

INSTRUCTIVE STUDIES BY NOTED MEN AND WOMEN



The Overworked Man.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D. (Author of "The Redemption of David Corson," etc.)

There is always danger of castigating an innocent party when one becomes a social critic. The pupils of one of the head masters of Eton declared, "upon their words of honor," that he found a row of boys standing in his study one morning, and without a moment's hesitation, began to thrash them with his cane. They were too terrified to remonstrate until he had gone half way down the line, when one of them plucked up courage enough to falter out: "Please, sir, we're not up for punishment; we are the confirmation class!"

Most of the men upon whom the blows I am about to administer will fall may prove to be "domestic models," but I must strike out with the hope of hitting a guilty one among the innocent now and then.

There is a vicious circle in the reasoning of the modern business man. "I want to make a happy home," he says, "and so must conduct a successful business. But in order to conduct a successful business I must give myself to it body and soul." But by sacrificing himself to his business he renders himself incapable of making a home.

And he does it in this way: The best energies of his heart and mind are absorbed to such a degree in the conduct of some great commercial enterprise that he has nothing to contribute to domestic life when he comes home at night like a squeezed orange.

The energies of men are not like those of a river. The water that turns the wheel of a factory is just as able to turn that of a grist mill a quarter of a mile farther down the stream. But the man who has poured out the last drop of his strength on the wheel of his business simply goes home empty to his family.

Among the most pitiful spectacles in this world, I put that of the haggard, exhausted man of affairs sitting helpless and useless in the circle about the fireside. If he is not so nervous and fretful as to forbid all merriment, he is so used up that he cannot enjoy it. If he realizes his condition he decorates his face with a smile. But it is at best no better than a petrification. His mind is not on the scene or the subject. His thoughts are down at the shop or the store. He scarcely hears the children when they speak.

Later in the evening his wife may try to engage his attention upon some problem of the domestic life. Billy has not been behaving well at school, or Mary is begging to take music lessons, or Bridget has just "given notice," or most likely gone off without as much as saying good-by.

"She does her best, poor woman, but even while she is talking she knows by the look of his eye that his mind is wandering.

Pitiful, isn't it? What are we going to do about it? It's getting worse all the time. There is so much truth in what the man says about the exactions of business that we cannot help pitying him. To succeed (or even not to fail) a man must keep strained up like a fiddlestring. His competitors are after him with a knife and tomahawk, day and night. If they would only be reasonable—he could! But they won't! The whole pack are as mad as March hares! There seems to be no "middle way" to-day. A man must either "get rich" or "go broke," and that in a mighty short hurry. He must either march at the head of the procession or get out of the ranks entirely.

Nevertheless—the dilemma remains. This man must give more time to his home or he won't have any. What he has now isn't a home. It's only a house. If he has to sacrifice one thing or the other he had better sacrifice the business to the home than the home to the business. And if he says, "How can you have a home without a business?" the answer is, "A slender home with a less exacting business."

More love, more peace, more of the bliss of the fireside is what this age needs. Not more fine clothes and bob-tailed horses and long tailed gowns.

Mush.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL. (Author of "Shop Talk on the Wonders of the Crafts.")

And now it is a complete dinner, even to the toothpicks and a Japanese paper napkin, in a can—just warm, turn out and serve; no cooking, no worry. That is the latest effort of the prepared food makers. They have been heading in that direction for some time, and they boast that they will not be long before they have solved the vexed servant girl question, at least so far as it relates to the culinary end of the domestic establishment. The trend of the times has been in the direction of prepared foods. One can get at almost any grocery ready to eat soups, baked beans, canned meats and almost any kind of vegetable in hermetically sealed tins—food practically unknown less than a score of years ago. The quality of these prepared foods is generally equal and often superior to the average home product. Some are so much better than what can be cooked in a house kitchen that it is almost self-evident they only could be successfully made in a large and well-ordered factory.

Perhaps the most notable advance in prepared food products is the so-called "breakfast" or "health" foods. They have made the name of Battle Creek a

household word, for in that beautiful Michigan city the breakfast food was born and in it most of the many brands are made. The flaked wheat food, of which there are a number of varieties made by as many concerns under well-known names, has become almost a breakfast necessity for a large proportion of American families. They are all made in much the same way. Each manufacturer, however, has, or claims to have, some secret kind of unique process which gives his brand of a food a decided advantage. Thus it is extremely difficult for one to gain admission to a Battle Creek factory. One of the most popular brands is made in a factory which is equipped with the newest machinery and in which the wheat from the time it is started on its way to the enter is not touched with so much as a finger. The selection of the wheat has much to do with the final result, particularly as regards flavor and appearance. Only the highest grades are used, and the preference is given to wheat grown in Oregon and Washington, as it is whiter and contains less starch than wheat from other localities. Thousands of carloads of Pacific Coast wheat have been shipped to a single Battle Creek factory at a cost of several cents a bushel over the price of grain local to the city. When the wheat is delivered to the factory it is carefully inspected and then scoured by being passed between revolving brushes, which remove all the fuzz on the berry. The examination of a grain of wheat under a ten diameter microscope will show a gray slate colored fuzz resembling mold and about a wagon load of fuzz is removed from a carload of wheat. The brushes thus polish the outside of the wheat berry until it is perfectly clean. Automatic conveyors next take the wheat to the soaking and curing tanks—enormous porcelain-lined affairs, holding about 200 bushels each. Spring water is turned into the wheat-filled tank until the grain is covered. An expert chemist looks after this initial process and watches the wheat for eight to ten hours, when it is ready to be cooked. Some fifty bushels of the water-swollen wheat is drawn from the curing tank by compressed air, and charged into a horizontal, polished steel cylinder whose barrel is perforated with longitudinal slits which are narrow enough to keep the wheat from falling through and wide enough to afford free entrance to the live steam, which does the cooking. This cylinder is enclosed in another one, and between the two is a steam space of about two inches. While the wheat is cooking the inner cylinder slowly revolves, so that the grain is ever in motion. Fifty or sixty minutes of steaming is sufficient to thoroughly cook the wheat and break open the starch cells. The grain, which is now perfectly cooked, must be partly cooled and aerated. This double result is secured by permitting the wheat to fall some thirty feet against an up-rushing current of filtered air. Pneumatic tubes then convey the wheat to the top of the building to curing tanks similar to those which first received the grain. Here the grain cools to a certain temperature, and then by automatic machinery is drawn out to be placed in the mixing tank. A plated, polished worm screw thoroughly mixes with the wheat a quantity of the finest quality of barley malt, equal to from 7 to 8 per cent of the wheat. The screw mixes and stirs the wheat and barley together until the wheat which is coated with the malt. Malt is a great aid to digestion and is a standard corrective. The action of the malt on the starch of the wheat changes the starch to a diastase, by which operation the first and most trying process of digestion is performed. That is where the "health food" proposition comes in. This part of the process of making the breakfast food requires the closest attention on the part of the supervising chemist. When the wheat is properly malted it passes to the crushing-room, where hundreds of polished steel rollers are set up in long rows, fifteen in each row. Over the rows is a hopper, into which the malted grain is dumped by the conveyor and from which it passes down between the rolls to be crushed into thin, moist flakes. Any malt not taken up by absorption previously is forced by the rollers into the flakes. The crushed wheat falls upon an endless sterilized canvas belt about a yard wide, and by it is conveyed toward the toasting oven. This is an immense affair, about as high as a two-story house, having a cross-section of area eight by twelve feet. There are a round dozen of these ovens, and each is equipped with a series of endless steel curtains, which are kept in motion by sprocket wheels. The ovens are heated by a coal fire, which, of course, is entirely separated from the oven. The flakes before being fed into the oven are again partly dried and aerated and cooled. They are fed upon the upper steel apron, which carries them to the farther end, where they fall upon another apron moving in the opposite direction underneath. From this second apron they fall upon a third, and so on until they have traveled on seventeen aprons, passing through a graduated temperature ranging from 250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Thus they are toasted and become breakfast food.

The Exposition Dollar. The gold dollar that has been issued under a special act of Congress to commemorate the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has recently been pronounced by the official bulletin of the American Numismatic Association, "the finest example of die engraving and metal stamping—a gem of numismatic excellence." This coin is of two types: One bears the head of Thomas Jefferson, the government father of the Louisiana Purchase; the other, what is said to be the best portrait of the late William McKinley, the government father of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The issue is limited to 125,000 of each type and the demand promises to exhaust the entire coinage.

She—He can't bear to have girls get ahead of him. He—Then why don't you get on running after them? —Harvard Lampoon.

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TRADE IN GOOD CONDITION.

TRADE conditions were more settled last week. While the great staples were still active and at times excited there was less fever than during the preceding week. The great fire at Baltimore and the outbreak of the Oriental war were sufficient to derange business, but they hardly caused a ripple on the commercial pool. The war had been discounted and therefore came not as a surprise, but as something expected and largely prepared for, while the conflagration was met by a well-supplied and comparatively easy money market, which proved equal to the strain, so both these adverse conditions passed over the country like a violent but brief thunderstorm over the landscape, immediately followed by blue sky.

With cool American philosophy the public was disposed to extract all possible consolation out of the fire. True, the commercial quarter of one of the largest and most important cities had been wiped out, but it would have to be rebuilt and millions of dollars would be put into circulation, thousands of persons given remunerative employment and vast quantities of lumber, structural and furnishing material purchased in the work of reconstruction. "What can't be cured must be endured," said the public, and immediately turned its attention, even before the embers had become cool, to rebuilding the city. There was no panic and surprisingly little consternation, even while the conflagration was raging, which is but another illustration of the fact that the Americans are without doubt among the coolest and most philosophical in the world.

The war is regarded in very much the same spirit. We are inclined to take the commercial rather than the sentimental view of it. War, we say, is a bad thing, but it has broken out, and the belligerents must have vast supplies for their armies and navies, and a large percentage of them must be obtained in this country from our factories and farms; so from a cold-blooded standpoint of dollars and cents the United States will be benefited rather than damaged by the Oriental clash. So the fire and the war pass over us and leave us calm.

In fact we seem to be passing through all sorts of crises without a flurry. That stringent money market which we anticipated with more or less apprehension last year has not yet appeared, in spite of the Panama canal payment of \$35,000,000, and the great liquidation in stocks and iron and steel products of 1903 has left the financial interests of the country in much better condition than before.

New York reports large numbers of buyers from all parts of the country, showing an expanding merchandise movement, and the reaction in cotton has again brought purchasers of raw material into the market with liberal orders. Labor conditions are remarkably free from friction at the moment. Inclement weather has cut down distributive trade in some sections, yet the demand for goods is fully up to the average of this time of the year and the usual depression and hesitation characteristic of Presidential years have not yet appeared. As far as all current indications go the country was never on a sounder commercial basis and the pessimism of 1903 has almost wholly disappeared.

The war has advanced prices of silk, tea, beef and pork products and the different grains, forage hides and leather, not to mention a large number of minor products of American industry. An increased demand for structural iron and steel and steel rails has placed the iron trade on a broader and more profitable basis. Wool is firm, with a steady demand for the raw product. Provisions are quieter, but are still in very good movement. The demand for California dried fruits has suddenly improved during the past few days, with a corresponding steadiness in quotations. Trade in footwear and clothing is reported exceptionally brisk. About the only adverse features at present are the diminished railroad earnings, due, however, more to unfavorable weather than to any decrease in the volume of trade, and the recent wild speculation in cotton, coffee and wheat, at which the banking interests are looking with an askant and repellent eye. The failures are making a satisfactory exhibit, those last week numbering 228, against 330 for the corresponding week in 1903.

The Wall street stock market is unusually quiet. Saturday was reported the dullest day on record, only 95,000 shares selling on the Stock Exchange. The market has been devoid of especial feature for several weeks.

Prospects in California are bright. The recent rains, while not as copious in the southern part of the State as might have been desired, have saved the crops, for the present at least, and as there is an extra demand for grain and forage for the Orient in consequence of the war the outlook for farm products is better than for years. The farmer has had several very good years, but if the Japanese purchase what they are supposed to want and what they are even now credited with trying to secure the State will be put to its trumps to supply their demands. They are even now drawing on California, Oregon and Washington for large lines of barley, oats and supposedly hay, and as the coast is not oversupplied with any of these products it is the general opinion among the large handlers that prices for all will go higher rather than lower as the season advances.

Immigration into this State is at a rate not witnessed since the old gold days and is of the finest character, consisting of actual settlers from the Middle West, and if the railroads continue their present progressive and intelligent policy of colonizing the State by means of low transportation rates we shall soon have a population undreamed of in recent years. As for San Francisco, its population is increasing surprisingly, as the most casual observer may see at a glance along the business streets and through the residence districts, and, owing to the abnormal activities in the Orient, is rapidly becoming a distributing seaport of the first magnitude. Our prospects for a good year were never brighter than at present.

TOO MUCH "FRISCO."

EASTERN people and Eastern newspapers continue to refer to this city as "Frisco," though it is not our corporate title, nor is it in use by our residents. It would scarcely be in keeping with a healthy civic pride were San Franciscans to use such a name for their city. Then how is it to be regarded when non-residents employ a name that is more familiar and patronizing than that which we ourselves use? Inhabitants of this city have not used that term since the early days of California, even if they did then. In the rough and ready times when Hangtown and Jintown flourished it may have been a sufficient appellation to designate a supply town to the mines, but it is not consistent with the dignity of a metropolitan city, one of the foremost and best known in the United States.

A name serves to identify a man among his fellows.

It is a part of him, and if he carry himself as he should he is jealous of that good name. There are different degrees of formality expected in employing it, the most formal being from those least known; the next, permitting a certain license to intimates, as in the custom of using a given name; and lastly, the most sacred, that in use by one's own family. If these degrees be not observed there is a violation of good form, sometimes even to the point of offense. It might justly offend a man to be addressed with a nickname by one to whom he had just been introduced, while, on the contrary, to be "Mistered" by one's own family would be ridiculous. With a city the case is analagous. If a man be a good citizen he should have the same share of pride in the name of his corporate family as in his own. This city was named for good St. Francis, and no reason exists for such an appellation as "Frisco."

Japan and Russia have expressed their earnest desire to be permitted to fight out their battles to a conclusion without the aid or interference of any other nation. If there is one wish on earth that all peaceful nations want to see consummated it should be this. We have troubles of our own without assuming any of those that are now agitating the Eastern antagonists.

BRITISH MILITARY TRAINING.

REPORTS from London are to the effect that a scheme of compulsory military training, to be put into operation throughout the British islands, is now in preparation by the War Office, and will be submitted to Parliament in the near future. It is to be noted that the scheme is announced as one of military "training" and not of military "service." The choice of words was doubtless dictated by political considerations, as the Ministry would hardly like to face the known antagonism in Great Britain to compulsory military service. The use of the milder phrase is an easy way of evading the popular prejudice, while at the same time affording the Government ample scope to introduce a system which will go far to increase the military efficiency of the kingdom.

The announcement of the programme was made originally in the Morning Mail, which in describing it said: "The scheme provides for the military training (under the supervision of army officers) of all males between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years. The following classes, however, will receive exemption: Men who have served in the navy, ex-soldiers, volunteers, militia or imperial yeomanry, and the mercantile marine. The training will cover a period of four years. In their eighteenth year the youths will have two months' physical and other drill (including the use of arms). During the remaining years a fortnight annually will be utilized for more advanced drill. Thus a whole period of some three and a half months' training will be given, and by their twenty-third year all young England will be capable of rendering excellent service in case of need."

It is estimated that the normal number of young men under training when the scheme has been put into full operation will be about 1,165,000. Of the total number, about 304,000 would be in their first year, while the remainder would consist of men in the second, third or fourth year of training, and, therefore, comparatively well fitted for good service in case of an emergency. The plan is said to be an outcome of the agitation and the work of the "National Service League," and consequently will have a powerful body of support among the people as soon as it is submitted to the consideration of Parliament.

Since the Japanese accomplished their splendid stroke of daredevil strategy in the night attack upon the Russian fleet at Port Arthur the world has been guessing learnedly and otherwise how it was done. Is it not sufficient that success is its own explanation and victory its own vindication?

PROSPERITY IN HUMBOLDT.

CALIFORNIA hopes to have a thorough exploitation of her resources at the St. Louis Exposition. We will send there our fruits, our ores, sacks of our grain from the interior and samples of our woods from the mountains. Every physical manifestation of our well being will be installed for the edification and possible allurements of the public. If figures count, and certainly those are a less showy but more substantial earnest of the opportunities which we are enabled to give the prospective colonist, Humboldt County should frame and ship to St. Louis the annual report of the Harbor Commissioners for the port of Eureka. No happier evidence of the prosperity of that section of the State could be exhibited.

By careful tabulation of the arrival and departure of all vessels which have visited Humboldt Bay during the year 1903, the Commissioners show that the port of Eureka is rapidly becoming the shipping center, second only to San Francisco and San Pedro, on the whole coast south of Portland. For the year past the records show a total number of 749 arrivals of vessels from coastwise ports, the islands and Australian and South American harbors. These, sailing away with the cargoes of lumber, dairy products and meat stuffs, have raised the total value of all exportations for the year of 1903 to the sum of \$7,361,370, an excess in value over all imports of \$2,733,991. The total value of exports for the year 1902 falls below the present figure by more than a million.

The report shows a steady gain in the lumber shipments over those of previous years, the almost inconceivable number of 264,007,781 feet being the record of all shipments both to foreign and coastwise ports. Pressing close upon the figures of the lumber exports are those of the dairy industries and the farm products. In every branch of industry carried on in Humboldt County, even down to the raising and shipment of frogs for the delectation of San Francisco's epicures, the record is one which holds a place of honor in the roll of our counties.

The cat is out of the bag at last. Millions of cases of whisky are smuggled annually into prohibition Kansas, and the knowing wink and smacking of satisfied chops testify to the cunning backsliding of the Kansas reformer. No wonder Carrie Nation is wild. She has the unreason of absolute knowledge.

Settlement in the shipbuilding thievary cost Charles Schwab \$12,000,000. And Schwab hasn't even the poor satisfaction of knowing that his loss is conscience money. What it cost this steel magnate in the good opinion of the world is probably not listed among his liabilities.

TALK OF THE TOWN AND TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Thrift.

"Thrift, Horatio," said the great bard of Avon, and thrift it was with a certain country justice of the peace who sought to increase his all too meager income from fees by a clever appeal to the generosity of young benedicts for whom he had tied the nuptial knot.

This bucolic Dogberry made it a point to invite prospective couples to his residence instead of conducting the official ceremony in his dingy court room. In the family parlors, always bright with bunches of sweet flowers, the blushing bride and the nervous bridegroom were duly made one. After the ceremony our friend would insist that the newly wedded couple should be his guests.

Forthcoming was a dainty repast with always a few bottles of wine in evidence. Bumpers would be in order to the health, wealth and prosperity of the happy ones. And the game won. In all of his years of experience the justice recalls only one case where the legal fee was not topped off with a handsome addition, for he reasoned that there was no getting away on merely satisfaction of the law's demands, after such unexpected display of hospitality and good feeling. His Honor, by the way, was always careful to see that not too much of his good wine was spilled in the investment.

A Fruitless Effort.

"Happy" Dorey is a San Francisco newsboy and the intricacies of grammar, like the cares of the world, have heretofore rested lightly upon his shoulders. His vocabulary, although limited, has been sufficient heretofore for his needs; but alas, things have changed. "Happy" was noticed in earnest conversation yesterday with a kind-faced old gentleman and afterward the perplexed expression on the newsboy's face prompted inquiry as to the cause thereof. Said "Happy":

"Well, yer see, I was sellin' de war extrys wen he axes me if I's got a mornin' popper. I sees 'Surs'. Den I gits it! 'Says' I to I knowed some about how ter talk all right, all right, till dis comes off, but now I'm up agin it an' plum 'scaered ter open me chops."

"Wen I sees 'Surs' he begins ter spiel about adverbs an' adjectives an' ses I oughtn't ter use such langwidge and goes on about modifyin' an' ever'thin' an' ses de wold oughter be a adverb like 'soitly'n'. Wen I ketches me bret, he ses agin ter me, 'Now d'youse tink youse kin git it right if I axes ye agin?' An' o'course I answers, 'Surs'. Den he smiles kinder sick like an' walks off. I sold 'im de polper, anyway!'"

Death Intervenes.

While examining some old records in the marriage license office a few days ago Cupid Danforth came across a license across the face of which in red ink was written the word "canceled." He glanced at the names in the license and then called a newspaper man and directed his attention to the cancellation.

"That recalls a very sad affair to me," he said. "One morning about two years ago a fine, big, handsome young fellow, dressed in the garb of a line-man, with a belt about his waist containing nippers and other tools of his trade, rushed in here and breathlessly asked for a marriage license. He furnished me all the information I required and while I was filling in the blank he told me that he was working across the street repairing some wires and took advantage of the absence of his boss to run in and get the license. 'We'll get married to-night,' he said, with a laugh just brimful of happiness, and then out he rushed, shouting a cheery good-by and a hearty thank you as he got to the door."

"Three days later a very pretty little woman, dressed in deep mourning, came into the office and handed me the license I had issued to the line-man. 'Please cancel this,' she said, tearfully. 'Then I remembered that the day I had issued the license I had read in the evening paper that an employe of a telegraph and telephone company had met with a terrible death while repairing wires near the City Hall.'

New Signals at Sea.

One of the most formidable problems of coastwise navigation by which mariners are confronted is the difficulty of determining the direction from which fog-bells and signals come, the apparent direction of the location of the sound being dependent to a large degree on the condition of the atmosphere. If vessels could run from light-ship to light-ship infallibly by sound, as they do by sight in fair weather, the improvement would amount almost to a revolution in coastwise traffic. A new system of submarine bell signaling which seems to solve the problem is described in an interesting article by H. C. Gauss, in Harper's Weekly. The apparatus may be briefly described as follows: Each of the four steamers of the line on which the system is being tried are equipped with microphone transmitters of new and peculiar construction, which take up from the sea water the vibrations imparted by bells suspended by chains from the respective light-ships, and the impulses forwarded to telephone receivers in the pilot houses record with accuracy the direction of the location of the bells and an approximation of the distance.

"Hants."

The London Globe seems to have discovered the prize story of "hants." It says: "Coedkernew, a village pleasantly situated between Newport and Cardiff, is greatly agitated by stories of a ghostly visitor. At Mardy farm, in the occupation of Ernest Parsons, it is stated that the pictures were turned round, and a bundle of hay removed from a cow shed and deposited in the middle of the farmyard. The inmates were next startled when a large quantity of crockery in the kitchen fell with a loud crash. On another occasion the farmer's wife having prepared the midday meal for two of the laborers went to call them, but on her return a few moments later the dinner had mysteriously disappeared. It was afterward discovered in a locked cupboard. Rumor states that farm hands are so scared that they have left the place. One bright little fellow declared that he would not stop when his bed galloped around the room at night. Another story current in the village is that a clock which had stopped for three months suddenly broke its silence and struck the midnight hour."

Beveridge as a Logger.

Senator Beveridge, author of The Russian Advance, was a logger in early youth, and at sixteen was boss of a logging camp. It is said that to this day he is an expert logger. An amusing incident occurred during the last Congressional campaign in Indiana. Senator Beveridge spoke at a certain town and was driving across country to make a train for the next appointment. At a point where the road crossed the railroad track, the Senator found some men trying to load heavy logs on a flat-car. He told the driver to stop, and after watching the work for a moment he said to the man in charge:

"You have those skids and chains fixed wrong, and you are chocking that log wrong, too. If you do things this way, some of you will get hurt badly."

Resenting the interference of a stranger, the man replied: "What the — do you know about it?"

"I will show you," said Senator Beveridge, getting out of his buggy. He then adjusted things properly, showing where the men were putting themselves in danger by a wrong method.

They watched rather sheepishly, but, finding the stranger in the right, promptly acknowledged it and thanked him as he climbed back in his buggy. Thereupon the local politician who was driving the Senator told the log-men who it was to whom they were talking.

"Well, I'll be —!" said the foreman. "That settles it. I am for Albert J. Beveridge from this time on." The man happened to be the Democratic precinct committeeman from that township, but now he is one of the hottest adherents the Senator has in Indiana.

A Human Picture Gallery.

The Society of Picturemakers Upon the Human Skin has presented a petition to many French Deputies requesting them to pass a law making it obligatory upon parents to have the names and surnames and dates of birth tattooed upon all children over six months old. These eccentric geniuses call themselves artists and demand protection. In their petition they claim that the engraving of the name and address upon children would serve as an excellent means of identification.

Answers to Queries.

NEW YORK THEATER—Subscriber, City. The seating capacity of the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York is 3550.

MOTOR—M. Alden, Cal. Before your questions relative to power can be answered it would be necessary to know what kind of a motor you have reference to.

GRAND ARMY POSTS—Old Soldier, Soldiers' Home, Cal. In the States of California and Nevada, which form one district, there are ninety-five Grand Army posts. In the State of New York there are 621.

CITIZENSHIP—A. C. S., City. The question, "Can a man born of citizens of the United States in a foreign country become President of the United States?" has never been judicially decided. The constitution of the United States says that to be eligible the individual must be "a native born citizen." The presumption is that the constitution means that the person must have been born on United States territory. A child born of United States citizens in a foreign country, when the parents are temporarily sojourning in such country or are in the service of the United States, is a native of the country in which he is born, but a citizen of the United States. Whether such would be construed by the United States Supreme Court as coming within the provision, "native born citizen," is a matter that will only be known after argument before that body, should it ever be brought before that tribunal. A naturalized citizen is not eligible to the Presidency. If a person was born in the city of New York of Welsh parents, who never became citizens of the United States, such person is in the common acceptance of the term an American, not a Welshman, but if on attaining majority such person elects to become a citizen of the country of his parents he is at liberty to do so, by some overt act, and having once done that he is recognized as a citizen of that country. Should such person at any future time decide to be a citizen of the United States he would have to be naturalized the same as any other alien, notwithstanding that he was born in the United States.

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