NON-PARTISANS.

Continued from Fifth Page.

besom of destruction rogue and roguery, devils and devilment, away from our city and into a chasm of infamy so profound, damnation so deep, "that the hand of resurrection will never be able to drag them forth."

I think I know something of San Francisco. In this election she will respond to the call of duty. I see her like Milton's noble and puissant nation "rousing herself like a strong man from sleep and shaking her invincible locks." I see her as "an eagle viewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled gaze at the full midday beam." She will be with us in this portentous contest. At the call of patriotism she ruffles her swelling plumage, "collects her scattered elements of strength and awakens her dormant thunders." Every moral force is with us.

Your doctors of physiology will tell you that this heart of mine, which beats so ceaselessly night and day in this breast, if its force could be directed against a granite pillar would wear that pillar to dust in the course of a man's life. So you can say to the boodlers, to the rogues and their sympathizers, "those lewd fellows of the baser sort," that though they be entrenched behind the ramparts of all-powerful wealth, that though their citadel of power may seem to be builded to the skies, the hearts of 300,000 people in San Francisco are beating against it and it will crumble and fall, and that, too, with a resounding crash that will send dismay to the heart of every boodler in Christendom.

Now it is said to not be in good taste for a speaker to refer to himself. Yet I crave one word. I am not a self-seeker in this canvass. I was placed upon this ticket against repeated and vain protest. I besought the nominating committee to find some other candidate who might have better and stronger claims to the popular suffrage than myself. I thought that in the ranks and without the badge of candidacy I could accomplish better results. No one who knows my business would fail to say that my election to this position would be a personal inconvenience and my incumbency of the office a pecuniary sacrifice. But reasons were suggested by the nominating power which countervailed against my wishes, and here I am very much at your service. So in accepting that nomination I obey an impulse and bow to a duty.

At the request of certain friends and Democrats—because my allegiance is due to the Democratic party and it is my faith by patrimony and by prepossession—I consented to accept the commission of a delegate to the late Union Hall Democratic convention. I was assured that that convention, if men thinking as I did would consent to accept seats in it, would be dominated by wholesome and proper influences, and that the result would be fraught with desirable consequences to the government of this city. Against my better judgment I became a member of that convention.

I think my experience in behalf of reform in that little gathering at Union Hall was about the same as that of the negro who went to camp meeting to hear the great preacher Maffit. Listening to some one whom he supposed to be the man he had come to hear, in the fullness of his religious excitement, he clapped his hands and rolled over in the dust. A bystander told him that the preacher wasn't Maffit at all. He got up by saying, "By golly, I have dirtied myself for nothing." That's about my experience at the late Democratic convention.

I got out of there after I had found out what every man in that body found out, and what became as palpable as the sun that blazes at meridian, viz., that a majority of that body was owned body and soul, boots and breeches by Buckley and Rainey; that whenever anything was to be done in that convention certain men well known to the rank and file would leave its hall, seek out this man Rainey, who sat hard by "squat like a toad," and in whispers issued the mandates by which that body governed itself in its nominations. I further found, and challenge contradiction upon the point, that the composition of that convention was due to a large extent to a certain directing power acting through Buckley and Rainey and emanating from Fourth and Townsend streets in this city. And so I quit.

Now, I am not stating anything here in connection with this matter a knowledge of which was not equally open to any citizen of San Francisco who chose to make inquiry. The facts were and now are undeniable, so far as I know undenied, that Buckley and Rainey completely controlled and dominated a majority of that convention as though each man voting as they directed had been their born thrall. So the wonderful spectacle was presented in that convention of its being absolutely and abjectly subservient to Chris Buckley through his associate, Rainey.

Why, fellow-citizens, we have read from the songs of poets, the pages of history and the lucubration of philosophers of the mutation of human existence. We have read of the unparaleled career of crime of Tweed in the city of New York, dethroned and driven into exile, never coming back except with the manacles of a felon upon his wrist. But here we find this convention directed by the index finger of Buckley, who only some two years ago fled breathless and wild with fright, out of the State, across the border, into exile, pursued—as he believed, and followed by a warrant of arrest in the hands of one of the sleuth-hounds of the law. And yet, monstrous and incredible as it seems, we find him back in our midst now, and this great city shuddering with apprehensive horror that he may be, as a result of this election, again seen in the saddle with his heel upon the prostrate neck of this devoted municipality and again ask us with goblin mockery, "What are you going to do about it?" And upon his return here there is no change in his habit or in his life. He is back with the same machine, the same infernal instruments, the same ceaseless activity, the same remorseless means by which in times past he compassed his ends. And the issue is presented now as clearly as it can be, as to whether or not he shall be re-enthroned by the election of his ticket and welcomed back as the imperator to once more control our destinies and infuse into the body of our citizenship his unhallowed and damning influences.

Now, where is the honest man who can cast a vote in this election, which by any ingenuity can be construed into an indorsement of Buckleyism, who will not feel that he is unjust to the city—that he wrongs his family and taints himself with personal degradation? For me to ask an honest man if he will do it, it seems to me is as offensive as to ask him if he will do any other act of undeniable turpitude.

Now, it has been made the subject of some humorous criticism that this Non-Partisan convention has selected its nominees to a great extent from the tickets of the other two conventions—Democratic and Republican. It is to be confessed that our ticket would have had more individuality of character had another and different course been pursued. But we did not deem that we should be deterred from clothing a man with the mantle of our approbation simply because his high character and proven efficiency as an officer had conspired to make Buckley and Burns nominate him, not because they wanted him, or wanted that kind of a man, but in order to give respectability to their ticket.

It was the same old game started by those bosses that we have seen in past times. Buckley always had ingenuity enough to know that it wouldn't do to submit to the people of this city a gang of rapscallions on his entire ticket. He generally was astute enough to head the ticket with some man of unchallenged respectability, and that's the way the bosses do the world over.

The Non-Partisan convention, for example, to particularize, nominated Harry Creswell for City and County Attorney. They knew that Mr. Creswell was placed on the Buckley ticket for the reasons that I have stated—his ability and character could not be assailed, and hence he was nominated. The Non-Partisans found his record as a public officer to be such as entitled him to the reward of another nomination, and simply because Buckley had been forced to nominate him, they were not going to neglect the duty incumbent upon them of rewarding conspicuous merit wherever it existed; and there are other instances similar in character that I might advert to did time permit.

It is not to be denied that on both the Republican and Democratic tickets are to be found the names of gentlemen in every way worthy of the confidence and esteem of honest people. It is equally undeniable that there are numbers of men on both tickets whose characters are open to any charge save that of honesty. Every man of you knows the men to whom I refer when I say that. These two tickets—the Democratic and Republican—are like the dog that a boy owned, who, in reply to a question as to what breed his dog was, said he was half setter. The next question was, "What's the other half?" His reply was, "That's just dog." And that's the way with these tickets. They are half setter and balance just dog.

I have heard from parties and newspapers a great deal of chatter and effusive talk about the necessity in this election of a strict adhesion to party in the exercise of your suffrage. That kind of invocation is hardly worth notice, and in city politics don't go; you can see before this election is over the streets of this city strewn with the wreck of party machine and cumbered with the broken shackles of party discipline; and listen above the swirl and roar of this majestic assemblage you can hear the snapping of party ties; how silly, therefore, this talk is. They say to you that the welfare of this country depends upon the tariff and upon the election of a County Auditor, or a County Clerk, or a Sheriff whose business it is to serve writs of executions, attachments, etc. You must be careful and see that your man is sound on the tariff, and its tariff, tariff forever. Both sides want to mouth and jabber forever in a municipal election about tariff.

At this time when every honest man knows that we are engaged in a death grapple with corruption, when good government, when decency itself is threatened with overthrow, to hear men talking tariff is unspeakably absurd. It is said that during the Revolutionary war at a crisis in its history, the British and Colonial armies were drawn up and stood confronting each other in "battle's magnificently stern array"; the destinies of liberty in the Western world were trembling in the balance, and as Patrick Henry described it, upon this momentous occasion a beef contractor who had been denied his pay as promptly as he wished, went rushing through the ranks of the American army yelling at the top of his voice, "beef, beef." He was pretty summarily seized and driven out of the ranks.

And so now, when this has become a hand-to-hand and desperate encounter of justice against villainy, of right against wrong, of malversation in office against good government, at such a time to hear your Democratic or Republican politician jabbering about tariff or some other equally irrelevant and extraneous subject it tests our patience to the extremest limit. Vote your State and your Congressional tickets as you choose. If you want to draw the party lines there, do it; but when it comes to municipal government have the sense and decency to not stoop to the unimaginable absurdity of consulting national issues to determine your vote. Then I exhort and adjure you by all of the memories of the past and your hopes of the future, come to the front in this fight with "an erect port and an elevated crest." Do not be intimidated or appalled by the fact that money in unstinted abundance by the great corporations may be used against us.

Our position is that we know we are right and we make no compromise with wrong. And never since the good Lord fashioned this globe and sent it whirling through blue ether, never has wrong been more hideously appareled and never has right been clad in more radiant habiliments. He who runs may read, and the wayfaring man though a fool cannot err therein. No man can mistake and no man can plead ignorance as to the issues who casts his vote in this election. Be, therefore, not afraid.

In times past the pages of history are full of instances where right has been invincible against the multiplied cohorts and myrmidons of villainy and corruption. We stand before San Francisco's people with the warcry of reform upon our lips, and in our heart the courage and determination to win this fight. You are asked then to-night to take up that cry and send it throughout this city like the tones of a trumpet ringing full on the ear, banishing doubt, "inspiring confidence and swelling the heart with a foretaste of victory." Don't be awed by this base idol of corruption, though it has been exalted so high and before whom so many have prostrated themselves in this city. On the contrary, form yourselves in serried phalanx; march against this frightful fetish; charge his very temple, and dragging this false god from his seat hurl him down to the never-dying sloughs of infamy and shame; and remember, and never cease to remember, and let it be with you night and day, that if in this great city of ours, which looks upon the laughing waters of our bay in proud and regnant beauty, there be disquiet and unrest; if it be true that the wealth of the few increases with the poverty of the many, if there be a "sloth in the mart and schism in the temple"; if the omnipotence of wrong has indeed undermined the people's faith in the integrity of the judiciary, than which nothing can be more ominous of ill in a free Government; if in many instances justice has been cloven down and dragged from its high eminence by the hand of greed; if this city has come to be regarded during many years past as the chosen arena for those malign agencies that thrive and fatten upon misrule; if peace and content, the offspring of requited toil, find no longer an abiding place at the hearthstone of labor; if the latent apprehension has found a lodgment in the breast of our best citizens—that this condition of affairs may yet demand the stern and heroic treatment of '56; if the seeming omnipotence and widespread prevalence of corruption have shaken the faith of our citizens in man's capacity for self-government; if these things have gone on and on and on until the heart sickens and the pulses of the people throb with apprehension of some vague, unspoken disaster—then remember, citizens of San Francisco, that it is bossism that has caused these things. It is bossism that has breathed into those agencies of the devil the breath of life, and upon you devolves the solemn duty in this great emergency of placing your heels upon this vile thing and crushing it to death.

Thomas Magee was brought before the house, but he gave way to James McNab, the candidate for Sheriff. McNab's appearance was greeted with resounding applause. He said it seemed an uphill fight at first for him to make without a nomination on any other ticket, but now he found that it was the only ticket worth having a nomination on. As time went on, he declared, there was a sentiment growing stronger and stronger in favor of good men and good government and it now seemed certain of culminating in success. The people were daily turning over to the Non-Partisan movement, for they could not foresee in the other parties any assurance of reform or relief from boss rule.

"People used to say," said he, "you can never know how many enemies you have until you are a candidate for office, but in my case I never knew how many friends I had until I became a candidate. The citizens are showing their friendship more and more every day, which I take as a sign of growing favor of the Non-Partisan ticket."

The chairman, however, would not let Mr. Magee get out of speaking. "You would like to know what Mr. Magee has to say?" he remarked to the house, and for reply there came an applause so cordial that the Non-Partisan president addressed the meeting as follows:

You have heard to-night, from Mr. Henley and Mr. Sullivan, of facts relating to evil effects of boss rule, and yet, within three months, four of our largest and most respectable merchants have, in conversation with me, defended bosses. They did not call them bosses, but leaders. They said, "You must have leaders," and the bosses were the "leaders" to whom they alluded. Now, I ask you what you think of the Tammany leaders of New York, who have been blackmailing all sorts of corporations and manufacturing enterprises, which were compelled to pay $10,000 to $100,000 a year to "buy peace," as it was called. But black as this business was it was clean and decent compared to the squeezing of unfortunate women by policemen of a large portion of their earnings and the exaction from saloons, gamblers, prisoners and all classes who were open to robbery of immense sums of money as filthy as was ever squeezed from unwilling, sinning victims.

What kind of a leader was the boss here, who, a few years ago, stood near the polls on Leidesdorff street and openly bought votes from degraded voters at $2 50 each? What sort of a leader was the boss shown to be in the "Little Pete" investigation before a Grand Jury, whose righteous work was throttled and stopped by our Supreme Court? What sort of Judges do such leaders give us? What sort of decisions? What sort of juries and what sort of officials—especially Supervisors? Could the purlieus of the dives surpass in dishonesty and brazen rascality "the Solid Nine" we had a few years ago? If we must have bosses and leaders, must they be leaders of this stamp—that is to say, the lowest of the ruffians? Falstaff's ragged, pitiful rascals, whom he had pulled out of prisons and with whom he swore he would not pass through Coventry, were not physically so ragged and naked, so out at elbows in the sense of being out of character, as the leaders, the bosses, of American cities, and of this city of San Francisco. Old sailors used to say that the man who went to sea for pleasure would go to hades for pastime; and if these leaders of politics here and elsewhere are really and truly "leaders," then a man may go to hades for holiness, find honor among thieves and patterns of virtue in the lowest dives.

Now, I want your aid in seeing if I have made a calculation correctly, and to know that it is one that will bear the test of the utmost severity of arithmetical rules. If, under such leaders as I have mentioned, we are to look for reform and honest and economical government, when may we expect to enter into the enjoyment of these blessings from them? My calculation is that it will take exactly the same length of time as it will take snowballs to heat ovens. If you can figure out how long that will take, then I will tell you how long it will take for such leaders to give us pure government. In American city government vice, ignorance, venality and the climax of cheek and impertinence are in high rule, high feather and high power. The devil sits by them and his rules and laws are rigidly carried out, while city and finally national government will not even be clean enough to spit upon.

Having said this much about pretended leaders—that is, the bosses—shall I conclude this portion of my remarks by asserting that our duty is done in describing and denouncing boss methods and assuming that those who not only do not support them, but on the contrary utterly condemn them, have discharged the full duties of good citizenship? No, no, a thousand times no. Who made these bosses possible? I answer you, the respectable voters of San Francisco. The great majority of you have neglected your political duties, indeed almost utterly neglected them. You talk, denounce and even use explosives of the strongest profanity in giving utterance to your sentiments about boss rule and the rascality, venality and high taxes of which it is and always must be the prolific parent. But what sort of work have you done to ward off municipal rascality? None whatever, as the great majority of you very well know. Will talk and exhibitions of even the most righteous indignation ward off even the smallest of boss rascalities and corruption?

Can great public and criminal evils or housebreaking be averted by any weapons but those of legal penalties, and by work and war? Can anything sacred be preserved without eternal vigilance and eternal fighting? And you cannot possibly hire real watchers and fighters. You must each of you enlist and fight yourselves. No country was ever saved by hiring outsiders as fighters. Unless the best blood of the nation was in the army as leaders and fighters the country was never saved. You each of you must save yourself, remembering always that in union there is strength. Where would your business be, what failures and outcasts would your children have become, if you neglected your business and your family as you do your country?—for your votes in local affairs and local government will finally indicate what national government is to become in this great country. I have used the word neglect. It is, like many a word in our language, charged with solemn meaning. In this sense its essential meaning is that lives, that principles, that liberty are all in danger of being lost in a rushing river of corruption, and that you will not manfully use any effort and reach out no helping hand to save them. Neglect, neglect, word indicative of suicide and final despair. And Scripture uses the word in that perilous sense. I was last year in the Cimmerian darkness of the Mamertine prison in Rome, where the great apostle of the Gentiles closed his life. And while there I thought of many of his inspiring appeals to bring men to truth. And I especially thought of how he used this word "neglect." He says, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Neglect—do nothing—let liberty and all of the sacred symbols of the great republic be trodden down and spat upon, we sitting idly, neglectfully by, while it is thus wounded to death in the presence of its friends. Before God and man the educated men who neglect, and neglect with the full light of history and facts before them, are worse than the ignorant, the low and the lewd, many of whom think public plunder and assaults on the ballot-box and free government but venial sins.

How shall we escape, asks the great apostle, if we neglect? The value of the work of salvation in government, the priceless blood spent, the tears shed, the Gethsemanes of darkness, loneliness, hunger, weariness and sorrow passed through—these are the price paid for the inestimable inheritance of the great republic or of any great free country. Do you think much—do you think ever of the price paid for the rights you have in the republic under whose ægis you prosper? Were Washington's work and spirit small things? Was Valley Forge a playground? Were Lawrence's dying words not to give up the ship, when he had fought to the death to save her, words to be jeered at or, even worse, neglected? Was Lincoln's work and the million lives which were spent with his, all spent for our benefit, with no solemn duties resting upon us as a heritage?

When good government, honesty and economy are on trial, and they now are all over this country, unmistakably are so, you think you are innocent because you did not cry out or commit overt acts against them. You did not, indeed, cry out, but you did worse, if you just held your tongue, if you simply passed by, Levite-like, on the other side. The stabbing will be done, the murder of free institutions will thus go on without your positive aid. You may consider Thucydides, the old Greek historian, antiquated, but he and his contemporaries had a correct idea of citizenship. He said: "For we are the only people who consider the man who takes no part in these things—that is, in public affairs—not as a quiet, peaceable man, but as a useless member of the commonwealth."

De Tocqueville, the great French writer, speaks in his history of the French revolution of respectable men, but cowardly citizens. "The people," he says, "who value liberty only for the ease it gave them have never enjoyed either ease or liberty long." The same great author said that among "the men of the old regime the place in their minds which should have been occupied by the idea of law was vacant." This was one of the great causes of the revolution. Is history not repeating itself? In the United States is it not true of our so-called "best citizens" that the place in their minds which should be occupied by patriotic fears of where bossism is leading us is vacant? Do they care, and if they do why do they not far more generally act? Love of ease, devil-may-care feeling and absolute cowardice keep them from anything but negative working and acting.

Discharging necessary political duties or accepting office and inaugurating necessary local purity and economy might somewhat interfere with the unceasing grind of money-making. They would, besides, be taken from home of evenings. Their wives would not approve of this. They would also run the risk of meeting and having to oppose the ruffians who control politics, and might, therefore, run some personal risk. Newspapers, or the tricksters they were opposing, might abuse them, etc., etc. But these risks must be run, and ease and pleasure must occasionally be surrendered, if pure government is to be preserved and the country saved. Theodore Roosevelt, an eminent publicist, and now, I believe, president of the Civil Service Commission, several years ago published a series of exceedingly instructive and interesting articles on boss rule in New York City, in the Century Magazine. In these articles nearly all of the shoulder strikers and politicians methods of stealing votes and overawing voters were minutely described. In summing up, however, he was not nearly so severe in passing judgment on these characters as he was upon the respectable citizens whose neglect and cowardice made the rounder's existence and the public evils they created possible. He asserted, too, and to this I call your special attention, that he would rather associate with them than with the citizens in name, but not in fact, whose neglect created them. Now, remember that he was talking of plug-uglies, heelers and ruffians on the one hand, and of the so-esteemed most respectable citizens on the other. Remember too, that Mr. Roosevelt was not an alarmist or sensationalist, and that the Century Magazine indorsed what he said in this matter by publishing it.

Perhaps you will say that I am exaggerating and elevating local to national issues unjustly. But the cities are each year becoming more and more the political rulers of the whole country. They continually more and more set the pace as to whether we are to travel politically and socially toward heaven or to hades. Could the fathers of this republic in their honored graves know what despite has been done to the spirit of purity and freedom, one thinks that the effect would be to make "their canonized bones hearsed in death" at once "burst their cerements."

But now, to come to the local questions, to discuss which we have assembled here to-night, I do not claim for the Citizens' Non-Partisan party special civic pride, special honesty or special patriotism, but I do claim that the principles of Non-Partisanship, and they alone, will rescue this city and all American cities from the grasp of the ignorant and depraved, who are rapidly running them to moral and financial ruin.

If yo ask me are you dead sure of all your candidates? I say no. Were you dead sure of the purity of intentions of all the members of the convention? I say no. Are you absolutely sure that you always selected the very best men, and again I say no. I only say that I never saw a body of men act more nobly, on the whole, with an honest determination to do their best, than the Non-Partisan convention. And one great principle was laid down by it, to which I have not heretofore seen attention called, and that was that the faithful city officer held in his hands, in the record of his faithfulness, the right—the inalienable right—to renominate himself for another term of office. There are on the worst boss-ridden tickets necessarily some good men, else the ticket, the pill, could not be choked down at all. The spoonful of honey must make the pint of vinegar drinkable. But the few faithful servants in an otherwise wholly leprous boss ticket do not get renominated often. Their faithfulness is their crime, and marks them for slaughter. But in the Non-Partisan camp their records of faithful service mark them for continued terms and for honest advancement, no one dreaming of refusing to recognize their credentials.

Regret has been expressed by many that we did not wholly make up our ticket of independent nominations. But this never can be done. The other two parties will always, for the reasons named, have some good men, whom you must take up and indorse on their records. Besides, as it is, we have some twenty of our own wholly independent candidates.

Remember, too, that we have sent these men out unpledged and unpromised to anybody. They are pledged only to conduct the business of the city wholly in the interest of honesty and economy. Each member of the convention, by a rising unanimous vote, pledged himself to ask no office and no favor from any candidate for himself or any friend or relative. Our candidates are, so far as human care could do it, launched on their nominations free from all pledge or debt, except to the voters and taxpayers that they will do their duty.

Much criticism may be offered, why we do not do this or that differently and why we did not nominate Mr. Jones instead of Mr. Robinson, or why we threw overboard a few men whom noisy friends swore it was a shame not to indorse. I can only say, in reply, that we acted for the best, with the lights and time we had, and I know that as a rule we acted with the best and most unselfish intentions.

And now as to our success or failure. I pray for success, and believe that not we but nonpartisanship will succeed. But my great concern is not so much with results, as with the solemn fact that we have in this matter at least discharged a great public duty. If the Non-Partisan ticket is elected immense benefits will, I fully believe, accrue to the city.

In closing let me tell you of an incident related to me by my mother when I was a little boy. She had heard the great Dr. Chalmers preach to an immense audience. He began his sermon by saying that he was filled with awe when he looked around to think how short a time would pass until all of his auditors and he himself would be resting beneath the ground. Your chance and mine is short—very, very short here. Let us, therefore, to-night decide that we will at the approaching election act solemnly, conscientiously, for the best interests of this great city and the immeasurably greater republic, of which we are native or adopted citizens.

Meantime if our Non-Partisan convention accomplishes no other good it at least has shown how Republicans and Democrats, rich and poor, Protestants, Catholics and Hebrews, could meet in continued amity and good temper and make a strong effort to rid this city from the curse of prostituted political rule. We never asked what a man's religion or nationality was, nor of his politics, except with the object of making a fair division between the two great parties.

Richard D. Faulkner, the Non-Partisan nominee for Superintendent of Schools, was introduced, and he said:

The children of a country are its first consideration. It is the fixed and settled policy of this nation that all its children shall have the opportunity of obtaining an education, whether they are the children of the few who are rich or the children of the many whose only capital are their hands and brains. Both the nation and the State have wisely made liberal provision for the maintenance of the public schools. The future of the republic depends upon the continuance of a generous and undivided support of them.

While the public schools are richly endowed, while they are the dearest heritage of our fathers and the greatest inheritance we can leave to our children, the importance of the selection of officers to administer school affairs is too frequently lost sight of by politicians and nominating conventions.

The office of Superintendent of Schools is one of the most important in the gift of the people. If education is a science and teaching a profession it should be filled by a professional teacher and not, in the language of a distinguished educator, by "emigrants from other professions."

It was the recognition of this fact and to establish the principle of promotion in the school department that caused the Citizens' Non-Partisan party to select me as the candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools. I accepted the nomination because I believed the office should be administered by a practical teacher. I accepted it because I felt that if elected it would give notice to political conventions in the future to look among teachers for a superintendent. I accepted it to resent the insult that there was no man or woman among the thousand nearly employed in this city capable of filling the position.

I believe that the Superintendent of Schools should be a practical teacher. If the discipline or methods of a teacher is criticized, who can defend her so well as one who has stood like herself daily face to face with the primary difficulties of ordinary teaching?

As teachers, from the nature of the profession, have but few opportunities for the accumulation of money aside from their salary they should not only be well paid for their exacting services, but there should be no questions as to the permanency of their position.

If I am elected Superintendent of Public Schools, I shall enter upon the duties of the office untrammeled. I neither asked nor influenced any member of the Citizens' Non-Partisan convention to vote for me for the nomination. I am not pledged by the convention, nor am I under any promises to any member of it as to the appointment of a Deputy Superintendent, a secretary of the Board of Education, or a Director, in case of death or resignation.

In the event of my election as Superintendent of Public Schools, I shall take up the work with the same earnestness that I took up the vice-principalship of the Lincoln Grammar School when I came to this city, or later that of the principalship of the Potrero Grammar School. I would apply on a larger scale the methods which I have tested and which have brought recognition to me as well as to my pupils.

If elected I shall endeavor to bring the Board of Education and teachers of the department into friendlier relations to each other. It will require tireless energy and exhaustless patience, but its accomplishment is necessary for the efficiency and permanent improvement in the work of the teachers. It will require on the one hand that the Board of Education must not introduce politics in the public schools and on the other that the teachers themselves must go out of politics.

I cannot let this occasion pass without expressing my regret that the greatest teacher that this State has yet produced was compelled to withdraw his name for renomination for Superintendent of Schools from the Republican convention or suffer the humiliation of a recorded defeat. The school system of the State received in its incipiency the impress of the inspiring and suggestive mind of John Swett. The schools of San Francisco have received the results of his ripe experience and the maturity of his thought. If elected Superintendent of Schools it will be my earnest endeavor to carry forward the work he has so ably begun.

The meeting closed with cheers for the ticket amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

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Ladies' and Children's Shoes.
$15,000 Worth of Footwear
To Be Let Out. Lines to Be
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An Occasion That Seldom
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$3.50.
This was a $5 shoe. It is a ladies' Southern tie, either pointed or narrow square toe, of French kid, foxed, cloth top, with silk ribbon lace, Louis XV French heels.

$2.00.
This was our line of $2 50 to $3 Ladies' Vici Kid, foxed, button, cloth or kid tops, pointed or square toe, with patent tips, inflexible sole. This comprises our entire line of $2 50 and $3 shoes.

$1.25.
Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Oxford Ties, that always sold with us at $2.

$1.25.
These are half a dozen lines of Boys' and Girls' Pebble Goat School Shoes, that never left the house heretofore under $1 75.

50c.
Ladies' Boudoir Quilted Slippers. Our former price was $1.

69c.
Infants' French Kid Shoes, formerly sold at 90c.

$1.75.
Our former $2 25-line of Ladies' White Kid Slippers, with bows.

$3.50.
Ladies' Cloth Top, Pointed or Square Toe, Button Boots of the most celebrated manufacturers. A shoe that was made to sell at $4 50. Guaranteed the best of shoe leather purchasable.

Linens.

White Lunch Sets from $2 50 at an interval of 50c as high as you want to go, in the very latest patterns, in plain white, and also in white with fancy colored borders at the same price.

White Hemstitched Lunch Sets, $6, $7 50, $10 and upward.

Damask Dinner Cloths, border all around, from $2. rising 50c as high as you wish to pay for them. We have an immense stock of Linen Goods of all kinds; have been stocking up for the last six weeks. Receiving additions daily. We have the best and most complete line of towels to be found; at 25c we can give you twelve styles to select from.

THE HAMBURGER COMPANY,
Taylor and Market Sts.

DRY GOODS.

The Maze
A MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

We Have Seventy-Five Infants'
Long and Short
Cream Cashmere Cloaks
That We Will Sell Out To-Morrow.
Prices $1 35 to $4 50.
They Were Double.
Our Entire Stock of H. & S. Corsets
To Be Wiped Out, Won't Keep Them
Any More. Corsets $1 75 to $3 50
Will Be Sold To-Morrow at
$1 to $1 50.
200 Dozen Colored Suede
Kid Gloves 75c.
Regular Price $1 25.

Silks.

75c and $1.00.
In black and colored fancy effects. Fancy Surahs, Armures, Peking Stripes and Novelty Weaves, Gros Grains and Failles. We guarantee you that they are beyond any purchasable values obtainable in this city. They are all new goods that were recently bought in the face of a depressed silk market, which meant an absolute loss to the producer. If you look at our silk you will believe what we tell you. If you see the crowds purchasing at our counter it will inspire you with additional confidence.

Flannels.

35, 50 and 75c.
At 35 and 50c we can give you an assortment of about fifty different patterns of All-Wool Wrapper Flannels in the newest designs.

At 50c and 75c.
We can give you about 50 different patterns of imported French flannels for tea gowns, wrappers, etc.

There is a saving in purchasing them from us at from 10c to 25c a yard.

12½c.
Over 500 pieces of flannelettes and wrapper flannels that are shown at this price. Our stock of wash fabrics is the most complete and the prices are the lowest obtainable.

Cloaks and Suits.

We will surprise you at the values that we sell in tailor-made suits at $5 and $7 50. About 100 suits that we are anxious to close out because we do not want to keep them any more. This does not pay for the price of making. Our stock suits, ranging in price from $15 to $45, are marvels of perfection of fit. The styles are the latest, and the cloths are better than you could purchase at the counter and have them made up for.

In jackets we have just received a line of tight-fitting, elegantly shaped jackets that we are selling at $7 50, but our stronghold lies in jackets from $12 to $25. They are unsurpassed. We give more value for the money than any other house on the coast.

We have a large assortment of fur capes in various kinds of fur. The department is growing, and that fact shows that the public realize that they can get more for their money in fit and cloth from us than they can elsewhere. Come and see for yourself. We are the most reasonable house to do business with in town. If you are not suited with what you buy, bring it back and get your money.

Our fall catalogue has just been issued. We only ordered 35,000 printed. They are intended for our country customers. If you would like to have us mail you one, postage prepaid, it will be done on application.

We extend a cordial invitation to every lady in the city to visit our store and see the character of goods that we carry. We are not generally understood. Some people have an idea that we do not carry fine goods. This is a mistake. We carry the very best that the market affords. We cater only to the best class of customers, and every department in the house is stocked with goods purchased by such patrons. Come in and see us and get acquainted. It will lead to our mutual profit.

THE HAMBURGER COMPANY,
Market and Taylor Sts.

DRY GOODS.

The Maze
A MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

We are Making a
Phenomenal Success of Our
Ladies' Tailoring Department
Turning Out Suits for Some of
The Swellest People of the City.
The Public Are Not Slow to
Appreciate Fit, Style and Price.

Dress Goods.

$2.50.
A line of Zibeline Cloth. The newest effects in dress fabrics.

50c to $3.00.
The greatest line of Tailor Suitings in cloths, cheviots and tweeds to be found in this city.

75c.
Received by express on Saturday, 20 pieces of Novelty Suitings in silk and wool, entirely new. Owing to the lateness of their arrival they will be sold at 50c a yard off the price.

Black Dress Goods.

37½c.
We offer you 20 pieces of double fold, all-wool, extra fine quality of Black Serge. It is a bargain.

50c.
15 pieces of all-wool black Diagonal Dress Goods, an extra heavy quality and the best value in black Dress Goods that was ever sold for the money.

$1.00 to $3.00.
A complete line of the celebrated Priestly black Novelty Dress Goods. The name is a guarantee for worth. The price is a guarantee for value.

Toys.

Our Toy Department is now open and in full blast. You can select anything that you want downstairs, have it laid aside for you, and we will deliver it for you any time on or before Christmas that you may desire. Early purchasers get the advantage of full stocks, ample time for trading and avoid holiday rush and crush. No charge made for storage.

Blankets.

We have some 50 pairs of California Blankets, all qualities, which we have used as sample blankets. In showing them they have become somewhat roughed. We mark them down to one-half their real value, and as an additional incentive to trade will give a discount of 10 per cent off of them. You will never buy such values in blankets again.

We start our line of Blankets at $1 in white, and it is the best blanket for the money your dollar ever purchased. From that we run up.

We have a complete stock of Comforts, Pillows, Bedspreads, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, Tapestry and Drapery Goods that we sell at a lesser price than any similar concern in the city.

THE HAMBURGER COMPANY,
Taylor and Market Sts.

ON THE COMSTOCK.

Weekly Bulletins of Work Done in the Mines.

VIRGINIA, Nev., Oct. 20.—Following are the superintendents' weekly reports of the various mines on the Comstock:

CON. CAL. & VA.—1650 level—We have continued to stope out ore from the new ore body from the fourth floor (south drift 2) up to the tenth floor (two floors above the sill floor of the 1650 level), and the faces of the stopes are looking well at all points. The winze which was started on the sill floor of the south drift of the 1500 level has been sunk during the week 12 feet, following the west wall with a regular dip; total depth of the winze 25 feet. In this last 12 feet the winze in its entire length and width has carried ore which gave an average assay value at $70 90 per ton, and the bottom of the winze is in solid, compact ore, the average assay value of which is $72 80 per ton. We have extracted during the week from the stopes and from the winze about 347 tons of ore, the average assay value of which per car samples was $92 30 per ton. We have shipped to the Morgan mill 594 tons and 30 pounds of ore, the average assay value of which per railroad-car samples was $69 36 per ton. The average assay value of all ore worked at that mill during the week (448 tons) was $82 32 per ton. In the coming week we will commence repairing the 1750 level and will make preparations to drift in the directions of the ore body and make connection with it on that level.

OPHIR—1465 level—The west crosscut 62 feet up from the upraise carried up 89 feet above the sill floor of this level at a point 70 feet in from the south of the crosscut run east from the main north lateral drift and 124 feet north from the main east crosscut from the shaft was extended 12 feet, total length 61 feet, continuing in porphyry and quartz of low assay value. Have continued jointly with the Mexican Company the work of making repairs in the main shaft on the 1100 level and upward.

CENTRAL TUNNEL—The drift running south from the bottom of the old winze on the 250 level of the mine has been extended 53 feet, total length 203 feet, continuing in a quartz formation assaying from $2 to $8 per ton. The upraise started at the end of the drift running north from the top of the upraise which was carried up 20 feet from the end of the crosscut run west from the northwest drift from the Mexican shaft 56 feet above the tunnel level has been carried up 26 feet, total length 41 feet, in porphyry and quartz of low assay value.

UNION CON.—900 level—The east crosscut from the Sierra Nevada north lateral drift which was run from the joint west drift at a point 1520 feet west of the shaft has been advanced during the week 18 feet, total length 138 feet; face in clay, quartz and porphyry. The west crosscut from the Union Con. south lateral drift run from the joint west drift at a point 1520 feet west of the shaft has been advanced 25 feet, total length 147 feet; face in clay and porphyry.

MEXICAN—1465 level—The drift running north from the end of the west crosscut started from the top of the upraise which was carried up 45 feet above the sill floor of this level at a point 40 feet west from the main north drift and 100 feet north from the south line of the mine has been extended during the week 17 feet; total length 55 feet; face in porphyry and quartz carrying some value.

BEST & BELCHER—200 level—Started an east crosscut from end of north drift and extended same 10 feet, discontinuing work with face in soft porphyry; also started a north drift from upraise 1 50 feet above this level and advanced it 12 feet, passing through quartz and porphyry. 800 level—West crosscut 2 started from main north drift has been extended 17 feet, total length 592 feet; face in hard porphyry.

HALE & NORCROSS—975 level—Advanced No. 1 west crosscut 13 feet, total length 48 feet; face in porphyry. 10 level—Have been putting in sill floor sets in the end of the north drift; will be ready to start the upraise at this point in a few days.

ANDES—420 level—The west crosscut from the north drift from the top of the upraise up 50 feet has been advanced 15 feet, total length 29 feet; formation quartz and porphyry.

GOULD & CURRY—200 level—The south drift started from west crosscut 5 1115 feet from northwest drift has been extended 18 feet, passing through porphyry and stringers of quartz, total length 290 feet.

DRAMATIC DREAMS.

Lightning-Like Play of the Imagination During Sleep.

A curious example of the dramatic and mythopoeic quality in dreams, and of the power of compressing time, was once related to me by a lady. She, in her dream, was sitting in her room looking out on a beautiful, clear, autumn twilight. She heard a knock, heralding visitors, and, going downstairs, found two strangers in her parlor. One she recognized—a relative who had died in her childhood. He was a little, old gentleman in a brown dress of the early part of the century. With him was a handsome lady in a Spanish mantilla. They had, on the table before them, a small, ancient, iron-bound chest. At this moment (still in a dream) a servant entered with tea, or some refreshment, and, lo! the visitors vanished. The servant went out, and there were the visitors again. They had opened the coffer and displayed two sets of yellow, old documents. One was a list of securities, one a list of names. The lady in the mantilla explained, while the gentleman nodded assent, that he and she had been betrothed, and that she had died before their marriage. The old gentleman had gone abroad at the Peace of Amiens, had been caught and detained on the outbreak of the war, and this had led to some accident in his affairs by which the coffer and its contents had been neglected and the securities were still lying unclaimed.

"They are," said the lady of the mantilla, "now in the keeping of Messrs. ——." A knock at the door. Enter the maid with tea in flesh and blood; disappearance of the dream. The solicitor's name was never communicated.

Now, the dream-mind clearly started from the maid's first tap at the door. This was the knock announcing the arrival of the visitors in the dream. All the rest of the scenes were a myth, invented by the dream-mind to account for the first half-heard tap. The dream-mind created the person of the old, forgotten relative, and invented, without any assistance from conscious memory, the lady of the mantilla, and her love story and her death. The box, the securities, all the dresses, the properties, were improvised by the dream-mind and placed on the stage of vision.

All this was done, all this drama performed, merely as a myth, accounting for the first tap, and everything was invented, staged and acted in the moment between the first tap at the door and the second.—Andrew Lang in the Illustrated London News.

OCTOBER 22 to 27, opening week, Plant Department, Sunset Seed and Plant Co., 427 Sansome st. and 507 Clay st. Please look in.

"TOBACCO TAKING."

Users of the Weed Labored Under Disadvantages 250 Years Ago.

People who make a specialty of uncomfortable statistics have lately asserted that a warehouseful of tobacco is consumed by smokers in this city every day of the year. As a unit of measure the warehouse is a vague and variabl quantity, but it carries the impression of unlimited tobacco and an infinitude of smoking. But this is not all, for the statisticians do not seem to include in this statement the amount of "the weed" consumed in other ways.

Doubtless just such a prevalence of the habit did the "General Courte" of Connecticut foresee when it drew up the famous "Blue Laws," bearing date in the year of our Lord 1650. The good people of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield established this court by provision of the Civil Compact of 1638.

The smoker of to-day may meditatively wonder at legislation that made a license from the court and a prescription from "some approved for knowledge in skill and phisick" necessary before one could begin the use of the fragrant weed, and that prohibited the taking of any "tobacko in the street, highwayes or any barne yardes." Fortunately, the cigarette had not attained its later deadliness, else the violator of the statute might not have escaped with so light a fine.

This was the law as enacted:

TOBACKO.

Forasmuch as it is observed, that many abuses are crept in and committed, by frequent taking of tobacko.

It is ordered by the authority of this Courte, That no person under the age of 21 years, nor any other, that hath not already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacko untill hee hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in phisick. That it is usefull for him, and allso, that hee hath received a lycense from the courte for the some.—And for the regulating of those, who either by theire forever taking it, have, to theire own apprehensions, made it necessary to them, or uppon due advice, are persuaded to the use thereof.

It is ordered, That no man within this colonye, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacko, publiquely in the streets, highwayes or any barne yardes, or uppon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of six-pence for each offence against this order, in any the particulars thereof, to bee paid without gainesaying, uppon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one magistrate. And the constables in the severall townes are required to make presentment to each particular Courte, of such as they doe understand, and can evict to be transgressors of this order.

It is certain that tobacco-users were, metaphorically at least, not in the best of odor in those days. Here is a provision of the same court that came under the general head of "Idleness":

It is ordered by this Courte and authority thereof That no person, householder or other, shall spend his time idlely or unprofitably, under paine of such punishment as the Courte shall thinke meete to inflict, and for this end it is ordered that the constable of every place shall use speciall care and dilligence to take knowledge of offenders in this kinde; especially of common coasters, unprofitable fowlers and tobacko-takers, and present the same unto any magistrate, who shall have power to heare and determine the case, or transfer it to the next Courte.—New York Tribune.

A Hot Ride.

Probably one of the most thrilling rides ever heard of occurred on the Lebanon Valley branch of the Reading road to-day. A young man crawled into the ashpit of a Wooten engine at Harrisburg this morning. The pit is divided into two sections, and both are directly beneath the firegrates.

He entered through under the door of the fire-box and took a seat in the second compartment, unobserved by the engineer or fireman. Shortly after taking this position the engine was attached to the fast line, and started for this city. When the train stopped at Robesonia, twelve miles west of Reading, the fireman was startled by seeing a tall young man, all covered with ashes, stick his head out of the opening below the fire-box door, and ask, "How far is it to Reading?" "How did you get in there and where?" asked the fireman. "At Harrisburg." "And you were not burned?" "Well, it kept me hustling to dodge the hot coals as they dropped down on me. It was a great ride, partner," he said, and hurriedly left as the train pulled away from the station. The engineer says the only thing that saved the man from being burned up was that the fire had been puddled with large coal before leaving Harrisburg.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mummies are sometimes developed in 1000 yards of bandages.