

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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WEDNESDAY JULY 27, 1904

THE CHICO PLANT STATION.

THE people of Northern California have been unpleasantly affected during the last week by learning that the location of the great Federal seed and plant experiment station at Chico is endangered by the failure of the people of that city and Butte County to respond with the \$9000 required to purchase the land that is needed. We are persuaded that they are not fully aware of the importance of the prize that is within their grasp. Some one among them has raised the cry that if the United States wants such a station it should buy the land and not throw the burden upon the local people. It is astounding that such an argument should be made in such a matter. If the Government were locating a fort or an arsenal for its use in operating one of its defensive functions, it would be proper to say that it should buy the ground. But this is an entirely different matter. This station is not required by the Government, which can get on without it and never miss it. It is primarily and mostly a direct benefit to the people who are nearest to it. It will be the greatest of its kind in the world. The world first heard of the capital of Santa Clara Valley through the San Jose scale. But this is forgotten since the world has seen San Jose through the Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton. The world will in the future see Chico, Butte County and the Sacramento Valley through this new garden, which will be the Eden of Northern California. It will tell more of soil and climate, of capacity and products, than can be told by billions of pages of advertising.

Already the seeds and stocks to plant it are coming from every grand division of the globe, and from every zone where nature produces plants useful to man, necessary to his existence and profitable to his purse. In a brief time, in the stimulating climate of the Sacramento Valley, there will rise there a garden that grows a greater variety of plants than can be grown elsewhere on the earth. Their growth is not necessary to the Government of the United States. It has existed more than a century without them, and will continue to exist far into the future, even if the people refuse its offer to gather useful and novel plants from all over the world and plant and tend them there, provided the petty sum of \$9000 is furnished by Chico to buy the land. The Government will finally spend ten times ten that sum on the planting and maintenance of the station and in aiding planters to utilize the plants it will grow there.

We are told that in a meeting of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce some glee was expressed over the prospect that Chico would lose the station by failing to raise the money, as then Sacramento would make a bid for it and get it located near that city. This was not merely the exhibition of a mean spirit. It was foolish. The Government experts made a survey of the whole State and found two locations that filled the conditions, one at Chico and one in Southern California. If Chico fail, that ends all prospect of any station in Northern California. The commercial drainage of the Sacramento Valley is to Sacramento. That city, instead of exulting over the failure of Chico, should rally liberally to help her neighbor out.

It is no time for petty jealousy or selfishness. All of the Sacramento Valley may well make common cause with Chico. Such an opportunity to make a final demonstration of such economic factors as soil and climate does not come twice to a region. It knocks once and passes on, never to return. Let the door be opened by the opening of many purses and the returns will be many times the investment.

The Vladivostok squadron of the Russian fleet has made traveling on the high seas somewhat too uncertain and unsafe to be included in the category of summer recreation. In the general uproar of protest and trepidation, however, it is easy to discern the voices of our British cousins rather than our own. If we calculate on a basis of relative tonnage, we have just about one chance in ten of being injured that the British have. Let us not be too hasty to espouse the cause of our friends.

CALIFORNIA AGAIN TO THE FORE.

THE National World's Fair Commission deploras the fact that the big exposition is not attracting the crowds merited by the magnificent exhibits, and gently prodding the managers urges them to stand up and do a little more shouting about the "greatest show on earth." Now, if the worthy gentlemen who are directing things at St. Louis will only scatter broadcast news of what California is doing at the fair there will certainly be an increase in the attendance, and the Government's representatives will be rapturously extending the joyous hand instead of giving vent to disappointment over "small houses."

The State's active commission has been extremely successful in attracting the fair's visitors to the wonderful displays in the Palace of Agriculture and in the California building, and to-day there are thousands of good Americans who know more about the splendid golden citrus fruits, the fine olives, the famous prunes, the great grain crops and the luscious yield of the vineyards of California than they did before the gates of the exposition opened last April. The visitors have delightedly dallied with the luscious prunes and they have smacked their lips after sampling our sparkling wines. The Californians have given their guests something choice to eat and to drink, and like Oliver Twist, those that have partaken of their hospitality have come back for more.

The latest and most novel attraction of the California commission was a watermelon feast. This took place a few nights ago on the lawn in the rear of the California building, and the refreshing melons—a half carload of them—were served, flavored with several kinds of California wines. The feast, naturally, in sweltering St. Louis, struck a popular chord and another has been planned for an early date. With the thermometer springing in the direction of the 100 mark and thousands constantly in quest of cooling refreshment, it is safe to predict that the next melon spread will be an overwhelming success. When this interesting function holds the boards the balance of the exposition will perform find it advisable to shut up shop, as everybody will hurry to the alluring feast in the fervent hope of getting a whack at the luscious fruit flavored with the juice of the grape of the Golden State.

The resourceful commissioners deserve warm commendation for this innovation that has won new friends for the greatest State in the West. They have opened the eyes of the other commissioners, who will have to hustle if they do not want California to carry off all the honors for unique surprises. Now, if the managers of the fair are really eager to improve the situation they should lose no time in giving out some information to the general public about California's watermelon-wine feasts,

making them the headliner of the list of attractions. Such an announcement will bring crowds as readily as molasses draws flies. The attendance will be all that could be desired, the gate receipts will grow surprisingly, everybody will be happy, and California will have saved the day.

French capitalists have undertaken the construction of a railroad 500 miles long in Bolivia to tap some of the highly productive districts of the South American republic. We should accept this enterprise as a hint of our own delay and procrastination and a warning that something more commercially tangible than the Monroe doctrine is necessary to conserve and promote our interests in Latin America.

LABOR FOR PANAMA.

QUITE as important as the engineering problems and admitting of no solution by trite mathematical formula is the question that must soon confront the Panama Canal Commission—whence a continuous supply of labor? If ten years is the limit set, in the popular mind at least, for the completion of the great ditch, 20,000 laborers will have to be in constant employ according to estimates of the experts. Where is this army to be marshaled, and how is its number to be steadily recruited?

Dr. C. A. Stephens, long familiar with the climatic conditions of Panama, and formerly a close student of the medical problems presented to the French canal company, declares in a recent pamphlet that "no sensible person can spend a day, even an hour, in the heat of the Culebra cut without coming to the conclusion that this is not a white man's job. No white laborer from the United States can or would endure it." Dr. Stephens goes on to cite the experiences of the French excavators. According to the estimates the French lost about 50,000 laborers during their period of construction. Not only did the common diggers succumb, but the sudden deaths of men in higher places—were continually causing enforced delays on the part of gangs of diggers.

Many are the expedients that have been advanced to relieve the difficulties of the labor problem in Panama. Some have advocated the wholesale importation into the canal zone of negroes from the Southern States, others have declared that upon the working classes of Jamaica and other Carib islands, negroes and half breeds all of them, rest the only hopes of the commission. But to the first of these propositions it has been strongly objected by the South that taking away a great army of negroes for work on the canal would so alter the field of labor in the cotton belt that the cotton industry would suffer seriously. Against the Jamaica suggestion it is maintained that there are not enough reliable laborers in any of the adjacent islands to fill the steady demand.

There remain, then, the Japanese or the coolies. On the Hawaiian sugar plantations, where climatic conditions very nearly approximate those of Panama, the bulk of the heavy labor is done by Japanese. Hardy, inured to excessive heat in conjunction with constant humidity, over-willing to work according to the word of the overseers, these little brown fellows would seem especially fitted to endure the grilling tasks in the great ditch. The close of the war will see thousands of them free to take employment. As to the coolie, well, he is at least a last resource. Prejudice may have to be put aside if it be that we can find no one else to wield the shovel in Panama.

The unique manner in which William Jennings Bryan and his followers in the radical wing of the Democracy are "supporting" Parker for the Presidency makes one shudder to think what they would do if they decided to oppose the gentleman from Esopus. Punic faith is an ideal of virtue and loyalty in comparison.

A UTAH PICNIC.

THE Salt Lake Tribune asserts that at the twentieth annual picnic of the Old Folks of Utah there were assembled at Spanish Fork more than two thousand persons in one grove at one time, all of whom were aged at least 70 years. This took place last week. On one special train from Salt Lake City there were 845 persons wearing red badges, indicating the age of 70 years, 111 persons whose eighty years entitled them to wear blue badges and four with white badges, over whose heads the winters and summers of ninety years have rolled. All the Utah counties sent in their old people and so swelled the number of congregated septuagenarians to two thousand.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his search for the unusual, never imagined an assemblage so striking. The Tribune says that the frosty polled party had "a frolic" and a "merry time," with "youngsters" 50 years or so old to wait upon them. They indulged in reminiscences; they feasted at long tables in the shade of a grove; young people sang, played and performed in an amusing way for them. Conspicuous among the decorations that were provided for the occasion was a banner on which was the motto, "All honor to the aged."

Men and women of all climes, looking forward from middle age to the period when the touch of age shall be upon them, entertain the wish that their hearts and minds may retain their freshness so that they may enjoy with the keenness of unimpaired senses their closing days. This large collection of Utah septuagenarians would seem to have left within them still the sources of enjoyment. The first gathering of this sort, which Utah says can be found in no part of the world outside of that State, took place at old Peter Clinton's place near Lake Point in 1875. One of the originators of the idea is still living and was at Spanish Fork with his hoary-headed colleagues the other day.

There were present old people of nearly every color and nationality known to mankind—a chieftain from the South Pacific, Samoans, Hawaiians, colored people, English, Welsh, Irish, Germans, Scotch, Americans, Scandinavians—a cosmopolitan gathering of a very unusual character. They were all alive when Queen Victoria was crowned. They were able to discuss from memory events in the war with Mexico and the old days on the Missouri and Mississippi prior to 1846. Even one of the original party of Mormons that entered Salt Lake City in July, 1847, was at the picnic. That one is Thomas P. Cloward, who was born in 1823 and is still hale and hearty. Among the gay picnickers of advanced years were Mary Hart, aged 91; Mary Carter, aged 90; Benjamin M. Beer, aged 92, and Miriam Chase, aged 91—all residents of Salt Lake City.

After a day of pleasure the veterans proceeded to their several homes, and it is agreeable to learn that no one met with an accident or was harmed by a day of pleasuring extraordinary.

TALK OF THE TOWN AND TOPICS OF THE TIMES



"You Come Fliday."

Jin Tum Ling considers himself a white man and keeps a white man's restaurant up on Washington street. Frequently in the past he has lost meals and money to the improvident and faithless "Mellicamen" who have volunteered to patronize him, consequently the "I'll-see-you-to-morrow" are now below par with Jin Tum Ling. He meets the moneyless visitor with his usual urbanity, but with no meals. Last Monday a man who had deceived Ling before came in. The Chinese recognized him, but bowed politely and directed the fellow to a table. "Good morning. You want dinna? Al-lite. Plenty dinna. You hungry?" "Yes, Ling. Heap hungry. I am broke to-day, but to-morrow we have plenty money. Then me come see you." "Al-lite. You Declat? See you for Hlurs? I think Russha-man lick Jap. What-chu—" "Oh, never mind the Japs, Ling; you give me dinner. Too much hungry." "Al-lite, al-lite. Plenty time. What-chu like?" "Anything, anything." "Al-lite. Like fish? Sea-bah, hal-but, sam'n, trout?" "Yes, yes—trout—just the thing." "Al-lite, you come Fliday."

More About Wheat.

SANTA CRUZ, July 25. Editor of The Call—Dear Sir: There have been several articles in The Call lately concerning California wheat and its lack of gluten. Permit me to express my views on the subject.

I have been a wheat farmer for more than thirty years in California. Though not at the present time actively engaged in farming I still own a wheat farm. In my opinion the real trouble lies in our mode of harvesting. There was no complaint from the millers until some ten or twelve years ago, after we had come to using the combined harvester. Previous to that we used the header and cut and stacked our wheat, the wheat standing in the stack from three to six weeks, during which time it went through the sweat and, hot from the sun, did the gamblers' table, he said, and 'stand fat' was a precept of passivity and inaction born of cowardice. A 'fat hand' in the game of poker is a hand which its holder considers satisfactory as it is, so that he does not take the chance of improving it by buying any fresh cards from the dealer. To 'stand fat, presumably, is to play a defensive game with whatever is dealt to you, leaving the other players to take risks. But it is doubtful whether 'stand fat' will pass into common acceptance as 'bluff' has. Thousands speak of 'bluffing' with no thought that they are using a metaphor from poker.

I would also add that a great deal of wheat stands in the field until September and October.

Most sincerely yours, E. E. UNDERWOOD.

Pelee To-Day.

A recent visitor to the fated Isle of Martinique gives the following description of the aspect of Pelee to-day in a Montreal paper:

"Where the city of St. Pierre once flourished," he says, "there is a thick bed of land, which is already assuming the appearance of a vast gray granite rock. About nine years ago I passed close by St. Pierre in the evening and saw in white roofs, its towers and cupolas gleaming between the fringed crests, and lithe gray trunks of the royal palms and heard the tinkling of mandolins upon the French ships lying in the roadstead. But now the scarred mass of lava covers completely the gay Paris of the Antilles with all its life and color and music as though it were buried under a massive mausoleum of granite. There are no ruins—nothing at all to indicate that a city of 25,000 people had once flourished there.

"Before you rises the gaunt and colossal cone of Mont Pelee, with its awful head veiled in lazy and pestiferous vapors, its scarred lava-streaked slopes rent with gigantic fissures and wild gorges and its base piled up in primeval confusion masses of the blown out crest and sides. The impression which the sight of Mont Pelee, brooding in its uncleanly clouds of smoke above its hideous and awful works, makes upon you is difficult to define. You are awed, but hardly horrified. In the presence of such evidence of nature's forces you are so impressed with the grandeur and majesty of her efforts that you do not think of the blotting out of such an insignificant thing as a city of men and their works.

"To the southward, where the suburbs of the city stretched over a level plain, the earth washed down from the mountain sides by the rains has formed a soil in which grass and trees are beginning to grow in patches. In a few years, no doubt, the tomb of the city will be covered with the vegetation of the tropics and the now giant and scarred sides of Pelee covered with forests of green. All the rest of the island has emerged from its covering of ashes in new beauty and greater luxuriance."

A Mild Magyar.

The municipality of the Hungarian capital recently authorized a series of bullfights, and the populace were instantly and suitably entranced. A troupe of Spaniards, the toreador Pouly at their head, were engaged and came on for the affair.

The first evening the show was something grand. The Hungarians were properly astounded at the gaud and tinsel, the carriage and coverings of these Spaniards. There was the call for the bulls, then. But the trifling little Spanish animals that had been shipped on gave the spectators small satisfaction. They wanted real excitement. They ordered that Pouly and his men should try their lives against the Hungarian breed.

Fighted to the quick, Pouly accepted the conditions, a Hungarian bull was procured after two days, and the promised real fight was announced. Pouly prepared himself, and Gye-

MEN and MATTERS IN THE FORE as the WORLD MOVES



Ostentatious Charity.

Special Correspondence.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE CALL, 5 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, July 12.—Although the following statements reach me from a source usually to be relied on, they are given with all reserve. I am told that the present scheme to endow the hospitals of England from the public funds, instead of allowing them to depend for support on public subscriptions, as heretofore, is to be fought tooth and nail by several influential American women of title over here, who will have the support of many folk prominent in London society circles, as well as that of others who would like to be. This on the ground that the scheme would put an end to a means of ostentatious giving, which at present is regarded as one of the surest passports to royal favor. It is common knowledge, of course, that Sir Thomas Lipton gained his present title in this way, and the same is true of the King's friend, Sir Ernest Cassel, and others too numerous to mention. Upon her arrival in this country the Duchess of Marlborough was astonished to find that the hospitals of England practically depended for their existence upon the generosity of the rich, but since then her contributions to these institutions have been surpassed by no one, and I understand that she is one of the most vigorous workers against state aid for them. She is said to have the active support of the Countess of Craven and Mrs. Arthur Paget, both of whom also have given largely to the hospitals. On the other hand, among the women who are advocating the scheme of state aid are the Countess of Warwick, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Winborne and the Marchioness of Ormonde. The "opposition" party, however, includes it is said the Rothschilds, the Cassels and the Neumanns, all of whom frequently have the Prince of Wales as their guest, and his Royal Highness' recent pronouncement condemning the idea of state-aided hospitals is supposed to have been dictated by a desire to please the company in which he so frequently finds himself.

Despite the generous contributions made to the London hospitals by those who find it affords the easiest method of gaining admission to court circles, the sums realized are totally inadequate to meet the growing requirements of these institutions, which, like Oliver Twist, are continually clamoring for more. The present outlook for their maintenance by means of the voluntary system on a scale commensurate with the increasing demands made upon them is a black one. Between them they are at present asking the public for something like \$13,750,000 in addition to the annual \$750,000 which is needed merely to keep their wards open. By far the greater proportion of this vast sum is wanted for building purposes.

These institutions, big and little, number about a hundred, and every week sees a fresh one in the field begging for charity. So keen has become the competition between them that these appeals are wearing the public and breeding contempt and indifference. One of the most eloquent signs of this has been the failure of the "charity concert." This season has provided an unprecedented number of them, and in many cases the results have been worse than disappointing. At one concert where royalty was present and famous artists appeared the net profits were less than \$45. Several others did not realize sufficient to pay expenses. The charity concert as a "money raiser" for hospitals is practically dead, and there are not enough rich Americans, South African magnates and others ambitious for social distinction and willing to pay well for it to fill the empty hospital exchequers.

For Royal Hire.

The statement that Queen Victoria got her plans on the hire system reads curiously to many people, who imagine that when royalty require a thing they simply order and pay for it, irrespective of cost. During the latter years of her reign, however, it is a fact that Queen Victoria decided to have her plans on the hire system, and after her death over thirty of these instruments were removed from the different royal residences by Messrs. Erard, who had supplied them.

Most of them are magnificent upright grands, superbly decorated, and are much sought after by all sorts of people—especially Americans, who would pay huge prices to secure such a relic of royalty. Only purchasers who are likely to appreciate such pianos properly are allowed to have them and innumerable applications from undesirable persons have been refused.

His Majesty the King, when Prince of Wales was often very glad to make use of the hire system. Particularly was this so with regard to horses, when there were many guests to be entertained at Marlborough House or Sandringham. Plenty of royal carriages there always were, but as many of them were only used once or twice a year to keep a stud of horses sufficiently large to draw them would have entailed an enormous needless expense. When occasion arose, therefore, horses were "jobbed" or hired to fill the gap. When the Prince enter-

tained large numbers of people at once, such as deputations and delegates, who needed refreshing and feeding, the china and glass were invariably hired. If indeed, as was often the case, the whole thing was not put in the hands of caterers.

King Peter of Serbia is having an unpleasant experience of the "hire-purchase" system at the present time, as his crown is being paid for by installments. This is not the bronze crown which is being made from a cannon kept as a relic of his grandfather, but is the jeweled structure necessary for state occasions. It is to cost \$12,500, but money is scarce in Serbia, so the Paris firm which is making it agreed to accept payment by installments. Two installments of \$1250 each had been paid before the King discovered that the officials entrusted with the payments were endeavoring to "square" the manufacturers to put in bogus jewels and divide the illicit profits between them. The payment of future installments on the royal crown is to be made by King Peter himself.

The King of Spain is an example of a poor wealthy monarch who is obliged to resort to the hire system. Gold plate, jewels, trophies, and all sorts of costly ornaments he has in plenty, but they are the property of the crown, and useless except to look at. He has a decent income—on paper—but it is rarely paid, and consequently he has to hire right and left when he wants to "make anything of a splash," as the Americans would say.

For his forthcoming European tour, carriages, horses, uniforms—practically everything—has to be hired; and the reason that he is not including England in his travels is on the ground of expense. His new castle which is being built at Guadalajara, in the province of that name, near Madrid, is being paid for on the rent purchase, or "every-man-his-own-landlord" principle.

His neighbor, the King of Portugal, either from choice or necessity, also patronizes the hire system. To celebrate the visit of King Edward to Portugal, King Carlos presented his consort Queen Amelia with a magnificent rope of pearls, each of which was separated by a diamond. A Dutch firm got the order, and accepted payment on the hire-purchase system. It is satisfactory to know that the installments are being paid regularly.

The King of Sweden is an ardent devotee of the hire system. Very big reunions and elaborate functions are rare in the Swedish court, so that when anything out of the way does happen, hiring has to be largely resorted to. A few years ago there was a great party, including Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales), the King and Queen of Denmark, those of Norway, the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the King and Prince George of Greece, and German grand dukes and princes without number. The reunion was held at Fredensborg Castle, and it was difficult to know what belonged to the place and what did not. Furniture was hired—some all the way from England—beds were hired, plate, linen, even, and silver all came from outside sources, and entertainers were fetched all the way from London to Sweden to amuse the guests. His Majesty of Sweden hit upon a happy idea to avoid horse-hire for his enormous number of guests and their retainers. As head of the army, he commandeered some of the cavalry horses for the purpose.

There is no evidence to show that the German Emperor himself ever indulged in the luxury of the hire system; but the innumerable little heads of the kingdoms and the duchies which make up his empire do. It is a well known fact that at the coronation of the Czar of Russia the display of jewels was the greatest ever seen at one single ceremony in the world, and the bulk of these was worn by German duchesses and princesses, who were present in huge numbers, German and Russian relations being very cordial at the time.

Here were ladies wearing jewels to the amount of fifty times their husbands'—the question "What did they get them?" The answer came from the Continental jewelers and diamond merchants, whose stocks, for the time being, were sadly ravaged and diminished. The jewels were all hired. Not one stone in five hundred that glittered and flashed in the palace on the Neva belonged to the woman who wore it, and many a beauty's crowned head was aching with the thought of how her temporary magnificence was to be paid for.

The King of Italy is not a keen hirer. He certainly ordered a magnificent steam yacht—the "Pia"—from a British firm on the hire system; but after using it for a short season, and paying two installments he returned it, and rumor says it was then sold to Mr. Rockefeller. Its exact whereabouts is a mystery, but it has disappeared from European waters.

Comprehensive.

A publisher in Austria, it is said, has brought out a calendar which, naturally, claims to be the completest of its kind. The date of the day occupies the center of each leaf. On its left is the name of the saint to whom the day is dedicated and on its right some "golden maxim." The lower part of the tablet is divided into two columns. From January to June the left hand column contains a course of lessons in six modern languages, while on the right hand are printed Schiller's poems. For the other half of the year one column is filled with a novel by Jules Verne and the other half by a translation of the foreign words used most frequently in German and an epitome of history from Charlemagne up to the present time. At the back of the leaves are notes on mythology, geography, law, arithmetic, cooking and housekeeping recipes. The leaves are also so prepared that during the summer they can be stepped in water as flykillers, and from October to April they can be made into cigarettes. Wild horses shall not drag from us the name of the publisher.—Weekly Irish Times.

mant—such was the name bestowed upon the bull—was turned into the arena. He entered, calm and phlegmatic. He proceeded leisurely toward the middle of the arena and turned to survey the audience with a look that said: "Indeed, I believe I have never met you before." Then he gravely heaved a lurch of the inclosure, once—twice—five laps he made, taking no notice of red flags, of placards, of banderillo who sought to engage.

After this little constitutional he returned to the center of the stage and emitted one sound. It was a sigh. "Oh, call a carriage for him and play him the national anthem," cried a voice out of the wits in the gallery. That was the end. The arena at Budapest has been nailed up forever and the newspapers excuse Geymatt with the explanation that while he had a Hungarian sire, his dam was Swiss. And Switzerland has objected.—Boston Transcript.

Mixed Again.

London papers are often illuminating on things American. "In denouncing the policy of the Republican party as one of 'standing fat,'" says the London Chronicle, "the chairman of the St. Louis Democratic convention was kind enough to give the uninitiated some hint of the mystic phrase's significance. It came from the gamblers' table, he said, and 'stand fat' was a precept of passivity and inaction born of cowardice. A 'fat hand' in the game of poker is a hand which its holder considers satisfactory as it is, so that he does not take the chance of improving it by buying any fresh cards from the dealer. To 'stand fat, presumably, is to play a defensive game with whatever is dealt to you, leaving the other players to take risks. But it is doubtful whether 'stand fat' will pass into common acceptance as 'bluff' has. Thousands speak of 'bluffing' with no thought that they are using a metaphor from poker."

Worth Something.

The most extraordinary pearl, or rather cluster of pearls, known as "the southern cross," is owned by a syndicate of Australian gentlemen, who value it at \$500,000. So far as is known it occupies an absolutely unique position. It consists of nine pearls, naturally grown together in so regular a manner as to form a perfect Latin cross. The pearl was discovered by a pearl fisher at Roebourne, West Australia. The first owner regarded it with so much superstition that he buried it; but it was discovered in 1874 and five years later was placed on exhibition in Australia.

Answers to Queries.

REVERDY JOHNSON—A. S. City. Reverdy Johnson, who was Minister to Great Britain in 1860, was born in Annapolis, Md., May 21, 1796, and died in the same place February 19, 1876.

JAPANESE—R. O. C. What the Japanese population is in San Francisco at this time is very uncertain, as since the war now in progress in the Orient many left to enroll in the Japanese army.

THE BYRNE MATTER—E. M. City. As this department has never received any communication signed "Ellen Munroe" in reference to the "Byrne matter," or any other subject, it could not answer the questions asked.

DRAW POKER—J. E. T. Agnew, Cal. If in a game of draw poker all players anted, the dealer opened and some of the players stayed and the cards were drawn again, the first of the stayers to bet was the one on the left of the dealer.

CABLE STEAMER—A. S. City. The name of the steamer that was employed to lay the cable in 1879 between France and the United States is The Faraday, launched at New Castle, February 17, 1873. Her dimensions are 300.4 feet length, 52.3 breadth and 43.7 depth; tonnage 2132.

THE ALHAMBRA—A reader, City. The Alhambra Theater in San Francisco, located at the corner of Eddy and Jones streets, was opened September 3, 1898, with Del Puente, Corinne Edith Hall, Sidney and Mrs. Drew, the Rosith and others. In the seventies there was an Alhambra Theater on Bush street, between Kearny and Montgomery.

SCRAPBOOK PASTE—M. S. S. City. A fine paste that may be used for scrapbook pasting is made of a solution of 2 1/2 ounces of gum arabic in two quarts of warm water, thickened to a paste by wheat flour. To this is added a solution of alum and sugar of lead, 1 1/2 ounce each in water. The mixture is heated and stirred until it begins to boil, and then it is allowed to cool. It may be thinned, if necessary, with a gum solution. A few drops of oil of cloves in the mixture will prevent it from souring. You will find it less troublesome to purchase library paste already made.

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