

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL



"Oh, come to the Bower, Mr. Venus. Of queer things I have a few. Oh, come to the Bower, Mr. Venus. And I will show them to you. From that immortal bard, Mr. Sias Weez, in 'Our Mutual Friend,' Charles Dickens.

WE have a modern Boller's Bower right here in San Francisco. But if you were to take a trip to the Sanitary Reduction Works at the foot of Eighth street and were lucky enough to be forearmed with a pass from the up-town office, you would there see some things that would astonish you.

Of course, this body had to be turned over to the authorities at the Morgue. The papers made a fuss about it and did all that was possible to bring the heartless criminals to justice, but, to quote Mr. Boucher, "this is difficult. All this rubbish is brought to us by scavengers. We simply measure the number of cubic yards in each load, after which it is dumped into a receptacle provided for the purpose. Next the pickers rake over the material in order that they may separate the metal from the vegetable matter. This is necessary because all bits of iron and glass must go into respective piles. Only vegetable refuse goes into the furnaces, where it is soon reduced to fertilizing material.

Of course, the pickers find all these things you term curios, and if the curio happens to be the dead body of a child, why, we can only report the matter at the Morgue. We can't tell where it was found.

There are love letters, business letters, threatening letters to unruly debtors, letters to the Coroner asking that a certain disposition be made of the writer's body after death, which is sure to occur within at least twenty-four hours after the ink is dry; begging letters from men with large families, all on the verge of starvation, where the temporary loan of a few dollars means the salvation of innumerable lives; letters to the Board of Supervisors asking for the privilege to sell lead pencils on the public streets without the formality of paying the amount necessary to purchase a license as prescribed by schoolgirls, asking classmates to come to luncheon on certain dates, with the promise of lots of fun talking over old times.

One woman writes as follows: Manager Garbage Works—Dear

Sir: Will you be so kind as to return to me an upper set of artificial teeth which were accidentally lost at my house last Saturday. I am sure they were thrown into the ash barrel. I can identify them if you would be so kind as to send them out to my house. Yours, respectfully,

Another woman asks for the return of a switch of black hair, which she is sure was lost in the ash barrel, and threatens "that if it is not returned to her immediately she is going to see about it; she is going to find out if there is such a thing as law and justice in this land or not; and her husband is a lawyer, too. So the safest thing Mr. Superintendent can do is to return that switch immediately, and thereby save future trouble and possibly the loss of his position."

There is one package of papers with a most decided legal aspect which was really interesting, especially the inscription on the back. Evidently the documents in this package represented the hard struggle of some poor fellow who had tried his best to get ahead of the world by carefully investing his earnings in what business men tell us is the true basis of all wealth, property. The bundle consisted of receipts for monthly payments on a certain piece of property, and the payments covered a period of over ten years.

This would not appear a very interesting find were it not for the last sheet of all, which should first be read in order to fully comprehend what the man's intentions and struggles had been for that period of time. It was a letter to the writer's wife or sister, for it was addressed to "Dear May," and read as follows:

To-day I take my first step toward prosperity. I have purchased a piece of property which is valued at \$10,000. Of course I have not got the money, that is not enough to pay cash down for the property. But I have paid \$2000 spot and the rest will come very easy, as I am only obliged to pay \$50 per month, this includes the interest. Yes, this is my first step toward prosperity.

Evidently the writer's first step toward prosperity was taken on uncertain ground, for after over ten years' walk in the same direction, according to the bundle of receipts, he had given up in despair. On the back of this resolution of good intentions he had indorsed in ink: "To Hell With Prosperity. I quit."

Then he tossed the bundle in the ash barrel, where it found its way to the dumps. "Here," said Mr. Boucher, "is a note I received this morning. Now I am going to give this my attention, for I am sure it comes from a broken-hearted little child. See what she has to say:

Dear Mr. Dustman: I have lost my poor dollie. I love her very much, as she was a present from some one who is dead, and that some one was so dear to me. Won't you ask your men to look for my poor little dollie? She has blue eyes that open and shut. I am sure she was taken to the dust heap and carted away by your men. I am a Chinese boy next door saw the man carry away the dust and he is quite sure he saw her feet sticking out of the barrel. If anybody will go with me I am going to your

place to-day. You will be good to poor little girl, won't you? Respectfully, ETHEL FRYE.

"Now," said Mr. Boucher, "let us go and see if we can find the poor little dollie that opens and shuts its eyes. Here you, Joe; how many dolls have you raked out of the hopper this morning?"

This remark was addressed to a very dirty man, evidently an Italian, who was parading up and down the yard armed with an ordinary garden rake.

"Dolla, dolla, Mr. Bouch; nota one dolla I finda to-day."

"Now, now, that will do, Joe," was Mr. Boucher's reply; "I don't mean money. I mean the little rag baby; you know."

"Oh, yes," he knew all about it now, and led us over to a pile in one corner of the inclosure, where we found the rarest collection of toys one would care to look for. I now began to wonder how we were to pick out "the poor little dollie with blue eyes that opened and closed." But I learned to have great confidence in the sagacity of my friend, the superintendent, and I am quite sure he would have picked out that particular doll had he not been interrupted by a messenger from the front gate, who said some one wanted to see him on business.

He soon returned with an old man and a little girl. From the anxious expression on the face of the child I immediately recognized her as the owner of "the blue-eyed dollie." She was a sweet mannered little thing, with a sad expression, which coupled with the deep mourning garb she wore told of a trouble which had come into her young life very recently. Her companion was very old indeed, and seemed to rely entirely upon the child for instruction.

He mumbled out something about the little girl being his granddaughter and that he was the only member of the family who could spare the time to bring her so far away from home in search of her lost doll. Then his eye caught sight of a man driving a team into the yard, and he seemed to lose all idea of his charge or his errand, but finally ventured the remark that the collar on the off horse was too tight. After this bit of uncollected information the old man took a seat on a box and continued to mumble to himself, "Too tight, too tight."

We gave him up and concluded to ask the little one if she would be willing to leave her grandfater there, while we went in search of the blue-eyed dollie. In a thoughtful moment she said, "Yes, he will stay here if I ask him to."

The child took Mr. Boucher's hand and he led her to the doll morgue. "Now, pick out your little one," he said, pleasantly, "I am sure you will find her here in this pile."

The little girl separated the toys tenderly and finally uttered a small exclamation of delight as her eye caught sight of the "blue-eyed one." She quickly snatched the inanimate mate from the rubbish, and as the tears started from her eyes cried: "That's my poor baby! The dear thing, how she must have suffered."

And how she hugged the poor image to her old breast!

"Now," said the superintendent, "take your dollie home to your mother and tell her Mr. Dustman is glad to be of some service to her."

Here the child began to sob convulsively. "Oh, my poor, sweet mamma," she cried; "my poor, sweet mamma. She gave me that dollie and now she is dead. That's why I love my dollie so much."

We led Ethel back to her grandfater.



CAME TO FIND HER LOST DOLLIE.

whom we found just where we had left him. He inquired anxiously "if we had loosened up that collar on the off horse." The child took the old man's hand, and the last we saw of them they were on their way to a car, the child hugging her treasure and the old man looking in vain for that "off horse with the tight collar."

"Now," said Mr. Boucher, "we had better go over to the photograph gallery and see what Bill can show us. His right name is something that sounds like Billich Sansanza, but we just call him Bill for short."

So we went over to see "Bill for short," who proved to be the keeper of a small eating house and saloon for the men.

The photographs were really worth seeing. The first one I noticed was that of Attorney George A. Knight. "Why," I exclaimed in surprise, "is it possible that this is the picture of Mr. Knight?"

"And why not?" was Mr. Boucher's answer. "I am like the old sexton—they all come to my solitude, one by one. But has a great collection of public men here."

Sure enough, it was the picture of the eloquent Knight. Now, how do you suppose that photograph ever reached the ash barrel, I asked? "Well, that is a hard question to answer, usually through accident, I fancy. Sometimes a servant comes down his smoke stained cheeks."

"Come over here; I will show you another article that was never thrown in the ash barrel." This brought us to a beautiful Persian rug hanging over an improvised clothes line.

"Now, that rug," said Mr. Boucher, "cost at least three hundred dollars, and I have just received a telephone from the owner, or rather from a detective hired to trace the matter. He tells me that the

Creswell was next of importance on the list. There was no mistaking that strong face, with the little humorous wrinkles about the corners of the mouth.

The late lamented "Little Pete" occupies a prominent position on the walls of the gallery in the form of a gorgeous and highly colored photograph. He has posed as a Confucian student, dressed in the long and gracefully flowing garment which is always worn in deference to the great scholar's memory. In his left hand he holds a scroll, while the fingers of his right hand toy gracefully with a beautifully decorated fan. The idea of that little highlander studying Confucius!

This Chinese portrait reminded Mr. Boucher of something he had stored away in another part of the grounds, so he walked over to a shed in one corner where we found a pretty well preserved Chinese Joss. Of course he was a little bit damaged and travel stained after a long trip in the scavenger wagon, still he was easily recognized as the idol representing filial affection, with the tears of blood coursing down his smoke stained cheeks.

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owner has no complaint to make, even of the scavenger who carried it away. It appears that yesterday was housecleaning day, and the rug was hung over a line for an airing. It was blown off the line by the afternoon zephyr and finally landed on top of the ash barrel. Of course the swill "gentleman" drew it into his net. So you see, there are several ways and avenues by which things reach my bower.

I asked if the men ever found anything of great value, such as money or jewelry. "Of course they do. But we never hear of such things. That is, we seldom do. Once in a while we catch them at the right moment and make them give up, but as a rule they are exactly cunning about such things and make it a point to conceal them till no one is looking."

"No, I have no idea what the annual find may amount to, but it must certainly come to a neat little sum during the twelve months."

"This giant dust heap is certainly teaching us a great object lesson, namely, that it is pure waste to throw anything away. Every little scrap of iron, every bit of glass, all the old pieces of wood, bits of twine, bones, rags, in fact all the things that you are so anxious to get rid of, are the vegetable refuse, but it is converted into the best fertilizer in the world, and the time is near at hand when the farmers of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys will recognize the result of this work as the salvation of their lands."

W. C. BUNNER.

GREAT MEN WHO ARE EARLY RISERS.

ALTHOUGH there is no necessary connection between early rising and a brilliant career, it is an interesting fact, says a writer in *Tit-Bits*, that many of our most eminent men and women spent less time in their beds and leave them much earlier than most of us.

Through the whole of his working life the late President Faure was rarely, if ever, in bed after 5 o'clock in the morning. Even when President he invariably rose at 5 o'clock even in the depth of winter, had a cold bath and was immersed in his books in his library by 6 o'clock. To this habit of early rising the "tarser President" attributed much of his success in life.

M. Jules Verne is another practical believer in the virtues of rising early. His practice is to rise at dawn in summer and at 6 in winter. After a light breakfast he takes up his pen and writes industriously until 10 o'clock, when his day's work is complete, and he can devote himself to recreation. "If I had not been an early riser," he says, "I should never have written more books than I have lived years."

Alexander von Humboldt, the great German philosopher and traveler, rarely spent more than four hours in bed, and on the testimony of Sir James Sawyer, was frequently content with two hours; and Littré, who lived to be eighty, thought that to spend more than five hours a day in bed was shameful self-indulgence. Although his invariable hour of rising was 6 o'clock, he scarcely ever left his desk until 3 in the morning, or until sunrise warned him that a new day had dawned.

There are few earlier risers than the Kings and Queens of Europe, who might pardoxically indulge in later hours and their subjects. In his younger days the Austrian Emperor used to rise at half-past 4 in summer and 5 o'clock in winter, and was engaged in his morning visit to the stables when nearly all Vienna was sleeping.

The German Emperor has never been a sluggard, and is usually hard at work in his study at 5 o'clock and on horseback at 6, while the Empress shares her husband's toils of the morning hours, and may be seen cantering on her favorite mare two hours before the world breaks its way to mass.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway is usually to be found among his beloved books between 5 and 7 every morning, and the Kings of Italy and Roumania have also left their beds at this hour.

The young Queen of Holland, like her mother, rises at 5, and at about the same hour the Queen Regent of Spain may be seen, in somber black, "fat and florid," on her way to mass.

Many of England's greatest men have scorned the delights of bed while living "laborious days." Brunel, the great engineer, who lived to be 80, rarely spent more than four hours in bed at any time of his crowded life; and Sir William Arrol, the engineer of the Tay and Forth bridges, and the Brunel of our day, rises earlier than any of his employees, and will frequently crowd twenty hours' work into one day during the progress of his great enterprises.

Art, too, has its early risers among its most eminent men. G. F. Watts, the great academician, has rarely allowed his bed to keep him away from his brushes later than 6 o'clock in the morning.

"SCARAB HUNTS" THROUGH PAWNSHOPS

SCARAB hunts are popular now. "Scarab hunts" are simple searches in pawn shops and curio places and foreign stores for the sacred beetles of Egypt, and then adding them to one's collection.

One reason why every one likes to go stalking scarabs is that they are such quiet game. They are tiny carved beetles of stone, and in some cases parrot of the "one and only" variety, turned to blue and red, and set in some pyramid in Egypt.

Egyptologists and archaeologists are constantly unearthing these scarabell—to spell it technically—and they are on the market in jewelers' hands or the hands of noted antiquaries in this city and elsewhere. It is well to get a pedigree with all that one acquires, as there is nothing easier than for the uninitiated to have palmed off on them some imitation of the genuine article.

So skillfully have the beetles been imitated that many New York importations of the Paris "fake" scarab can be found. The real scarab is rather small, and resembles nothing so much as a coffee bean. Their colors vary from the dark blue and darker brown coffee to near style to pale blue and rose, or even red. Some are transparent and some semi-transparent. Many are of a dull amber, and often black and even unsightly.

They are used in various ways, as brooches where they are set in the sacred ank and in twining snakes, which were sacred to the Egyptians also, in winged bull heads and in various ways that suggest the mummy and the obelisk.

COMEDIAN'S REVENGE ON LEADING MAN

AMERRY war of words between the leading man and the comedian of a Vienna Theater resulted in the latter vowing eternal hatred to his rival and dire vengeance at the first opportunity.

The prompter at this theater is an old lady, whose ceremonious dignity and courtly manners have earned for her the sobriquet of "Frau Hofrathin" (Mme. la Conseillere de Cour). The comedian elaborated a scheme to be revenged upon his enemy, and the prompter was the medium he employed for carrying it out.

The leading man's memory was none of the best, and he always placed great dependence upon the prompter, who was very friendly to him. One scene in the second act, a long and difficult one, always demanded her closest attention.

One evening, the fatal night, she had climbed the narrow staircase into her box, a staircase so narrow that it was impossible for her to turn, and she was always forced to make the descent backward.

Some one had climbed the narrow stairs and had started to cut off the buttons of the old lady's boots. A struggle between modesty and professional duty ensued. She tried to get her feet out of the way in vain, she struck out at hapazard, and she, in the meantime she had lost the thread of the dialogue and the poor leading man was plunging wildly in confused sentences; the heroine was completely at sea and the curtain was rung down amid a storm of indignation from the gods in the gallery.

SWELL BOOK AGENTS THE LATEST IN TRADE

THE really swell book agent is one who sells books of rare and antique character. There is a fortune in this class of books. The prices range from \$50 to \$500 or more, and the persons who buy the works are only too glad to receive a visit from the agent who makes this class of books his specialty. They leave their addresses at all book stores and advertise their hobby far and wide. A rare edition they will pay almost any money to obtain, and there is a correspondingly large profit for the agent.

Works of art or classics in limited editions are disposed of only in this manner. They can not be obtained through the usual channels of trade.

The sale of rare old books in England last year amounted to more than \$200,000. There is no report of the sales of limited editions, which are never advertised, but are disposed of only through agents. These limited editions are printed on the richest materials and they are works of art as to the print as well as illustration, which is often in etchings and water colors. Vignettes are often tinted by hand, and the artist's proof of etchings are also tinted in water color by hand.

It is more easy to dispose of this class of work than is realized by the canvasser for ordinary books, and the agent sometimes makes \$10,000 a year in the business.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept in which passengers may enter any complaint they may wish to make.

BOGUS ANTIQUITIES SOLD IN ROME.

ROME, as a matter of fact, has become one great emporium for forgeries, not only manufactured on the spot, but coming from other countries—from Paris, Munich, England, Egypt, Greece, Asia Minor, etc. Buy, for instance, if you are in Capri or Capri di Monte, a specimen of the statue of a woman, which is probably the possessor of a statuette or group manufactured in Paris or Munich, instead of an authentic piece from the palace of a Roman Prince. Your humble servant knows something about these matters, for he has been caught himself, and he professes to know something about the subject.

The statuettes and Egyptian scarabees, cameos and antique gems, Greek and foreign jewels of gold, the bronze or silver coins and moneys, the antique terra cottas, weapons, Florentine Renaissance marbles, Tanagra figures and the fine figures from Asia Minor (for these go to M. Joseph Reinach for information)—all these interesting antiquities that one always has the exceptional luck to discover "off one's own bat" at the bottom of some moldy shop are the work of skillful contemporary workmen very often excellent artists, capable of creating works of their own (instead of being skillful forgers) if they only had a little encouragement from those whom they cheat so abominably for the benefit of unscrupulous dealers.

Here is a sad but true story, which is more eloquent than all the newspaper or magazine articles and all the pamphlets that can be written on the subject. In a case of succession a foreign lady chose as her share of the heritage a bas-relief in marble representing an exquisite Madonna and infant Christ, by Mino of Fiesole, all the old pieces of which there was not the shadow of a doubt. She took it for a very large sum, nevertheless considered by experts to be below its real value. She had been offered a high price. She therefore felt certain of being beyond the reach of what whenever she made up her mind to part with it. The psychological moment came. In order that it might be sold to the best advantage she sent her superb Madonna to Rome, which is the winter resort of all the "millionaires" in the world on the lookout for ancient masterpieces.

I went to see the marble. It was a marvel, both as to workmanship and to "patina." But after it had undergone a long and careful examination by serious experts, aided by a magnifying glass, they came to the conclusion that it was a modern copy made by a man of consummate skill in working in marble. The proof was clear. The dealer who had sold the group was dead, his family were reduced to poverty and gone away, and I afterward learned that the Florentine who had made this marvelous copy (equal in beauty to the original) was also dead. The despair of the unfortunate lady may be imagined when she learned that instead of being worth the 60,000 francs which she had refused, her treasure, which she reckoned to provide for the rest of her life was worth from 1500 to 2000 francs.

THE UNCLE WITH A FORTUNE TO LEAVE.—BY CARAN D'ACHE.



MONDAY. TUESDAY. WEDNESDAY. THURSDAY. FRIDAY. SATURDAY. SUNDAY.