UNDERGROUND WIRES.

Telephone and Electric Light Systems Described.

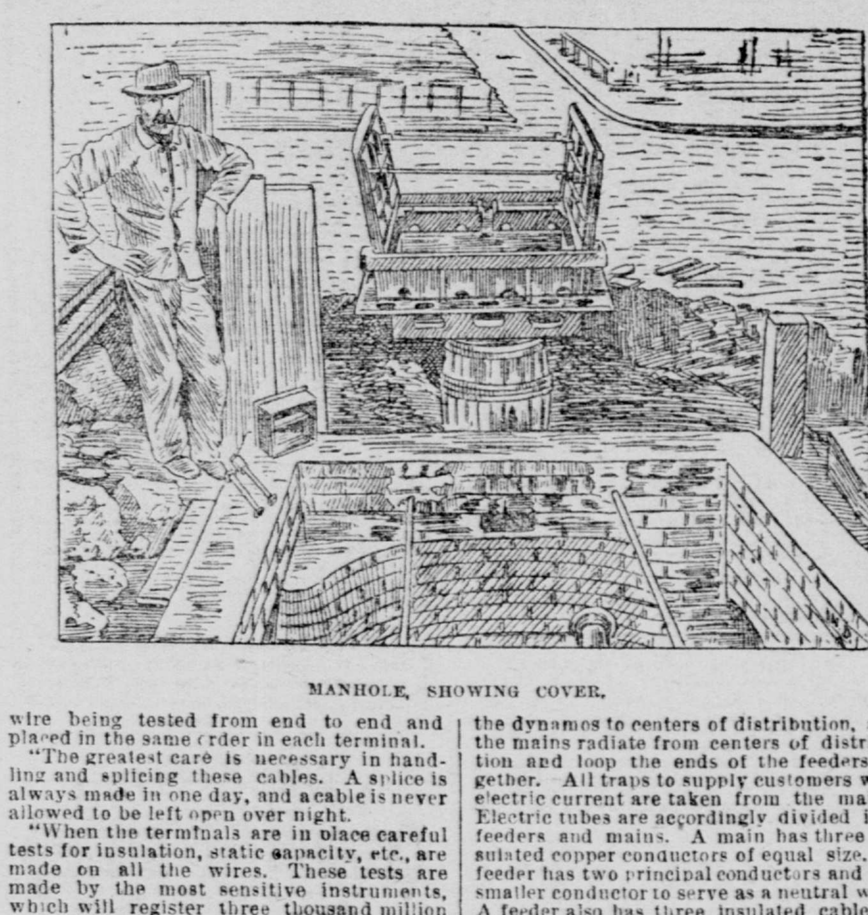
What Has Been Already Accomplished—Dangers of the Unsightly Overhead Wires Averted—Interesting Particulars.

It was at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia that the public saw the first speaking-telephone and it at once jumped into prominence. At the present day it is hardly possible to compute the number of instruments there are in daily use throughout the world. The telegraph, telephone and the electric light are the three great inventions of the age, but the telephone stands unique in that it is the most universally used of the three. Improvements have been made from time to time on the telephone, and men skilled in electrical science are constantly experimenting to make it as near perfection as possible.

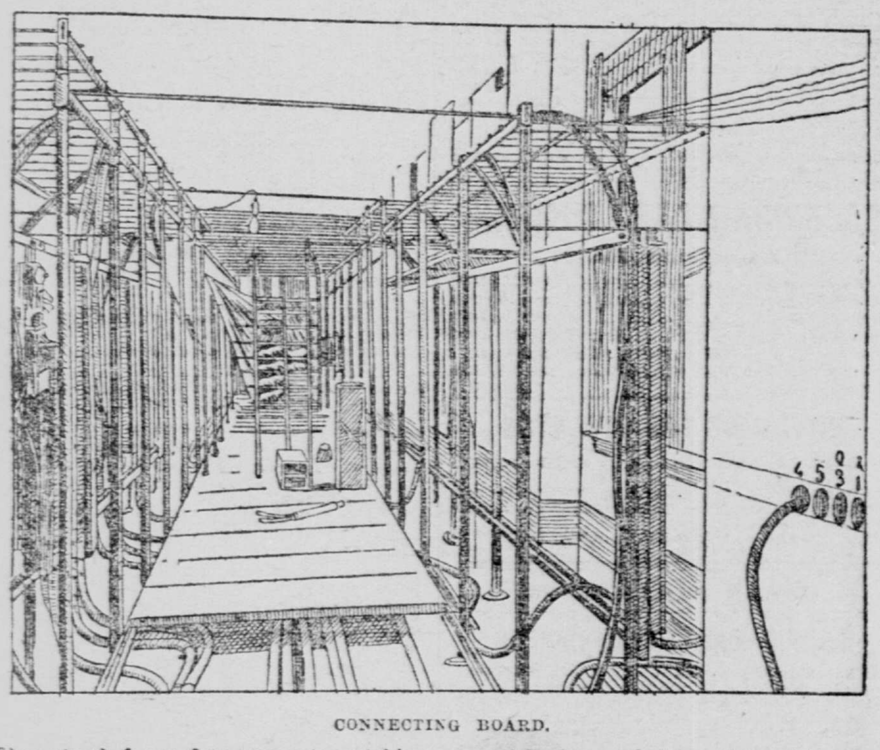
In recent years the adoption in various cities of the underground system is a marked improvement on the ugly, cumbersome and dangerous overhead system. The disfigurement of the streets by the latter system is a perpetual eyesore and a disgrace to modern civilization. It is a standing menace to firemen in the discharge of their duties and many lives have been lost and much valuable property destroyed through these wires retarding and oftentimes almost completely blocking their efforts. There is also a constant danger of fire breaking out in stores or dwellings through a live wire from the electric-light wires coming in contact with the telephone wires and vice versa. With the underground system all these dangers and difficulties are swept away and a transformation scene immediately takes place in the appearance of the streets. The underground system is, of course, much more costly, but its adoption should bring some compensation to the telephone companies in the shape of a largely increased subscription list.

San Francisco can boast of one of the most perfect underground systems in the world. Work on the system was commenced in 1890 and many miles of cables are now laid.

Very few of the thousands of people who pass along the streets where the telephone and electric light systems are being laid have any idea of how they are operated.



MANHOLE, SHOWING COVER.

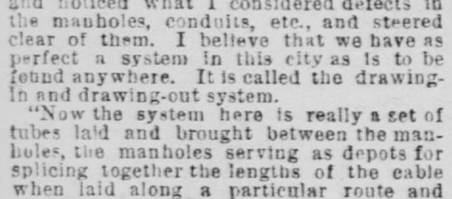


CONNECTING BOARD.

They stand for a few moments watching the men at work in the trenches and pass on, wondering what it is all about anyway. From some of the officers of the telephone and electric light companies a CALL reporter gathered much interesting information upon the subject.

E. M. Jackson of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, under whose personal supervision their underground system has been and is being laid, said: "Before work was commenced on our underground system I visited most of the large cities in the East where these systems are in use and noticed what I considered defects in the manholes, conduits, etc., and steered clear of them. I believe that we have as perfect a system in this city as is to be found anywhere. It is called the drawing-in and drawing-out system.

"Now the system here is really a set of tubes laid and brought between the manholes, the manholes serving as depots for splicing together the lengths of the cable when laid along a particular route and also as convenient points for dividing up the cables and distributing the smaller cables.



Main joint.

"A number of pipes bunched together forming a root between the manholes is called the conduit. Each pipe contains two chambers, and each chamber accommodates three of the largest-sized cables. Each space occupied in a chamber by one of these cables is known as a duct.

"To prevent the pipe from sinking, redwood boards are first laid in the bottom of the trench and, after the pipe is laid and a cushion of sand is placed on top, redwood planks are used as a top covering, projecting a few inches on each side beyond the vertical line of the conduit. These top boards are intended as a protection against picks used by workmen in excavating the streets.

"The manhole cover was designed specially for this system; it is self-draining, self-ventilating, and although very heavy, the two halves of the cover are lifted easily by a small belt tool.

"To drain the manholes six-gallon jars are used as sumps in the floor, most of them being too deep to drain into the sewer system of the city.

HOW MARKET STREET WILL LOOK WHEN THE WIRES ARE REMOVED.

"Although the manholes are used as far as possible as distributing depots, small laterals being put in from the walls to the distributing poles or cellars in buildings, in some cases it is found more convenient to put a handhole, which is about two feet deep, on the root of the conduit itself, the conduit being broken there so as to enter on each side, and a lateral pipe leading to a point where the cable is desired, also starting from the handhole.

"An important part of the conduit system is the tunnel leading from the shaft in the telephone building to the street. This tunnel is, as is also the shaft, entirely fireproof and distinct from the rest of the building. No wood whatever is used in it except the false flooring covering the cables, which is brought along the bottom.

"The cables used are of two kinds—solid core, which are made with the wires insulated with cotton and paraffine, and dry core, in which the insulation is simply several wraps of manila paper without any paraffine or resinous compound between. The dry-core cables are the latest invention for a telephone cable, and have the advantage of giving a lower static capacity than the solid core. This static capacity is a technical term meaning a sort of retardation to the consecutive electric vibrations, and only develops as a difficulty when connections are made on very long cables.

"In the core of the cable the wires are twisted in pairs and these are laid up in reversed layers, all of which tends to reduce the induction between the wires. The core as thus made up is inclosed in a lead sheath, which is carefully tested so as to be impervious throughout its entire length to moisture, the slightest pinhole in the lead covering of one of these cables being sufficient ultimately to ruin the whole cable, as water would gradually soak in and destroy the insulation.

"Cables are ordered in lengths to fit the conduit between the manholes, and are then spliced together regardless of the wires in one cable corresponding to those in another, except as to the pairs being together. When a length of cable is thus spliced up it is opened at each end and the wires in the core are distributed to terminal boxes, each wire being tested from end to end and placed in the same order in each terminal.

"The greatest care is necessary in handling and splicing these cables. A splice is always made in one day, and a cable is never allowed to be left open over night.

"When the terminals are in place careful tests for insulation, static capacity, etc., are made on all the wires. These tests are made by the most sensitive instruments, which will register three thousand million ohms."

"When a wire is broken, does it affect the other wires in the cable?"

"When a cable is thus in place it is a very unusual thing for it to become damaged, except in the manholes or through the conduit itself being smashed and tools used by workmen perforating the cable. Under such circumstances the location would, of course, be known, as the source of damage could be traced. A single wire or a few wires in a cable breaking is almost an impossibility. When a cable is damaged as above the part broken would be drawn out of the duct and replaced by another length.

"From the cable terminal in the central office building the wires are taken to shorter cables, to what is known as a distributing board, which is a means whereby any number on the switch board can be connected up with any pair of wires in any cable in the terminal room. From this distributing board other cables are taken direct to the switch board.

MARKET AND THIRD STREETS WITH OVERHEAD WIRES.

"On these office terminals current arresters are placed. These arresters are a device for opening the line in case of an unusual current, such as a charge from an electric-light wire accidentally coming in on the circuit. As a protection to the cables similar arresters are also placed on the terminals at the outside ends of the cables.

"In several cities where underground systems are in use considerable trouble has been experienced in freeing the conduits from gas and preventing explosions, which occasionally have occurred when the accumulated gases are mixed with the proper proportion of air. Not a single explosion has occurred in this city, and all the manholes are very free from gas, a result which is due to the manhole cover, specially designed by myself, which has six holes in the top for ventilation. The water which passes

Feeder joint.

through these holes during the rainy season is of very little account as compared with the beneficial result above described.

"Each cable of the largest size contains 200 wires. There are smaller ones with 100 wires and 50 wires."

F. E. Smith, chief electrician of the Edison Light and Power Company, when called upon proceeded to give a clear and explicit account of the company's system of underground tubes and fittings.

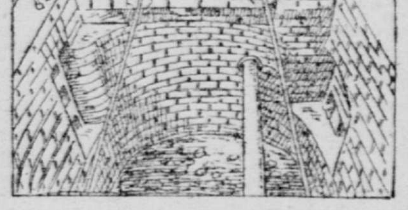
To more easily understand the system, Mr. Smith drew on a sheet of paper a block, dividing it into districts and marking thereon the different points he wished to explain.

"Our system," said Mr. Smith, "is what is termed the three-wire system, three copper rods, as you will observe, being placed in each pipe. Unlike a conduit system, electric tubes, which consist of one or more conductors contained in and insulated from an iron pipe, may make as many bends as circumstances call for, while a conduit must run in a practically straight line from manhole to manhole.

"In the three-wire system of distribution the conductors, whether overhead or underground, are divided into two classes—feeders and mains. The feeders run from the dynamos to centers of distribution, and the mains radiate from centers of distribution and loop the ends of the feeders together. All traps to supply customers with electric current are taken from the mains. Electric tubes are accordingly divided into feeders and mains. A main has three insulated copper conductors of equal size. A feeder has two principal conductors and one smaller conductor to serve as a neutral wire. A feeder also has three insulated cables of seven wires each. These small cables form independent circuits from the station to the point of distribution, and enable us to read in the station the electrical pressure at the outside end of the feeder. Hence, these fines are called 'pressure wires.'

"Mains are laid on every street in a district, and at each intersection of the streets is what we term a junction-box. In these junction-boxes the mains are all connected together through safety catches or fuses. From the station we run feeders which connect with the junction-boxes in different portions of the system.

"The mains are the only ones we touch to supply our customers. The feeders run to the junction-boxes and distribute all through the system. In the event of anything going wrong in the system these safety catches located in the junction-boxes will fuse or melt and thereby automatically cut off the affected district and that affected district only.



Manhole, showing conduits.

"Another point in this system that insures to a customer steady light is the fact that he is not depending entirely on a single line, because each feeder furnishes its pro rata of current to this web of currents, and in the event of a fuse blowing at a given point he receives his current round the block, so to speak, in another path.

"The methods of laying those tubes are to all intents and purposes the same as with gas or water mains. The length of a tube is about 20 feet, consequently there is a joint every 20 feet. These joints can be broken at any time and a T connection made to supply a customer on the line of the tube very much in the manner that water or gas connection is made. The connections are simply short lengths of tube which tap the main line by means of a three-way box or T-box.

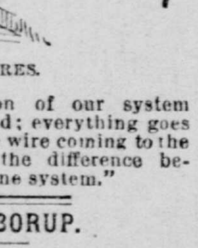
"Not a single portion of our system comes out of the ground; everything goes underneath, not a single wire coming to the surface. Therein lies the difference between it and the telephone system."

CAPTAIN BORUP.

The American Officer Who Has Offended the French Government.

New York Sun.

Captain Borup, formerly Military Attache of the American legation at Paris, is the officer who was removed from that position a week ago at the request of the French Government. He is coming home, and an official inquiry will be made here as to the truth of the charges against him. He is accused by a clerk who has been in one of the French Government offices of disposing of information concerning French fortifications, given to him by this clerk, to the German and Italian Governments. The clerk is under arrest for having, according to his own confession, sold such information to these Governments.



Captain Borup.

Captain Borup denies that he gave a particle of this information to foreign powers, but he admits that he did collect facts to send to the State Department in Washington. The general opinion in army circles here is that he is not guilty. His reputation has been of the highest both as an officer and gentleman.

Curious Decorations.

New York Sun.

Wayfarers who stop at a country inn at Getchell's Corner, Kennebec County, Me., are surprised to find the office decorated with souvenirs of the deep sea and curiosities from many parts of the world. George Gibson, the landlord, was a whaler and a sailor, and he likes to keep the numerous mementos of his voyages where he can see them every day. Suspended from the ceiling are whale's ribs six feet long, and on the floor are two large sections of a whale's backbone. Behind the stove is the backbone of a big shark with the jaws attached, and suspended from the ceiling in one corner are a thrasher's tail and the blade of a swordfish. Mr. Gibson carries a cane, turned perfectly round, from a whale's jawbone, with a head carved from a whale's tooth.

Burns in Bohemian.

London Daily News.

Burns in Bohemian has a curious sound, but no less an enterprise, according to "The Atheneum," has been undertaken by Professor J. D. Sladek, the editor of the Prague newspaper "Lumir," than a translation of some 150 of the songs and ballads of Burns in Czech. This version is shortly to be published by the Royal Academy of Science and Letters in Prague. In every instance the Bohemian translator has preserved the metrical form of the original, an extraordinary feat of skill and practice.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Joaquin Miller Gives Some Advice to Young Men.

He Says the Country Is the Place to Gain a Comfortable and Independent Living.

Written for THE MORNING CALL.

I am changed, as the eagle dollar said after it flew over the bar and came back all broken up.

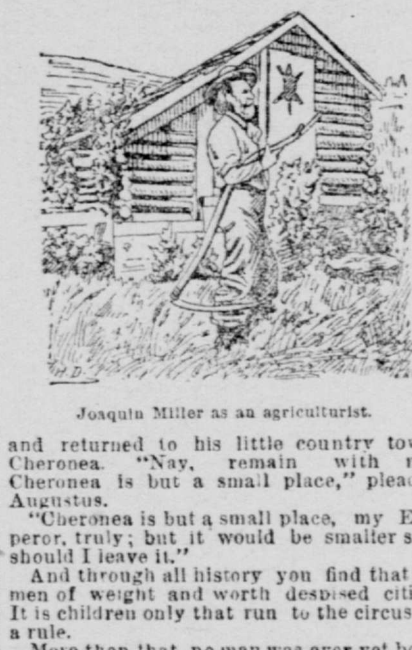
That is I am asked to cut this line of reminiscent scribbling, and shall obey the call with a big, big C.

But I inadvertently promised a few Sundays back to show some seedy and sleepy gentlemen of the city how much easier it is to make a fortune now than in the late lamented "good old days." And bless us! five of them have wakened up and demanded in bitter tones and bad grammar to be told how, under penalty of calling me a liar. That is why I am going to inflict this one more personal and reminiscent letter or screed on my readers.

Well then, my waking-sleeping friend, the very first thing for you to do is to get out of town. Get wide awake and then get out. Now don't get in a panic, my merchant of the six-by-nine cigar-stand with a post to lean against. I am not going to depopulate the place. Besides that, the very, very few who will heed this advice of mine are not of those who suck the succulent and nutritious cigarette.

Yes, get out of town the very first thing. The town don't want you, and you ought not to want the town. Let me tell you once for all that this going to the city is a low, cheap and vulgar fashion of modern date.

Shakespeare got out of London and back to his little village as soon as he could. Plutarch left the imperial splendors of Rome just as soon as he had finished his lectures



Joaquin Miller as an agriculturist.

and returned to his little country town, Cheronea. "Nay, remain with me. Cheronea is but a small place," pleaded Augustus.

"Cheronea is but a small place, my Emperor, truly; but it would be smaller still should I leave it."

And through all history you find that all men of weight and worth despised cities. It is children only that run to the circus as a rule.

More than that, no man was ever yet born in a city. True, some were born near by. They show you a tablet in the wall of a brick house in London which recites that Byron was born there; and over on the Camberwell side of the Thames they point out the house in which Browning was born; both houses in the heart of London almost now. But bear in mind when Byron came into the world his home lay three miles out of town, in the midst of fields and woods. Browning was born eight miles out of town. Carlyle, Mill, all men of mental weight, as a rule, in England were born and bred in the country; and their one wish always was to get back there, like Shakespeare, and die at home.

So don't be ashamed of the country. Thank your stars rather if the country be not ashamed of you for going to town and joining the daily procession of all the gypsy tramps whose loftiest ambition is to wait on the table or wash dishes. Out with such sexless imbecility, my man! How pretty the villages now that nestle along the foothills of the California Sierras under their canopies of green! How beautiful and how lofty! They were built by the great men of the good old days who sleep on the hillsides. But they are not growing much. For the new men of the new days have gone to the city to be clerks, scribes—anything but MEN. Now and then you find a man along there who loves his home and despises the dust and lies and roguery of the city—like General Bidwell of Chico. Now and then you find a country editor, like Green of the Colusa Sun, who swings his hat for home and country, and blows such a ringing, healthful bugle blast as to make the city ashamed of its foolish vanity for a month. But as a rule the world is going to town and bowing down before the wooden Injun by the door of the cigarette-shop, and there is no help in us.

Let it be fully admitted that this going to town and hanging on there by the eyelids is not confined to California at all, although my business is entirely with California, and if she should fall in line for reform my purpose would be attained.

New York is probably the very worst place for tramps in the world. In fact she draws on us for nearly all our wealth, mental, moral or monetary. New York is a maelstrom.

And the press is to blame. There is not a newspaper in San Francisco but must have column after column, and day after day, about the doings of the dirty town of Tammany. The comings and goings of moneyed men, ignorant as pigs mostly: the misfortunes of some, the misadventures of some, and every single account greatly magnified; some of them fabrications without a shred of truth. And all for what? For the immediate purpose of "the largest circulation," but with the ultimate result of driving off to New York every possible fly that can possibly fly to that glorified mixture of gall and honey. Not a word about the cool, sweet country; not a line for nature; not one word for God. All for man and—woman.

And the pitiful part of it all is the country editor, as a rule, is hardly comfortably seated at his city desk, after arriving and finding employment in San Francisco or New York, till he begins throwing paper wads right back in the face of the country. This is a pitiful, pitiful fact, and a fact that almost makes us despair of man. Oh, the cowardice and the treason of the quill.

A few years ago I was chosen to deliver the poem at the annual meeting of the press of New York. And you should have read the comments of the city papers on the arrival and appearance of the rurals. "The hayseeds," "The knock-knees," "Back numbers," "Squash reviews," etc.

As we sat on the stage of the Madison-square Theater awaiting the rise of the curtain, I asked Chauncey Depew, who was to deliver the oration, what the city scribes meant by jumping on the heads of their country brothers.

"Ah, you see," laughed Chauncey, "the city fellows, most of them, only left the rural regions last year, and they seem to be afraid somebody will find it out."

So I say hurrah for the rural editor; for the true, frank fellow who loves his home, his babies, his brothers and sisters and the simple-hearted neighbors born at his side. He is a man—man all through. And that is why his paper is better than any paper in the city. Ah, want to take issue with me, you say, my dear young Mr. Fresh, who saw the city last June for the first time? Well, I don't care to answer. But I appeal to every earnest, thoughtful man or woman to stop a moment right here and answer for me. There is not one but will say that the quiet country paper, when it is a paper, has more truth in it, more sincerity, more sense, more manliness, more of all that is good to read and useful to read and pleasant to read—that it is harder to lay down that quiet, sincere and truthful little country paper than it is to put aside the whole pack and deluge of papers in the city.

Oh! How to make a fortune! I had almost forgotten. But now that I have you out in the country will try to make you content with it. There is only one more thing to do to get the fortune; only one thing more to do, on my honor; and you will be not only rich, but respected, prosperous and happy. Go to work!

Go to work, and go to work at once, and go to work at whatever you can find to do. But if you can begin where Adam began, tackle mother earth. With her millions of brown and empty acres waiting, she will not despise your appeal to her for home and happiness if only made in earnest.

Go to Shasta; get a section of railroad land, as I did; $5 to $10 an acre on time; half a mile or mile from station; tumbling, foaming cool brooks full of trout; plenty of rich land on the hillsides; not much to look at, but more than you will ever live to till, though you live a century, as you surely ought to in that sweet air; and then raise grapes, figs and fruit of all sorts for the new States in the cold, near north.

Or go to Arizona; get sections of land, a lot of you together; lead the water on it from the booming Colorado or Gila and raise bananas, raise anything and everything under the sun. Go anywhere, anywhere under the Pacific sun. But go to work. That is all there is to do.

And why don't I take my own prescription? I did; and am taking it still, and shall keep on taking it; for it gives me the strength of a lion. I am now more than 50, and yet I never walk the streets of your city without feeling that I could thrash any man there; and would rather like to do it.

No, am not in the city often. Once a month, and then on business only. My mother has been in San Francisco twice in five years, and that is more than she cared for, although she looks down into the streets daily from her seat on the porch. Yes, I surely should have settled in either Shasta or Arizona, but mother had already spent more than the forty years in the wilderness, and had a right to at least be in reach of the comforts of life at her age. And so I bought this heap of stones on the hillside, kept out of town and kept at work.

And such a beastly, barren, stone-strewn and alkali-cursed spot as it was could not have been found elsewhere in this State. The one and only possible hope of redemption about it was the abundance of water.

Every square foot had a stone on it, and every stone had a squirrel under it or on it, and every squirrel had about four holes, so that the place was pretty well plowed up to begin with. Not a bunch of grass, only dust and stone and stone and dust, and the squirrels with their persistent teeth.

But the streams formed in tortuous lines around the steeps; the ground graded to terraces, and then the water came rippling down the dusty terrace and the rose slips and the willow slips and the poplar slips began to grow and blossom, and to-day this land of mine that lay dead and empty as a dead man's house has terraces of roses more than a mile and some 20,000 trees and plants and shrubs.

Worked myself; with my own hands? Yes; a little; changed my clothes twice each day at least four days out of five from sheer perspiration for the past six years, and am at least 10 years younger than when I began.

Results? Well, I think I would have done better either in Shasta County or Arizona. Larger field, you see; but I took hold of things as I found them, as I advise you to do, my dear boy. Only get out of town, like a true English gentleman, and keep out of town and keep at work. And if you don't have a fortune at the end of five years you shall come to me and sit with me under my vine and fig tree to the end.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE WRECK OF HEAVEN.

I had a vision; naught for miles and miles
 But shattered columns, shattered walls of gold,
 And precious stones that from their place had rolled,
And lay in heaps, with littered golden tiles;
While, here and there, amid the ruined piles
 Of gold and sardius, and their glittering mold,
 Wild tufts of amaranth had taken hold,
Scenting the golden desert like sweet isles.

And not one soul, and not one step nor sound,
 Until there started up a haggard head
Out of the gold, from somewhere underground.
Wildly he eyed me and the wreck all round;
 "Who'rt thou?" quoth I. He shrilled a laugh and said:
"The last of souls, and this is what I found."

Aye, aye, the gates of pearl are crumbling fast;
 The streets of beryl topple stone by stone;
 The throngs of souls in white and gold are gone,
The jasper pillars lie where they were cast,
The roofless halls of gold are dumb and vast;
 The courts of jacinth are forever lone;
 Through shattered chrysolite the blind winds moan;
And topaz molders into earth at last.

And earth is the reality; its hue
 Is brown and sad; its face is hard to till;
Upon man's brow the sweat must hang like dew.
 But grain takes root in valley, plain and hill,
Though never here the amaranth yet grew;
 And grain breeds grain, and more and more grain still.

EUGEN LEE-HAMILTON.

LOOKING INTO MEN.

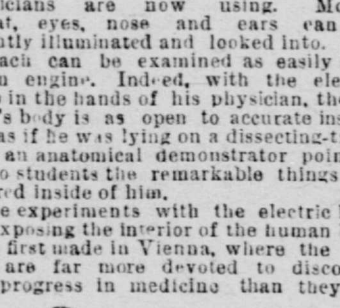
Doctors Now Explore Patients With Electric Lamps.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

All the school physiologies have the story of the soldier, St. Vrain, who had a hole shot through his stomach some years ago in battle and was kind enough to live a long time afterward with the orifice unhealed, giving the doctors a chance to see the daily performances of the gastric juice and its stock company of other secretions of the human interior. That was early in this century. If the soldier were to appear before a clinic party of St. Louis medical men now he would be received with derision, so far as his claims to physiological usefulness were concerned. The electric light has made doctors independent now of accident for observing the interior of the human body. There is not a cavity which cannot be examined with the little lamps the physicians are now using. Mouth, throat, eyes, nose and ears can be brightly illuminated and looked into. The stomach can be examined as easily as a steam engine. Indeed, with the electric lamp in the hands of his physician, the patient's body is as open to accurate inspection as if he was lying on a dissecting-table, with an anatomical demonstrator pointing out to students the remarkable things discovered inside of him.

Electricity in surgery.

The experiments with the electric lamp for exposing the interior of the human body were first made in Vienna, where the doctors are far more devoted to discovery and progress in medicine than they are



Electric light in surgery.

to sustaining incompetent members of the profession by means of an antiquated code of ethics. The doctors there worked with the mechanician Joseph Leiter, who recently died. He was an optician and anatomist, and he made the instruments while the doctors experimented. They tried to illuminate the body in two ways, one by direct introduction of the light into the cavities and the other by reflection. Experiments in both directions were successful, and the makers in Vienna began to send their lamps all over the world. They are called the Mignon glow lamp. They are scarcely larger than a pea, and the carbon filament is used.

The specialist in throat and nose affections and diseases of the eye has several kinds of lamps to choose from, or better still, he uses them all for different observations. The three whose pictures are here given are the ones most commonly used by doctors in ordinary special practice.

The pictures give the layman a good idea of the instruments as they are used, except the wire connecting it with the battery. The battery is about the size of an unabridged Webster's dictionary, and the doctor has it on a chair by his side while he makes his examination, so he can regulate the current to a nicety. The first lamp is a very useful one. The flat part of the instrument holds down the tongue and keeps it out of the way while the lamp is in the mouth. The bulb holding the light has a reflector behind it which throws the rays out into the throat.

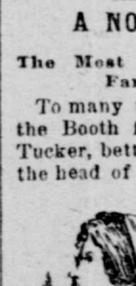
The light for the throat and the ear is a plain bulb, with or without a reflector.

The throat and nose lamp has two lights which are put into the throat behind the nasal passages and illuminate both nostrils.

A NOTED SALVATIONIST.

The Most Interesting Member of the Famous Booth Family.

To many people the most interesting of the Booth family is Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, better known as "Ranee," formerly the head of the Indian corps of the Salvation Army. The life led in the Indian jungle by Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker was highly interesting. They dressed and lived exactly like the poorest Indians around them. When they came to England Ranee and her feminine companions were always the most striking figures on the platforms occupied by the general and his family. Then, too (although so trivial a matter should hardly be mentioned in this connection) the Indian robes were extremely becoming. It is said that Ranee's beautiful face and attractive costumes account for much of her success. Her health is now very poor and she has been obliged to give up her Indian mission work. She and her husband live in a tiny house near London with their two children, but spend their days in town engaged in what they call the home office army work.



Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

A Dog's Political Preference.

Dallas (Tex.) News.

Out at Abilene the man who runs a transfer wagon and smashes a drummer's trunks owns a dog. He is a common, old-fashioned cur. But the dog votes, and votes right. His master, every morning upon the arrival of the Texas and Pacific train, gets his dogship to show off before the crowd. Do you vote for Clark? the canine is asked. He rises up on his hind feet, his front ones high in the air, his body perfectly erect, and nods his head. Do you vote for Hogg? the master inquires. The dog gets down flat upon the floor and buries his face in his legs, the very picture of negation. These daily performances have come to be well advertised in Abilene and always draw a crowd. Should Judge Clark receive the nomination at Houston that dog will be installed in state at Austin next January, and for two years at least will be the best fed animal in Texas.

CALL'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Containing Pictures and Life Sketches of Some Oakland Ladies.

Mesdames Dr. A. Fine, Gilbert L. Curtis, J. W. Brougher, George B. Williams, Alice Waltz Gray, Mrs. W. C. Little.

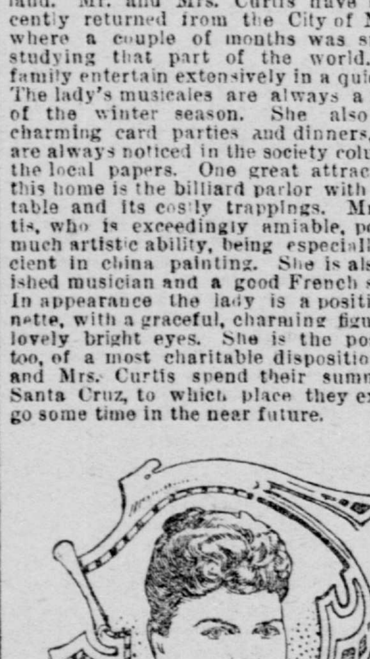
By reference to the faces in THE CALL'S Portrait Gallery this morning, it will be seen at once that Oakland—especially East Oakland—has as much to be proud of in the way of handsome ladies as has San Francisco herself, and, for that matter, any city in the Union. The magnificent climate of this part of California is in a great measure responsible for the rich, glowing complexion, the brilliant eyes and the vivacious disposition. Ladies here lead more of an outdoor life than in other cities, where the streets are crowded with the daily commerce. With a wide stretch of open country and fine roadways the pleasure of driving offers every inducement. Thus it is that ladies spend half of the day in outdoor exercise in dainty little basket-carriages or picturesque dogcarts, while the moonlight evenings are looked forward to with a keen relish by those who love equestrian exercise—and it is a well-known fact that the ladies of Oakland are renowned for their splendid and graceful horsemanship. Among the ladies' portraits here presented is that of

MRS. DR. A. FINE,

Wife of one of East Oakland's most prominent physicians, a gentleman who for years has been on the Board of Education, who has been connected with various hospitals, and who is still the home physician for the adult blind institution. This gentleman's wife is one of the most popular and well-known ladies in town, being exceedingly bright and very beautiful. The most close observer would never judge her to be the mother of her two fine-looking sons, one of whom is studying law and the other medicine, as she has all the grace and winning way of a girl still in her teens. Mrs. Fine is a lover of the fine arts, is an accomplished singer and one of the leaders of a renowned whist club. The family reside in a handsome new house on Sixth avenue and East Eleventh street, where true hospitality is dealt out unhesitatingly, and where a large circle of friends are ever made welcome.

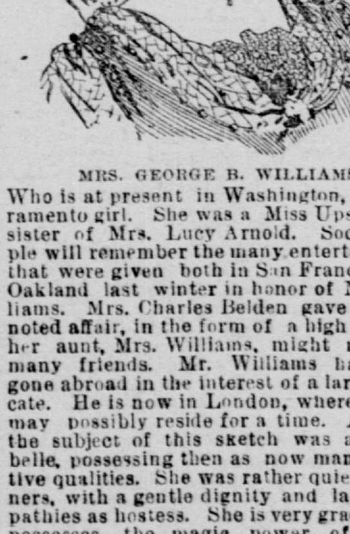
MRS. GILBERT L. CURTIS

Is another lady who rightly claims the reader's attention, being a charming addition to Oakland's 400. This lady, although a native of the State, received a thorough education, extending over seven years, in an Eastern institute of learning. She married the successful granger, Mr. Gilbert L. Curtis, at one time one of the largest landowners in Yolo County, but who is now extensively engaged in cattle-raising in Mexico, where he owns immense tracts of land. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis have but recently returned from the City of Mexico, where a couple of months was spent in studying that part of the world. The family entertain extensively in a quiet way. The lady's musicales are always a feature of the winter season. She also gives charming card parties and dinners, which are always noticed in the society columns of the local papers. One great attraction in this home is the billiard parlor with its rich table and its costly trappings. Mrs. Curtis, who is exceedingly amiable, possesses much artistic ability, being especially proficient in china painting. She is also a finished musician and a good French scholar. In appearance the lady is a positive brunette, with a graceful, charming figure and lovely bright eyes. She is the possessor, too, of a most charitable disposition. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis spend their summers at Santa Cruz, to which place they expect to go some time in the near future.



MRS. GEORGE B. WILLIAMS,

Who is at present in Washington, is a Sacramento girl. She was a Miss Upson and a sister of Mrs. Lucy Arnold. Society people will remember the many entertainments that were given both in San Francisco and Oakland last winter in honor of Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Charles Belden gave the most noted affair, in the form of a high tea, that her aunt, Mrs. Williams, might meet her many friends. Mr. Williams has lately gone abroad in the interest of a large syndicate. He is now in London, where his wife may possibly reside for a time. As a girl, the subject of this sketch was a decided belle, possessing then as now many attractive qualities. She was rather quiet in manners, with a gentle dignity and large sympathies as hostess. She is very gracious and possesses the magic power of making strangers at once feel at home with her. It is also a well-known fact that this lady is never so happy as when extending entertainment to others. Her many friends here are looking forward to her again coming among them.

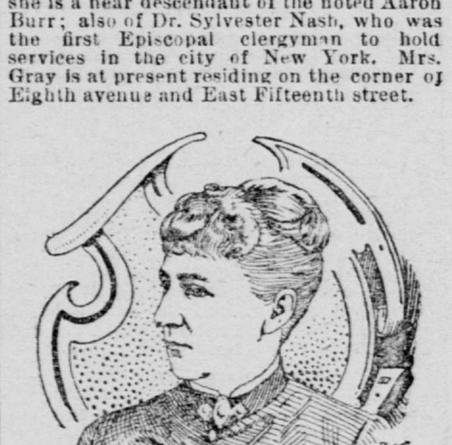


MRS. J. W. BROUGHER

Is the wife of the young minister, James Whitcomb Brougher. She will be remembered as Miss Corinna Morse, eldest daughter of the Rev. S. B. Morse, president of the California College at Highland Park, East Oakland. The lady is a bride of less than a year, having been married on the 28th of last July. The wedding at the time was a quiet one. A wedding breakfast followed and subsequently a reception, after which the happy couple left for the East, where Mr. Brougher has been spending the latter part of the year in the Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Brougher, formerly of Vernon, Ind., but now of Oakland. Young Mr. Brougher has been connected with several literary magazines and at one time, before he was of age, very successfully published the Baptist Record. He is a member of the famous Alert Football Club that never was defeated. Mrs. Brougher is an accomplished artist, her paintings having been greatly admired by competent judges of the art. She is an active church member and very popular with the young people of the church. She is a pretty and striking brunette, and being a minister's daughter, is well calculated to be a minister's wife.

MRS. ALICE WALTZ GRAY,

As yet a comparative stranger in Oakland, having but recently come to the city, is one of those happy, pleasant style of ladies who win their way at once into the hearts of those they meet, and having a kind word or smile for all her acquaintances, she makes hosts of friends. She is a native of Jefferson County, N. Y., her girlhood having been spent in her home on the St. Lawrence among the Thousand Islands, where she was accustomed to take the leading parts in children's concerts and festivals and where her preliminary lessons were received. This lady's voice is her chief attraction. As a child she possessed a sweet and powerful voice. Subsequently, she became the pupil of such professors as Errani, Webb and Dr. Leopold Damrosch, all of New York, after whose instruction she became soprano in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, St. George's and St. James churches, New York, and St. John's Church, Philadelphia. Her voice is of complete fullness of volume, clear, round and flexible in a high degree, with breadth, force and sympathy for giving life to music. With a compass of almost three octaves, her voice is an entire quartet by itself. Mrs. Gray comes of a very renowned family, especially on her mother's side, as she is a near descendant of the noted Aaron Burr; also of Dr. Sylvester Nash, who was the first Episcopal clergyman to hold services in the city of New York. Mrs. Gray is at present residing on the corner of Eighth avenue and East Fifteenth street.



MRS. W. C. LITTLE,

Whose husband is the agent for Mr. Adolph Sutro, is a well-known resident of Oakland, and a pioneer lady of the State. She was formerly a Miss Sallie Watkins, who was in great demand at all entertainments and in church on account of her beautiful voice, and 25 years ago when she married was thought a great beauty. She has large family connections in the State, and is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Pelham Ames. Mrs. Little is the mother of two daughters, both of whom have inherited her fine voice. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Ketchum, now resides in New York, and the youngest daughter, who is yet single, is at present in Europe with her grandmother for the cultivation of her voice. The subject of this sketch enjoys a large circle of acquaintances, but entertains in a very moderate way compared to her style of days gone by. Her kindness of heart and generous hand is ever extended to the lonely or those in trouble who need her assistance.

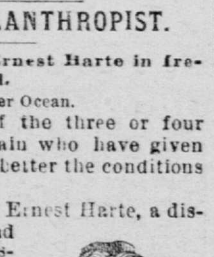
A FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.

The Labors of Mrs. Ernest Harte in Ireland.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mrs. Harte is one of the three or four women in Great Britain who have given years of their lives to better the conditions of the Irish poor.

She is the wife of Dr. Ernest Harte, a distinguished scientist and medical man, and the sister of Mrs. Barnett of the East End work of Toynbee Hall.



Mrs. Ernest Harte.

Mrs. Harte's first study was not philanthropy. When a girl she ardently desired to become a painter. After studying for some time in the schools and galleries of South Kensington, she gave up her art ambitions, convinced that she had not sufficient talent to warrant the devotion of her life to painting.

This was in the early days of the struggle for "the emancipation of woman," and Mrs. Harte (then Miss Rowlands) felt she would like to help to open the doors of learning to women, in order that they might fit themselves for a professional life. She resolved to herself to gain a knowledge of medicine. It was then impossible to take a medical degree in England, and she went over to Paris. She had not been studying long when she met Dr. Harte, and shortly after became his wife.

During later years Mrs. Harte has given a good deal of attention to politics, reading all that has been written on Irish history and Irish industries. She induced her husband to go to Ireland in order to make special investigations into the cause of the recurrent famine in the congested northwestern districts. Later, she accompanied him to Donegal, and that visit altered the purposes of her life. During the last seven years she has given her time entirely to the task of helping the peasant women in whose industries and home conditions she takes a warm interest.

An extract from the speech of the American Commissioners of the Columbian Exposition has been widely circulated in which he states that one of the most interesting features of the fair will be an Irish industrial village organized and managed by Mrs. Harte.

Curing Rattlesnake Bite.

St. Louis Republican.

An exhaustive article in a New York paper descriptive of the habits and haunts of the rattlesnake has raised anew the question whether there exists any known and reliable remedy for the cure of the bite of those venomous reptiles. A reputable inhabitant of the rattlesnake haunted region along the upper valley of the Delaware River, Sullivan County, now states that there is a known antidote for the poison of a rattlesnake's bite which has been in use in his part of Sullivan County for eighty or ninety years. He says it was obtained by John Geer, the first permanent settler of Long Eddy, from a half-breed Indian who occupied a little hut on the Pennsylvania bank of the river almost a hundred years ago. The remedy was the frequent application to the wounded part of the bruised roots of the plant popularly known as "lion's heart," which resembles the milkweed, and the drinking freely of a tea made from the arrow-leaved violet, known in botany as V. Sagittata. The correspondent who has communicated this remedy further states that he has known personally of six individuals bitten by rattlesnakes who have been cured by it, and he has never known a failure to cure when it was administered.

He Was a Head-Worker.

New York Press.

"Yes," said the stranger to the editor at the beach as they sat on the hotel veranda sipping their lemonade and looking out upon the rolling ocean which spread away to the horizon deeply, darkly, beautifully blue, "yes, head work is very trying, and the man who earns his living by it needs a vacation occasionally."

"Yes," replied the editor; "headwork is very trying. I find it so, especially when the hours are long."

"How many hours a day do you work?" queried the stranger.

"Four," said the editor.

"Heavens! I work 10."

"Head work?"

"Yes, every bit of it."

"Newspaper or general literature?"

"Neither. I'm a barber."

Then the editor shut himself up as close as the sun umbrella which he carried.

The Old Oaken Bucket's Well.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The well that prompted Samuel Woodworth to write "The Old Oaken Bucket" is still kept in good condition, and many visitors to Scituate, Mass., go and get a draught of its water, which seems pure and cool as ever. The old mill and pond are there, but not much is left of "the deep-tangled wildwood."

THE DUMAS COLLECTION.

A Recent Sale of Notable Pictures in Paris.

How Works by Great Artists Were Obtained by the French Novelist—The Prices Paid.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

Dumas, poet; Dumas, novelist, and Dumas, dramatist, are well known, but only recently has the public heard of Dumas, collectionneur. However, Dumas has, all his lifetime, been a passionate admirer of art and a collector of pictures. The first picture of his collection was bought at the age of 18, and was called "Une Baigneuse," by Tassaert. It was hung on the wall of the first place he called his own, the ground floor in the Rue Bourdaloue. After this picture was purchased Dumas bought canvas after canvas, and paid a certain sum each month, so that each dealer called him "my amateur."

Alexander Dumas has a right to his taste for art. His father, although always too poor to buy pictures, lived in the midst of art and artists. One day Dumas pere gave a fete in a large empty apartment. The walls he covered with gray paper. Then he scattered about the room immense tables, ladders, pails of colors and pounds of glue. Inviting Eugene Delacroix, Gavarni, Riesener, Paul Huet, Louis Boulanger, David d'Angers and Decamps, to use his own expression, he "let them loose in the rooms," telling them to finish their decorations in 24 hours. David d'Angers and Barye improvised chandeliers from clay, Decamps painted on a panel Don Quixote followed by Sancho Panza and Eugene Delacroix painted Boabdil fleeing before Granada. Strange to say after the fete Dumas allowed these sketches by the greatest artists of his time to fall in pieces. Dumas pere adored Delacroix and succeeded in buying "Tasso in the House of Madmen," but one day, needing money, he pawned it for 1100 francs. The son of Dumas regretted the Delacroix, redeemed and hung it on his own wall. One day an amateur saw and admired, and Dumas fils sold the picture for 15,000 francs. Reserving his 1100 francs he rushed to his father and on the table before him spread 13,900 francs. The father looked with surprise at his son and exclaimed: "Tasso is a great poet."

BEGINNING OF THE COLLECTION.

Dumas fils seriously began a collection of pictures in 1868. After the death of Didier de l'Ariege, the latter left him in his will 230,000 francs, and Dumas spent it all for pictures. He bought first one of the most exquisite Meissoniers in existence, "The Painter at His Easel," and this is the pearl of his gallery. Then, the same year, he bought the "Reclining Woman" of Jules Lefebvre, and Fromentin's great work "Centaurs et Centauresses," for 10,000 francs.

Once Dumas fils wrote to his publisher: "In the arts which are not mine I can only be guided by my sentiment, taste and the experience acquired each day by attention, good faith and natural ability. But I never pretend to make a law for others." He had made a large collection of vases signed Tassaert and Vollon. Dumas hardly knew Tassaert—only saw him once, in fact, but the author says that in him he finds all other artists combined. Michelet said of Tassaert: "He is a great painter, the Correggio of suffering," and Charles Blanc called him "the Prud'hon of the poor," while Theophile Gautier said he was the "Correggio of garrets." I think Dumas has at least 30 works by Tassaert, because "the public did not appreciate this great artist, as he was too sad and too gay." True, in 1874 Tassaert committed suicide, and then his works became famous. When Dumas heard of Tassaert's suicide he attended the funeral, and then bought all the furniture of the dead artist for 38 francs. Later, when Tassaert's bones would have been thrown to the four winds, Dumas built a tomb, and beside the name of Tassaert he caused his own name to be engraved. Dumas loved his painters, and they could have said to him what was said by Henri Heine to Berlioz when the latter visited him in his garret, "always original, you, for you come to see me."

SOME CHOICE PICTURES.

Dumas possesses also many Vollons, among them some renderings of still life, and in the collection there are many Meissoniers, among them a water-color painted in 1855. Meissonier was a great friend of Dumas, and each week artist and author dined together. After dinner there was always a game of billiards, but Meissonier was never successful in the game. Determined to surpass Dumas, he went down to Poissy, built a studio with a billiard-room above. There he practiced one entire summer, and in the winter invited Dumas to play with him. One of Meissonier's pictures was hanging on the wall and Dumas offered to make that the stake. Of course Dumas won, and then another picture was the stake, and another, and another, until Dumas had won everything, even the famous "La Rixe." Naturally Meisssonier was very excited, for he thought the play was serious, but in the end Dumas only accepted one picture.

This week the entire collection, with the exception of one or two personal gifts, are to be sold at auction in the Hotel Drouot. The highest priced and smallest sized picture goes to America. It is Meissonier's "Painter at His Easel," about 4x6 inches, sold for 60,000 francs. It is a gem, and was bought by a Mr. Mallet for an American, whose name is not given.

Prud'hon's "Amorita," a tiny little drawing not more than two inches long, was sold for 7000 francs. Meissonier's "Le Bretteur," a wrestler, with sword and cane, and "Le Mousquetaire," by the same artist, brought about 15,000 francs. A magnificent picture by Corot, called "Paysan a Cheval dans la Campagne," brought 40,000 francs, and Lefebvre's "Reclining Woman," of whom I have already spoken, was sold for 26,000 francs. Troyon's "Paturage" brought 11,500 francs, and Tassaert's "Dessert" was sold for 12,000 francs. In all about 225 pictures will be sold, and it is probable that Alexander Dumas fils will receive ten times the price paid for his works of art.

Everywhere in Europe people are puzzled to know why Dumas, who has spent a lifetime in collecting these works, should now dispose of them. Many, many are the reasons given, but the most probable solutions of the mystery lies in the fact that Mme. Dumas is an invalid, and that as the author possesses a splendid home at Marly-le-Roi he wishes to leave his residence in the Avenue de Villiers and give his wife the benefit of country air.

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

Paris, May 18, 1892.

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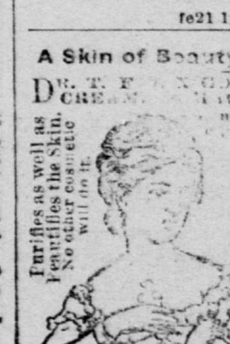

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