

The Call

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1897

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

Address All Communications to W. S. LEAKE, Manager.

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 710 Market street, San Francisco Telephone Main 1868.

EDITORIAL ROOMS: 517 Clay street Telephone Main 1874.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL (DAILY AND SUNDAY) is served by carriers in this city and surrounding towns for 15 cents a week. By mail \$6 per year; per month 65 cents.

THE WEEKLY CALL: One year, by mail, \$1.50

OAKLAND OFFICE: 908 Broadway

NEW YORK OFFICE: Rooms 31 and 32, 34 Park Row.

BRANCH OFFICES: 527 Montgomery street, corner Clay; open until 9:30 o'clock. 339 Hayes street; open until 9:30 o'clock. 615 Larkin street; open until 9:30 o'clock. SW. corner Sixteenth and Mission streets; open until 9 o'clock. 2518 Mission street; open until 9 o'clock. 1243 Mission street; open until 9 o'clock. 1505 Folk street; open until 9:30 o'clock. N.W. corner Twenty-second and Kentucky streets; open till 9 o'clock.

A GREAT PROBLEM.

A PREDOMINANT characteristic of colored journalism, and the feature which particularly distinguishes it from all other kinds of journalism, is its disposition at all times to resort to exaggeration. Whenever a yellow journalist sees a frog it immediately becomes a whale. To him every guinea pig is an elephant and every goat a condor. If he observes an old hag in the Police Court, upon whose countenance there are traces of the baleful effects of alcohol, he is said to have been a society lady or a person of great refinement and beauty. To his vivid imagination all wayward girls are "beautiful" and all crooked men dashing young fellows who have led a happy though rapid life.

In fact, it is the chosen vocation of the yellow-covered journalist to gild vice and throw around all the repulsive and forbidden things in existence a glamour of vivacity and romance. Ordinarily, this would not make much difference to the people who are compelled to tolerate the yellow journalist, and who, from a mistaken notion that what he writes is "news," are persuaded to read his paper; but when we consider the influence which false and lying journalism exerts upon a community which cannot take time to run down fakes and separate the wheat from the chaff, the colored journalist becomes the bane of modern civilization.

In his pursuit of the nickel no reputation is safe from his assaults. He proceeds on the theory that if he fills his paper with exaggerated accounts of the daily happenings, and mixes them with a few good "roasts," people will be compelled to read what he says, and as they cannot get his paper for nothing, that they will pay for it in order to do so. In this way he secures the reward which comes to one who plays upon the weaknesses and vices of mankind, and develops all that is vile and prurient in a community.

To the influence of the colored journalist may be traced most of the political and social ills of the cities in which he exists. It is to him that we are indebted for the opinion which generally prevails that all men occupying public station are thieves or rascals. It is he who has propagated the idea that our courts are corrupt, our Judges incompetent, our laws designed to promote injustice and to oppress the meek and lowly, and our country honeycombed by chicanery, fraud and selfishness.

Rational people are not always inclined to credit the exaggerations of the yellow journalist, but when day after day they have falsehoods and fakes dinned into their ears ultimately they give way to the flood.

The average man will probably admit all that we have said concerning the malign influence exerted upon civilization by the colored journalist, even if he has not already observed how that influence has debased the Government and dragged the people down; but he will immediately ask, What is the remedy? This, we confess, is a poser. Social ostracism is no remedy. The yellow journalist is already an outcast and delights in that condition. Personal violence will not do, for that is against the law, and the colored journalist is always first to invoke the law against a "brutal assault." Verbal condemnation will not effect a reformation. The yellow individual takes that as complimentary and generally attributes it to business jealousy.

What is the remedy? Will somebody suggest one? Surely the subject is worthy of the best thought of this community, for we have here in full bloom not only yellow journalism, but non-resident yellow journalism at that—yellow journalism upon which no process can be served or from which no satisfaction whatever can be obtained.

An evening paper condemns the cruelty to animals as displayed in San Francisco. There is something more in connection with the matter. Cruelty does not always include the use of the whip. Even to drive horses over some of the cobble streets is cruel. This is one reason THE CALL believes in having respectable pavements, even though no chattering monkeys ever be corraled in Squirrel Hollow.

It will be remembered that there was a time—not so very long ago—when the now ex-Supervisors regarded the attempt to remove them as a joke of much excellence, viewing which they went into paroxysms of laughter. The closest scrutiny and the most intent listening does not reveal any sign of laughter now. But it was a fine joke while it lasted.

The conference between Governor Budd and Mayor Phelan may have been as pleasant as a May morning and peaceful as the tomb, but it did not gain in dignity from the presence of one of the yellowest journalists ever on exhibition. The man seems to yearn after every sort of notoriety save that produced by the environment of a police court.

The condemned track on Bush street is still in peace. The pleasant theory that it would be immediately torn up seems to have rested on nothing more substantial than the assurance of the company. That the community should have accepted this for a minute was one of those beautiful exhibitions of faith for which there is no accounting.

Two Omaha footpads stole so as to provide a coffin for one of their pals who had retired from business. Highwaymen do not often operate on a sentimental basis, and even in this case the sentimental does not seem to have greatly impressed the police.

Oakland's woman burglar will spend a year in San Quentin, and while this may seem to her a hardship it places her safely beyond the reach of the saffron journalist—a fact that will go far toward mitigating the horrors of prison life.

The rule forbidding City Hall employees to play the races will be hard on the "bookies." Heretofore an idea existed that many people at the municipal building held positions merely for the benefit of these enterprising harvesters of coin.

Irrington is talking of organizing a vigilance committee. Of course, it will do nothing of the sort, and yet the astute brigand and chicken-thief will naturally discern in the plan an element of hostility to his method.

In the matter of swelling the mortuary record the gasoline stove seems to have at last distanced the folding bed, although the contest has been close and umpired by the coroners of the land with great interest.

A Klondike miner named McDonald is said to be the richest man in the world. The "richest man" of the world is setting so numerous that he ought to hold a convention and get acquainted with himself.

There seem to be a number of lawyers in the Fair case who "are not afraid of assassination." However, this frame of mind is not unknown outside the legal profession.

Apparently the people of the corn States counted their grain before it had been parched.

THE GOVERNOR'S APPOINTMENTS.

GOVERNOR BUDD has once more given evidence of his regard for the public welfare and his freedom from merely partisan aims and purposes by his action in selecting a Board of Supervisors to take the place of the old board ousted by Judge Wallace for the non-performance of duty. The Mayor, also, has shown a genuine civic patriotism in consenting to the board appointed by the Governor instead of contesting with him the right to make the appointments.

In every step of the proceedings there is cause for general satisfaction. The Governor, being a Democrat, might have sought to strengthen himself with his party by appointing Democratic politicians to the board. The Mayor, for personal ends, might have sought to claim the right of appointment in antagonism to the Governor. It is to their credit that they put aside any suggestions of the kind and acted in the only way that could save the city from confusion and promote its best interests at this juncture.

Justice has been done to the four members of the old board who acted for the interests of the people and did all in their power to fulfill the duties the law imposes upon Supervisors. They have been reappointed and will go forward with their official work as if they had never been displaced. The innocent have not been made to suffer with the guilty and the law has been justified by the manner in which it has been enforced.

The new members selected are all well-known men. Every one of them has achieved distinction in the service of the city. Most of them have been tried in official capacities and have been found true and faithful to the interests of the people as well as efficient in the management of all business intrusted to them. Taken as a whole, it is the best Board of Supervisors we have ever had, and the public may confidently expect good results from their labors.

A feature of the appointments meriting praise and commendation is the promptness with which the work has been done. There was, indeed, no time to be lost. Under the law the tax levy must be made by next Monday, and therefore it was imperative the new board should be installed at once. We can take no chances of having an invalid tax levy. If ever time was money it was so in this case.

The important part THE CALL has played in the events leading up to this satisfactory solution of the problem involved in the case against the old board was made clear to the public yesterday by the publication in THE CALL of portraits of all the members of the new board but with one exception. The other morning papers had but the bare notice of their names. THE CALL, indeed, has been from the start an earnest worker for the appointment of men of known integrity and public spirit, and was able to forecast the result because it was deemed worthy to be taken into the councils of those on whom the responsibility of selection was imposed.

News from England that Mrs. Maybrick may be pardoned will be more startling if it had not come so often before. Mrs. Maybrick's chances of being pardoned are probably not half so good as her prospect of succumbing to the inroads of old age while her friends are trying to do something for her that they can't. Ladies who kill their husbands, of course, excite a large measure of sympathy, and yet they must expect to be subjected to some inconvenience, particularly if they select some country not the United States to operate in.

Texans can fight a model duel, devoid of frills and not calculated to incite the merriment of the beholder. Two gentlemen of Dallas, having arrived at a misunderstanding recently, decided to exchange a few shots and clear up the situation. They did so. There were no seconds, no doctors, no nonsense. The misunderstanding disappeared at the first fire, and an undertaker did the rest. In its way it was a model affair, but it wouldn't go in France.

Five people who had acquired the disapprobation of their neighbors were found on a recent morning neatly suspended from a tree in Indiana. Of course, Indiana would scorn the imputation that it is not civilized to a highly impressive degree.

THE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

THE taxpayers of this city and county will note with satisfaction many features of the outcome of their case made before the State Board of Equalization.

To THE CALL is due the credit for placing the issue on the lines of reason and judgment, instead of leaving it in a chaos of prejudice and personal abuse as has been the practice. It is not to the credit of part of the press of this city that it began the campaign in the spirit of detraction and false ascription of motives that should have no place among the elements that make up official judgment.

We believe that any member of the board who antagonized the wishes of San Francisco did so in virgin purpose, and with no evil motive.

As our citizens have seen the benefit of reasonable treatment of a public question may we not hope that they will hereafter second the efforts of THE CALL to bring reason and soberness of mind to the consideration of all such questions? In this spirit we invite the attention of the State to the need of lifting the burden of a purely local representation off the necks of the Board of Equalization.

The placing of the load of taxation evenly upon property throughout the State is a duty too delicate and difficult to be always well done by officers who are responsible to a constituency made up of part of the State only. One may easily imagine that out of the present district system the people of any individual district may be moved by the single purpose of securing a member of the board who will give them the greatest immunity from taxation. It may as usual be admitted that it is not in human nature to pay taxes with pleasure. If two candidates are before a district for the Board of Equalization and one promises to reduce taxes 25 per cent, while the other stands silent, it is safe to say the promising reducer will get the largest vote.

Considering the situation it is a matter for congratulation and surprise that the State has fared as well as it has and that the membership of the board has been of so high character. They are good enough men to deserve a less difficult task by giving them the whole State for a constituency and all of its taxable property to equalize, instead of restricting under the implied obligation to balance one district against another.

There is time for calm consideration of the change before the next Legislature is chosen.

Hugh O'Neill of British Columbia comes into court with a spirited allegation setting forth with circumstantial show of sincerity that he is not dead. The pleasure of acquaintance with Mr. O'Neill has been denied us, and yet we would not hesitate to accept his word in a matter of this kind. If the court shall, however, decide that O'Neill, despite his protest, is dead it will be taking chances on being haunted by a very substantial ghost.

The dragging to death of a five-year-old child at Fresno by a frightened horse was one of the sad events that never ought to happen. A baby is not especially adapted to the task of taking a horse to water, and the habit of tying the halter strap to the wrist is something to be discouraged in people of any age.

The charge that the Kaiser has pocketed funds belonging to somebody else will not be printed in German papers in very large type. The Kaiser has before now displayed symptoms of sensitiveness.

The fact that he cannot go to Mexico and annex the republic to some of his railway enterprises must strike Mr. Huntington with a shock.

There is some comfort in the thought that people who say they believe Andree has been lost in the Arctic don't know anything about it.

If Dick Crocker's remark that he doesn't know Seth Low has any effect it will be to the advantage of Mr. Low.

PERSONAL.

Peter Musto, a Stockton merchant, is at the Grand.

Dr. W. D. Rodgers of Watsonville is at the Occidental.

J. Taylor and wife of Colusa, Cal., are at the Cosmopolitan.

Colonel M. F. Miller, U. S. A., Mare Island, is at the Occidental.

Frank A. Kimball of National City is registered at the Grand.

F. A. Spencer, a merchant of Portland, Or., is a guest at the Palace.

Rev. P. F. Farrelly, a parish priest of Pasadena, is at the Occidental.

John A. Lewis, the paper manufacturer of Bellingham, is at the Palace.

J. C. Lewis, a prominent mining man and grocer of Portland, Barbers, is in town.

M. A. Cranage and wife of Forest Hill, Cal., are registered at the Cosmopolitan.

O. B. Phelps, an extensive rancher of Bakersfield, is a guest at the Cosmopolitan.

Rafael J. Ruiz, a large coffee-planter of Hermosillo, Mex., is a guest at the Lick.

M. J. Cohen, who is proprietor of the brewery at Juneau, Alaska, is at the Lick.

W. P. McFadden, of Ukiah, Assessor of Mendocino County, is returned from the Grand.

W. C. Duncan Sr., a mine-owner of Oroville, is among the latest arrivals at the Lick.

H. N. Yerington, a mining man, banker and prominent citizen of Carson, Nev., is at the Palace.

Mrs. H. Grimm has returned from her visit to Sacramento and is staying at the Cosmopolitan.

J. R. Dorroh, a mining man from Angels Camp, is at the Grand, accompanied by his wife and family.

T. M. Staele, ticket agent of the Northern Pacific, will leave here Sunday evening for a two weeks' vacation in Los Angeles and San Diego.

At Berthier, who has been seriously ill for some time past in a new rapid motor car, and his friends expect to see him out and around town before very long.

E. H. Forester, general agent of the freight department of the Northern Pacific, will start for Portland Saturday evening on a week's business trip in the Northwest.

Dr. B. S. St. John, one of the pioneer English residents of San Francisco, and a prominent member of the Episcopal church, arrived yesterday at the Occidental.

Congressman T. H. Bankhead of Alabama, who was a member of the Wheeling gunboat party that recently visited this coast, returned yesterday to the Occidental accompanied by his wife.

Robert M. Schurz, a young man from York-shire, England, arrived from the East last night and is at the Palace. He is making a tour of the world and is on his way to Riverside to visit the English polo club there.

Among the arrivals at the Occidental yesterday were the following missionaries, who will return to the Orient in the Westeyr, the steamer of the Seudder of Japan, accompanied by Mrs. Frank S. Seudder and Mrs. J. W. Scheinck, and M. C. Wilcox of Fochow, China.

E. Trembley Carter, a celebrated English electrical engineer, recently inspected the electrical equipment of the Baltimore and

Ohio at Baltimore, as the London Underground Railway has adopted the style of motors that the Baltimore and Ohio uses in the Baltimore tunnel. At the conclusion of his inspection Mr. Carter said that it was the most complete and economically handled plant he had ever seen and that he had never been in a tunnel that was so absolutely free from smoke.

CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 16.—At the St. Cloud, E. D. Weyburn, Holland—J. Rolph, Jr., Miss M. Rolph, Morton—B. B. Stanley, Grand—Miss M. Wood, Grand Union—E. Faulkner, Plaza—Mrs. Gonzalez, Everett—T. L. Herdige, Mr. Kenyon, at the St. Cloud and sailed on the St. Paul for Southampton.

CALIFORNIANS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 16.—H. C. and F. Reno of San Francisco, as the "Norman" and W. G. Bridge and wife of Fresno are at the Wellington.

SUMMER DAYS ARE GOING.

Purple asters here at last! And thistle-seed a-blowing! And that it is in the bird's nest song! The house fly is here and long. Over and over: "Past—past—past—The summer days are going!"

Stop, chattering squirrel, why this autumn? For so long you have been chattering! And chattering squirrel, why so soon? A round to weave—last cocoon? The bitter frost is here! Though summer days are going.

Perhaps (who knows?) to grass and fern Comes bitter pain is turning! From yew to ash, from ash to yew, Rebels against a faded hood. And would escape it if it could; The bitter frost is here! Though summer days are going. —Outlook.

FAMOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crozier-hood; Selam by a digit of crows. Dr. Johnston objected to going under the ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot priority in putting on his stockings. Alexander was believed to have untied the gordian knot with a slice of his sword.

For so long you have been chattering! And chattering squirrel, why so soon? A round to weave—last cocoon? The bitter frost is here! Though summer days are going.

Alexander, if we may credit the account given by Quintus Curtius, was terrified by a crowd flowing from inside his soldiers' breast during the siege of Tyre, in 332 B. C. His seer, Aristander, for saw in this common effect of the vital stream out of the commissariat a happy issue for the Macedonians, and the warriors, thus nervous, took Tyre.

LAST OF THE FAMOUS THREE.

New York Press.

Sage were to be as straight as an Indian, and withering the old man, and his back is curved. His shoulders droop. Two inches have been taken off his stature. It used to be a rare sight to see Sydney Dillon, about six feet three; Russell Sage, about six feet; and Jay Gould, about five feet three or less, walking down the street arm in arm. Gould was always in the middle, hanging on an arm of each of his friends, reaching as high as he could to hold on to Dillon, and not quite so high to cling to Sage. And they were ever leaning low down to listen to what the big man had to say. It was a famous trio. D. J. Don died on June 9, 1892, and Gould in December of the same year. Gould has done himself with an air of ease, of life, and we have him still with us.

TRUE SCRIPTURAL AGE OF MAN.

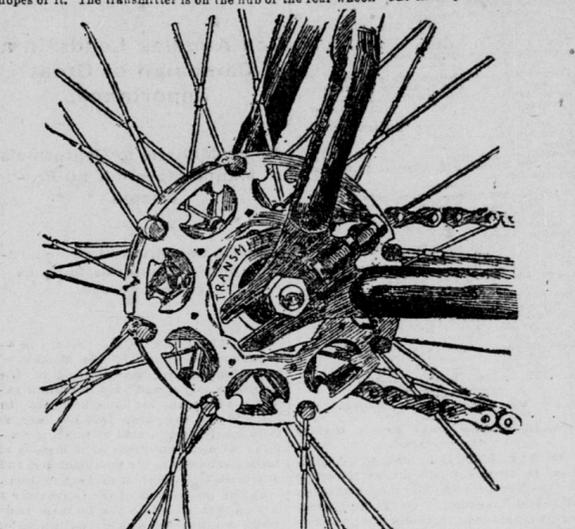
Nineteenth Century.

We have all heard the well-worn axiom attributed to the Psalmist that the "days of man are threescore and ten," but in Genesis vi:3 will be found the following passage: "Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." This passage seems to have been overlooked, as I have rarely seen it quoted, although, variously enough, it is exactly the same as the theory that man should attain fifty times the period of reaching his maturity.

ALICE GREENSK.

THE SCORCHER WILL HAIL THIS IDEA.

The old notions about perpetual motion, or getting results that are bigger than the power which produces them, crop out frequently in the new devices for the bicycle. At the first glance the power transmitter, here pictured, looks like an old, familiar fallacy; but appearances may be deceptive. The inventor of John D. Bultz and George Reiter of Cincinnati and they have high hopes of it. The transmitter is on the hub of the rear wheel. The chain passes over the ordi-



nary small sprocket wheel, which acts by levers upon a larger wheel operating on the axle of the driver. A series of levers, fitting grooves, accomplish this. The mechanism is not to be clearly described without too much technical language, but the question involved would seem to be simple. The chain gives its energy to the sprocket, which, in turn, acts upon a larger wheel which turns the bicycle's axle. Why is that superior to the direct action now in use? The inventors claim that there is an advantage in the larger radius secured; that the bicycle will go faster with the same power. A million scorches join the inventors in hoping so.

GRANDSON OF CHIEF COCHISE.

Handsome, tall, straight as an arrow, and with physical development of a trained athlete for Harvard, is a young Indian about whom the fates have woven a web of romance which renders him an ideal hero in the world of letters. He is a pure blooded Chiricahua Apache, about 24 years old, and the grandson of Chief Cochise. When but a child he was captured by troops operating under General Crook in Southern Arizona, his many bearing and fortitude commanding the admiration and respect of the rough soldiers of the frontier. He was placed in the hands of Mrs. M. W. Wilcox, where he received some schooling, being apt and quick to learn, and possessing a remarkably fine memory, secure in his mind. A short farming experience and a trial of several trades subsequently convinced his friends that a professional career would prove

WITH YOUR COFFEE.

"Why were you discharged from your last place?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation.

"I was discharged for good behavior, sir."

"Wasn't that a singular reason for a discharge?"

"Well, you see, good behavior took nine months of my sentence."—Litt.

Hewitt—My wife was looking for a dry-goods store yesterday and by mistake she walked into a saloon next door.

Howitt—That was terrible!

Hewitt—Yes, she found me inside.—Truth.

They were speaking of a recent slight earthquake in the south of France.

"Did you tremble?" a bystander asked one of the ladies.

"Oh yes, I trembled, but the earth trembled worse than I did."—Le Monde Comique.

"I'm surprised to find that you are keeping a dog, Tomkins. Why, you can barely keep your wife. What on earth do you feed him on?"

"Well, I gives 'im cats' meat, and when I can't afford that why 'e 'as to 'ave wet we 'ave."—Punch.

Counsel—Now answer the question and don't get angry!

Witness—Why shouldn't I, when you are a cross-examiner?—Judy.

Mrs. Umbell—Did you hear Mr. Crimmonbeck your uncle when he went out?

Mr. Bacon—No, I didn't have a chance; he took it.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mine Host (to barmaid)—You must always fill up the Judge's glass when it is empty without asking him whether he wants another. Otherwise he will feel offended.—Filingde Blatier.

Wheeler—What kept you so long? I've been waiting two hours.

"Well, I got a puncture and stopped to mend it with my quick-repair kit.—Puck.

PHILOSOPHER'S RUE.

Cap and bells for a fool.

Time and glass for the seer.

Who's trick and mad come Yule.

Who's trick and mad come Yule.

Time and glass for a fool.

Cap and bells for a fool!

Aye, and when an aged ear With quick-repair kit for rule.

I, who dreamed of a farset I, in my youth, and musical, his English pure and scholarly, his bearing dignified, yet affable, and his character so noble that all who knew him are proud of his friendship.

His noble services were recognized by the New England Sportsman's Association, in whose behalf he is now making a tour of the States, and the American Game and Hunt, to secure Indian guides, trappers and hunters, for the sportsman's Exhibition to be held at the Mechanics' building in Boston in March next.

VALUE OF POLITICAL LIFE.

Hos on Herald.

The opinion evidently prevails among a very large class of our wealthy and cultivated people that to go into public life is to descend to duties unworthy of them. They judge the men who occupy such positions with insulting severity, classing them in their minds as useless and self-seeking, than which nothing can be more childish or more imbecile. Any observer who has lived a little in the different grades of society will quickly renounce the queer idea that men and women of high talents are the only ones worthy of a gentleman's attention. This very political life, which is so much despised, is in reality the great field where the nations of the world fight out their differences; where the seeds of war that will ripen later into vast crops of truth and justice, it is, if rightly regarded and honestly followed, the battle-ground where the highest qualities are put to their noblest use—that of working for the happiness of others.

HE WANTED THE TRUTH.

Ti-Bis.

In a case before a Paris court, in which a popular actress had to appear as a witness, the Judge seems to have been struck by the confidence about asking the lady, as he was in duty bound to do, what was her age. Evidently he considered that such a question, put to such a witness, would be a direct incitement to perjury. The way in which he got over this difficulty was ingenious, although decidedly triangular. He asked her age before she had been sworn.

"How old you are, madam?" he said.

"After a little hesitation the lady owned to being 29 years of age."

"And now that you have told the court your age," continued the gallant Judge, "lift up your hand."

A REMARKABLE OBITUARY.

New York Press.

Home-made obituary notices are always pathetic when they represent a mingled and the poetic talent of the family with grief for the lost one. Sometimes these effusions seem "judicious" to an unsympathetic and unfeeling public. Without attempting to ridicule the grief of the authors, it might be of interest to reproduce the following obituary notice which appeared in a Washington paper September 10th.

He had just joined the Pioneer Baseball Club, (his comrades to en). But the fatal slide to second base. Caused the death of our darling boy. BY HIS PARENTS.

THE MAJOR.

Chicago News.

The reunion of President McKinley's old regiment recalls the pleasing fact that the late war hero who is not a general.

CHICAGO THEOLOGY.

St. Louis City Journal.

An Alaska Indian has gone to Chicago to study theology. Chicago is not sending any of her theology to Alaska and the Indians up there naturally want to know what it is like.

MIGHT CREATE A BREEZE.

Detroit Free Press.

The order to collect duty on all Canadian wheels should be interpreted to include all American wheels that have been pumped up with Canadian air.

A NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

Philadelphia Press.

Hitherto the United States has let Canada have all the advantages of the transit situation and meekly taken all the buffets of Canadian politics. Canadian politicians are using the privilege they enjoy to build up a hostile nation on our northern frontier. The United States ought to begin a systematic policy which will put an end to the existence of Canada first unprofitable and then impossible.

TRIPLY ENDOWED.

Cleveland Free Dealer.

It is stated that the Trans-Continental Embassador to this country is a doctor of philosophy, a diplomat and a duelist. He is certainly entitled to the distinction of a D.D.D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE WINTER GARDEN—Subscriber, City. Stahl & Mack were the owners of the Winter Garden at the corner of Stockton and Post streets at the time the structure was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 4th of August, 1883.

<