

The Call

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1898

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PUBLICATION OFFICE: Market and Third Sts., S. F. Telephone Main 1568.

EDITORIAL ROOMS: 217 to 221 Stevenson street Telephone Main 1574.

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 55 cents.

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

OAKLAND OFFICE: 908 Broadway.

Eastern Representative, DAVID ALLEN.

NEW YORK OFFICE: Room 188, World Building

WASHINGTON D. C. OFFICE: Riggs House

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AMUSEMENTS.

Waldwin—To-morrow Evening, "The Girl From Paris." California—"Cursed Into Court." Alcazar—"A Man's Love" and "Forbidden Fruit." Morosco—"The Blue and the Gray." Tivoli—"Briar Rose." Orpheum—"The Blue and the Gray." Bush—"The Thalia German-Hebrew Opera Company. Olympia, Eddy and Mason sts.—Kuehner's Ladies' Orchestra. The Chutes—Chiquita and Vaudeville. Lybeck Cycle Stand, Rink—Ontario Illustrations. Course—Inglewood Course Park, this afternoon. California Jockey Club, Oakland Race-track—Races to-day.

AUCTION SALES.

By Easton & Eldridge—Monday, January 24, Turkish Rugs, at 21 Sutter street, at 2 and 8 P. M. By Shinnwald, Buckbee & Co.—Tuesday, January 25, Real Estate, at 218 Montgomery street, at 12 o'clock.

A NEEDED EXAMPLE.

DOUBTLESS there will be many expressions of sympathy on account of the two boys sentenced by Judge Wallace to the penitentiary, and more than likely there will be petitions asking for clemency. Yet the boys do not deserve any sympathy. In all probability it would be wasted upon them and to other boys, who are not in jail, it would be extended in a harmfully negative sense.

It is true that provision for segregation of professional criminals ought to be made, and a natural supposition is that a lad of tender years will not merit classification with these even if he has fallen into error. The boys under consideration seem to be different. They deliberately committed highway robbery, and that it did not include murder was merely because their arms did not possess the strength to deal a fatal blow. It is pitiful that they must be put among men old in sin and hardened beyond possibility of reform. In the ordinary course of events they will emerge as tough as any old offender in the lot. They embarked on the current of evil and there is no method by which they may track.

Melancholy as the fate of the boys is, there could be nothing but mistaken mercy in sending them to a reformatory institution. There they would be once assume the position of heroes and corrupt others who now have a chance to reach manhood prepared to uprightly meet the responsibilities it will bring. It is wiser to safeguard the many than expose them to contamination in the vain hope that the source of the contamination will become purified. The hoodlum element of San Francisco was in need of a lesson. The lesson has been given. It was a severe one. Yet to let it stand as the Judge decreed it seems the only fitting course.

A COLLEGE OF COMMERCE.

RESOLUTIONS directing the establishment of a college of commerce at the State University and authorizing the president to nominate a professor to take charge of the work were submitted at the recent meeting of the regents and supported by a strong report on the subject from the committee to which the matter had been referred. No action was taken at the time, but the expediency of founding such a college is now fairly before the regents as a question of practical policy, and is therefore an issue of public interest.

It is no longer necessary to argue the advisability of technical education as a general principle. It is everywhere recognized that if we are to have a high standard of industrial development we must have schools and colleges where young men can receive instruction in the sciences that underlie modern industries and in the arts by which they are carried on. The only question, outside the financial one, involved in the present case is whether a technical commercial education is as necessary to California in the present condition of her development as technical education in mining or agriculture.

The affirmative argument on the question is well presented in the report accompanying the resolutions submitted to the regents. It is virtually made up of two points; first, the benefits which such colleges have conferred upon communities where they have been established and operated for any length of time, and, second, the increasing importance to California of finding some means for extending the market for her surplus products.

A TROUBLED BOODLER.

IF the Mission street Boodler has not already an "advertising" contract with the Los Angeles Water Company it is perfectly plain that it hopes to get one in the near future. Ever since the exposure of the water conspiracy and the syndicated press of the southern city the Boodler has manifested an uneasy grasp upon public affairs. It is apparent either that it is embarrassed in the execution of some agreement by which its true character may again be disclosed to the public, or it is worrying over the presence of Colonel Mazuma at Los Angeles with its business end 500 miles away.

In its local columns it is giving the water monopoly and the syndicated press all the aid and comfort it can. For instance, yesterday morning it published an epitome of the Los Angeles Herald's charges against Major H. W. Patton, The Call's correspondent, and broadly intimated that they were true. That this dispatch originated in the offices of the syndicated papers is unquestionable. That the Boodler hopes to get paid for it in some way is fairly inferable from its tone. Throughout it breathes sympathy for the water conspirators and the syndicated press and hostility for The Call and the champions of the people of Los Angeles.

Our readers will recall that the Boodler's "advertising" contract with the Southern Pacific was for editorial silence. If it has a similar contract with the Los Angeles Water Company it has observed its covenants, for the Boodler has never said a word editorially about the plans of that corporation. But, it will be remembered, there came a time when the Boodler could no longer keep quiet regarding Southern Pacific affairs. Then it repudiated its contract and sacrificed the \$8000 still due for its thirty months of silence. If the Boodler has an "advertising" contract with the Los Angeles Water Company evidently it does not think an opportune moment for getting an increase of subsidy has arrived. Thus far it has stood in on the monopoly side of the fight and maintained editorially a masterly silence. If it has no contract it may think the meager aid and comfort it is rendering and the silence it is maintaining will induce the monopoly to "advertise." Indeed it is quite certain that unless the water manipulators hire the Boodler to advocate their cause pretty soon even Colonel Mazuma will desert them. The colonel is not distinguished for his courage. Unless he is supported he will not fight.

One thing, however, may be set down as settled: either the Boodler has a contract with the Los Angeles Water Company or is looking for one. In the nature of things we shall know in a few days which it is. The Boodler cannot long refrain from cultivating so fruitful a boodle field as is now presented to its view at the orange metropolis.

A WARNING TO KLONDIKERS.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger states that it has been officially made known to our Government that the Canadian authorities desire to warn the public against so-called transportation companies which are offering, for sums ranging from \$50 to \$150, payable in advance, to convey persons from the Eastern States to Dawson City by Canadian routes and to provide them with food en route.

It would be well if our Government could imitate the Canadian authorities in warning the public against similar schemes to swindle Alaskan adventurers out of their money and possibly endanger their lives. All the promoters of fraudulent transportation enterprises to the Klondike do not advertise to take their dupes through Canada. Some of them propose to operate from American ports and to cross the sea under the American flag.

The eagerness of inconsiderate persons to get to the gold fields renders them easy dupes to the wiles of the unscrupulous, and the latter have been prompt to take advantage of the excited condition of the public mind. A host of schemes in which the discerning can easily recognize fraud are being put forth to deceive the unwary. They are not unknown to San Francisco, and they swarm in the boom cities of the north.

One of the most dangerous forms of these unscrupulous enterprises is that of preparing for the rough voyage to St. Michael ships that are hardly fit to carry coal along the coast. Old hulks, utterly unseaworthy, are being patched and painted and made ready to go to sea with hundreds of passengers. They will be hardly more than death traps, and unless the Government inspectors intervene to prevent, many a sanguine company of gold seekers will sail forth only to perish amid the wastes of the ocean.

American officials have been notoriously careless in the inspection of ocean-going ships. Many a wreck has occurred because ships left port in a condition unfit for long or stormy voyages. Some have been overloaded, some badly equipped, some inefficiently manned and some have been so worn out and rotten that they should have been burned or torn to pieces long before.

The rush to Alaska this year will afford a good opportunity for Government inspectors to begin enforcing more rigidly the laws for the protection of sailors and ocean voyagers. The need of a close and scrutinizing watch cannot be doubted by any one who pays attention to the way affairs are going. Small ports that are known to have barely ships enough to handle their normal local trade are now advertising whole fleets of vessels for the Alaskan voyage. Not many ships in these swiftly created fleets come fresh and strong from the shipyards. Most of them have been hauled from the inner flats of coast harbors where they were anchored years ago as abandoned hulks unfit for further service.

Whatever is done elsewhere there should be strict enforcement of the law in San Francisco. There will be no justifiable excuse for permitting any unfit ships to sail or steam from this port. San Francisco is not like the small boom cities where shipping facilities are scant. In this city there is a large mercantile marine. There are many ship yards with a large capacity for constructing new vessels. These have been busy all winter. It is fair to assume that we will have enough good, strong, staunch ships to meet the demands for the traffic, and certainly we should not allow any other kind to sail from the Golden Gate.

Mr. Cleveland will be surprised to learn that he favored annexation. He had entertained an idea to the contrary, but this was before Senator Morgan had enlightened him. Even now, perhaps, the ex-President—a man not without obstinacy—will refuse to accept the Morgan view of it and will persist in thinking that while he was doing all he could to defeat annexation he was not doing it to demonstrate how anxious he was to have the scheme succeed.

From the Populist organization there has been sloughed a party to be known as the People's. Perhaps there has been no catastrophe more startling since Joaquin Miller dropped an ear by the roadside.

Some of the Los Angeles papers seem to be hot. They need to be put out.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

CALIFORNIA is the only State which celebrates, with proper pomp and circumstance, its admission into the Union. It may be truly said to be the only State whose acquisition should be celebrated by the Union. No other brought with it such sumptuous natural resources, such enduring capacities, such a soil and sky. The beginning of the development of all this, of the noblest uses of the soil and of getting profit out of our enduring sunshine, was the discovery of gold, fifty years ago.

That stirred men in all the old States and thrilled them in far countries. It caused to turn toward California the most reputable and remarkable emigration that ever sought any land. The real argonauts were, it is true, a law unto themselves, but that was a law of absolute justice and honor, and the force behind it, as force must be behind all law, was the clearest courage. The knights of the Crusades were not as faultless as these modern men who met here during the first few years after the discovery of gold.

The volume of romance, of adventure, of unwavering honor, of fidelity and fellowship gained more pages from the personal careers and achievements of these men than it had accumulated from the beginning of human history.

What they wrought was of more consequence to the world than all the campaigns since Alexander. If they changed the course of human history it was not by destroying, but by building up. The stream of gold they set flowing through the world added to its shelter and its food. The waters of that new Pactolus irrigated the enterprise of men in every country, and there followed expansion of opportunity, increase in the wages of labor, more food and fire for the poor and a better chance. After they had exploited the placers and taken out their gold every child in every civilized country was born to a better inheritance, and men whose lives began long before that day closed their eyes on a better world than that upon which they had opened.

The men who toiled on the bars of California streams added stars to the national flag. What they did here broke virgin soil and brought fresh fields into production; it dug canals and built long lines of railway and shortened the time between the producer and his final market, adding to the profits of his toil and giving its results more cheaply to the consumer; it stirred every beating pulse and filled every heart with better ambitions; it broadened liberal culture and caused education to be more sought, for it became a higher prize than before.

These men, who doubled the Horn or marched across the isthmus in death-defying ranks, or took the long trail overland beset by strange terrors of thirst and famine and prowling savages, passed the final test of manliness, and when they rested from their journey and began their labors they were better seasoned in all the requirements of manhood and citizenship than the ten thousand Greeks who followed Xenophon from Asia to the Aegean. It is well that California puts out her garlands and to-day celebrates the Golden Jubilee of her heroic age. No other State nor nation has such an event to set among its holidays, and none can say as truthfully that what she in that age did for herself she did also for the world.

The Call hails the hosts that come to set the seal of pride and approval upon an event that had no companion in the annals of man to the day of its happening, and that stands in solitary eminence in the history of the world for the half century since.

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION.

IN their annual report to the Governor the Railroad Commissioners declare that unless the Legislature can be induced to confer further power upon them their offices may as well be abolished. This act of official self-abnegation has but one parallel in the annals of the State. Many years ago an officer known as the State Engineer reported to the Governor that unless something could be found for him to do it would be a good idea to abolish his office. He had no idea that any one would take him seriously. He thought the Legislature would rustle around and provide him with work. To the amazement of every one, however, the Solons, without ever inquiring whether the office of State Engineer was necessary or not, passed an act abolishing it. This case of official harakiri stands alone in our history.

The Railroad Commissioners complain that they are tied up in the Federal courts; that the Legislature will not provide them with sufficient money to carry on their business; that they possess no power to compel railroads even to make reports to them; that there is no penalty for non-compliance with their orders with reference to switches, turnouts and station houses, and that, consequently, the railroads treat them with contempt in all such matters; that in short the commission has fallen into a condition of official paralysis which renders it practically useless, and the members cannot perceive the object, as at present organized, of its further existence.

While it is gratifying to know that the gentlemen now holding the offices of Railroad Commissioners are sufficiently frank to acknowledge their inability to render any service for their salaries, what they say is not in any sense news. For years it has been apparent that the commission could do nothing toward regulating railroad rates of transportation in this State. The truth is, the body is organized on a wrong principle. The powers conferred on it are legislative, executive and judicial. It frames laws, expounds and executes them. This jurisdictional mixture, being illogical, never works anywhere, and it is no wonder that at last the Railroad Commission has succumbed to the confusion which always results from mingling such antagonistic powers.

It is doubtful, however, whether the commission should be altogether abolished. That it ought to be remodeled, though, is quite certain. Experience has demonstrated that regulating railroad rates by schedule is impracticable. Besides being expensive and intricate, it enables the roads to constantly question its legality. Passenger and freight schedules are the growth of years, not the work of days or weeks. What should be done with the Railroad Commission is to convert it into a court for the trial of railroad grievances. Its decisions might be made appealable and enforceable after affirmation like those of any other court. Thus, by legal process, jurisdiction might be conferred to decide whether a particular freight or passenger rate is just or not, whether a particular town has a sufficient number of switches, whether trains are run on time, whether roadbeds are kept in order—in short, whether the corporations obey the laws and respect the rights of the people.

Further than this, under the decisions of the Federal courts the States in regulating railroads cannot go. The Interstate Commerce Commission is organized on the correct principle. The decisions of that body already form a respectable volume of railroad law. Eventually that commission is certain to become the source of a lot of railroad rules by which passengers and shippers may ascertain their rights with reference to almost any subject of dispute.

WITH ENTIRE FRANKNESS.

By HENRY JAMES.

Charles Niemetz voluntarily places on record a protest because some writer has termed an angel "she." He claims that angels belong to the other sex, and seems to have some ground for the assertion yet it is nothing to be proud of, even if true. Angels have done some errands which had they been winged ladies they would have declined to undertake. It was an angel who is credited with having kicked up a row for which he was tossed out of heaven, receiving a considerable fall. Gallantry compels an admission that the plot was in conception and general character entirely masculine. The angel who took a flaming sword and drove a misguided pair from a pleasant garden could not have been anything but a male, else the sword would have been quenched in the tears of the penitents and the angel would have flown back to headquarters to intend for new orders. I confess to a preference for the female angel idea, and would be glad to think that the ethereal beings supposed to hover in space and shield mortals under the shadow of their pinions were as unlike myself and the rest of my kind as possible. In the particular case at issue, however, a compromise might easily be struck by calling the angel "it." This angel is carved out of stone, anyhow.

While the Market-street lines continue to run fenderless cars the only protection for the public lies in an ability to dodge. It is true that this places the aged, infirm and cripples at a disadvantage, but perhaps Huntington's Juggernauts would rather run down people who could not be quoted in the courts at full rates. The satisfaction of being a poor one at best. Any man would rather have a leg than the cash price of one in dollars. Almost any woman would rather have her husband than his value as expressed in dollars. As a citizen who has done his full share of sprinting to evade being sent to kingdom come by the fenderless foe of human life, I have come to a determination not to bother with legal process if any of my family fall victims to Vining's homicidal tendency. It is not seemly to make open threat and so details may be omitted, but there are circumstances under which a knowing insurance company would regard Vining as a mighty poor risk.

There might have been some utility in discussing capital punishment had the Rev. Davis refrained from projecting himself into the debate. While some of us regard the law as a good one, and feel an impulse to defend it, we do not wish to do so at the expense of heightening the glare of publicity in which the Rev. Davis poses and indulges in words. Rather than this, let the law take its chances.

There is one creature concerning the production of whom I am disposed to quarrel with evolution. This is the youth of 20 or thereabouts who gets married without parental sanction, usually having to perjure himself as a preliminary, and soon deserts his wife on the plea that he, poor thing, was too young to wed. If a more contemptible organism ever partly developed from a state of monkeyhood it has managed to avoid the public eye. They have recently been two cases of this brand of idiotic viciousness brought to light in San Francisco. Save for a respectful sympathy for the girls involved I would give the names, and suggest earnestly that any real man finding the fellows within reach of his foot kick them straightway so far that they will alight within reach of the foot of somebody in the next county.

Ignatius Donnelly is in many respects an admirable old man. He cherishes certain innocent delusions in respect to authority, but beyond smiling at these there is no reason for giving them the slightest attention. The gentleman who wrought to extract sunbeams from cucumbers was not more harmless than Donnelly. At the worst he did no more than spoil a few specimens of colicky vegetation which but for his efforts might have been made into pickles and laid waste the human anatomy. By writing mere foolishness Donnelly may be keeping himself out of real mischief, but he has a source of real mischief. He has fallen in love with a pretty girl, accomplished on the typewriter. As to her lucid intervals there might be, did not delicacy forbid, some show for discussion. For all of me Donnelly is welcome to have just as much fun out of his patent cryptogram as he can find there. If he should attempt to demonstrate that Bacon wrote Mother Goose's melodies, Aesop's Fables and the Book of Job he could probably make out a case so strong that no scholar would ever think seriously of attempting to controvert his conclusions.

Moved by a personal grief and desiring to perpetuate the names of those dear to her, a lady proposes to erect an elaborate arch over an entrance to the park. This arch is to be in memory of her husband and son and so engraved that its purpose shall be plain to the beholder. I do not doubt that she is as gracious as generous, but with the utmost respect I do question her taste. An individual grief never looks well on display. It is a thing in which the public takes no permanent interest and which should be guarded as sacred. To erect the arch and leave it unscrubbed would be an act of far greater delicacy. The cemetery is the place where mortuary records may be preserved. In the city of the dead it is appropriate to carve upon marble the names of the silent bore and perhaps the dead they did. When a man has lived as a private citizen, his work of no wide moment, his worth known only to those who loved him, he does not, by the inevitable process of death, win the right to be thrust upon the notice of the world in general, and the callous throng as it passes will not even pause to ask who he was. It is one of the delusions of sorrow that its crape casts a shadow across the universe, whereas elsewhere the sun is shining and people do not care. So a park entrance does not seem to me to be a spot in which to rear a tombstone. Such a stone would be an anomaly there.

Readers of the daily papers no doubt were puzzled by the attention paid recently to the maunderings of Cassius M. Clay, a relic of the times when to be able to use a bowie knife with skill,

and assiduous in the search for provocation to carve an acquaintance was the sign of a gentleman. Whatever Clay may have been, there is no doubt that at present he is a doddering and senile old nuisance. If he still keeps even if true. Angels have done some errands which had they been winged ladies they would have declined to undertake. It was an angel who is credited with having kicked up a row for which he was tossed out of heaven, receiving a considerable fall. Gallantry compels an admission that the plot was in conception and general character entirely masculine. The angel who took a flaming sword and drove a misguided pair from a pleasant garden could not have been anything but a male, else the sword would have been quenched in the tears of the penitents and the angel would have flown back to headquarters to intend for new orders. I confess to a preference for the female angel idea, and would be glad to think that the ethereal beings supposed to hover in space and shield mortals under the shadow of their pinions were as unlike myself and the rest of my kind as possible. In the particular case at issue, however, a compromise might easily be struck by calling the angel "it." This angel is carved out of stone, anyhow.

I have been greatly pained to observe the kick-up in local society. It shows the people who move there to be human. From inspection of a few sample Greenways I had formed a fond hope that they were not.

It is without so much as a start of surprise I notice that Arthur McEwen has deserted the Bryan standard. McEwen's strong point is the facility with which he can tear himself vociferously from friends, the friends bearing up well, for at the worst they know that he will come tearing back again. The gentleman is able when he takes the trouble, but fickle as the queen of the Amazonian march. Only a few short moons ago he could not say things mean enough to express his distaste for Hearst, who above all men had been considerate of him. He despised Hearst, and yellow journalism sent him into spasms of great length which he reduced to print. Then he went to work for Hearst and became a part of the yellowest sheet ever openly published. His encounter with Bierce will be remembered. It was with notable pleasure that the public watched these two eccentric writers nailing the hides of each other to the door. Which hide was the more thoroughly tanned was never exactly determined, and really is not a serious matter. The interest arose from the fact that the McEwen pen had scarce been dry from dripping honey words all over Bierce when Bierce was dipped into the vitriol and jabbed at him with fervor and appropriate glee. These truths may console Bryan. He kept McEwen as a friend long enough to have broken the record and if he really desires, may be able to woo him to his side once more.

A reporter is responsible for the statement that a certain prisoner was "small-booked." This leaves the world to wonder what happened to the prisoner. Probably after being "small-booked" he was "celled" and the next morning as likely as not "police-courted."

Somebody in the East has invented a perfectly lovely plan of preserving the contents of a trunk. Instead of being on the ground or reduced to ashes, bodies are to be kept as if asleep, so that mourners may come and gaze upon them, thus keeping themselves alive to the necessity of continuing to mourn. If the plan has anything to commend it the fact has yet to be mentioned. The sooner the mortal frame is reduced to its primary elements after the spirit has fled the better. People who view the preservation scheme with subdued rapture do not pause to reflect that by the time a body has succumbed to disease it is no longer an object of beauty, and has slight chance to be a joy to behold. Then complications might arise. The multidwider would be embarrassed to have his fourth gaze upon his three lying in a row. She would be sure to criticize the style of clothes worn by her predecessors, for part of the perfectly lovely plan is that the exhibits shall be clad in the mode prevailing at the time they go to pickle. Modes change, and to keep abreast of progress it would be necessary to occasionally change the drapery of the tomb. Of course, this sounds like nonsense, and largely because it is nonsense, but is in keeping with the entire proposition.

It is stated that in his anxiety to get aboard the Peru the other night, Arthur Berend, by professions journalist and lawyer, had himself announced as a doctor. There is still left to Mr. Berend the joy of entering the ministry, after which he will, perhaps, feel repaid for the trouble and expense of having become an American citizen, an ordeal he only consented to undergo after years of thoughtful consideration. The Rev. Anna Shaw seems to be about the only rival in point of degrees whom the journalist-lawyer-doctor has reason to fear. Miss Shaw is also a lecturer, and Berend would ever think seriously of attempting to corral an audience and a barb-wire trocha to keep it corralled.

Thus far I have generally avoided being personal in this department, except as to public men, but not to mention "C. B. S." were a hardship beyond endurance. I am at a loss as to the identity of the individual behind these initials, or whether they represent a man or woman. In either case the luminous intelligence for which they stand deserves to go down the ages by thunder. (This is not slang, thunder merely being the medium.) "C. B. S." writes to the British Call in the giving a list of the local tollers in the newspaper field, who were born under the English flag. To be born under the English flag is understood to be a distinguished honor, and to speedily get from under it must be an evidence of superior judgment, else there would be lacking the array of brains that makes some of the papers of San Francisco shine until bewildered by their own yellow dazzle. "C. B. S." mentions quite a number who have by hard work and native ability earned the regard of their associates and employers. To show that impartiality marks his (or her) opinion, a few words may be quoted concerning Tom Garrett. Mr. Garrett is praised as the kindest and most courteous of men. I am surprised and pleased to learn these things. Andy Lawrence must have been, too. It is an oft night on Mission street when the Garrett roar is not rattling the shingles, but the students of human nature, covering over their copy in the outer room, have not been wont to ascribe the roar to courtness, nor think the falling plaster in token of a kindly spirit. They will feel relieved now. Then "C. B. S." goes on to tell of Garrett's happy, innocent face, serene and smiling. I can imagine the modest and

retrifing Garrett reading these pleasant truths in the sanctity of his own dankie-deep with the blood of decapitated reporters, and blushing like the red, red rose. "C. B. S." is not merely a bird among his (or her) variety, but an eagle soaring above the crows.

I do not regard the Chinese as desirable citizens, even though to take this view is to oppose the sentiments of one of the most distinguished advocates of annexation. Still, so long as the Chinese are here, they should not be denied certain rights. Among these rights are freedom from the attentions of the hoodlum and in certain instances civility on the part of the police. I do not mean by this that the police need to use gloved hands in snatching the highbinder nor send in their cards when occasion has arisen for raiding a den. But there are Chinese who go about their own affairs, molesting no one, and police intelligence fails of making any distinction. At certain times any of the pig-tailed tribe is likely to be stopped in the street and searched. The method is to grab him and go through his clothes, much as a footpad might do it. The searcher is apt to be a policeman not in uniform, and he does not go to the trouble of displaying a badge of authority. If the victim of his curiosity ventures to protest in a mildly surprised and interrogative way the response is likely to be a slap across the mouth. I submit that such treatment is not decent, and if American abroad were treated in a similar fashion we would all have a reason to protest to the Government and call upon the Government to send guns. Of course this would not be done, but the howl would vindicate a principle dear to every American heart.

One of my first recollections of San Francisco is of a plaint that the City and County Hospital was inadequate. It was true then, and ever since, the truth has been growing more shameful. I have seen a man with a broken leg and a horror on a visit to the place to find the buildings a series of rickety barns loosely strung on a dark and draughty corridor. There has been no move toward reform. People talk, officials steal, patients suffer and so will it continue. To my mind the only hope of better conditions lies in the possibility that the structure may burn. Whatever might spring up to succeed it could not be worse and in the matter of smell would doubtless be superior. If it befall that in course of years, earning the fortune to which newspaper men may reasonably aspire, I go to the City and County Hospital for the purpose of dying. I expect the winds of heaven to flutter the ragged counterpane at which my fingers pick and the trickle of rain through the self-ventilating roof to bedew the scene. But there will be one comfort. I will go thence soothed and sustained by the clamor of the populace as in the same time it has used for seven years now, as I can swear, it demands that San Francisco shall have a new hospital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAYOR OF TACOMA—M. M. City. The Mayor of Tacoma, Wash., is Edward S. Clark. Term of office will expire on the 21st of next April.

COMPRESSED AIR—M. J. W. Oakland, Cal. Compressed air is used in a number of private establishments for the purpose of driving engines of small power, and it is also used in pneumatic tubes for the conveyance of small parcels.

ELECTRICAL MEDICATION—E. R. Oakland, Cal. The book you inquire about does not appear in the American catalogues. It probably has been printed by some one in the line of electrical publications and has but a local circulation.

CONTRACT MARRIAGE—W. P. D. City. When the contract was recognized in the courts, it was held to be void, and was required to secure a license. They just entered into a contract to become man and wife, and signed a paper to that effect, and that ended the affair.

LICK HOME—A. O. S. City. The Lick Old Ladies' Home is on University street, between Fulton and Clay, on the University Mount Tract. It may be reached by riding on the Howard-street cars to Twenty-fourth, the Potrero street cars and there taking a transfer to the cars that go to Golden Gate Park.

ANVIL AND HAMMER—A. G. Pian de Drida, Italy. There does not appear to be any record of when and by whom the first anvil and first sledge hammer were used. But from records made by Pictet it appears that stones were used as anvils in the stone age and that the Oriental Africans, who were among the first to use iron, used stone anvils for a long time after they were working iron and brass.

AFTER LONG DAYS.

After long days of love in loneliness,
I move among the ghosts of dead delight,
Here, where we kissed the good-by in dumb distress,
Parted and passed into the gathering night.

After long days the music of her feet
Comes floating down the old familiar ways;
Not, but from resonant memories sweet,
Nor pipes in Arcady; after long days—

I see her starry eyes, and in her curls
The golden sea that beats about her brow,
I see the sunbeams spere the waves of Pictet,
I see the glad blood in her cheeks; and now
Her soft arms clasp me with a strong caress,
Her soft lips thrill me with one tenderest kiss.

After long days of love in loneliness,
Who would not part awhile to meet like this?
—Fall Mail Gazette.

Cal. glace fruit 60c perib at Townsend's.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 510 Montgomery st., Tel. Main 1042.

E. H. Black, painter, 120 Eddy st.

Gullett icecream, 906 Larkin. Tel. East 198.

SENTENCES.

Some guns kick—revenge is one of them. A poor picture is not helped by being put in a good light.

The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong.

He who always comes out of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

The man, like the lens, may be concave and scatter brain power or convex and concentrate it.

To reveal the X-rays are so perfected as to reveal things which thought there would be a radical change in thinking.

Giving an inspiration to another is like filling a jam with olive oil—while the light will brighten a dark corner.

The man who denounces the existing order of things seldom suggests some means of improvement.—Ram's Horn.

NEW TO-DAY.

A Royal Baking Powder hot biscuit is the luxury of eating.