exhaust them, and when he has started a call. It is often the best whist to do, even from three, particularly if you have a strong card in the suit, and a weak one in the adversary. In this case I would advise ways do it.

Again, should the original leader open a suit one, he should inform him at once by his return lead, speaking by the card, and should say "The suit is strong, and you had better open than you opened, and therefore you must abandon yours and assist me to establish this one in my hand." The essence of all good whist play is to make all the tricks possible in each hand. In our opinion the long and strong suit system is the best way of accomplishing this, and neither you or your partner hold such a suit, then I contend is the time to go in for a ruffing short-suit game. I claim that a ruffing whist for the original leader to open his suit and expect his partner when he gets the lead to do the short-suit game, and the strong suit of each partner, as advocated by some authorities. There is no case on record where in one deal two plain suits were ever established in a ruffing whist. This being what is the use of following such line of play.

In this same article the writer took issue with Cavendish and urged the adoption of the fourth best from ace and four small. Since his letter was written the latter has become universally adopted in this country. Commenting on the above letter John H. Briggs, whose fame as a whist-player and whist-writer is known wherever whist is played, says: "Your advice upon the return of your partner was a great surprise to me. It has been a wonder that whist-players have not discovered the truths which you tell your readers in the above letter. It is a very great deal of interest shown in your good work, but I suppose the 'cranks' pass it by because it is free, and probably most of them can beat the book."

As a warning to short-suit players we submit the following from the pen of Milton C. Work in the Evening Telegraph of a recent date on short-suit leads without vital reason.

We do not know a Philadelphia player of any considerable whist caliber who believes in short-suit doctrines, but there are many who take an occasional flyer. A short-suit hand occurred in the second-four match between Hamilton and Art last night, however, will doubtless prove a warning against such experiments in the future. The hand was as follows: Cards were four trumps, king, leader and two small, ace, queen, jack and two others, and a three-card suit, headed by a ten. The lead of the ten cost five tricks, and would have cost six had a trick not been lost in the suit. The king of the suit, this is the ideal short-suit hand, viz: opening a strengthening card and keeping a tenace to be led up to, led the king, and the short suit got his tenace not led up to but led through and found the king solid to his left.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES. We are asked "When that Woodland match is to take place." The match will be at the Hotel of the St. Nicholas Hotel, an ardent devotee of whist, arranged a match game between the Woodland Whist Club of Woodland and the Trist Duplicate Whist Club of this City and for some unknown reason he backs, out. We are asked our opinion in regard to the original lead of jack or queen from ace, king, queen, jack and others. It is a mat-

ter of no great importance, but it certainly simplifies the jack lead, and for that reason alone we consider it a good innovation for advanced players to lead queen from this combination, and when you lead jack you deny holding the ace.

On Saturday, June 27, the last day of the A. W. L. congress, there is to be a bicycle parade, and it is estimated that at least 10,000 wheelmen will participate. All whist-players and delegates are recommended to bring their wheels with them. The Call would like to ask how a whist-player could get there without "wheels"—they all have them.

The international whist match proposed by the Whist Editor of THE CALL is very likely to be a first-class round of London news. April 7 says a move is on foot to attain that end. C. S. Averill and wife of Syracuse, N. Y., have been spending a few weeks in California. Mrs. Averill and our Whist Editor were boys together, and she loves whist. Mrs. Averill is a student of the game also.

SAN FRANCISCO WHIST CLUB. (Announcement for May, 1896.) The ladies' trophy play will be continued as already announced, with the arrangements on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings will be as heretofore. No prizes will be awarded except on the evening of the 26th when the couple making the highest number of points above the average (subject to handicap) will be awarded prizes.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEM 5. We received fifty-three letters inclosing solutions to problem 5. Eleven out of the number are correct. They were received in the following order: First, Mrs. F. H. Atwater, Petaluma; second, J. McKinstry, San Francisco; third, J. E. McGowan, San Francisco; fourth, Walter A. Housen, Stockton; fifth, Eliza R. Daingerland, San Francisco; sixth, H. H. Hotelling, San Francisco; seventh, Walter A. Stanford University; eighth, Thos Rosseter, Alameda; ninth, Eglantine Caldera, San Francisco; tenth, W. C. McNamar, Atlas; eleventh, E. C. Brown, Oakland.

The following comes from far-off Maine: BRUNSWICK, Me., April 27, 1896. Dear Editor: In answer to your Petaluma whist problem of April 12, we beg leave to submit the following as the only natural and practical answer to the problem. South takes the trick with the queen of diamonds and returns the six of clubs. This is the best play, and is the only one dictated by the fall of the cards, and if followed out correctly gives the side five tricks.

When we published problem 5 we made the following statement: "We will give a whistbook to the first one that sends in the number of tricks that North and South can make playing this hand as you please, all cards exposed or otherwise." Mrs. Atwater was the "first" to send us the correct solution. She wins the prize. We request her to send us the title of the book she would like—any one published in this country. Mrs. Atwater's analysis of the play is as follows:

South gets out three rounds of trumps and at trick 4 discards the thirteenth trump and forces a discard from all the others, which has the most effect on West's hand. If West discards a heart South leads ace of clubs then the deuce of hearts. If West discards a diamond North makes four tricks. If West discards a spade South makes three diamonds instead of two. If West should discard a club, then at trick 6 South would lead queen club, and then go on with hearts as before. Trick 7 South must here lead his ace clubs, so he might later on the hand block the club suit in North hand.

PRIZE PROBLEM NO. 6. Whist gives the twenty-second edition of Cavendish for best analysis, and his partner is sent to Whist, and we will give one year's subscription to Whist for the best answer.

S-A-A. H-A, K, W. D-K. S-J. H-Q, J, 5. G-5, 2. N. W. E. H-9, 7. D-A, Q, J, 9, 7, 6. S-5, 2. H-10, 8, 3. D-5, 2.

Spades trumps. North to lead. North and South to play. Answers will be published in June Whist; also in our own column.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 4.—"In the days of old"—that was what I heard coming up the staircase. The voice that sang the words never knew the days of old, though it was a sweet, clear one. But they themselves set me to wondering. Were the days of old better than these days? In the days of long ago, were men and women any better, or nobler, or was life more desirable? It is true that in the days of old nobody got up early in the morning, called "Central," and had a row with her to gain the morning amiability. In the days of long ago nobody telegraphed a "How-do-you-do" to San Francisco and got a "Good evening" in such a short time that it could not be counted. All life was slow, and it seems to me, somehow, that all life was better. There were some luxuries missing. We did not have strawberries in

Advertisement for J.P. Drier's clothing store, featuring a large stylized signature and the address: MURPHY BUILDING, Market Street, corner of Jones, SAN FRANCISCO. The advertisement includes a list of clothing items and prices, and a section titled 'BAB TALKS ON OLD DAYS' with a story about a woman's life.