

The Call

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1898

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AMUSEMENTS.

Columbia—Aristocracy. Belasco—The Mason Play. Alcazar—A Celebrated Case. Orpheum—The Star. Orpheum—All Stars. Orpheum—Varieties. Mechanics' Pavilion—Red Cross Benefit, Tuesday evening June 28. The Chutes—Zoo, Vandeville and Cannon, the 512-pound Man. Olympia—Corner Mason and Eddy streets, special. Siro's Baths—Swimming. El Campo—Music, dancing, boating, fishing, every Sunday. Recreation Park—Baseball this afternoon. Coursing—At Union Coursing Park. Oakland—Inglefield Coursing Park. Oakland Race-track—Racing to-morrow.

AUCTION SALES.

By Geo. F. Lamson—Monday, June 27, Immense Library, at corner Market and Seventh streets, at 2 and 1:30 P. M.

A BRITISH VIEW OF BRYANISM.

AS the organ of the bimetalists of Great Britain the London National Review has looked with favor upon the free silver party in this country and cherished the hope that Bryan would yet be President and silver receive a boom. That hope has now faded. Maurice Low, who acts as correspondent at Washington for the Review, has no longer any faith in the immediate future of either the silver party or its champion. In his contribution to the June number he virtually gives up the fight and predicts not only a Republican victory this fall, but the retirement of Bryan from the position of a Presidential candidate.

The argument of Mr. Low is simple but effective. "Times in the United States," he says, "are improving; no one can question that assertion. Business shows marked vigor. War, instead of causing stagnation, is stimulating many lines of trade, and the expenditures of the Government are putting millions of pounds into circulation." He then draws the conclusion: "All these things militate against Mr. Bryan's hopes of again receiving the nomination. Believing, as I do, that the silver agitation of two years ago was more social and economic and was the expression of discontent due to depressed industrial conditions, it follows that with these conditions reversed the silver movement loses much of its force."

Summing up the situation the reviewer says: "Mr. Bryan is too closely identified with silver to make it possible for him to take up any other issue or to subordinate silver to any other cause. Provided conditions remain as they are, that trade continues to improve and America finds a ready market for her surplus wheat, the Democratic party two years hence must make its campaign on something else than silver, and some one else than William J. Bryan must be its standard-bearer."

These can hardly be called the views of an impartial student of our politics, for the National Review has been as partial to Mr. Bryan as could be expected of a foreign publication having no affiliation with American parties. They are to be considered the opinions of a critic accepted from a study of the situation, who would have preferred the situation to be different. They show that the belief in the decline of Bryan and Bryanism in this country is not confined to Republicans and gold Democrats. It is shared by all intelligent observers of the politics of to-day and is amply confirmed by the result of the election in Oregon and the extreme uneasiness in the Democratic ranks since that result was made known.

At present all shades of Democrats are hunting for a new platform, or perhaps since the Congressional elections are approaching and the party is all at sea they are hunting for any sort of plank that are not too waterlogged to make a raft. In their eagerness to get hold of something to keep them from drowning in the coming tidal wave they are reaching for every straw in sight. There will probably be a different Democratic declaration of principles in every State in the Union. In the language of Alex Stephens, every candidate will "tote his own skillet." As for Mr. Bryan, he will make a campaign outside the country and "tote" nothing but a red sash and a sense of disappointment.

For an assurance so nearly flawless as to excite the admiration of the observer a certain Santiago paper certainly excels the best heretofore recorded. In a recent issue it failed to so much as hint at war, while by land and sea were approaching forces destined to cause its fall. On the contrary, the merry editor wrote of the plan for placing electric lights in the plaza, discussed the current church fair and devoted his space to personal gossip. He may not be a great journalist, but he has the finest nerve in Cuba.

While the dedication of a church was in progress in North Dakota lightning struck the building, knocked an end out of it and killed two people. The item was so briefly mentioned in the telegraph that it may have been overlooked by some one who would be glad to draw a moral from it.

Since the Standard Oil people are trying to get a monopoly of the copper product there may be danger that the metal in a cent will become more valuable than the metal in a dollar, a circumstance certain to demoralize the financial system.

Only the other day reports came that Kansas farmers could not find men to harvest the crops. Now comes a report that the State is overrun with unemployed. There is always something to be said about Kansas.

In only one instance has any affront been offered the soldiers from Tennessee, and it is cheering to be able to record that the aggressors on this occasion got soundly thumped.

MAGUIRE AS A DODGER.

WE have referred to Maguire's lightning changes and his ability as a protean politician. In 1887 he played his farewell engagement as a Democrat because the party was not in favor of putting all taxes on land. Early in 1888 he was roasting the Pope in a book published from the office of his weekly organ, the Star. Later in 1888 he vaulted back into the Democratic party, though it had not changed its attitude upon the issue on which he left it, and now he is advertised to lecture to various church societies of that communion whose head is the Pope, whom he called "the serpent of the Vatican."

When he concluded to want to be Governor his single tax views appeared as an impediment. Farmers and land-owners felt that they were paying about as much tax now as they can stand. They felt that to leave all personal property, money, pictures, statuary, jewelry, manufacturing plants, steam and street railroads, stock of goods and every conceivable form of property except land free of tax and put all the burden on land would destroy them. Aware of this, Judge Maguire proceeded to abjure his single tax views. Through his daily organ, the Examiner, he announced that the single tax is a theory that is not yet within the domain of practical politics.

Yet in a recent letter, written and signed by him and printed in the Seattle Times, he says:

The effect of so simple a change in our fiscal system as the adoption of the single tax would thus produce a marvelous revolution in social and industrial conditions, and present to mankind such an example of universal and uninterrupted prosperity and happiness as would make all the nations of the world pure democracies within a decade. I trust that the State of Washington may lead the vanguard of civilization in this great advance. I can imagine no place in the history of civilization or of the world that would crown a State with more imperishable glory.

Now here we have the protean artist. A fiscal policy that is going to find every body fat and turn all America, Europe, Asia and Africa into pure democracies within ten years is so much within the domain of practical politics in the State of Washington that Judge Maguire urges that State to "lead the vanguard" in that reform. But in California he declares that the same reform is not within the domain of practical politics at all. In the State of Washington he is a single taxer. In California he is, as usual, a candidate for an office. He is in the habit of diverting public attention from these shifts and contortions by yelling "railroad" at every critic of his demagoguery.

A recent issue of his weekly organ, the Star, does this for him with great noise. He and the Star pursue the same policy. It called the Pennsylvania militia "rattlesnakes" and said it was no crime to kill them in any way, by poison or burning their quarters while they slept, or derailing trains on which they traveled. But when the same regiment which the Judge's organ wanted murdered came to San Francisco it dared not repeat in their presence what it said when they were 3000 miles away. The editor of the Judge's weekly organ does his mouth valiant business to perfection, but drops the heroic to save his skin, just as the Judge drops his principles to get an office. This editor, Barry, announced not long ago that a certain person in this city had no rights under the law and ought to be shot and should be shot by any one who chose to use ammunition in that way. The next day the man so denounced met Barry on Montgomery street and spat in his face three times and then blew his nose in his face, and Judge Maguire's editor stood and took it without resistance, and in the next issue of the Judge's organ praised his own "presence of mind" for not resisting, because if he had he might have been more seriously injured than merely serving as a sort of combination spittoon and pocket handkerchief.

The Judge and his editor are truly well paired. One could respect them even in their errors if, having written and printed that the Pope is "the serpent of the Vatican" and Cardinal McCabe "a red-capped hound," they would stand by it and take the consequences. Men respect those who show the courage of their convictions, though the convictions may be erroneous. When Maguire said that taking Spanish prizes was piracy and his organ said the Pennsylvania militia were rattlesnakes, if they had stood by it their courage would have been creditable. But they don't stand by anything. If Judge Maguire were a leader of men instead of a demagogue he would announce himself a single tax candidate for Governor and show the strength of that party in this State. But the desire for office exceeds any devotion of principle, and will send the single tax to the rear with the Pope as a "serpent," the militia as "rattlesnakes" and his editor's "outlaw" who could be shot on sight, to remain while he gets in the middle of the street with a brass band, so that an office that may be out seeking the man will be sure and see him.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

WHILE the war is but two months old, it has already done a good deal of that shuffling of men for which all wars have been noted. Citizens of all classes have been taken out of the order they held in peace and arranged in new gradations. Some have risen and some have fallen, according as the chances of the new shuffle have brought it about.

An obscure seaman, a man of few friends and no prestige, plays the part of a stowaway on the Merrimac and shares in the glory of Hobson and his comrades, winning reputation, promotion and an increase of pay. The son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in New York, bearing a name illustrious in our history as well as foremost in social circles, enlists as a sergeant in the Rough Riders, gets killed in his first skirmish and receives hardly so much as mention from the crowds that shout applause of the stowaway.

From Cleveland comes the story that a private in an Ohio regiment is now serving under a captain who before the war broke out served him in the capacity of coachman. The private was a man of wealth and of patriotism. He enlisted among the first to fight for the flag, but he was not fitted for command, so he went to the ranks. The coachman was poor, but he had not only patriotism but a military aptitude which he had developed in the National Guard, and he received the shoulder straps and the sword.

On May 10 in the city of St. Louis there was a young man serving as a cigar counter salesman in a hotel who felt and responded to the impulse of war. On May 11 he was a soldier in the ranks. Two days later he was made corporal, and five days later he received his commission as a lieutenant in the Missouri volunteers. Within two weeks he had shown such a capacity for military affairs that he was made battalion adjutant and in that position is winning praise on all sides.

About the time the cigar counter man was arranging to enlist in the ranks the son of ex-President Harrison, the son of Vice-President Hobart and the grandson of President Grant were exerting their influence at Washington to obtain assignments to showy positions on the staff of General Lee. They were successful. The cigar man has been promoted

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S STATUE.

IF the Supervisors shall finally decide to remove the Cogswell fountain at the junction of Pine and Market streets it is to be hoped they will not encourage anybody to erect a statue of Admiral Dewey in its place. To locate in such a spot the figure of the hero of Manila would be in the nature of municipal blasphemy. If we are to honor the old sea dog—which seems to be highly appropriate, since he saved us from being blown up by Spanish warships—let us erect a monument in Golden Gate Park, where, surrounded by fragrant flowers, green lawns and whispering trees, it may present some of the attributes of a work of art.

Undoubtedly the time has arrived when it is proper to dismantle the Cogswell fountain at the junction of Market and Pine streets. That affair has long since ceased to be even an artistic nightmare. Besides, in its treatment of Dr. Cogswell's donations the municipality has disgraced itself, and it is eminently proper that the evidences of its ingratitude should be obliterated as soon as possible. The Supervisors have allowed the Cogswell fountains stored at the City Hall to fall into decay and have permitted the one now proposed to be removed to be knocked into pieces by small boys. If Dr. Cogswell had had the sense to get himself elected Mayor before presenting these fountains to the city his donations might have fared better. Yet there is no telling what will happen to Mayor Phelan's fountain at the junction of Turk and Market streets when his official term expires.

But to return to the assault which is about to be made upon art. No statue of Admiral Dewey should ever be erected in this city upon a business street. If his admirers hereabouts desire to honor him prior to his death they should shrink from the enterprise now proposed as from a pestilence. At the junction of Market and Pine streets, surrounded by drays and boxes in transit, and subjected to the vulgar hum of streetcar cables and jolting cobbles, the hero of Manila in bronze would present a sight calculated to shock the artistic sense of a Zulu chief. No such desecration should be considered for a moment. If Admiral Dewey were ever to visit San Francisco—which he will in the near future—the sight of himself in such a spot might prove more disastrous than a Spanish shell.

We are heartily in favor of honoring the naval wonder of the century, but let us by all means place him in Golden Gate Park along with Garfield, Halleck, Key, Douglas Tilden's ball-player and the others. In that beautiful place the trees, the flowers, the grasses, the sunshine and the birds will inspire those who contemplate him with something of the poetic grandeur that ought to surround the figure of so great an American.

It gives one a chill to think of Admiral Dewey's statue at the intersection of Pine and Market streets, amid the drays, the cobbles and the boxes in transit. Dr. Cogswell's fountain ought to be removed, but for Heaven's sake do not let us put Dewey's in his place. Future generations will mob some of our artistic creations anyhow, and we should aim to give posterity as little offense as possible.

DISTRIBUTING THE BURDENS.

AT a recent banquet of brewers in Philadelphia, where it seems the convivial company discussed business as well as other things, one of the speakers declared the best way to meet the war tax on beer is for the dealers to be less prodigal in selling by measure. He is quoted by the Philadelphia Record as saying that a too large measure tempted the people to indulge to excess, and that the desirable thing, in the interest of sobriety, was not that people should drink more beer, but that more people should be converted to beer drinking.

There is no froth in that argument. It is as full of meat as a fresh egg from a Petaluma hen. It proposes a saving for the brewers, temperance for the people, an extension of trade and a revenue for the nation. There is economy, morality, prosperity and patriotism in one sentence. He that puts too much beer in keg or stein or glass corrupts the nation, but he that pours out the beer in moderation is a public benefactor.

The argument advanced at this banquet under the inspiration of Gambrinus is of advantage to more people than brewers. There is instruction in it for all classes of producers whose stock in trade is subject to the war tax. The maker of mixed flour will find in it an argument for putting more of the mixture in the flour. By so doing he will give the people a greater variety of ingredients in their food and will encourage abstemiousness in the use of starchy articles, thus preventing many forms of disease and promoting public health.

Tobacco men will readily see how they can check the tendency to an excessive use of tobacco among the people by putting more cabbage leaves in their stock. Tea men know that over indulgence in tea is injurious to ladies, and will readily act as temperance agents on this subject by putting more dust in their cheap teas and more willow leaves in the better grades. Bankers will perceive that high rates of interest paid depositors or low rates allowed to borrowers tend to cause extravagance in the American household. Being friends of morality they will gladly act together to check that tendency by taking part of the war tax on the banking business out of the depositors and part of it out of the borrowers.

In short, we are about to become a nation of people devoted to the welfare of our neighbors. The temperate phrase, "Not that people should drink more beer, but that more people should drink beer" will serve as a motto for all lines of war-taxed industry. Morality is going to be practiced and the burden of taxation is going to be distributed, in the names of economy, temperance and patriotism.

One class of tax-burdened people alone cannot share in this movement. The man who has an inheritance tax to pay will find it hard to devise a means for getting rid of the tax and at the same time improving his neighbor's morals. To inherit a million is to go to a purely selfish business. The best thing expecting heirs can do is to coax their rich relatives not to die until the war is over and the inheritance war tax repealed.

It is time to revive a once popular statement to the effect that the colored tropics fought nobly.

WITH ENTIRE FRANKNESS.

By HENRY JAMES.

Information clearly designed to harass and subdue reaches me that I have been roasted for having made objection to the custom of killing tame pigeons loosed from a box, or even breaking their wings and legs, and terming the unrefined cruelty "sport." The news is cheering. Sometimes human endeavor meets with scant reward. If I have succeeded in incurring the disregard of anybody who joys in the maiming and slaughter of harmless birds I hope a feeling of elation is excusable.

Perhaps the commander of the Astor Battery is the celebrated Forward March, who has done excellent service in campaigns without number. It seems that some readers failed to identify the poetry published last week, and desire to know the language in which it was so beautifully expressed. What are our public schools for, anyhow? The language was Basque. I may add that Basque is a province somewhere or other.

About the process of being filled there seems to be something which arouses all the heroism latent in a man. No sooner does a soldier by sea or land attain to fame than he utters the piteous sweetheart avowal that under such and such circumstances in the dear dead past she gave him the mitten. Already we are made glad by an array of women who had a chance to be Dewey. There is a Merritt set of these, too, of whom a roster is being prepared, while the Hobson list is receiving daily additions and stretching to an imposing magnitude. It would appear that the chief occupation of a military or naval man when not on the warpath is to go about by night and by day casting his heart and fortune at the feet of beauty. It is a circumstance worth considering that relations concerning these sentimental affairs come from the ladies themselves. The heroes are apt to be busy men. Possibly they forget about them.

There comes to me a letter from Mrs. Mary Smith of 2929 Virginia street, Berkeley, which I read with attention and respect, congratulating the lady upon having an opinion to express, as well as the ability to express it. That her view seems to me to be narrow and her conclusions all wrong is a circumstance of trifling importance. The writing of the letter was incited by a recent editorial in this paper under the caption, "The Essence of Treason." I remember the editorial well and regret that it fully. It was a rebuke to President Eliot and others who denounce the present war as unpatriotic and unnecessary. Mrs. Smith upholds Eliot and believes that millions of others do. Possibly she is correct. If there are such millions they fall grievously in their duty, as citizens, care little for national honor, and see in the flag nothing but a show of cheap bunting. They are governed by a rule of selfishness, and while they decant upon the horrors of war have not the perspicuity to look beyond the smoke and flame of battle to the greater achievements of peace, impossible save when the armed strength of civilization rises to beat back oppression and ignorance. Mrs. Smith draws a picture of war, a familiar picture, a terrible picture. Then she peremptorily reaches the verdict that war ought not to be a kindly verdict, but one sweeping justice aside and leaving the down-trodden calling vainly for help, placing a smirch upon our name, and the brand of cowardice over us all. Mrs. Smith had not thought of these things, and I suggest to her to consider them. She utterly ignores all the beneficent effect of war. She says nothing of great wrongs to be righted, of integrity to be upheld, of assassination to be rebuked and checked. She seems to regard war, declared after mature deliberation, after our dignity as a people had been assailed, our men murdered, as occupying the moral plane of a fight between ruffians in a ring. She takes no note of the hundreds of thousands slain by Spanish cruelty, the millions held in practical serfdom. Had this nation declined to take up the gauntlet thrown down by Spain it would have been despised, and the stain washed out only in a torrent of blood far more appalling than can possibly mark the present struggle. The war has awakened Europe to the fact that we are here, and to be considered in the affairs of the world. The spirit of aggression had been gaining force. Had we not shown our strength now, sooner or later it would have had to be displayed against a mightier power, and many nations in all likelihood been involved. So the present war makes for the ultimate peace. I do not believe in turning the other cheek, and a people should be as many collectively as individually. If Mrs. Smith's counsel were to prevail, a few generations and the United States would be eliminated from the map, the nation remembered as one that died because not fit to live. Such are my views as opposed to those of Mrs. Smith. I express them with the utmost veneration for her sex and her years. She is a woman of three score, the mother of half a dozen men. My hat is off to her, and I think she is mistaken.

While the introduction of an automatic "hello" machine into the telephone business is doubtless an indication of progress, there will be a natural pang of regret at the vanishing of the animate charmer who for years has been heliing from central. Many times she is an irritation. She is perhaps deliberate, and when a subscriber betrays the fact that he is in a hurry, goes into a state of torpor from which she is with difficulty aroused. She provokes to profanity, and objects to being sworn at. She demands a nickel for a "switch" and then calmly informs the waiting patron that the line he wants is busy, and invites him to call again, which he can do at the expense of another nickel. Yet the girl at central is apt to have a pleasing voice, possibly a long hair, her tones suggest beauty. So long as she is reasonable and prompt, to get angry at her would be a repellent idea. It is easy to imagine that she is young and fascinating, the only support of a widowed mother, and to strike up a long distance acquaintance with her. Perhaps the romance would be spoiled but for the intervening wire. It may be that she is herself a widowed mother. Anyhow she will soon be succeeded by a mechanical contrivance no more alluring than the wheels of a six-bit alarm clock. This is a practical age.

I humbly trust that to take exception to a sentence in a late letter of Richard Harding Davis will be deemed no irreverence. I would not go so far as to pronounce the sentence faulty, and yet it lacks the power to soothe or awe. "It was a historical moment in the history of Cuba." Perhaps it was; indeed, in all likelihood it was, and yet, and yet—if history be carefully scanned it will be found to be made up largely of moments of the sort. However, I never expected Mr. Davis to go to the trouble of specifying the characteristics of one of them in just the way he did. The thought occurs that he intended to say hysterical instead of historical.

The German papers are funny. They view with horror the prospect that the United States may one day own the Philippines. The plan seems to them wicked. A great nation absorb those defenseless islands? Never, if the Teutonic editor can help it, and he assuages his wrath in measures of cooling beer. Having assuaged he returns to his work and by a few strokes of his pen makes beautifully clear the fact that for Germany to take the islands is nothing less than a sacred duty. And meantime that Man Dewey acts as though he did not care a raton what the journalists of Berlin were instructing him to do.

Far be it from me to say that Peter B. Cox is a liar. I limit myself to the privilege of thinking him one, and both picturesque and colossal. His claim that when he went from Arctic wilds to London there was placed in the bank there to his credit the sum of \$3,000,000 fails to enlist the approval of the judgment. With such a sum at command he would have whooped things up in England until the overflow of enthusiasm had reached and made radiant the Continent. He would have shared attention with the Kaiser and the war-crowd. Yet Peter went, wholly devoid of inclination to hide his light under a bushel. Among his modest assertions is that he was reared to obedience by a seal hunting papa who made his headquarters 600 miles north of the north pole. I do not profess to be a geographical sharp, and would be glad of expert testimony in this matter. How could a man get north of the north pole without being south of it? According to my somewhat vague idea the base of the north pole is as northerly as

there is hope of reaching. To climb the pole would of course be to get beyond this limitation, and yet there is no reason to believe that the pole is so constituted that a nimble Pete could shin it. Assuredly the pole is not 600 miles high, even if it has proportions such as may be measured, and if it were of this imposing length the difficulty of scaling it would be almost insurmountable. It is for these reasons I deem Peter adrift from the mooring of veracity and floating on a sea of guff. The last word is not elegant, but it seems to fit Peter's case.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and dynamite. A toy, with dainty works like any watch; A sailing, weaving basket of tricks—A eccentric, can and lever, cog and notch. She's a dashing, lashing, tumbling shell of A headstrong, kicking, nervous, plumping A long, lean ocean liner—trimmed down small; A bucking bronco harnessed for the east. She's a corker, a corker, a corker, a corker. Your body from your soul, And she's most unpleasant wet—to say the least.

But see her slip in; sneaking down, at night, All a-tremble, deadly, silent—Satan's mate, Watch her gather for the rush, and catch her. See her dodge the wakaful cruiser's coming eye. Hear her humming! Hear her creaking; creaking fast! (That sound might make men wish they were at home.)—Hear the rattling Maxim barking rapid-fire! See her boom and hiss in the sand; Or yellow krabs fleeing in the foam! Then some will wish for land—(They'd be sea and flesh in the sand; Or yellow krabs fleeing in the foam.) She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and dynamite. A sailing, working basket of tricks—A veering, working basket of tricks—A veiling volcano and stopped at top notch. She's a corker, a corker, a corker, a corker. (Not the Unseen, but the Awtal—plain in sight.) The Dread that must be halted when afar; She's a concentrated, fragile form of Might! She's a corker, a corker, a corker, a corker. With a rending, deadly sting—And she asks no odds nor quarter in the fight against the United States Magazine.

UNCLE SAM'S EMPIRE.

Editor San Francisco Call: The statement has been made—assuming that the exigencies of war have extended the ownership of the United States over the Spanish colonial possessions now under military occupation—of "Uncle Sam's Empire." A careful study of this subject shows that the eastern limit of the United States is at longitude 66 deg. 56 min. west from Greenwich, and that the western limit of the Philippine Islands is at longitude 118 deg. 15 min. east, approximately. The extreme of territory embraced within these limits is 176 deg. 24 min., or nearly twice which is 3 deg. 36 min. of the hemisphere. The bulk of the sun's rays do not embrace more than a hemisphere in the tropics, it follows that the United States Empire, from the remotest islands of the Palawan archipelago till the first blink on the eastern slopes of the Cordillera, has a period of night of 14 minutes and 24 seconds duration. Hence, the ambitious patriot longing for permanent sunshine, the bugle that heralds the borders of empire embrace the Canaries. D. M. SMITH.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Questioner, City. An article on the Philippine Islands giving statistics was published in the San Francisco Call May 19, page 5.

THE SELLING PRICE—G. J. C., Sausalito, Cal. There is no market for a 10-cent piece of 1900, but the same may be purchased at from 25 to 50 cents.

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS—N. N., City. If Illinois volunteers are to be sent to Manila via San Francisco no arrangements to that end have yet been reached.

PEKING AND CHINA—J. H. M., City. The measurements of the City of Peking are: Gross tonnage, 5079; net, 3128; length, 408 feet; breadth, 47 feet; depth, 19 feet. The circumference of the sun here is 28,612 miles; Gross, 1239 tons; net, 331 tons; length, 210 feet; breadth, 32 feet; depth, 14 feet.

DRUMMER IN THE ARMY—S. A. M., City. The drummer boy in the army was discontinued upon a revision of the tactics a few years since, and the reason for that was that the drum was not reliable in extended order, and it was found to be too noisy in rainy weather. The bugle was adopted, and bugle calls have taken the place of the drum taps.

TELEGRAPHER IN THE ARMY—W., Fort Bragg, Cal. To join the army of the United States as a telegrapher make application to the commanding officer of the corps, San Francisco. The corps needs expert telegraphers to send to Manila. Required: age, 18 to 45; must be a citizen of minority and under the age of 45, and to be an operator of such aptitude that he could secure employment as such in the office of the Western Union.

THE REAL COST OF WAR.

In the great struggle between France and Prussia the former lost as many as 130,000 men, of whom some 80,000 died of wounds incurred in battle, 36,000 by sickness, accidents, etc., and 20,000 in German prisons.

A French statistician estimates that his countrymen who were wounded, but who survived, numbered 138,000, those injured on the march or by accident 114,211, and those who died from illness 328,000, making a total of 477,211 sufferers. The Germans killed numbered 40,877; 17,255 died on the field, and 21,623 in the ambulances, making 79,156 in all. 158,749 wounded who survived numbered 138,548 men.

From first to last the German field artillery fired 840,000 shots, and the infantry 20,000,000. The booty of war consisted of 5626 fortress guns, 1915 field guns and rapid-firing guns, 107 machine-guns and flags and 855,000 rifles, exclusive of what was captured at leisure on abandoned fields. The monetary loss to France was 12,656,487,522 francs, including the 12,000,000 indemnity paid to Germany of 5,742,938,818 francs.

A survey of the powers of Europe shows that from the beginning of the century to the end of 1896 Turkey had experienced thirty-seven years of war and thirty-three years of peace; Spain comes next with thirty-one years of war and sixty-five years of peace; France, with twenty-seven years of war and sixty-nine years of peace; Russia, twenty-four years of war and seventy-two years of peace; Italy, twenty-three years of war and seventy-three years of peace; England, twenty-one years of war and seventy-five years of peace; Austria-Hungary, seventeen and seventy-nine years of peace; Prussia, thirty and eighty-three years of peace; Portugal, twelve and eighty-four years; Denmark, nine and eighty-seven. —Tid-Berikt.

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"I like to see a man take interest in his country," said Uncle Eben, "but I can't approve of 'is neglectin' 'is own 'tater patch while 'is worries 'bout what 'is gwinter do wif dem Philippine Islands."—Washington Star.

Excursion to the Yellowstone Park.

A person who has conducted excursions will leave this city July 12 for Yellowstone Park, via the "Shasta Route" and Northern Pacific Railway. Tourists will be accommodated in first-class Pullman cars; tickets will be sold, including berth, meals and trip through the Park. Send for circular giving rate and itinerary to T. K. STAELER, General Agent Northern Pacific Railway, 628 Market st., S. F.

The Santa Fe Route sells cut rate tickets to all points East. St. Paul, \$21; Kansas City, \$21; Chicago, \$21; New York and Boston, \$42.50. Get full particulars at No. 64 Market st.

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