CORBETT SAYS HE IS WILLING,

He Makes a Fair Proposition to the National Club.

READY TO GO SHARKEY.

A Decision Must Be Given to the Best Man After Four Rounds.

THE REFEREE TO BE SUPREME

The Sailor's Backer and the Club People Inclined to Break Their Contract.

It is a decided thing now that "our Jim" Corbett, champion pugilist of the world, will give Sharkey, "the pride of the American navy," a chance to make himself famous if the latter's friends do not indulge in too much jockeying at the start. As a matter of fact, Corbett has already done that by listening at all to Sharkey's unreasonable talk. But Corbett has decided to do more by stepping into the ring with him and giving him a punching.

Yesterday afternoon, while Corbett was preparing to take a ride through Golden Gate Park, James J. Groom, treasurer of the National Athletic Club, and Mr. Lynch, manager for Sharkey, met him in the St. Nicholas Hotel.

The trio were in perfect accord, and had the articles been drawn up there and then they would have been signed.

"This is the situation," said Corbett, "and these gentlemen representing the other parties interested are agreeable. I will meet Sharkey in a four-round contest on the night of June 24. I fix that date on account of the departure of Nat Goodwin on the next day for Australia. He wants to see the mill, and I asked for the 24th instead of the 23d, which was the date heretofore mentioned.

"I must get 50 per cent of the gross receipts and Sharkey can look to the club for his compensation.

"The only point on which we have disagreed has been wiped out. It was the clause which called for the meeting to be declared a draw in the event of Sharkey being on his feet at the end of the fourth round.

"We have settled now to leave the decision entirely to the referee, whoever he may be, chosen by the club, and agreeable to both Sharkey and me. If Sharkey has done better than I during the four rounds, and is still able to go on, the decision must be given him. If I do better than Sharkey, and am still able to go on, the decision must be given me.

"Naturally, if the result is a standoff the referee must declare the mill a draw.

"Should I knock Sharkey out it is agreed he will get nothing of the receipts, but should I only best him and he is able to face me after the fourth round, then he will be entitled to 25 per cent of the receipts from the club.

"Is that right?" asked the champion.

"That's right," answered both Lynch and Groom.

"Then, boys," added Corbett, "get your articles in black and white, so we can have no misunderstanding. When I come back from my drive fetch them to me and I'll sign."

After this conversation it seemed that everything would work along smoothly and the fight take place. Groom and Lynch went away to prepare the articles of agreement, and, having labored over them during the whole afternoon, they brought forth the following, which Corbett refused to sign, the second clause being in direct contradiction to the agreement made by the trio in the presence of THE CALL representative:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 8, 1896.

We, the undersigned, James J. Corbett of San Francisco and James Sharkey of the same place, agree to contest in a boxing bout of four rounds before the National Athletic Club of this City on June 24, 1896, at a place to be selected by the said club, on the following conditions:

First—We both agree to contest for 50 per cent of the gross receipts, the winner to take all.

Second—We agree with the club and referee that if either of the contestants at the end of four rounds is on his feet and able to continue the contest, then the bout to be declared a draw, in which event the purse to be divided equally between the contestants.

Third—We agree that the National Athletic Club select the referee at the ringside, and that said referee shall be agreeable to both contestants.

Fourth—We agree that the contest shall be governed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules and that the gloves shall be regulation size, viz: five-ounce gloves.

Fifth—We both agree to be in good physical condition and ready and willing to enter the ring at 9 o'clock on said evening to carry out the above agreement.

Corbett is very much put out that even such a meeting with Sharkey, a man who is almost wholly unknown, should be surrounded with such petty maneuvering.

"You'd think I was making a match for thousands against one of the stars in the pugilistic firmament, the way there is backing and filling in this case," Corbett stated last night.

"I don't want to allow Sharkey a draw if I do not knock him out. There are a score of things that might interfere to prevent that result. While I believe that he may stand up like a man and fight, still he may not. He is a man also who can stand considerable punishment, and while I may prove to everybody present that I am his master, still I may not put him asleep in four rounds. I do not think, under such circumstances, that the match should be called a draw and the purse divided."

According to the proposed articles of agreement with which Corbett will have nothing to do the division of the 50 per cent would leave the remainder as the earnings of the club, whereas, under the understanding with Corbett during the afternoon, Corbett was to get 50 per cent anyhow and Sharkey 25 per cent if he was not knocked out in four rounds.

Corbett believes that the original understanding will be lived up to, and to-day, if the articles are changed, he will be glad to sign them.

The following is a note received from the champion:

To the Editor of the San Francisco Call—SIR: My idea of this fistic engagement with Sharkey is simply this: My friends in San Francisco are anxious to see me in execution and I am likewise anxious to please them.

Sharkey is probably the hardest and most stubborn pugilist seen here in a long time, and is unquestionably the hardest man for me to go against. He acknowledges my ability to defeat him on cleverness or in a drawn-out meeting, but hopes to stand four rounds before me without being knocked out.

I am satisfied to give him a chance to knock me out, perhaps, if he can do it, in that or any other number of rounds, so as to show my old friends of the Olympic Club that I am as good as I ever was.

But I do not propose to claim that I will knock out Sharkey within that stated time, as I am not doing that kind of fighting. I am satisfied to meet him, however, on almost any proposition, and the referee may decide, if Sharkey is on his feet at the end of four rounds, whether he is in as good condition as I, and give his decision accordingly.

As I am giving Mr. Sharkey all the best of it, with a possible chance of his getting a decision of a draw, with all the honor that might accrue thereby, I am doing it simply in accordance with the wishes of my friends, who again want to see me in the ring.

There are two men, Peter Jackson and Fitzsimmons, I must eventually meet if they will come to the front. JAMES J. CORBETT.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

Rev. Oliver C. Miller Sees Signs of Its Near Approach.

"The Second Coming of Christ" was the subject of a sermon preached yesterday by Rev. Oliver C. Miller at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 2127 Jackson street. Mr. Miller selected for his text Joel 2:1, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion and sound an alarm, for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." He said:

"Our Lord's going away was the beginning of his coming, as the dawn is the promise of the coming day. He has been coming through all the onward march of civilization. We do not understand the Scriptures to teach a millennium before the second coming, which shall be in person. We should not try to point out the day of His coming, neither should we idly await it. The church has always fallen into impurity and inactivity when this doctrine has not been practiced. It was the very heart of apostolic preaching and the mighty power for the conversion of souls. It enables men to live a better and higher life to be in constant expectation of His coming.

"Let us see in the commotions that surround the stronger sign of the good time near at hand. The present day's unrest is a visible proof of the working of the invisible power of the spirit. There has always been conflict between light and darkness. Silence means death, commotion progress. The present day distress and commotion mean the fast coming final victory of Christianity.

"God has told no one the time of his coming, but left it indefinite, just as he did not tell the disciples when the spirit would be poured out, only saying it shall be not many days hence. Christ's teachings on this subject cannot be explained away, neither can they be applied to the destruction of Jerusalem, for they were given in answer to the question, 'Tell me the sign of thy coming and of the end of the world?' The time of his coming is to be learned from the signs which He has given in the figtree, whose bursting buds indicate that summer is nigh.

"We see to-day distress of nations has become well-nigh universal; perplexity has fallen like a demon upon the social, political and financial world; unrest, like mighty waves of the sea, is dashing wildly about all man-made institutions, men's hearts failing them for fear of what the future shall bring forth. The powers of heaven are being shaken in the death-dealing cyclones. In these words of our Lord we have an accurate description of the present times: 'Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; nation shall rise against nation, and there shall be famine and pestilence and earthquakes in divers places; they shall deliver you up to be afflicted and killed, and ye shall be hated for my name sake; men shall betray and hate one another; false prophets shall arise and deceive many, and because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold.'

"All these do we see from America to Armenia and all around the world."

SPECTACULAR JUSTICE.

A Frenchman's Comparison Between English and French Courts.

M. Cruppi, the Procurator's substitute, in a paper on French assize court trials, used the Old Bailey as a foil to set off the assize court of the Seine. A sensational criminal draws to the Palais de Justice a brilliant crowd, who come to be stirred and amused, as at a playhouse. They expect alternations of weeping, laughing and blood-curdling horrors. At the Old Bailey there is nothing spectacular.

The court is a dark, dingy hole, to which narrow stairs and passages lead. Justice is public, but the public were not thought of by the architect. But the press is there, and its presence constitutes publicity. This hall of justice is not as spacious as the least large of the correctional courts of Paris. It is meant for business merely. The one place where there is elbow-room is in the dock. The prisoner can move about there, stand up, sit down, come and go. Soldiers do not guard him. A warder sits in a little corner pew and looks more like a scribe than a jailer.

One soon sees that the prisoner is a sacred and intangible being. He discusses from his notes in the tone of a creditor claiming a debt, and he may well do so, for the proof of his alleged crime is due to him. A table is in the lowest part of the dark, dingy hole. Jammed around it are counsel for and against. They are close to the jury. Theatrical effects would be out of place here. The air is thick with the all-pervading London fog. No one gesticulates. No face lights up or shows any sort of animation. There is no rustle of elegant toilets.

M. Cruppi points out that the English Judge is witness of what witnesses say, and arbitrator, but never accuses. He respects every right of the accused, and, if need be, makes others do so, too. Should he be nervous and cross the counsel for the Crown will be made to feel unpleasantly his temper. English barristers argue rather than plead. They are so close to the jury that if a barrister in a vehement gesture thrusts forth his arm he might knock over a juror. The thing is to show a proof or establish a point of law, and not to produce an effect.

The Old Bailey jurors seem better suited for their work than those of the Palais de Justice. Their questions to the accused and to witnesses are clear and to the point. One often wonders at their quickness, after the Judge sums up, at agreeing on a verdict. Every juror seems absolutely confident in the wisdom and fairness of the Judge. He is the sheet anchor.

Witnesses may have contradicted themselves and each other, counsel may have puzzled them, the prisoner's counsel may have proved black white, and the Attorney-General strained many points, but the Judge is to declare what is true and fair. He meddles with nobody, but keeps on taking notes until he has to sum up.

A juror feels his conscience may be at rest if he follows the Judge in doubting a witness or doubting the whole case of the accused. M. Cruppi further says that it is well to understand England, but dangerous to imitate her, because all her institutions are of secular growth and racy of the soil. None of her institutions is more worthy of study than trial by jury, which France has had for 100 years, but without the English Judge.—Correspondence of the London Daily News.

Commission to a Maryland Negro.

At the monthly meeting of the board of managers of the Industrial Home of Colored Girls at Melvale, Baltimore County, Monday, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Beaver presented his commission as a member of the board, the first commission, it was announced, that had been given to a colored man by the Governor of Maryland.—Baltimore American.

MRS. CARTER WAS KNOCKED DOWN,

David Belasco's Brother Admits That This Took Place.

BUT IT WAS NECESSARY

In Fact, He Maintains It to Be Indicative of Good Coaching.

WELL-MERITED COMPENSATION

The California Playwright Labored Night and Day to Burnish Up a Star.

"Did my brother pull Mrs. Leslie Carter's hair and knock her down occasionally while training her to be a star?" asked Fred Belasco of Belasco's Academy of Acting yesterday, as he lit another cigarette.

"Well, I should rather say he did.

"That was one proof of the labor he devoted to making Mrs. Carter what she is.

"I was in New York when he was preparing her, and was present at all the rehearsals, and I know of what I speak. He trained her in all manner of stage falls, and would throw her to the ground repeatedly until she was a perfect master of the art of falling gracefully. And falling is not the easiest thing in the profession, either.

"She and Fairbank both came from Chicago. She knew absolutely nothing about acting until my brother taught her. When she first came to New York Dave watched her at the Berkeley Lyceum. It was hot, sultry New York summer weather, and yet they would begin practicing at 8:30 o'clock and continue until 11:30; begin at 1:30 in the afternoon and work until 7:30 in the evening. At night they would rehearse at the Madison House, and do this after working all day. I was present at the time and held the book while they rehearsed.

"This was before the 'Ugly Duckling' was put on the boards. She made an artistic success in this almost financial failure. My brother is a tireless worker when he begins on anything of this kind, and hardly stops to sleep or eat.

"I remember on the first night of the 'Ugly Duckling,' while Mrs. Carter was entering the theater some one handed her a telegram. It said her baby had just died. One of her enemies had sent the telegram to prevent her success, and there was no truth whatever in it. This was about the time of her divorce proceedings. We knew there must be something wrong, and wrote some bogus dispatches, saying what afterward was found to be the truth—that the child was all right. That same night she received two curtain calls the first act, three after the second, and, what is without precedent, seven after the third.

"People came to guy her, but they were won over by her wonderful acting and stood—actually stood on the seats to applaud her. E. J. Henley said to Dave that night, 'Mr. Belasco, this lady has done to-night what it has taken me a whole lifetime to accomplish.'

"Why, in preparing her for this play and for Miss Hellyet he went over the parts with her at the theater and at home. Even on the streets they would go through the scenes. One day on Broadway they were carrying on this way and people would stare and look back, until I became a little bit put out. I said, 'Dave, why not wait until you reach the hotel?'

"'If you do not like it, go on ahead,' said he, and the scene was continued. The same thing occurred one time in Lincoln Park. Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. Carter's mother, and I were walking with them. They became wholly abstracted from practical life and drew quite a crowd.

"During their rehearsals in theaters and halls I was obliged to remind them to eat, even. Two or three times Dave said: 'You can't fool me. I have already eaten. I am going to finish this scene, anyway.'

"When Mrs. Carter was preparing for the bell scene in the 'Heart of Maryland' she visited a gymnasium in New York daily for six months and practiced on bars, rings and trapeze for several hours a day.

"I have had seventeen years' experience in this business, and yet I have never heard of another man and woman who worked as they did. A person can have no idea of the intensity and perseverance they manifested who has not actually witnessed them in their work.

"In the realistic bell scene, should Mrs. Carter slip her hold from the clapper of the bell it would mean death to her. Only the bare floor of the stage is underneath.

"Many a morning I have heard the janitor ask how long they would use the stage that day. Dave would answer: 'Oh, two or three hours.'

"'If they are off at 6 this evening I am in luck,' the janitor would remark to himself, and it would turn out as he thought.

"One night, while the 'Ugly Duckling' was being rehearsed, we left Mrs. Carter shortly after midnight. On the way home Dave stopped suddenly, saying: 'By Jove, I have neglected to mention a certain point that is important,' and, exhausted as he was, he insisted on returning, and they did not cease practicing this idea until nearly 3 o'clock in the morning. But this is only an instance of the conscientious work they gave to the plays.

"While he traveled with her in the 'Ugly Duckling' company he at the same time was putting her up in 'Juliet' and 'Camille.'

"In 'Miss Hellyet' his work was but a repetition of the work in the 'Ugly Duckling.'

"There is a rather dramatic incident connected with the rehearsing of 'Miss Hellyet.' They had been working five or six hours. It was bitterly cold outside and the snow was falling. They left the theater together, and it was seen that Dave had come out with no hat on and that Mrs. Carter was without her fur wrap. The stage director informed them of the fact, and when they returned to the stage they believed that another day's work had begun and practiced nearly an hour. This is an actual fact.

"About this same time Dave and I were at a play together. When the curtain fell on the last act I turned to him and asked: 'Well, Dave, what do you think of the play?' He looked at me vacantly for a moment and then said, 'Now, Mrs. Carter, we commence to-morrow morning, etc.' He thought I was Mrs. Carter and I do not believe he heard a single line of the play.

"It was Fairbank who came to Dave and asked him to coach Mrs. Carter and insisted that Dave go on the road with her. He asked Dave how much he made in a year. A certain sum was named. 'Very well,' said Fairbank, 'do not neglect her for anything. I want to see Mrs. Carter one of the brightest stars of the stage.' When Dave afterward demanded his compensation he was accorded a glassy eye."

The first play-writing that Dave Belasco did was when a schoolboy in this City. He would sit up in defiance of parental authority until the early morning writing his juvenile dramatic ideas.

Lecture by Father Yorke.

Rev. Peter C. Yorke will lecture in St. Mary's Church, California street, on Sunday evening, June 14. His subject, which is apropos of the present controversy, will be "Are the Irish People Criminals?" Tickets, for sale at the residence of the Paulist Fathers, 628 California street, cost 50 cents. The proceeds will be devoted to the improvement of old St. Mary's.

HE TAUGHT HER TO ACT.

David Belasco and His Ex-Pupil, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Whom He Is Suing in New York for $50,000. His Brother in This City Yesterday Related the Extraordinary Methods Employed by Mr. Belasco in Training Girls for the Stage.

THE BEST LINGUISTS.

Why Russians, Poles and Hungarians Hold This Distinction.

In conversation with a Frenchman the other evening a reporter asked the following question: "How comes it that among the foreign population in Paris the Russians are credited with the gift of speaking the best French?"

"The Russians, the Poles, and, I think I may add, the Hungarians," replied the Frenchman, "speak French with wonderful facility. Their accent is perfect, and they acquire all the finesse of the language with marvelous rapidity. One can account for their capture of pronunciation and accent easily enough, but their ability to get down into the depths of a language in a comparatively short time is a little mysterious.

"You have often seen a common German concertina and the other thing that is called the English concertina. You can only play a limited number of tunes on the former, because it has no semi-tones or half-notes. There is no sound that the human tongue can utter that is not included in its repertoire. Consequently, a Russian hears no discordant note in a foreign language. He masters its pronunciation with ease. Now, when a man acquires a correct pronunciation of a foreign tongue he can get the accent with little difficulty, especially if he has a good ear, and that is something which almost every Russian has.

"The same can be said of the Poles and Hungarians. The Hungarian and Polish languages have a compass probably as extensive as that of the Russian language. The theory that a man must be possessed of good musical ear in order to be able to get over all the difficulties of pronunciation and accent is interesting, and there may be something in it. But it must be remembered that some of the best linguists the world has ever seen were men without any ear for music. Bismarck, for instance, who can speak half a dozen languages fluently and elegantly, has no ear for music; in fact, he can't understand why anybody should like it. For him it is 'all —— noise.'

"Among the English-speaking people Americans, especially the ladies, talk the best French. It is not generally known that there is a marked difference between the accents of Americans and Englishmen when they speak in the diplomatic language. There is what we call the American accent, and, while there is the British accent, and while we Frenchmen cannot admire either, we are bound to admit that the former is preferable. Moreover, the average American traveler is more observing than the average Englishman. He 'catches on' quicker, as we say idiomatically, if indeed that phrase is not a specimen of what may be called the argot of New York. But it is expressive, and everything that is expressive is good.

"As a rule, French-speaking and English-speaking people are not good linguists. Of course there are conspicuous exceptions, but the rule holds good. The Germans, on the other hand, though inferior to the Russians, may be set down as good linguists. They have great difficulty in putting their b's and p's in their proper places, and Frenchmen make fun of them on account of that weakness, but in time they manage to get over that defect. Moreover, they always attack a language boldly, without caring a fig for the blunders they make, and doubtless that is a good plan.

"It is, of course, well-known that the Jews have a wonderful power of picking up languages. That is a gift which they received from the persecutions that compelled them to become a nomadic race, but the fact that they are great traders, hard students, and keen observers with good ears, must also have something to do with it.

"It has been said that the ability to grasp many languages does not necessarily denote a high order of intellect, but that is a question which had better be left with the philosophers. All we know for a certainty is that it gives poor evidence of stupidity."—New York Sun.

A ton of good coal is said to yield about 8000 feet of purified gas.

AN EVENTFUL IROQUOIS PICNIC,

Max Popper and Others Declare War on Thomas J. Clunie.

SCHELLER TROTTED OUT

Clunie's Rebuff, Ferral's Ambition, Popper's Assault, the Buckley Issue.

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED PICNIC.

From the Social Side the Annual Iroquois Outing to San Jose Was a Success.

The big double-action annual picnic of the Iroquois Club at San Jose yesterday had two highly interesting phases. One phase is more interesting than the other, but which is which depends on the standpoint and on who is interested.

It was a Democratic picnic, and Democratic picnics are common this year. This one had two contrasted natures, and from both it yielded largely.

As a social affair it was a blessing, like the glad and gentle Sabbath morn that brought it. As a political affair it yielded red war—the play of hate, the leaping forth of armed ambitions, new sizzles of party strife, poisoned arrows of political skirmishes and, as well, the play of the gentler arts of politics—kind, winning, insidious.

For Max Popper and his own declared war on Thomas J. Clunie, who reaches for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Fifth District, cried war to Clunie's teeth where Iroquois bucks and gentle maidens schottished in the eucalyptus shade.

For they trotted out to the starting post ex-District Attorney V. A. Scheller of San Jose, who is now all at once a formidable candidate for the nomination.

For they took along in a special car a wierd dragon, labeled "Buckleyism," scaring people from the side of Andy Clunie's brother, and displaying it through the Santa Clara Valley as the thing to keep in mind at the State Convention when the virgin Junta steps forth to take the vows of eternal purity and receive a white robe, for which Sam Rainey is measured.

And Robert Ferrall stopped all guessing that he might be a candidate for Congress in the Fifth, and announced himself out for a Superior Judgeship, whereat he was promptly threatened with defeat if he didn't shake Buckley at once.

Stilettos were thrust into Daggett and politicians without quarrels, or the hope of any, came in peace and in tender fellowship.

There was no sign of all this when seventeen carloads of people moved out of the depot at 9 A. M., and the majority knew not nor cared that ruthless politicians had lugged their hellish wiles and wars into the Sunday picnic. Theirs was the social side.

The social side was the nicest one and the picnic was the nicest one of all the annual picnics of the Iriquois Club. They said—the braves at the front did—that this was because the Buckleyites were not there. It was in truth an anti-Buckley crowd, the only Buckleyite that attended being Fred Raabe, Deputy Superintendent of Streets, who was the jolliest soul aboard. The Buckleyite members have largely left the Iriquois Club to the enemy since their defeat at the annual election.

The several hundred that went down on the train were an unusual picnic crowd for the size, in the character and respectability of its members.

The active braves of the club were all in evidence. President Charles Gildea, with white stove-pipe hat and badge, looked proudly after the arrangements. Vice-President Thomas O'Connor, Louis Metzger, chairman of the board of trustees; Lawrence J. Welch, Secretary Gordon, Harry Zemansky, L. V. Merle, Max Popper and others, who had most actively worked to make the affair the success it was, were at the helm when needed throughout the day. James O'Connor of the School Department, J. L. Franklin, E. P. E. Troy, ex-Senator P. J. Murphy, John Cunningham, H. Bienfield, August Keller and Registrar Hinton were picnickers too.

There were other Iroquois braves along with as deep and honorable social cravings as any. T. J. Clunie was one and Robert Ferrall was another. James Denman enjoyed the day; he is talked of for many things. Auditor Broderick brought his hearty good nature, and said little about a renomination. Senator Fay, who may be nominated again, was glad he went. Robert Barnett, who is after Daggett's scalp along with others, joined the merry-makers.

Nearly all who came brought their families or lady friends along.

There was a band aboard, the morning was bright and the Santa Clara Valley feasted all eyes with its summer beauty. The day, the air, the hills, the orchards, groves and blooms were bright and kind as the pleasant-faced crowd aboard.

The social story of the picnic is that of a quietly delightful, uneventful outing amid charming scenes. Arriving at San Jose part of the crowd went to Agricultural Park, toward Santa Clara, and there spread bountiful lunches brought from home. The rest sought hotels and restaurants uptown, and after luncheon many spent an hour or two riding about.

The crowd at the park grew large early in the afternoon. Roughs did not come with Sunday picnic girls to trouble the quietly pleasant hours. Nearly 100 San Jose people, largely friends of the San Franciscans, joined the crowd at the park. There were no speeches and no special features to the entertainment except the dancing on the open dancing platform. Refreshment booths helped out the life, and the crowd rested, moved, chatted, ate, drank and danced in the shady grove until train time at 5 o'clock.

Eight hundred tickets had been sold, and that, with the pleasant time enjoyed by everybody, made up the success that everybody recognized.

The eucalyptus grove yielded a lot of politics, but most of it was as unobtrusive and inoffensive as the faint odor from the gum trees. The party chart was studied by experts by twos and threes, and there was much kind fellowship that may count.

But Popper and some others jumped into the Fifth District Congressional fight as soon as they struck the depot gravel. In twenty minutes after arrival Popper was uptown talking earnest politics to Sam Rucker, Postmaster Ryland, Deputy Postmaster Kelly, Tom O'Connor and others, who were at the St. James Hotel by appointment.

Popper made his first open anti-Clunie move since Clunie announced his candidacy three days ago. Clunie's suffering is somewhat vicarious. He has a brother, Andrew J. by name, whose keeper he was not at the time of the last State Convention.

Clunie was battling for Dr. Stanton's nomination for Railroad Commissioner, and Popper was fiercely opposing Stanton as a Buckleyite and a railroad slave. The impetuous Andrew blazed away with a keen-edged story about Popper's former partnership with Buckley. Popper has not forgiven. He was Tom Clunie's political friend before that, and since that he has held Thomas largely responsible for not making Andy keep his mouth shut.

Popper is proving himself a strong political influence just now, and he has a large part of the anti-Buckley Junta with him. They are now all at once plastering General Clunie with Buckleyism. They cry that his brother is a big man in the Buckley councils. They have dug up a banquet by Mayor Grant to Buckley in New York in 1890 at which Clunie, who was there with other Pacific Coast Democrats, lauded Buckley during the black-coffee hour. They hurl at him an interview with Buckley in Los Angeles recently in which Buckley said that Maguire and Clunie would be Congressmen.

When Joseph P. Kelly, now apparently eclipsed, started out for Congress on the Buckley side not long ago Popper looked around for an anti-Buckley man to beat him with and thought of Attorney V. P. Scheller, a prominent San Jose Democrat and ex-District Attorney. But no Scheller boom was started.

When Popper read the other morning that Clunie had jumped into the field, he put on his hat and went to work. So it was that Scheller was trotted out by Popper, backed by large elements in the Junta and in the Iroquois Club and by many friends down that way.

The San Jose Democrats said to Popper that Scheller could get Santa Clara County if he could get enough to win in San Mateo and San Francisco. Scheller told Popper that he would run if the way seemed clear and that he had much strength from that end of the district. The biggest doubt entertained by Scheller and his friends down there is based on the uncertainty of the contest here.

If the Junta delegation is seated a large majority would go for Scheller. If the Buckleyites get half a vote it is thought likely that the Buckley portion of the eighty-five San Francisco votes, as well as whatever Clunie men there may be among the Juntaites, would go for Clunie. Popper assured the doubters that the Buckleyites would not get half a vote.

Scheller came to the picnic making friends, and announced himself only a possible candidate.

Clunie had come down to the picnic to build fences. He has supporters in Santa Clara County and claims the San Mateo delegates. He got in his work uptown, and came to the grove to win friends. He got there a sickening blow. Not a political friends but Robert Ferral appeared to be among the gum trees.

Then came the meeting with Popper. Clunie wanted to make up and explain, and L. V. Merle consented to say: "Mr. Popper, I believe you know Mr. Clunie." The meeting was a sensation of the day. Popper turned loose and declared in plain terms that he had no political glad hand to extend, and that he was against Clunie to the end. Clunie and Scheller met later in the grove and Scheller told Clunie he was in the race.

Popper and his friends have started a bitter and apparently uncompromising fight. Clunie rode home reflecting on the ways of political warfare, somewhat disfigured but still in the middle of the ring.

Barney Murphy didn't come forth to mingle. He is reported to be for Clunie, but the Santa Clara party is expected to unite on Scheller.

Popper, Merle, Troy and others talked the local contest vigorously to the San Jose Democrats, who are said to be inclined to favor a division of recognition and a new deal in San Francisco.

Robert Ferral announced his judicial candidacy in the grove, and Mr. Ferral is a part of the Buckleyites' machine. He was thoughtful, too, on the trip homeward.

The Wind Pulled His Tooth.

One of the queerest pranks of the wind during the cyclone the other night happened at the corner of Sixth and Jefferson streets. John Gazzollo, the night engineer at the City Hall, has been suffering from toothache for some time, and has been telling his friends that he intended to have the acher jerked out as soon as he could screw his courage up to the point. On the night in question his tooth ached so badly that he could hardly hear the wind blow. He was desperate. Borrowing a gum overcoat from one of the policemen about the police station, he started out just as a funnel-shaped cloud was scudding along. He reached the corner of Sixth and Jefferson streets and was about to turn the corner when a gust of wind struck him and lifted him off his feet. He might have been carried over to the Courthouse and drowned in the fountain, but for his presence of mind in grabbing the iron railing that runs around the steps leading into the basement. He clung there for a moment with the wind right in his face. He turned his head, and as he did so, there was a sudden jerk that dislodged his hat and fairly unraveled his red necktie. Then there was a lull, and when he crept back into the station-house he made the startling discovery that the aching tooth was gone. The wind had pulled it. He tells the story himself, and if it is not true Mr. Gazzollo has greatly deceived me.—Louisville Commercial.

Optimistic.

Customer—That meat that I bought here last, Mr. Cleaver, was frightfully tough.

Butcher—Do you know, marm, that one reason why there are so many poor teeth nowadays is because they do not have enough exercise?

Customer—But that steak couldn't be cut with a knife.

Butcher—Yes; there is some mighty poor cutlery in the market. Did you say five pounds, marm?—Boston Transcript.

TO EXTEND OUR TRADE IN FRUITS,

Mutual Interests of California and Australasia.

INTERESTS LOS ANGELES

The Spirit of Patriotism in the American Public Schools.

'TIS UNKNOWN IN ENGLAND.

Pertinent Idea of a Baptist Union Preacher on Commerce and Education.

Some original ideas are advanced by Pastor W. L. Birch of Manchester, England, who is now temporarily filling the pulpit of Calvary Presbyterian Church, and intends to become a citizen of the United States. While in Southern California he interviewed the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce with the view of introducing a mutual trade in fruits between California and Australasia.

"The California on season is the Australasian off season," he said, "when 5,000,000 persons residing there would be pleased to have the chance of procuring fresh fruit."

He has communicated with Spreckels Bros. Company, the Southern Pacific and others, all of whom say that when officially requested they are prepared to favorably receive applications to carry sample shipments gratis. These consignments are to be sent to the Mayors of Sydney, Melbourne and Auckland for exhibition, report and sale. In the same way Australasian products may come consigned to the pastor at San Francisco, who will hand them to well-known firms for report and sale. The pastor also suggests that the proceeds of trial shipments be given half to the Mayor of Sydney and half to the Mayor of San Francisco for distribution among the fatherless children of these cities.

"I am delighted," said the pastor, "with the public school system of the United States. The pupils are inspired with patriotic sentiments, unknown in the schools of England, and are taught a self-respect which should result in a noble manhood and a pure womanhood."

Relative to the custom of saluting the American flag, in which the pupils say, "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the country for which it stands—one nation indivisible with liberty and justice for all," he says: "I admire a system of education which teaches a reverence for our fellow creatures and a national loyalty."

The pastor deplores the long hours for nurses in the Children's Hospital and says that in the hospitals of London and Paris the eight-hour system is in vogue. The nurses also take daily outdoor exercise and once a month are provided with a concert or some similar congenial amusement.

A Lighthouse Without a Light.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay—a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over 500 feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to train, and no oil-well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the island of Lewis, 500 feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from where they diverge in the necessary direction.

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse-keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light, taking into account the requirements of this locality, as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamps, service-room, bedroom, living-room, storeroom, oilroom, watertanks and all other accessories were erected on the summit of the rock.—Tid Bits.

An expensive watch which has a compensating balance is not affected by changes of temperature.

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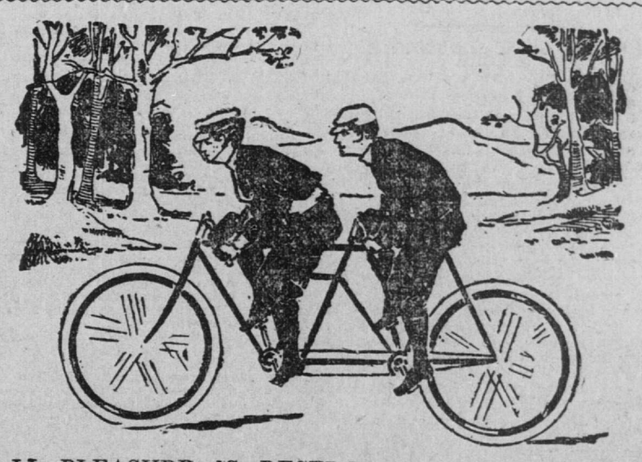

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