

The Call

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AMUSEMENTS

Columbia—"His Absent Boy." Alcazar—"Camille." Merceus—"The Cherry Pickers." Tivoli—"Fruit." Epiphany—Yanderville. The Chutes—Zoo, Vanderville and Cannon, the 618-pound Man. Suspended Animation—Corner Market and Larkin streets. Olympia—Corner Union and 25th streets, specialties. Alhambra, Eddy and Jones streets—Vanderville. Opening Saturday, September 5. Naive Sons Hall—Entertainment Tuesday evening. Recreation Park—Baseball this afternoon. Coursing—At Union Coursing Park. Coursing—Inglefield Coursing Park. Suro's Baths—Swimming. El Campu—Music, dancing, boating, fishing, every Sunday. State Fair—Sacramento, September 5.

AUCTION SALES

By G. H. Umbson & Co.—Monday, August 15, Real Estate, at 14 Montgomery street, at 11 o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY, in proroguing Parliament and dismissing her Lords and Commons from further legislative service until after the shooting season, has evidently desired to start them on their holidays in a cheerful mood. As far as was possible she spoke to them in what Tennyson called "large, divine and comfortable words," assuring them that their labors had been excellent and that by their statesmanship the interests of her people and her empire had been duly safeguarded. Fortunately for her Majesty's reputation in the world of high politics it is well known that she did not write her speech. The Ministers who conducted the work of Parliament are the authors of the speech commending the work, and upon them will devolve the task of defending it against the severe criticisms to which it is certain to be subjected. It is notorious that the interests of the empire have not been safeguarded, and that even now they are in such a perilous condition that before the shooting season on the moors is over the military men among the guests at the hunting lodges may be called away to war.

As a matter of fact, despite its general cheerfulness, the speech itself admits the threatening nature of the situation. It asserts, indeed, that "relations with other nations continue friendly," and that arrangements have been made with the Emperor of China which are expected to "conduce to the maintenance of his independence and the security of his empire and be favorable to the development of the extensive commerce carried on between the peoples of Great Britain and China." In another paragraph, however, the Commons are thanked for their liberal appropriations for the army and navy, and the heavy taxation voted for imperial defense, and the significant statement is made, "The sacrifices asked of you are severe, but no greater than the exigencies of the time require."

It is clear from the latter statement that the Ministers of her Majesty do not see plain sailing ahead, nor are they facing the future with confidence in the continuance of peace. There are difficulties all around them, and not the least of these is that caused by the growing uneasiness and discontent in Great Britain itself. Salisbury is now an old man, and with his age there have come weakness and vacillation. Even the members of his own party are doubtful of his ability to deal with the crisis that has arisen in China and to cope successfully with the astute diplomats and resolute statesmen who are directing at this juncture the policies of Russia and Germany.

For a long time there has been in Great Britain a clamor for a younger man to take charge of the foreign affairs of the empire, but Salisbury holds on. He is not willing to retire and give a free hand to the aspiring Chamberlain or to Balfour. Neither is the country altogether willing to accept either of these in his place. The call for a young and vigorous statesman remains unanswered simply because there is no one to answer it. The Lords and the Commons will, therefore, go to their holidays this year in a dubious mood. They have done the best they could for their empire. They have voted millions for defense, and now it remains to be seen whether the Ministry can make wise and effective use of the treasure and the weapons that have been placed in their hands.

The failure to permit General Lee to participate in any action on Cuban soil is described as the sarcasm of fate, but highly critical people might view it as fate having a political tinge.

The Cubans are not so disgusted with the situation as to quit fighting, and considering that they no longer have access to the American ration, they seem to be doing very well.

Samuel A. Knight has knocked a dent into the theory that Democrats never resign. But it may be said of Mr. Knight that he has established a precedent.

There is a possibility that the news of peace will not reach Manila until after Merritt and Dewey have manufactured a very satisfactory style of peace of their own.

It is to be hoped the authorities will permit the gentleman who requests the privilege of being buried alive every privilege he seeks say that of being dug up again.

One of the opponents of territorial extension is the New York World. It has at least the excellent excuse that the New York Journal is on the other side.

To be sure there is peace between us and Spain, but it will be long before we love each other.

And another sad thing is that Bryan never smelled powder.

NO CAMPAIGN OF APOLOGY.

INDICATIONS that the present is to be a Republican year are so numerous that there is danger they may be misleading. The possibility of an over-confidence must be recognized by every shrewd observer. President McKinley, by his brilliant conduct of the war to a successful issue, resulting in honorable peace at the cost of little bloodshed, has done much to strengthen his party. Yet it does not follow that at every point the party is invincible, nor that a weak candidate can be elected.

The Republicans of California owe it to themselves to put forward as candidate for Governor the best man to be found. Whoever he may be he will be opposed to a keen politician, an habitual office-holder who is a demagogue of a plausible sort; who to Democrats is a Democrat and to Populists a Populist; who knows every trick of his calling, and to whom must be conceded a strong personal following. A weak candidate opposed to him, advanced because this is a Republican year, will go down to defeat as surely as the day of election shall come.

Therefore there is left to the Republican party only one course. It must avail itself of the best material. It must not be led into the selection of a candidate whose political or private career cannot be exposed to the fullest light. The chosen man must have a clean record, from scrutiny of which nothing can be dragged for his undoing. We cannot afford to enter upon a campaign of apology and explanation.

There must be no doubtful transactions to be cleared away. If the campaign cannot be one of aggression it will be one of disaster. If from the start the Republican party shall be forced to make excuses, to try to clear away doubts, to establish the character of its chosen standard-bearer, to deny, to attempt to refute, the endeavor will be useless and the end of it defeat.

These are simple facts, appealing to the intelligence. They cannot be combated, for "facts are stubborn things."

A UNIQUE WAR.

JUDGED by any, or by every, phase of its course from beginning to end, our three months' conflict with Spain must be pronounced one of the most remarkable wars in the annals of history. It is unique in modern times. Only by returning to the records of the middle ages can anything like a parallel be found to the contest, and even then there was none of a similar nature on anything like an equal scale of magnitude and importance.

During the whole conflict the Spaniards made hardly a serious effort to uphold their cause or their empire. They fought bravely enough indeed when trapped at Manila and at Santiago, but even in those instances the fighting was wild and badly directed. One fleet we sought out in the Philippines and destroyed, and another they sent to the West Indies apparently for no other purpose than to have it destroyed; and that being duly done, they straightway sue for peace.

If the Spanish authorities had provoked a war with the United States with the sole object of getting rid of Cuba without the humiliation of surrendering to the Cuban insurgents they could hardly have acted other than they did. They fought just about enough to make a record of having a war with us, but no more. The defense of Santiago imposed upon us one hard battle, in which our losses were the heaviest we ever suffered in a single fight with a foreign foe, but with that exception we won victories as bloodless as they were brilliant.

The strategy of the Spaniards was, moreover, as extraordinary as their incapacity in battle. Why should Cervera have been sent to the West Indies instead of the Philippines? Why should he have gone into Santiago and stayed there until blockaded? Why should he then endeavor to escape instead of remaining to help Toral defend the town? Why, after the fleet was gone, did Toral try to hold the town which was then of no use to either him or us? Why, when defense was no longer possible, did he surrender over 20,000 men with all their arms instead of marching away to join Blanco at Havana?

These tactics utterly confused our military authorities, and led in several instances to sad mistakes on the part of our commanding officers. Sampson was twice caught. First he supposed that Cervera would try to break the blockade at Havana, and he therefore remained there and sent Schley on a scouting expedition, with the result that Schley had the credit of chasing the Spaniards into Santiago. Then Sampson concluded that Cervera would stay in that harbor until forced out by the capture of the town, so he went away one day and lost the glory of commanding the fleet on the day of battle and victory.

Miles was even more unfortunate than Sampson. When the Santiago expedition was fitted out Miles was offered command, but he believed that expedition would be but a small affair and that the great event of the war would be the campaign against Havana. He therefore scorned to command a subordinate army and sent Shafter to take charge. Now, after all, there is to be no Havana campaign. Shafter has done all the fighting and gained all the glory, and General Miles has had to console himself with commanding a junketing expedition to Porto Rico. Is it to be wondered that he and Sampson despise the Spaniards and regard their war tactics as beneath contempt?

According to the philosophy now prevalent in the world there is a reason for everything except the verdict of a petty jury. It may be assumed, therefore, that some reason exists for the course the Spanish Government has pursued. The discovery of that reason will constitute the mystery story of historians yet to be, but for this generation it will be accounted a conundrum and given up.

No occasion for surprise exists in the circumstance that Chinese admitted to the country on the pretext of being exhibitors at the Omaha Exposition should now be living in this city. The exposition scheme is a good one and does not seem to wear out.

Now that ex-Governor Hogg of Texas is here it would be a good time to ask him whether or not he really named his two daughters Ima and Ura. Perhaps the story was only a campaign libel.

Evidently the new Farragut understands its business. The torpedo boat that failed to run into something and twist its nose would not be in the same class with any vessel now afloat.

Aguinaldo was what may be termed too previous in proclaiming himself dictator. He will be lucky if so much as permitted to be a private citizen of the Philippines.

New York and Tennessee soldiers have had a little fight, but naturally the boys did not wish to go home without a sign of a scrap.

There seems to be no harm in permitting Spain to keep a few boats. She can't hurt anybody with them, anyhow.

For some men to explain their position is easy; but Maguire has so many of them.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA.

WE have pointed out the lies of yellow journalism, in partnership with the bond-peddling Cuban Junta, concerning the insurgent government of that island. The war has exposed these lies completely. It exposed the bond and blanket mortgage conspiracy which incited those lies. It has exposed the personal, financial interests of yellow journalism in the bond-peddling conspiracy. Cuba had no insurgent government, nor army, nor treasury. The internal weakness and corruption of Spain had permitted bands of predatory outlaws to ravage the islands, while the Junta in New York, with true Spanish instinct, set up a criminal speculation in a so-called "revolution," which was as much entitled to belligerent rights or diplomatic recognition as its kindred industry of train robbing in the United States. The President knew all this and asked authority to do what Spain had failed to do, to secure peace and order and stability of government in the island. But the House wanted war and the Senate wanted war and recognition of the insurgent government, which had no existence to be recognized.

We succeeded in avoiding the folly of recognition and declared war to expel Spain from the island. This we have done by the shortest and sharpest way in our history. We have made more history and unmade more geography with a less expenditure of blood than appears in the martial record of any other nation. We have put our army and our navy foremost among the world's fighters by land and sea. We have given heroes and heroic incidents to the history of action at arms, and the chapter will make men's nerves thrill and tingle through the ages. Now at the end we are faced with the problem which occupied the soldier-statesman in the White House at the beginning. There is no Cuban government and no Cuban army. The food we sent to the phantom of yellow journalism has been eaten and the ammunition has been used in murdering prisoners of war and mutilating the bodies of the dead.

The President must now act on the declaration of Congress that "the Cuban people are and ought to be independent," and must secure to their stability of government. The people, being independent, must choose and fashion the form of government that will best maintain their independence and afford the most stable protection to the rights of person and property. It is clearly disclosed that both will need protection from the criminal rapacity of those pets of yellow journalism, the so-called "patriots," whose idea of independence is exemption from labor and whose highest conception of liberty is freedom to steal the property won by the industry of the thrifty and orderly people.

The President having directed the war to a conclusion; having so managed the friendship of Great Britain as to protect us from a Continental alliance; having convinced Spain that she would better treat directly with us for terms, and having so humbled her false pride that she conceded all of his conditions, must now address himself to the greater task of bringing order out of the Cuban chaos.

It may be expected that the yellow journals will try to poke their long fingers into this question. We expect torrid pronouncements from the Junta and negro rhetoric from the San Domingan Gomez, and a renewal all along the line of the issue of recognition of those unworthies. They still hug their blanket mortgage and want to lay it like a blister of cantharides to draw the substance of the island from those to whom it belongs, for the benefit of the crooked, criminal and yellow journalism and the gilding of their own pockets. It is to be hoped that the country will aid the President in following the line of his knowledge in the premises by founding a government on something else than bandit raiders and barbarous robbers.

AN UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION.

THE "sectional" political argument when once introduced into State politics may be made to produce some curious results. We trust our esteemed Republican friends in Southern California and Alameda County, since they are using this line of argument for the promotion of their influence in this campaign, will not take offense if we direct their attention to a few facts in connection with it. Our purpose, we may add, is to foster the general Republican welfare and not to make odious comparisons or draw invidious distinctions.

At the election of 1896 Alameda County cast about 22,000 votes. At the present time the county is represented in the State and National Government by a United States Senator, a Superintendent of the Mint, a Commissioner of Emigration, a Congressman, a Supreme Justice and a member of the State Board of Equalization. For the coming campaign the county has presented two candidates for Governor, a third who claims that he formerly resided within its boundaries, and the usual number of aspirants for minor offices.

The region south of Tehachapi comprises seven counties: Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, San Bernardino, San Diego, Santa Barbara and Ventura. At the election of 1896 they polled about 60,000 votes, or less than one-fifth of the total vote of the State. The region is not heavily Republican. It gave McKinley a little over 1000 plurality. In the present national and State government Southern California has a United States Senator, an Attorney General, a clerk of the Supreme Court, and the usual quota of local officials. It will present to the coming State convention candidates for Governor, Supreme Justice, Attorney General, State Treasurer and clerk of the Supreme Court. At the Legislature of 1899, if that body happens to be Republican, it will present the names of two candidates for United States Senator.

Southern California and Alameda County, it will thus be seen, although casting less than 25 per cent of the vote of the State, are in possession of nearly all the offices. If they are given what their politicians ask for in this campaign and the people elect a Republican administration, Southern California and Alameda County will have actually captured "everything in sight."

We do not know whether the politicians of these regions have ever heard of it, but there is a city in California called San Francisco. It cast at the last election over 60,000 votes. Yet it has no Senator, and it is represented in the State government only by two Supreme Justices. We have not thus far in this campaign heard anybody in Southern California or Alameda County "mention" a San Francisco candidate for any office. In fact, the silence in this respect is so oppressive that Mr. de Young has been compelled to "mention" himself for Senator.

Would it not be a good idea for the politicians of Southern California and Alameda County to consider this city in connection with something? We defeated the last Republican Governor over here, and but for us Bryan would have carried the State. We are certainly entitled to a poundkeeper, a rear porter, a tide waiter or something.

Rea will probably find at Sacramento that even if he can carry Santa Clara in his pocket there is not room in that receptacle for the whole State.

WITH ENTIRE FRANKNESS.

By HENRY JAMES.

Some people object to the title of this column. Some go so far as to object to the general style of it. I call attention of the malcontents to the fact that there are many other things to read. There is Shakespeare and the Bible, and the rest of the paper.

Charles B. Hill writes to me a gentle note of correction. Mr. Hill is an astronomer who has the peculiar advantage of being so tall that he gets right among the stars without any necessity for using a telescope. I have for him the greatest respect, but he can't call me down without exciting a few remarks. He says, does this towering Hill, that I said in the game of cribbage four fours and seven count twenty. Now I never said anything of the sort. The man who said that four fours and a seven count twenty was somebody else, and he is off on a vacation. I never assume to say anything about matters of such serious import, and couldn't tell a game of cribbage from a sewing circle. According to all mathematical rule, four fours ought to count sixteen, and seven more ought to make twenty-three. According to Professor Hill, the total is twenty-four. I don't see how he figures it. But argument is useless. I will give Professor Hill the address of his adversary as soon as it can be ascertained, and am certain the professor will get the worst of it. There is no wisdom in a mere scientist's bucking against a trained query editor, whose business is to know all that anybody else knows and a great deal that nobody else ever thought of.

The Alameda Encinal refuses to believe the doctrine that God made the law of the survival of the fittest. Well, there may be room for doubt. The Encinal survives.

It is a circumstance to be deplored that Mary E. Martin is to be freed from the penitentiary. The pretext seems to be that the woman does not have the best of health. She was sentenced for one of the meanest bunko games ever perpetrated, and I did not happen to notice that the Judge in passing sentence said, "For fourteen years, or as long as agreeable to the lady."

There is somebody who writes in the Fresno Watchman "Ideas of the Hour." There are enough ideas to prove that not a minute of the hour has been wasted.

It is not surprising that the lepers supposed to be incarcerated in the pest-house should be walking the streets. Leprosy, as I understand it, is a misfortune, rather than a crime, and the victims of it have some right to be regarded as human beings. The place provided for them is not fit to shelter a sick dog. I do not know who are responsible for the outrage, but whoever they are deserve to have the malady, and I trust the lepers will look them up and endeavor, with success, to communicate it.

Occasionally Governor Budd says much in few words when he would be wise to use more words and say less. For instance, he wrote of the First California after they had made a good record under fire: "What else could we expect? They are Californians." It seems to me that they are also Americans, and that this would have been the better view to have taken.

The man who writes his own epitaph is apt to make a mistake. There have been exceptions, as when Stevenson penned the beautiful lines marking his resting place, but Bismarck was no exception. "A faithful German Servant of the Emperor, William I." Such was the word he left to be inscribed upon his tomb. It is not a proud epitaph. Bismarck was great in life, but the approach of death seems to have enfeebled him. A life devoted to being the faithful servant of any individual would be in great measure wasted. I move that the epitaph be revised to read: "The faithful master of the Emperor, whose servant he was supposed to be."

A man named James writes to the Visalia Delta to explain that the war with Spain was a horrible mistake. I am pained to know that a person with such an excellent name should be so distressingly off his base.

The correspondent who speaks of "light refreshments being dispersed" probably has reference to the guests.

To touch upon politics has never been my province in this column, but now that the war is over, and Publicola, having devoured me, is quiescent, while the Visalia poet is singing low, I want to make an incursion into the untrodden domain. I think this will be permitted, the attitude of the Examiner being excuse enough, and its ridiculous warning that the anonymous writer is unpopular with me, but the case under consideration is not particularly grievous, and so I use only mild and pleasing terms this time. But a day of wrath is coming.

"R. M. M." presents some original thoughts in the Fresno Republican, but I think he will excuse me for saying that he is too flippant. His declaration that Christ, if on earth, would be offered \$25,000 to speak the Sermon on the Mount into a phonograph, jars on the nerves alike of the religious and the worldly. The Sermon is one of the grandest enrichments of literature and morals.

With the utmost friendliness, I would give a word of counsel to the young woman who sends in a story entitled "Love's Work," if I thought for a moment she would heed it.

Lillian Russell has gone abroad to sing. She is said to be under contract to do this for \$3000 a week. Now, what is the sense in lying? Everybody who knows enough to chew gum, to say nothing of the superior beings who know enough not to chew it, knows that she will not get any such money. I regret to have reached the conclusion during Lillian's last visit to the coast that she is fair, forty, fat and a frost.

If the Massachusetts regimental officers who resigned did so, as reported, because they drew the color line and refused to return the salutes of negro troops, it was proper to accept their resignations, but they ought to have been escorted to the edge of the camp and kicked across by the insulted soldiers.

ready begun their shouts of disapproval. No wonder there is a desire to create the impression that the Republican party is split. Colonel Dan Burns, whom I do not know and never saw, is being reproached for his silence. The Examiner is doing this. In the enforced absence of Hearst, Andy Lawrence is the Examiner. I recall having seen in public print statements concerning Andy, charging him with blackmail and other crimes. It does not appear to me that any antagonism from this creature can do aught but benefit that against which it may be directed. Colonel Burns is "silent." That is, he does not summon Andy to the phone and break into the confidence of that gentleman. He does not resent the attacks, because maybe he has important things to do. I haven't very important things to do myself, and therefore undertake to throw these few comments into the situation, as everybody wants to contribute something to the campaign. I believe the Republicans will win, because they intend to unite on a good candidate, and all the present discussion is directed toward finding out who this man may be. It is an entirely proper and fraternal discussion, and the Examiner cannot produce enough noise to disguise the fact, nor conceal that the Democratic camp is the seat of broils. Still, it will be admitted that Colonel Burns is "silent." I do not doubt that in his silence he occasionally breaks into a smile at the frantic exhibition into which the Examiner has resolved itself, all of it tending to injure the Popo-Demo outfit. When the Merry Andrew can think of nothing better to do than reiterate alleged remarks of Colonel Burns concerning others high in the party, remarks supposed to have been made long ago, in all probability never made, and of no public importance if made, it strikes my humble judgment that the Examiner needs an editor of brains and character. However, this is hardly worth mentioning. It has needed such an editor for a long time.

No, Bard. You are spelled with two r's from this time on.

The willful murder committed by Cheesman in Oakland strengthens a theory I have long entertained. This man, judged by all standards, is crazy, and yet he ought to be hanged without delay. Under the mysterious dispensations of Providence there are certain individuals fit for nothing else but the scaffold. I believe that when a man is mentally competent to plan a crime and carry out the plan, he should be punished for it, even if the fact is established that his grandmother was queer and an uncle on his father's side once addicted to kleptomania. In fact, I would favor the abolition of the plea of insanity. When murderous intent is unrestrained the practical result is the same, whether the assassin is a lunatic, a degenerate or a vulgar robber. Hang them all, and get them out of the way. The public is under no obligation to keep them, and is doing no good by doing so.

A distinguished local journalist has gone to the trouble of endeavoring to show the general superiority of the Span over the American and nations of kindred blood. The first impulse upon reading the fool stuff is, of course, in the direction of anger, but to permit any such impulse to have sway would be an error, and much to the delight of the journalist in question, who does not deserve any such tribute. When Bierce, who is one of the strong writers of the time, runs on with the wonted babble of an idiot, any thoughtful person knows upon reflection that he does it deliberately and with the hope of winning that disapprobation which is dear to his contrary soul.

Compliments to "A Subscriber" and will she, he or it explain what it, he or she may happen to be a subscriber to? "A Subscriber" says: "Hew to the line; let the chips fall where they may." An excellent sentiment heretofore indorsed. I may not be an expert in hewing to the line, but I think the anonymous writer, who presumes to send his, her or its counsel to a newspaper is about as low a type of the coward as ever appeared on the human horizon to fulfill the mission of being a horrible example. If there are any chips about this, I hope some of them will fall where they may attract the attention of "A Subscriber" to the fact that she, he or it is a feminine, masculine or neuter ass. I had already given warning that the anonymous writer was unpopular with me, but the case under consideration is not particularly grievous, and so I use only mild and pleasing terms this time. But a day of wrath is coming.

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Paris women are said to have taken

up a fashion of injecting perfume as a fiend injects morphine. I do not know how this will affect their looks, but in the end it ought to make them pleasing cadavers.

To me the most pitiful feature of the war has not been the deaths of some of the soldiers in battle nor the hardships suffered on a foreign field. At least the soldiers died while stimulated and inspired by the thought that their lives were being offered to their country. As to the hardships undergone by the rest, these had been expected and were inevitable. But the young soldiers for months in camp here had a right to expect decent treatment from the Government. They have not had it. Unnecessary exposure has killed many of them. The food has been bad. The uniforms furnished have been shoddy. Unless observers have been led astray, some of the doctors are incompetent and some of the nurses unfit to give man brash to an ailing mule. People may theorize all they want to about these facts and try to invent excuses for the authorities, but there can be no shadow of excuse. At first there was a rush and confusion, but passing weeks should have remedied all this. It did not. There has been neglect and cruelty, and the row of graves in the Presidio Cemetery has been steadily growing, and each new mound is a silent and awful reproach to the army and the War Department. The brave lads sleeping there ought to be still wearing the uniform of the troops and ready to obey the call to duty or go to their distant homes. They are as truly martyrs as those who perished at Santiago. To me their fate is the pitiful feature of the war. I would erect to them a monument and on it inscribe: "Murdered by the Nation They Loved."

LADIES OF OLD CADIZ. I'd like to go to Cadiz. Just to see those witching ladies. Those witching, witching ladies, where I would lose my wits blowing. With their dainty cigarrillas. And their quite too sweet mantillas—Oh, to Cadiz, with its ladies I will go.

And when our guns were booming, With a pity quite consuming I would say, oh, charming ladies, please I would lose my wits blowing. For although we humble Cadiz, We don't war against the ladies. And the ladies of Cadiz need not fear the Yankee sword.

And with their cigarrillas, And their all too cute mantillas, I would lose my wits blowing, I would lose my wits blowing. All these ladies of old Cadiz, far across the ocean blue. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOSTON UNTERIFIED. One gratifying result of our recent naval operations is the relief of Boston's apprehensions. The worthy people in the New England metropolis, modestly conscious that no other place in the United States could be known to the Spaniards, have been in hourly terror of the descent of a Spanish fleet upon the Beverly shore. They can feel reassured now. Our sailor boys have done their work completely. Not a seagoing Spanish war vessel has been left unsmashed on this side of the Atlantic, save the Infanta Isabel, skulking behind the Boston forts. Nabant and Nantasket, Manchester-by-the-Sea and Beverly Farms are as safe from attack as Chicago, Pittsburg, Peoria, St. Paul, indeed, they have been right along, save to a super-sensitive sense of Boston's people. The Bostonians who have withdrawn to the interior may resume their usual seaside studies with the proper peace of mind.—New York Sun.

Treat your friends to Townsend's California Grace Fruits, 50c lb. in fire etch boxes. 627 Market St., Palace Building.

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Conductor—Say, can't you read? Move the Chair—Of course, I can. Conductor—Well, don't you completely sign that says: "Gents will not smoke on this car." The Cigar (Indignantly)—I want you to understand, sir, that I am no Gent.—Chicago News.

Go to Portland and Return \$20 First-Class. Account Pacific Coast Central Congress. By O. K. and N. Co.'s steamer, sailing August 18. Inquire at 630 Market street.

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A visitor to the British Museum reports that he saw a countryman standing before the bust of a woman in a collection of statuary. The woman was represented in the act of colling her hair, and as the visitor came up, the countryman was saying to himself: "No, sir, that ain't true to nature. She ain't got her mouth full of hairpins."—Tit-bits.

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