

The Call

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1898

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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
C. C. CARLTON, Correspondent.

BRANCH OFFICES—527 Montgomery street, corner Clay open until 9:30 o'clock. 339 Hayes street, open until 9:30 o'clock. 621 McAllister street, open until 9:30 o'clock. 615 Larkin street, open until 9:30 o'clock. E. W. corner Sixteenth and Mission streets, open until 9 o'clock. 2518 Mission street, open until 9 o'clock. 106 Eleventh st., open until 9 o'clock. 1505 Polk street, open until 9:30 o'clock. N. W. corner Twenty-second and Kentucky streets, open until 9 o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS.
Faldwin—The Bostonians.
California—Black Patti Troubadours.
Columbia—What Happened to Jones.
Alcazar—Charlie's Aunt.
Morocco—Shenandoah.
Tivoli—Said Pasha.
Orpheum—Vaudeville.
Duch—Thalia German Hebrew Opera Co., Wednesday night.
Metropolitan Hall—Lecture.
Olympia, corner Mason and Eddy streets—Specialties.
The Chutes—Chiquita and Vaudeville.
Mechanics' Pavilion—Mining Fair and Klondike Exposition.
California Jockey Club, Oakland Race track—Races to-day.

AUCTION SALES.
By Emil Gohn—Wednesday, February 16, Stationery Store, at 713 Larkin street, at 11 o'clock.
By Von Rhein & Co.—Thursday, February 24, Real Estate, at 630 Market street, at 12 o'clock.

PUT UP OR SHUT UP.

AN attempt of the Examiner to discredit a news item published in The Call was met yesterday by an offer of The Call to deposit \$1000 in the hands of Mayor Phelan to be distributed among the charitable institutions of the city, if the Examiner could prove that The Call was wrong—provided that the Examiner would put up an equal amount to be distributed in the same way if The Call was right. The Examiner was challenged to meet this proposition: to put up or shut up.

In quoting from the Examiner the passage in which the attempt to discredit The Call was made, a mistake occurred in the use of names. (It is difficult for sensible men to quote senseless things with accuracy.) We do not intend, however, to allow the Examiner this loophole to escape from the issue. We therefore return to the subject in order to give the extract from the Examiner accurately so that it cannot make a pretense that we have misrepresented it.

The case is this. The Call published a statement from John R. Griffiths, a former inmate of the Agnews Asylum for the Insane, to the effect that Peter Camarinos, a patient in the asylum, had been killed by his attendant, John W. Lynn, who recently made an attempt in Oakland to kill his wife. Griffiths claimed to have been an eye-witness of the assault of Lynn upon Camarinos.

Upon the publication of this story in The Call the Examiner said: "John R. Griffiths, who is responsible for the story, claims to have been an inmate of the asylum at the time the alleged murder was committed, and he has been quoted as saying that he saw Lynn kill Camarinos. After the crime Griffiths says he went to Fresno. This was about November 26, as near as he can fix the date. As a matter of fact and record P. Camarinos died on December 8 last, or nearly a month subsequent to the time when Griffiths claims Camarinos was murdered."

The Call repeats the statement that Griffiths was present at Agnews when Camarinos died, and challenges the Examiner to make true the charge of error. The yellow journal cannot dodge nor sneak away from the issue on the ground of misquotation. The Call stands by the accuracy and reliability of its news. Will the Examiner stand by its words of denial?

Here is a chance for the Examiner to do something for charity and at the same time prove that its reports are not always fakes. We repeat what we said yesterday.

The Examiner is so quick to discredit the reports of its rivals, and so incessant in boasting its regard for charity, it can hardly decline the proposition we have made without stultifying itself both as a newspaper and as a patron of charitable institutions. The issue before it is therefore plain. It must put up or shut up.

It is presumptuous and vulgar in a disreputable paper to try to boom a scheme to have Lincoln's birthday made a national holiday. In the first place the plan is not original. In the second place the paper in question is a discredited to any cause it may espouse. For it to link its own unclean personality with the honored name of Lincoln is an insult to the memory of that great and good man. There is involved a principle similar to that actuating the thrifty tradesman who stamps on the national flag the advertisement of a patent medicine, and then, unfurling the emblem to the breeze, proudly calls attention to his patriotism.

It is not often a funeral is marked by so much incident as that recently held in token of the death of James Brogan. One brother was there in charge of two policemen, having been permitted to leave jail for the purpose. Another brother was taken from the carriage of the chief mourners and dragged handcuffed back to the House of Correction, whence he had escaped. The Brogan home may indeed be a house of mourning, but rather for the living than the dead.

The dangers of living burial are being greatly magnified, but with what purpose does not appear. There may be a chance of being interred while there is still animation in the body, and there may be a chance of being carried to heaven in a chariot of fire. The evidence in support of either possibility seems to be equally strong.

Some fault is being found with an Arizona woman for having peppered a cowboy with bird shot, and doubtless the criticism is just. It is accepted as established that when an Arizona cowboy goes on the rampage his case cannot be treated successfully with anything smaller than buckshot.

Apparently one of the strongest reasons urged why Sherman should resign is that a gentleman named Day is in that condition of mind which gave Barkis a place among immortals.

OUT OF TOWNE.

M. R. TOWNE has opened the silver campaign at the south end of the State. His speech at Los Angeles is that of the politician whose vocation of office-holding is gone, and is being pursued in its retreat in the hope of overtaking it by attacking all the other vocations. He arraigns every interest and every industry. Success in any is to him a sign of infamy and evidence of oppression. Raising high his banner, inscribed with free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, he summons his hearers to do battle under it, because every business enterprise, every wage-paying industry, every profitable occupation in the country is arrayed against it. He enlists all who have failed, and all who have made no effort, and therefore have not risked failure, and all politicians who hanker after power, and have not found favor with their party. An observer of events must be impressed by the prospective effect of such politics upon the community. The generation of men just coming upon the active stage are told that it is no use to strive as their fathers strove; that confronting the battle of life they must lay down their arms without striking a blow; that education and the qualities of self-control, thrift and temperance, industry and honor, will not avail any more. They are told that all the successes they see around them, won by the generation that preceded them, are the spoils of craft and crime; that government is a fraud, law a threat, judges are jugglers and business an offense against the rights of man.

When the young were taught that success was open to morality and self-denial; that fortune was the good man's prize; that, given health and spurred by industry, the world was open to achievement; that no man could carry the pathway to fortune with him as he walked its length, but must leave it to be pressed by the feet of every generation that followed him, the tendency was to cultivate in men the known elements which led to success. As these were consistent with honesty and squared with honor and manliness, generation after generation passed in which they were preserved and depended upon.

Now there has arisen this new school of politicians who impeach every human activity and denounce every human effort that has paid the wages of labor and profited by success. They coddle every man who fails, for he is a victim of the criminal success of another. They enter the home of content to destroy its peace, by exciting greeds and grudges. They set men against men. They incite labor against its employer, and advise that he be ruined. A percentage of those just entering active life will take them at their word that business is a criminal occupation and will enter it in that spirit. Others will lag at the beginning and survive to recruit the army of theoretical or practical anarchy. Whenever the old moralities and the old manhood can be driven out of their place as the promoters of contented lives they will be expelled.

Now, who are these men who are making this campaign against the structure of social health and propose to tear down society and rebuild it upon the foundation of its failures and its diseases? Mr. Bryan and Mr. Towne are the leaders of that school. What industries have they founded? What wages have they paid, what men have they employed? What hands have had labor and what mouths have been fed by anything they have done?

Have they so far experimented with the industrial and financial status which they impeach as to till a farm, start a shop, employ labor, or pay wages? They are both lawyers, and have both practiced. Did they succeed in their profession? Are they not doing better now as agitators than they ever did as lawyers? What practical experience have they in business enterprises that makes them the judges of the world, and enables them to condemn every man who has taken risks, who has borne the cares and anxieties of business, who has strengthened his manhood, sharpened his ingenuity and has found, in his experiences, kindness and not condemnation for his fellow-men?

They draw a black picture of existing conditions and declare that its repulsive aspect will pass away under free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. How do they know that? If every evil they pretend to see were upon the country, how would their plan cure? Is there anything in conditions in Mexico, China and the other silver countries to prove what they say? If the full habilitation of silver and its free coinage as money can create the Utopian conditions they prophesy for their policy, can they point to a present or a historical example to prove it? Can their free coinage scheme make business virtuous, men honest, courts upright and legislation pure? If so, where has it done these things; where has it worked these transformations?

There are those among their followers who are honest but deceived, while the promoters of the movement who give it impulse everywhere are simply agents of the deception in the hope that it will bring them office and power.

Contemplation of that horrible thing should be entirely forbidden. If people are to be permitted to look at it, breaches of the peace in the vicinity of Third and Market streets will be frequent and flagrant.

We trust the people will retire Judge Campbell to private life at the next election. He has no right to dispense law in this way. What does he want in this town? Anarchy?

BRANDED SEALS.

Many respects the most important news sent down from the revenue cutter Bear, now at Unalaska, was the announcement that the seals branded by the United States officials have in large numbers returned to the seal islands, and are now at their usual rookeries. This news, given on information received from Colonel Murray, the treasury agent in charge of the islands, is authentic, and may be regarded as finally settling the question of the feasibility of solving the problem of protecting the seals by branding them.

Many plans had been proposed and not a few of them tried, for protecting our seal fisheries from poachers, before President Jordan of Stanford suggested the advisability of branding the females so as to render their skins valueless and therefore of no profit to the poachers. The plan met with a good deal of opposition. The most potent and frequently made objection was that branding would so frighten and pain the seals that they would abandon the islands and seek rookeries elsewhere. This objection is now disposed of. The seals have returned, and there is no danger the rookeries will be abandoned.

Another objection often made was that the branding would not so sufficiently destroy the fur as to render the skins valueless for commercial purposes. This also has been refuted by the reports from the islands, as a number of the branded animals have been examined, and in every case it has been found that the brands are clear and distinct. According to our special correspondent, Lieutenant Berry, "not a single vestige of hair or fur remains in the wake of the iron, although the mark is at least a year old."

From these reports it seems clear the controversy over pelagic sealing is settled, and the United States has accomplished the protection of its seal fisheries without the aid or consent of any other nation. International tribunals will no longer be necessary to provide laws for the prevention of pelagic sealing. We shall not have to carry on a further controversy with Great Britain over the Canadian practice of seal poaching. What statesmen and diplomatists could not do, a simple plan devised by the exercise of common-sense has achieved.

It will not have escaped the attention of intelligent men that this important item of news was treated yesterday in a manner worthy of its importance by no newspaper in the city except The Call. The Chronicle contained the bare announcement from its correspondent: "From Colonel Murray, special agent in charge of the island, it was learned that the branded seals were returning to the island rookeries." The Examiner had a hardly more extended notice of the fact, and that was huddled confusedly in the body of a long report dealing with the general events of the voyage of the Bear.

The information thus carelessly treated by our contemporaries will be received throughout the United States with more than ordinary gratification. It promises to put a speedy end to an international dispute which threatened to become chronic, and involve the United States in endless difficulties with Canada and Great Britain. It also assures relief to the Government from a considerable portion of the cost of patrolling the seas around the islands. As our correspondent says: "With the female seals branded in such a manner that the skins are valueless and with the bachelor seals herded in the salt lagoon on St. Paul Island until the weather becomes too bad for pelagic sealing, there will be no profit in the business for the sealing schooners. And we can easily protect the herd from raiders on the islands, within or without the sixty-mile prohibited area."

RELIEF FOR THE WHALERS.

REPORTS from our special correspondent, Lieutenant Berry, show that the expedition of the Bear for the relief of whalers imprisoned in the ice of the Arctic Ocean had been attended with good fortune up to the time of writing, and the prospects then promised a successful accomplishment of the relief.

As The Call was first to make a move for the relief of the whalers, and as it was due mainly to the agitation of The Call that the Government sent the Bear northward on its mission of humanity and patriotism, the good news is particularly gratifying to us. It will be remembered that at the time the expedition was proposed it was asserted in some quarters that the season was too late for anything to be achieved in the way of relief, and The Call furnished from experts the information which finally determined the Government to act.

At present the Bear is at Unalaska, safely harbored, and the expedition under Lieutenant Jarvis is making its way over the frozen coast line toward the place where the whaling vessels are hard bound in the ice. The distance to be overcome is estimated at 1440 miles. It is impossible to calculate how much time will be required to make the journey, but the expedition is well equipped, and began the march under favorable auspices, so that there is every reason for hoping success will attend its efforts and relief arrive for the whalers before any of them perish from destitution in their prison of ice and snow.

It is an heroic task that has been undertaken. The sympathies of all classes of Americans are with the brave men who in response to the call of duty have dared the dangers of the Arctic winter for the relief of their fellow-countrymen. Out of this sympathy there will come a popular demand for greater care in the equipping of Arctic whaling fleets hereafter. If the Government is to interpose to save sailors from the consequences of ill-supplied ships sent to the north, the better way to do so would be to interpose before the ships start, and see to it that the supplies are sufficient.

Perhaps against the \$2000 claim of Belew the Examiner can set up the contention that it did not know it was buying a second-hand confession. However, in the eye of the law, ignorance excuses no man. By carefully reading The Call the Examiner may keep clear of such mistakes and avoid the necessity of lagging more than twenty-four hours behind.

If the persons who were publicly married on the showing that they intended to go to the Klondike were simply engaged in a pretense, there should be some punishment for them. At least their presence in this city casts a shadow of doubt over the police assertion that all the bunko folk have left town.

PERVERTED JUSTICE.

THE most extraordinary case of miscarriage of justice which we have encountered for a long time happened in Judge Campbell's court last week. A man named Kirchhoff, who says he is a grocer at the Mission, was arrested on Wednesday at the corner of Third and Market streets on a charge of looking too hard at the new Examiner building. It was alleged that Kirchhoff was making some kind of a disturbance, but to the arresting officer he said he was protesting against the architecture of the edifice.

When arraigned in Judge Campbell's court he informed that eminent jurist that the building had given him sore eyes, and he argued in extenuation of his offense that the trimmings and terra cotta cornice of the architectural nightmare were sufficient to make anybody swear, especially if he contemplated them in the light of two or three cocktails. "I don't see why a man should be arrested for saying that a building like the Examiner's gives him a pain," said Kirchhoff; "I deny that I made the remark in a loud or boisterous manner, and the officer stretched his imagination when he charged me with disturbing the peace."

Judge Campbell remarked that he had seen the Examiner building himself, and that it had also given him a pain. He regarded the edifice as the very worst that had ever been perpetrated upon the people of San Francisco, and he strongly intimated that if the building were up before him on a charge of assaulting the rules of architecture he would find it guilty instantly. Regarding Kirchhoff's case, his Honor said: "You were quite right in expressing your opinion. The Examiner freely expresses its opinion about everything, and I have never heard of the proprietor being arrested for disturbing the peace." Thereupon he dismissed the case.

It is such arbitrary rulings as this which are calculated to bring down upon the law the execrations of the people. Kirchhoff should have been convicted. He had no right to look at the Examiner building.

THE ALARMING INCREASE OF OPHTHALMIA IN SAN FRANCISCO.

An Open Letter to the Board of Health.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14, 1898.
To the Board of Health, San Francisco, Cal.—Gentlemen: The importance of the subject to which I beg to call your attention must be my excuse for addressing your honorable body.

I feel it my duty as a citizen and as a scientist to bring before your notice one of the gravest of dangers to the public health. Partly through accident, partly because of the direction of my scientific investigations, I am enabled to point out to you the beginning of an epidemic which threatens our city. That the disease of which I speak rarely results fatally, only crippling and disfiguring its victims, is not a reason that it should be ignored by public officials, to whom the care of the city's health has been intrusted.

I refer, gentlemen, to the alarming increase of ophthalmia in San Francisco.

It has not escaped the notice of even the most careless observer that the proportion of those afflicted with some disease or other of the eye—nature's most beautiful, most useful organ—grows greater annually. The knowledge that with each succeeding year more and more people are wearing glasses is common property. But the sudden increase, to which I refer, and which has brought forth this communication to you, is a more serious as well as a more insidious danger. And this menace it is my duty as a scientist to lay before you; and yours, gentlemen, as public officials, to avert. For, as I have said, it is only the beginning of the ophthalmic epidemic that I have to chronicle. Whether it is to spread and destroy the sight and the beauty of our people, or whether it is to be stamped out in its comparatively innocuous birth, rests with you.

It is seven days now since a citizen of San Francisco sounded the first note of warning.

On Tuesday, February 8, a worthy grocer of the Mission, B. Kirchoff by name, was standing on the corner of Third and Market streets. I quote from The Call of February 10. His eyes fell upon the Examiner building and instantly he became aware of acute suffering.

"That building," remarked Kirchoff, in his crude way, "that building makes me weary."

Kirchoff, you see, though not a scientist, and perhaps not the most cultured of men, was able to connect cause and effect. He suffered, and it was the Examiner building which caused his suffering. When an officious policeman remonstrated with Kirchoff, the latter only repeated his complaint, adding that the sight of the building gave him sore eyes.

Poor Kirchoff! He was the first of a long army of ophthalmic martyrs.

The suffering grocer was arrested and brought before a police judge whose fame is as great as his beard is long. The judge looked searchingly at the unfortunate grocer, who sat still, shading his aching eyes with a trembling hand, and a wave of sympathy came over the judicial breast.

"Release the prisoner!" exclaimed the wise man. "I have seen that building myself. The only way to be near it and escape getting sore eyes is to be blind."

This is the story. How have we benefited by Kirchoff's terrible experience? What steps have been taken by the guardians of the city's health to prevent a repetition of that experience?

It is with regret, gentlemen, that I must admit a feeling of keen disappointment when day after day passed and in none of the newspapers did I find further mention of this most important matter. I inquired at the office of your honorable secretary, supposing that the Board of Health had taken action in the premises, and that its decision had, in some inexplicable way, been overlooked. I was informed that the Board of Health of the city and county of San Francisco had absolutely ignored the vital question; that the record of its even having discussed the matter was in this public manner.

I, therefore, deemed it proper to address you in this public manner. It has been asserted that the proprietor of the building on the southeast corner of Market and Third streets is a very shrewd business man, who, seeing the opportunity to make money out of his fellow-creatures' pain and disfigurement, has invested largely in the various opticians' establishments in San Francisco, which are doing a Klondike business, I am informed. It is difficult to believe that any human being, however degenerate, would deliberately provide the means of affliction, and afterward, in the most cold, yellow-blooded manner, make arrangements to benefit financially by the suffering caused by his own bad taste, his own inartistic lack of a sense of the beautiful.

I must acknowledge, gentlemen, that my feelings in this matter are unusually strong. My own eyes have always been rather weak. At present I usually wear two pairs of eyeglasses of such strength that it is necessary to have them made to order. In addition, I am provided with an extra pair of green goggles with extensions on the side, which I use on the street. Yet I tremble, gentlemen, I tremble, should those eyes, already weak and worn in scientific

research, by chance light upon the Examiner building. Of course, I never, consciously, turn my steps in the direction of its hideous, eye-blasting, discordant yellowness. Any detour I am compelled to make when business calls me from my quiet study out into the whirl of city life is gladly undertaken. I count no cost of extra time or exertion that will spare my poor eyes the sight of that architectural monstrosity.

But it is no secret that students, like myself, are absent-minded; that unworidliness and a dearth of where-am-I-attiveness is the penalty science exacts from her devotees. I admit, frankly, that my mind wanders amid scientific abstractions at times, and forgets to watch closely over the body. Judge of my horror, my dismay, when only the other day I found that, all unconsciously, I had walked in the direction of the Examiner, that Medusa of buildings. I was actually but a few yards distant and facing the awful thing when the close train of thought that had held me came to an abrupt end and I realized my danger just in time to escape. Hastily I raised my thick umbrella—which I carry for just such frightful emergencies—and it carefully between what is left of my precious eyes, and that sight-destroying building, and, boarding the first Market-street car, on the north side, of course, I was soon out of danger.

But think, gentlemen, think—if a corporate body can think—of what might have happened! Nay, of what may happen any day, in the abstraction of deep thought, one's eyes chance to really see that building!

As for my own eyes, I have watched them closely. I have had them examined by the best oculists in San Francisco since that fateful day, and they assure me that no irrevocable damage has as yet been done.

I appeal to you, gentlemen, to save my eyes. Not only my eyes, but those of a multitude of sensitive souls, who any day may be plunged into the blackness of blindness by this unnatural, this cruel, this fearful sight.

I appeal to you in behalf of the children who rush carelessly upon their fate, all unknowing the awful consequences of looking, though but once, on the Examiner building.

I appeal to you—yes, gentlemen, such is the impersonal justice of science—I appeal to you in behalf of those misguided, unfortunate men and women whose energies are spent in the service of the man who has cursed San Francisco by the erection of this building, which out-troleys the electric cars in its crudeness and ferociousness of its appetite for sightless victims. I plead the cruelty and inhumanity of the Examiner reporter. Though lost, apparently, to all the better instincts of humanity, though deaf to all those sweet, elevating influences which distinguish man from the lower animals, he is yet human. Save his eyes, I implore you, though his soul be already lost.

Use the power which the people have placed in your hands. My incapacity in practical, every-day matters forbids my suggesting the means which your honorable body might use to defeat the plans of the man who has schemed to destroy the sight of San Francisco, that she may not see the depth of his jaundiced iniquity.

I deprecate lawlessness, though its employment may be, apparently, for the ends of justice. I would not have the architect of that building lynched for this reason. Besides, there is another point to be taken into consideration. No architect, in his right senses, would have constructed such an edifice. The man who did this is either insane, and therefore not responsible; or—which is, no doubt, the true solution—the Examiner building is the architectural child of its proprietor. The architect was but the instrument in the accomplishment of this crime against the structural beauty of our fair city.

I realize that the real criminal is beyond the jurisdiction of San Francisco's courts. I am aware that he has powerful reasons for expatriating himself. He dares not face his yellow Frankenstein. He fears for his own eyesight, for even he could not look with impunity upon it.

But, gentlemen, I have faith in that excellence, in that intellect and integrity, which must have shown conspicuously in you before your fellow-citizens selected you for the distinguished positions you now hold. Whether you shall decide, in your solicitude for that most precious thing, the health of the people, to erect a wall about this eyesore, or whether you shall decree that every eye (even that of the Examiner reporter) which, by any possibility, might chance to gaze upon the building, blighting thing in all its hideousness, blighting thing in all its hideousness, specially constructed and adapted spectacles, I know not. But with the fullest confidence, the utmost trust in your humanity—now that I have opened your eyes, which are themselves in danger, remember—and in your ability to serve the people, and to save us all from becoming eyeless bipeds, walking in a Mammoth Cave of darkness, over which the Examiner building, like an exultant yellow fiend, shrieks triumphant. I remain, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

PROFESSOR A. B. CDEFGHI,
J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. X. Y. Z.

John E. Pannier of Wisconsin, recently elected County Judge, is only 27 years of age and is the youngest judge in the United States.

Yesterday, as CRANE OPEN the popular Pacific TO office Coast agent CONGRATU-LATIONS of the Vanderbilts lines, was standard in the door of OOOOOOOOOO his Montgomery street office, gazing off into space and wondering what the future had in store for him, a Wells Fargo messenger entered and, depositing a small package on the counter, took a receipt for its delivery and left. The package was addressed to Mr. Crane and upon being opened, was found to contain a magnificent rolled brass watch, with the finest cast iron works and fully jeweled with priceless coal chips, each one of which was fully 77 carat fine. On the back of this beautiful gift, Mr. Crane's initials are engraved in Chinese hieroglyphics, while inside the case is a pen and ink sketch, which imparts the information that the watch had been presented to the popular representative of the Vanderbilts lines by the heads of the company in appreciation of the valuable service which he had rendered on the coast, and in token of the esteem in which he is held.

As the present arrived at a late hour yesterday afternoon, Mr. Crane did not have an opportunity to do the occasion justice. But he now wishes it understood that he will keep open house today, and extends a cordial invitation to all of the railroad boys along the street to drop in and see his present and smoke a good cigar in honor of the event.

John M. McMullin, a wealthy banker of Fresno, is at the Occidental, where he will remain for the remainder of the week.

E. E. Lytle, president of the Columbia Southern Railway Company, with headquarters at Wasco, Oregon, is in the city on a short vacation.

J. M. Fuller, a railroad man of Reno, Nevada, is in the city on a business trip. During his stay, which will be but short, he will be at the California.

Baron de Batz, the famous French civil engineer, is at the Palace from Paris. He is accompanied by his friend, V. Von Gont, a member of the Parisian aristocracy.

Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major William B. Hooper of the Occidental Hotel, has returned home after a visit of several months' duration in Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bosqui, members of the Bosqui family of Ross Valley, are registered at the Palace from Boston, where they have made their home for some time past.

Baron C. von Swain, a young German noble, arrived at the Palace last evening to join his mother, who has been there for several days. They are sightseeing in California and will go south from the city.

COLIFORNIA IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—R. B. Mott and W. Gates, of San Francisco, are at the Astor House. Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, who are going to New Orleans next week, are at the Palace from Boston, where they have made their home for some time past.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN A. SUTTER—P. P. City. John A. Sutter of Sutter's Mill fame was born in 1803 and died June 17, 1886.

THE GODEN GATE—A. S., Tiburon, Cal. The Golden Gate at the narrowest point is 5100 feet, a little less than a mile.

GLADSTONE—A. S., Oakland, Cal. W. E. Gladstone is a Latin and Greek scholar, and he speaks the French and German languages.

Genuine eyeglasses, specs, 15c up, 33 1/2¢. Cal. glass fruit 50c per lb at Townsend's.

Mocha pistache, pineapple cake, 90c Larkin.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 510 Montgomery street. Telephone Main 1942.

Husband's Calcined Magnesia.—Four first premium medals awarded, more agreeable to the taste and smaller dose than other magnesia. For sale only in bottles with registered trademark label.

The Russian gifts being taken to Abyssinia by M. Leontieff include an image of Saint George the Victorious, destined for a new Russian temple to be built on the memorable field of Adowa.

Time Reduced to Chicago.

Via Rio Grande Western, Denver and Rio Grande and Burlington railways. Passengers leaving San Francisco on 6 p. m. train reach Chicago 2:15 p. m. the fourth day, and New York 6:30 p. m. following day. Through Pullman Palace Double Drawing Room Sleeping Cars to Denver with Union Depot change at 9:30 a. m. to similar cars of the Burlington Route for Chicago. Railroad and sleeping car tickets sold through and full information given at 14 Montgomery st. W. H. Snedaker, General Agent.

The most efficacious stimulant to sharpen the appetite is DR. SHERMAN'S ANGIOTONIA BARKETS. Don't accept an imitation.

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS are immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Have them always ready.

The originator of the famous three "r" alteration—"reading," "riding" and "rhythmic." Was Sir William Morris, a Lord Mayor of London. In 1756 he proposed it as a toast before the Board of Education.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL is the only Baking Powder that will keep fresh and of full strength in the climate of the Yukon.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE ALARMING INCREASE OF OPHTHALMIA IN SAN FRANCISCO.

An Open Letter to the Board of Health.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14, 1898.
To the Board of Health, San Francisco, Cal.—Gentlemen: The importance of the subject to which I beg to call your attention must be my excuse for addressing your honorable body.

I feel it my duty as a citizen and as a scientist to bring before your notice one of the gravest of dangers to the public health. Partly through accident, partly because of the direction of my scientific investigations, I am enabled to point out to you the beginning of an epidemic which threatens our city. That the disease of which I speak rarely results fatally, only crippling and disfiguring its victims, is not a reason that it should be ignored by public officials, to whom the care of the city's health has been intrusted.

I refer, gentlemen, to the alarming increase of ophthalmia in San Francisco.

It has not escaped the notice of even the most careless observer that the proportion of those afflicted with some disease or other of the eye—nature's most beautiful, most useful organ—grows greater annually. The knowledge that with each succeeding year more and more people are wearing glasses is common property. But the sudden increase, to which I refer, and which has brought forth this communication to you, is a more serious as well as a more insidious danger. And this menace it is my duty as a scientist to lay before you; and yours, gentlemen, as public officials, to avert. For, as I have said, it is only the beginning of the ophthalmic epidemic that I have to chronicle. Whether it is to spread and destroy the sight and the beauty of our people, or whether it is to be stamped out in its comparatively innocuous birth, rests with you.

It is seven days now since a citizen of San Francisco sounded the first note of warning.

On Tuesday, February 8, a worthy grocer of the Mission, B. Kirchoff by name, was standing on the corner of Third and Market streets. I quote from The Call of February 10. His eyes fell upon the Examiner building and instantly he became aware of acute suffering.

"That building," remarked Kirchoff, in his crude way, "that building makes me weary."

Kirchoff, you see, though not a scientist, and perhaps not the most cultured of men, was able to connect cause and effect. He suffered, and it was the Examiner building which caused his suffering. When an officious policeman remonstrated with Kirchoff, the latter only repeated his complaint, adding that the sight of the building gave him sore eyes.

Poor Kirchoff! He was the first of a long army of ophthalmic martyrs.

The suffering grocer was arrested and brought before a police judge whose fame is as great as his beard is long. The judge looked searchingly at the unfortunate grocer, who sat still, shading his aching eyes with a trembling hand, and a wave of sympathy came over the judicial breast.

"Release the prisoner!" exclaimed the wise man. "I have seen that building myself. The only way to be near it and escape getting sore eyes is to be blind."

This is the story. How have we benefited by Kirchoff's terrible experience? What steps have been taken by the guardians of the city's health to prevent a repetition of that experience?

It is with regret, gentlemen, that I must admit a feeling of keen disappointment when day after day passed and in none of the newspapers did I find further mention of this most important matter. I inquired at the office of your honorable secretary, supposing that the Board of Health had taken action in the premises, and that its decision had, in some inexplicable way, been overlooked. I was informed that the Board of Health of the city and county of San Francisco had absolutely ignored the vital question; that the record of its even having discussed the matter was in this public manner.

I, therefore, deemed it proper to address you in this public manner. It has been asserted that the proprietor of the building on the southeast corner of Market and Third streets is a very shrewd business man, who, seeing the opportunity to make money out of his fellow-creatures' pain and disfigurement, has invested largely in the various opticians' establishments in San Francisco, which are doing a Klondike business, I am informed. It is difficult to believe that any human being, however degenerate, would deliberately provide the means of affliction, and afterward, in the most cold, yellow-blooded manner, make arrangements to benefit financially by the suffering caused by his own bad taste, his own inartistic lack of a sense of the beautiful.

I must acknowledge, gentlemen, that my feelings in this matter are unusually strong. My own eyes have always been rather weak. At present I usually wear two pairs of eyeglasses of such strength that it is necessary to have them made to order. In addition, I am provided with an extra pair of green goggles with extensions on the side, which I use on the street. Yet I tremble, gentlemen, I tremble, should those eyes, already weak and worn in scientific

research, by chance light upon the Examiner building. Of course, I never, consciously, turn my steps in the direction of its hideous, eye-blasting, discordant yellowness. Any detour I am compelled to make when business calls me from my quiet study out into the whirl of city life is gladly undertaken. I count no cost of extra time or exertion that will spare my poor eyes the sight of that architectural monstrosity.

But it is no secret that students, like myself, are absent-minded; that unworidliness and a dearth of where-am-I-attiveness is the penalty science exacts from her devotees. I admit, frankly, that my mind wanders amid scientific abstractions at times, and forgets to watch closely over the body. Judge of my horror, my dismay, when only the other day I found that, all unconsciously, I had walked in the direction of the Examiner, that Medusa of buildings. I was actually but a few yards distant and facing the awful thing when the close train of thought that had held me came to an abrupt end and I realized my danger just in time to escape. Hastily I raised my thick umbrella—which I carry for just such frightful emergencies—and it carefully between what is left of my precious eyes, and that sight-destroying building, and, boarding the first Market-street car, on the north side, of course, I was soon out of danger.

But think, gentlemen, think—if a corporate body can think—of what might have happened! Nay, of what may happen any day, in the abstraction of deep thought, one's eyes chance to really see that building!

As for my own eyes, I have watched them closely. I have had them examined by the best oculists in San Francisco since that fateful day, and they assure me that no irrevocable damage has as yet been done.

I appeal to you, gentlemen, to save my eyes. Not only my eyes, but those of a multitude of sensitive souls, who any day may be plunged into the blackness of blindness by this unnatural, this cruel, this fearful sight.

I appeal to you in behalf of the children who rush carelessly upon their fate, all unknowing the awful consequences of looking, though but once, on the Examiner building.

I appeal to you—yes, gentlemen, such is the impersonal justice of science—I appeal to you in behalf of those misguided, unfortunate men and women whose energies are spent in the service of the man who has cursed San Francisco by the erection of this building, which out-troleys the electric cars in its crudeness and ferociousness of its appetite for sightless victims. I plead the cruelty and inhumanity of the Examiner reporter. Though lost, apparently, to all the better instincts of humanity, though deaf to all those sweet, elevating influences which distinguish man from the lower animals, he is yet human. Save his eyes, I implore you, though his soul be already lost.

Use the power which the people have placed in your hands. My incapacity in practical, every-day matters forbids my suggesting the means which your honorable body might use to defeat the plans of the man who has schemed to destroy the sight of San Francisco, that she may not see the depth of his jaundiced iniquity.

I deprecate lawlessness, though its employment may be, apparently, for the ends of justice. I would not have the architect of that building lynched for this reason. Besides, there is another point to be taken into consideration. No architect, in his right senses, would have constructed such an edifice. The man who did this is either insane, and therefore not responsible; or—which is, no doubt, the true solution—the Examiner building is the architectural child of its proprietor. The architect was but the instrument in the accomplishment of this crime against the structural beauty of our fair city.

I realize that the real criminal is beyond the jurisdiction of San Francisco's courts. I am aware that he has powerful reasons for expatriating himself. He dares not face his yellow Frankenstein. He fears for his own eyesight, for even he could not look with impunity upon it.

But, gentlemen, I have faith in that excellence, in that intellect and integrity, which must have shown conspicuously in you before your fellow-citizens selected you for the distinguished positions you now hold. Whether you shall decide, in your solicitude for that most precious thing, the health of the people, to erect a wall about this eyesore, or whether you shall decree that every eye (even that of the Examiner reporter) which, by any possibility, might chance to gaze upon the building, blighting thing in all its hideousness, blighting thing in all its hideousness, specially constructed and adapted spectacles, I know not. But with the fullest confidence, the utmost trust in your humanity—now that I have opened your eyes, which are themselves in danger, remember—and in your ability to serve the people, and to save us all from becoming eyeless bipeds, walking in a Mammoth Cave of darkness, over which the Examiner building, like an exultant yellow fiend, shrieks triumphant. I remain, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

PROFESSOR A. B. CDEFGHI,
J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. X. Y. Z.

John E. Pannier of Wisconsin, recently elected County Judge, is only 27 years of age and is the youngest judge in the United States.

Yesterday, as CRANE OPEN the popular Pacific TO office Coast agent CONGRATU-LATIONS of the Vanderbilts lines, was standard in the door of OOOOOOOOOO his Montgomery street office, gazing off into space and wondering what the future had in store for him, a Wells Fargo messenger entered and, deposit