LOFTY TO LOWLY.

Transformation of a Man of the World.

INTO A MAN OF THE SEA.

How James Whittier Eastman Became a Whaler.

HE CAME HOME TO A FORTUNE.

One of the Herriman's Crew a Well-Known Scion of a Well-Known Family.

James Whittier Eastman has had opportunity to study life in two of its most interesting phases. He has passed from the lofty to the lowly and vice versa, and is satisfied. Most men have to be kicked and mauled about and made to feel the sharpest and the most painful of "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" before they cry quits, but plain, unpalatable salt pork and beans did the job for James Whittier. He has thrown up both hands, figuratively speaking, and cried, "Hold, enough!"

When James Whittier Eastman signed on the whaler Emma Berriman he did so with the consent of Mr. Whittier, his uncle, of the firm of Whittier, Fuller & Co. He did so with the full knowledge that he would have to forego the epicurean pleasures of the table d'hote and settle down to sea food. He knew that going a-whaling according to the shipping-master's way was not blubber-hunting according to the masters of sea literature, but he did not think that it was as bad as the water-front prophets declared it to be.

"Think of the return home," he soliliquized. "Think of the heavily ladened ship pointing her greasy nose toward Alcatraz light. When the Merchants' Exchange reporter yells out, 'What's your catch?' just think of answering back from the masthead 'A half hundred sperms.' Whew, everybody would return wealthy."

And this is how one of San Francisco's sportiest young men passed from the everyday life of a prodigal son to the everyday life of a whaler. He took time by the forelock, and said: "I will study no longer the flowing bowl, but turn my attention to the flowing sea." Then James Whittier Eastman signed. Two weeks later, had it not been a breach of deepsea ethics, he would have kicked himself. Instead he kicked the messboy, and swore according to the first chapter of McManus. Yes, in that brief period the young gallant had "fallen from his high estate" and was weltering in his disappointment.

Jim Eastman might have chosen a better vocation. He had every opportunity to do so. His relations were wealthy enough to have purchased him a little whaler of his own and send him forth upon the broad sea of adventure to strike oil through the first hide-bound thing that floated his way. But Jim had already spent enough jingling dollars upon a free silver basis to make it necessary for his kin to discourage a further outlay of lucre. It was decided that he should go to sea in another man's boat, and so he did.

From the gilded palace to the dingey forecastle; from the "lean and slipperd pantaloon" to the bulgy broganed overall. The transformation was complete, and James Whittier Eastman became assistant dispenser of the "salt horse" and "bakers." He left his pretty wife enjoying the delicacies of the Palace Hotel menu, and cast his future among the cooks. Society was shocked. It has never recovered since.

But there were some of the essentials of a nineteenth century gentleman that Mr. Eastman did not overlook. He had a vague idea that he might some day get to port and to society, so in the abyssimal depths of his canvas "kit" he stored a stylish suit of clothes, patent leather boots and a few silk handerchiefs. By means of these he was retransferred from the lowly to the lofty when he got back home Friday night last.

Crackedice of the Arctic is far different from the dainty, glassy chips of the barroom. Old pipes and black tobacco cannot hope to vie with fragrant Havanas. French meals tickle the palate more than does the "grub" of a whale-chaser. All these things Mr. Eastman found out and rebelled. He did not care to stay in the cabin, so he became a foremast hand. He got up at all hours of the day and night and shouted "Whale, ho!" and "There she blows" with the rest of the boys. The exercise made him hungry, but he could not masticate, much less digest, the ship's food supply.

Three months out the Herriman got well into the Arctic circle. Winds that whisked snowy locks about the brows of icebergs fell upon the Herriman in all their chilliness. Wow, it was an awful cold day for Jim, and he thought of the warm stove in the grillroom and the sable artist in white apron asking soothingly: "What's yours, sir? Hot Scotch?" Then the patent leather shoes and four-button cutaway would come out of their hiding place and almost speak to him and say: "When shall we shine again?"

Storms came and with them hailstones that derisively played pocket-pool with the scupper-holes, and auroras that imitated footlights with the north pole for a stage. Polar bears gave a specialty performance among the ice hummocks, while much-coveted but shy white foxes refused to be seated in the Herriman's private box-traps. All such sights were calculated to inspire the adventuresome city gentlemen with a longing to shift the scenes to Market street and its throng of fair women and diamond-bedazzled men.

Between decks stern reality confronted him. Distorted faces peered from beneath blankets—gaunt, hungry faces that gazed into the smoke-ladened, darkened atmosphere hopelessly, spiritlessly. They were faces of men who were his shipmates—faces of creatures that differed as much in expression from those of the happy, guileless visages of the "sporty boys" of the free city as the veiled midnight sun does from the solar blessing of a semi-tropic land. Some of these shipmates had given up all hope in life, and journeyed on, on—not caring where they landed. They had shipped in whalers before, and knew what it was to suffer. It had become second nature to them. James Whittier could not stand the contrast between his newly found companions and those of his acquaintance a few months previous, so he got out his cutaway and patent leathers again and tried to forget his surroundings.

But the strange man in a strange place was not altogether without hope. He still clung to the notion that enormous supplies of oil and bone to be sold on "lay" would compensate him for all the misery he had suffered. He fancied that the ship would make a big catch. Alas, in this he was mistaken. Lots of levithans were sighted, but only three were captured. The oil was tried out, expenses figured up and profits divided or rather reckoned. He found that he had only $38 coming to him, so in disgust he signed the whole sum over to the steward, who had been his friend on the trip.

Soon after the Herriman dropped anchor off Meiggs wharf James Whittier Eastman signaled for a boat. He arrayed himself in his cutaway, put on his patent-leather shoes, parted his whiskers with a piece of whalebone and bid farewell to whalers and whalemen forever.

He gave his sailor's kit to some of the men, and told the boatmen to land him as soon as possible. Several hours later he was among the "lofty" again and celebrating his return.

"While I was away," he told, "I inherited another small fortune of $10,000. One of my uncles left it to me. My wife is in Napa County, where she owns a valuable ranch, and I shall join her as soon as possible."

Mr. Eastman would not tell exactly why he went to sea. "For my health," he added, then his story closed.

OCEAN VIEW COURSING.

Pat Canavan Roughly Handled and Unable to Attend.

The prize stake that was billed on the programme at Ocean View yesterday, owing to the sickness of Pat Canavan, did not come off.

It appears that since the retirement of Mr. Canavan from the proprietorship of the Seven-mile House there has been some disagreement between that gentleman and the new tenant, Mr. Casserly of that ilk. Just how far the two principals carried the discussion is not known, but certain it is that on Friday night last Pat Canavan was unmercifully beaten by some roughs while riding out from town.

According to Canavan's story he was peacefully and peaceably proceeding homeward, and had about arrived at his destination, when, as he was stepping off the car, he was waylaid by some of Casserly's boys, who knocked him down, jumped on him and in various ways expressed their disapproval of him and their championship of another. Canavan survived the ordeal, but he is confined to his bed, and the big stake at Ocean View was abandoned yesterday in consequence.

The day was passed in the running off of several match courses, which resulted as follows: John W beat Grand Jack; Best Trump beat Stamboul Queen; White Rustic beat Sierra; Skylight beat Starlight; Bonnie Lassie beat Butcher Boy; Chris Buckley and Twilight ran a long and tiring undecided course after a strong hare; Electric beat Stamboul Queen; Best Trump beat Tempest; Yreka beat Butcher Boy; Lackawanna beat John W; Mission Star and Joe Penard and Lackawanna and Snowball ran undecideds.

On Sunday next there will be a meeting of the New Occidental Club at Ocean View.

FRENCH SERVICES.

Festival of Notre Dame des Victoires

The Building Was Scarcely Large Enough for the Congregation. Two Sodalities Present.

Yesterday was the annual festival of "Our Lady of Victories," and the occasion was brilliantly commemorated at the French Church on Bush street, which is dedicated to "Notre Dame des Victoires." Crowds of people attended the services, which took place almost through the entire day. At the high mass there was such a large attendance that many late comers had to stand in the aisle.

American flags, interspersed with the French tricolor, formed the decorations of the main part of the church. The altars, however, were covered with magnificent flowers, particularly the main altar, which was glowing with brilliantly tinted chrysanthemums. One feature that added to the striking appearance of the chancel was the presence of thirty-six altar-boys, all dress in blue or red cassocks and white lace surplices. Rev. F. M. Rousselon, S.M., who was master of the ceremonies, had instructed them, and the behavior of the whole thirty-six boys was exceedingly quiet and reverent. Among the little fellows were: J. Langier, H. Laveau, E. Lahanier, J. Lowe, P. Eherien, E. Faure, T. Erigon, A. Lavallee, M. Munier, O. Lowe, A. Bresson, A. Knapf, E. Bertrand, A. Camons, A. Berton, B. Loux, M. Pey, E. Baraty, L. Pelle, A. Baraty.

The morning sermon was preached by Rev. Father Gedte, S. M., his text being, 'Thine is the victory, O Lord." "God alone," said the preacher, "is the master of victory. He commands the elements and nature obeys him. He reigns as master in heaven, on earth and in the vast abysses of the ocean. The victories of the blessed Virgin were then related; how at her birth she triumphed over the obscurities of the cradle and the corruption of sin and how at her death she triumphed over the corruption of the grave. "The prophet pictured her to us as a beneficent star, under the aspect of a sweet aurora, in the form of a lily, as the emblem of the rising moon, in the whiteness of a dove."

The Council of Ephesus, which defended the honor of Mary, was spoken of, and the Catholics after the decision of the fathers who comprised the council described. The sermon concluded with, "We must beseech Our Lady of Victories to help us to conquer the world, the flesh and the devil, and to make us share in heaven her crown of victories."

The music, which was under the direction of the organist, Professor S. Martinez, consisted of a military mass by Cimarosa. The singers in the double quartette were: Sopranos, Miss Helen Hefron, Miss E. N. Dickey; contraltos, Miss Irene Mull, Miss Mary Thompson; tenors, Edward Torpey, James Lane; bassos, N. Klepper, John McAuliffe.

In addition to the organist and the vocalists, however, the music was participated in by a juvenile brass band, under the direction of Theodore Gay. The players were all young French boys who attend a local institution. For their special benefit several numbers were introduced that were not in the original Cimerosa mass. At the conclusion of the service the band played the congregation out of the church. The celebrant at the principal mass was Rev. Father Audifret, S. M.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was a meeting of about sixty young men belonging to the Saint Aloysius Society, which had recently elected the following officers: President, E. Lahanier; first vice-president, G. Amedei; second vice-president, E. Dentz; treasurer, A. Munier, secretary, R. Dumoutelle; first acolyte, C. Lowe; second acolyte, E. Taure; librarian, J. Langier; marshall, G. Chevassus; organist, G. Nefret.

After the newly elected officers had been installed, they invited all the members of the society to a sumptuous lunch at a well-known restaurant. The banquetting-room was gaily decorated with French and American flags. Father F. M. Rousselon, S. M., presided at the feast and a number of speeches were made and friendly toasts drunk.

The evening service at half past 7 at Notre Dame des Victoires was almost as largely attended, as the chief mass had been. The music was furnished by the choir of the Young Ladies' Sodality, and the fresh young voices proved a very attractive addition to the service. An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. F. Audifret, S. M.

FATALLY BURNED.

A Servant's Death Caused by an Explosion of Alcohol.

Maria Kirby, a servant who had been employed by John J. Flood of 819 Golden Gate avenue, died at St. Mary's Hospital yesterday from burns caused by the explosion of a can of alcohol.

She was in her room Friday evening when the explosion occurred. A can of alcohol stood uncorked on the table when she lit her lamp, and the flame of the match ignited the vapor of the inflammable liquid. An explosion quickly followed and the blazing alcohol was splashed over her face and dress.

Her screams were heard by members of the family, who hastened to her assistance and extinguished her burning garment by wrapping her in blankets. The maid, who suffered intensely from her burns, was sent to the hospital, where she died at 4 o'clock yesterday morning.

She was a native of Ireland, 26 years old, and was related to Rev. Father Kirby of this city.

To Lecture on Japan.

The Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, president of the National Geographic Society of Washington, D. C., will read a paper on Japan before the Geographical Society of the Pacific at Union-square Hall to-morrow evening. Mr. Hubbard presided over the International Congress of Geographers, held at the World's Fair in Chicago, and is widely known in the Eastern States. His paper will undoubtedly prove interesting.

Buy paints, oils and glass of F. N. Woods & Co., 51 First street. Lowest prices.

WANT IT MOVED.

Property-Owners Object to a Fence

ALONG STANYAN STREET.

The Thoroughfare Fenced In by the Railroad.

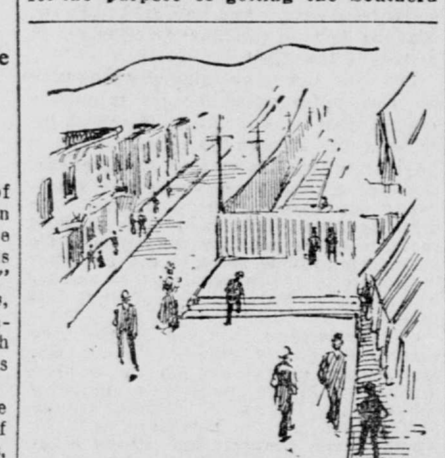
STREET-GRABBING AT THE PARK.

Many Wheelmen Come to Grief Through Their Reckless Riding on Park Drives.

Wagonloads of iron posts have been going to the south of Golden Gate Park, and this is taken as an indication that the steam railway to the ocean beach is to be supplanted by electricity.

"In spring," say the Market-street railway people, "we will have an electric railway from Stanyan street to the ocean. Then the steam cars will be removed."

Just what the Southern Pacific Company may do with its possessions in Golden Gate Park and upon Stanyon street, between Haight and Beulah streets, is a question that occupies the minds of property-owners in Ashbury Heights and in the valley adjoining Sutro's wooded hills. Indeed, it has been agitated with considerable interest by those people, who talk as if they will organize after the election for the purpose of getting the Southern



Stanyan Street Blocked by the Railroad Fence.

Pacific obstructions removed from Stanyan street. They claim that it is an injustice to them to have nearly half the only street available from their neighborhood blocked by a railroad fence.

"In years gone by, when the district south of Haight street and Golden Gate Park was an untenanted dairy ranch, the steam dummy line and its depot at the Park entrance were good enough," they say. "But not so now. Stanyan street, below Frederick, and the cross streets are fairly well built up with elegant dwellings and flats, and these streets are graded and paved and have been accepted by the city.

"If a man builds a house on Stanyan street he must put down a plank or patent stone sidewalk in front, but the railroad can fence in two blocks of sidewalk and maintain its tracks within the enclosure. That is not fair."

So long has the high fence stood on Stanyan street it has come to be regarded as part of the necessary paraphernalia of the railroad. And yet it projects beyond the sidewalk line and continues down the street just two blocks from the Haight-street entrance. Beyond it, in the direction of Clarendon Heights, is a smooth sidewalk, covered with broken rock in places and again paved with patent stone or covered with timber. Pedestrians must cross in the mud at Frederick street, as they are barred out by the railroad fence. Instead of a smooth walk to the park gate there are rails and fences.

Nor is this all the cause for complaint from residents and property-owners of the district. The sign, "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings," glaring from a pole on the railing of Golden Gate Park, is an eyesore and belongs to former years, when the place was a wilderness. Just at that point the locomotive enters upon the sidewalk.

The depot building at the Haight-street entrance to the park has not been used for a very long time since fares have been collected on the Cliff House trains instead of in the office. Passengers never use it now. So the complaining residents decide it should be removed and in its place shrubs and flowers planted.

As is the case with the spur track at the Midwinter Fair grounds, it is well known that the Southern Pacific has got control of the depot site and virtually owns it. The complaint is made that the antiquated sheds and fences cut off the southeast corner of Golden Gate Park, which ought to be set out in walks and flowers for the people to whom it belongs.

But nothing short of removal of the curved track from the park will satisfy the men who live in the neighborhood, for many pleasant acres are lost to the park in consequence of the railway's intrusion, and two blocks are deprived of a sidewalk to accommodate the railway company.

The wheelmen who frequent Golden Gate Park are making things interesting for the policemen, who thought that removal of restraining orders regarding bicycles would give them peace on Sundays. The noon hour had hardly arrived yesterday when the police were called to an accident opposite the three flagpoles.

C. Delano, a tanner on the San Bruno road, was out riding a bicycle with a friend. The two men were coasting along the main drive at a reckless gait when suddenly one of the bicycles swerved and dashed against the other machine. Delano was pitched forward on his head, while his companion saved himself by falling to one side. Delano lay on the ground in an unconscious condition till picked up by spectators of the accident. They carried him to a bench, where he lay for fully half an hour so completely dazed that he did not recognize his friend. Stimulants were given him and he gradually revived. He was hurt about the abdomen, but recovered sufficiently to be able to walk to the cars.

About 1:30 P. M. two wheelmen going at a high rate of speed crashed into each other opposite the Midwinter Fair gates on the north driveway. They were going in opposite directions, and such was the force of their collision that one rider was lifted from his seat and thrown completely over the wheelman who met him so unceremoniously. Their wheels were not broken much, and both men were lucky enough to escape with a few trifling bruises.

Saturday night three wheelmen when racing along a driveway ran into a horse and buggy. One wheel was turned into junk, but the others were but lightly touched. Torn clothing and some painful lacerations constituted the further penalty which the bicyclists had to pay.

A Benevolent Hebrew Society.

At a meeting of the Ladies' United Hebrew Benevolent Society held yesterday, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. J. S. Oppenheim; vice-president, Mrs. A. J. Prager; treasurer, Mrs. S. Zekind; secretary, Mrs. H. Lipman; trustees—Mrs. M. Davidson, Mrs. L. Brenner, Mrs. M. H. Lichtenstein, Mrs. J. L. Livingstone, Mrs. E. Magner; advisers—J. Bremer, S. Zekind, P. N. Aronson.

In the report of the society, just published, it is stated that the objects for which it is established is to render assistance to the sick and needy of the Jewish faith. Four thousand dollars have been distributed in this way during the past year. The society possesses 475 members, and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

THE VEREIN EINTRACHT.

Dedication Ceremonies at the New Hall Come to an End.

The dedication ceremonies of the new Verein Eintracht Hall on Twelfth street came to a close last evening with a flourish of trumpets. There was a monster attendance, and it was noticed that the political element loomed up in force, especially of the Democratic persuasion.

The evening's programme consisted first of an overture by the orchestra and a chorus rendered by the Eintracht singing section. Then followed the important ceremony of the presentation of the keys of the building by F. H. Martens, the architect, to the building committee, and in turn from the committee to the president of the Verein, M. Entzmann. Each ceremony was accompanied by a speech. President Entzmann spoke cheerfully for the success of the undertaking. Everybody was happy, and although no one could hear what a single speaker said, owing to the bustle and noise, yet it all looked very nice, and there was abundant applause. The evening's programme was to have concluded with a grand German play, but the stage could not be got ready, and so the idea was abandoned in favor of other exercises. There was the usual grand ball at the close, carried on well into the night.

The bazaar did remarkably well, in fact the whole affair of four nights' continuance was a success. It is estimated that over $3000 was netted from the undertaking.

CITY VS. COUNTRY.

The Cricket Carnival Is Concluded.

After an Interesting Contest the City Team Scores a Victory—Grand Exhibition of Cricket.

The first cricket carnival held in California came to a conclusion yesterday. The final event was the City of San Francisco versus the Country, and took place at Klinknerville. So much had been talked and written about this match, which would inevitably bring together the pick of the cricketing talent of California, that the large attendance which graced the game and made a picturesque scene of the grounds was not unlooked for.

As though in recognition of the fact that the event of the day represented the initial first-class cricket match ever held in California, the lovers of the game, old and young, native and foreign born, and of either sex, turned out to do it honor. As a result, the field presented a most lively aspect.

In addition to the enthusiastic crowd which peopled the grand stand and the restless complement which wandered in couples and groups, among the trees, a representative assemblage of San Francisco's 400 was seen in and around the tent bearing the colors of the California Club. Here presided Mrs. F. W. Eaton, the lady patroness of the association, who throughout the afternoon dispensed most graceful hospitality to her many friends. She was assisted by Mrs. Cook and the Misses Emma Eaton, Ethel Cook, Austin and Fisher. Among the many guests who enjoyed the conversazione, so ably directed, were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Greer Harrison and the Misses Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wiseman, Mr. and Mrs. G. Theobald, Miss Yoel, Miss Rising, Miss Selma Ingerson, W. J. Callingham, Edward Brown, president of the Alameda Cricket Club, and Howard Macsherry, president of the California Cricket Association.

In addition to the sportive and social features of the day, or as a happy combination of both, there was a "side show" which, while it lasted, engaged the attention of all present. A crowd of the small boys which invariably put in appearance on such occasions, despite the vigilance of gate-keepers and fences, was making its presence felt rather too emphatically. Captain Anson of the Californias, who is par excellence, a stickler for cricket etiquette as understood by the Marylebone authorities, determined to abate this nuisance. Although a martyr to rheumatism, which prevented him from playing, he armed himself with a stout hunting crop, and made a rush on the offenders which elicited the applause of the entire field. It is true that the only chastisement he was able to inflict was upon the person of the one youth in the crowd who had paid his admission, but as his onslaught had the effect of clearing the ground he was voted the hero of the day.

Captain Robertson of the city team won the toss and sent the visitors to the wicket. At the fall of the second wicket, the score not having reached 20, Captain Richardson went in and gave a superb exhibition of batting. He was finally dismissed at 38 by a smart catch of Robertson's. Stratton fell to one of Cookson's "beaters" before he got set, and Marsh-Browne, who followed, just reached double figures. Before the lunch hour the rest of the side were got rid of for 74.

Webster and Hogue opened for the City and played a steady, bowling-breaking game. The latter fell a victim to a half-volley of Browne's. Sloman was too venturesome and paid the penalty of being stumped, and Moriarity failed to score. Things looked pretty bad for the City at this juncture, but "Billy" was looked to to alter the aspect of the game, and he did not disappoint his adherents. His 22 was most carefully compiled, and the grand catch by Butt, which dismissed him, was a fitting ending to his innings. Randall and John Theobald then got together, and with consummate play brought about their team's victory. The fielding on both sides was a treat to witness, and it may be said that never has been witnessed on local grounds so good an exposition of the game.

Although at the conclusion of the first innings the match was virtually over in favor of the City by 37 runs, the visitors went in again and put up 52 for 9 wickets, Burbidge doing the best work. The score:

COUNTRY ELEVEN—FIRST INNING.

C. Hitchcock b. Sloman	10
C. Simmonds b. Sloman	3
R. Blunt c. Webster b. Cookson	0
H. B. Richardson c. Robertson b. Cookson	38
E. G. Stratton b. Cookson	3
L. Marsh Browne l. b. w. b. Robertson	10
H. B. J. Hickley b. Cookson	0
A. H. Jackson not out	0
F. Burbidge c. Sloman b. Robertson	2
H. A. Butt st. Webster b. Robertson	0
D. A. Craigie st. Webster b. Robertson	0
Extras	6
Total	74

CITY TEAM.

A. F. Webster c. Blunt b. Stratton	3
R. B. Hogue c. and b. Browne	20
E. G. Sloman st. Hitchcock b. Browne	3
J. J. Moriarty c. Craigie b. Stratton	0
W. Robertson c. Butt b. Burbidge	22
W. H. Griffiths c. Browne b. Stratton	4
E. T. Randall not out	31
H. Ward Jr. b. Burbidge	0
J. J. Theobald c. Simmonds b. Richardson	14
H. H. Cookson b. Richardson	4
T. J. A. Tiedemann c. Hitchcock b. Richardson	3
Extras	7
Total	111

COUNTRY TEAM—SECOND INNING.

L. Marsh Browne absent	0
C. Simmonds b. Robertson	11
C. Hitchcock b. w b. Robertson	3
R. Blunt c. Morarity b. Robertson	7
E. J. Stratton st. Webster b. Sloman	3
H. B. Richardson b. Robertson	6
H. H. Hickley c. Tiedemann b. Sloman	3
A. H. Jackson st. Webster b. Robertson	0
F. Burbridge, not out	16
H. A. Butt st. Webster b. Robertson	1
D. A. Craigie b. Sloman	0
Extras	2
Total	52

In the evening the members of the various visiting clubs were entertained by the association at a convivial in this city, where song and jest kept things going merrily till a late hour.

New Mizpah Church.

The opening service of the Mizpah Presbyterian Church will be held this evening in the new building on Harrison street, near Fifth.

Salvation Oil has cured many of rheumatism when other remedies failed. Price 25 cents.

THEIR WAR FUND.

Local Japs Collecting the Sinews.

TWO $10,000 CONTRIBUTIONS.

Gathered In From Many Parts of the Country

BY THE HOKOKI GIKWAI SOCIETY.

Students and "Help" of All Kind Imbued With a Patriotic Wish to Aid Japan.

Whatever may be the outcome of the Japanese-Chinese war, it has already served to give the people of other nations a definite idea of certain ruling characteristics of the inhabitants of these two countries. Among those of the Japanese are the twin qualities of bravery and patriotism. It has rested with the military to show the two combined, while the great mass of the people has had to content itself with evidences of more subdued patriotism.

The Japanese of this city and, in fact, of the entire coast have given a most practical illustration of their love for their country by recently remitting the neat sum of $10,000 to the War Department, to be used in the campaign against China, and a second shipment of like amount is announced to leave by the next steamer. Nor do they intend to stop at this. They are going right ahead raising more money for the same purpose, and propose to keep on remitting as long as the war continues, whether it stops within a month or continues for years.

These contributions are the work of a society that was organized by the Japanese of the State as soon as war was declared by the Mikado. The object of the society, while set forth in a pamphlet issued shortly after the permanent organization last August, can best be summed up in the biblical quotation, "Bear ye one another's burdens." And this is precisely what the association was organized for—to enable the non-combatants to help bear the burdens of their fellow-countrymen in the service by contributing toward the war fund.

Hokoki Gikwai is the native way of spelling the name of the organization, which, when given literal translation, means Japanese Patriotic Society. The latter part of July a mass-meeting of Japanese residents was held and a committee of thirty appointed. August 2 this committee met and elected officers and appointed sub-committees. The chairman of this executive committee was N. Nabekra of the Specie Bank. Secretaries and treasurers were also appointed. After this permanent organization the pamphlet was issued. It spoke to the patriotism of the Japanese and stated that as many of their relatives and friends were engaged in the service it would be but right for those residing outside of their native land to contribute toward the support of their people and their country. As a result, contributions of all sizes began to roll in. To better facilitate the collection of the money circles have been formed at Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Biggs, while among the earliest to organize societies were Alameda, Oakland and Sacramento.

Practically all of the Japanese residents of the coast have received these pamphlets, and the work of proselytizing to its objects is progressing with decidedly unexpected and most gratifying rapidity. The headquarters for the receipt of the contributions is in San Francisco, and as fast as the treasuries of the outside circles become filled with money it is sent to Mr. Nabekra.

No attempt is made by the society to direct how the money shall be expended. The contributors can of course specify whether their donations are to go to the war or the naval departments, in which choice they are probably guided by the connection of their friends or relatives with either branch. Some of the young contributors suggested that part of the money be expended in fruits or edibles of some sort to be sent from America, but as the funds would have purchased only about enough to go a tenth or so around, it was thought best to save the commissary-general the trouble and petty annoyance of distributing apples or bananas to the soldiers — logically within the sutler's province—and send the entire $10,000 subject to the discretion of the War Department.

About $9000 of the second remittance is already in hand, and when this is sent the work of getting additional contributions will be at once renewed. Many of the contributors suggested that this second shipment be made several weeks ago, but as the Japanese Government is not in any immediate need of funds and this sum will not materially interfere one way or another, it was decided to wait until the $10,000 was in a lump.

The Japanese residents have responded most spontaneously, and quite a number of the students have become so imbued with their duty to their country that they have discontinued their studies for the present and gone out over the country in quest of employment, so that they can turn the results of their labors into the patriotic fund. Contributions have been received from Idaho and Nevada, and by the time of the third shipment of $10,000 the influence of those little pamphlets will probably be seen to be even more widespread than now.

Similar societies exist in Japan, and it is understood that the Japanese residents of European countries are contributing their mites toward the fund.

JAPANESE OFFICIALS.

They Have Been Recalled Home for Service.

Prince Yamashina, who left on the Peking last Saturday for Japan, remained in this city for several days visiting various places of interest. He has just graduated from the Kiel Naval Academy in Germany after a four years' course.

The Prince visited many of the German cities before leaving that country, sailing from Bremen about the first of the month. He stopped several days in New York and Chicago and was most favorably impressed with those cities as well as with the people. The one thing which served to impress him the most regarding the American people was their almost universal expression of sympathy with the Japanese cause. Prince Yamashina would have spent more time in this country and Europe had the affairs in his own country so permitted. His title is that of lieutenant, and on his arrival home he will at once be assigned to a position on one of the Japanese vessels. He is a cousin of Prince Komatsu and his dynasty is about 300 years old. In his party were Lieutenant Iami and Mr. Tagawa, the Prince's private secretary.

Major Cousnoce, who has been attached to the Japanese legation at St. Petersburg, but who has been recalled home, was another passenger on the Peking. He stated that the foreign nations could not understand the patriotism of Japanese living outside of that country which prompted them to contribute money toward defraying the expenses of the war.

THOUGHT THEY WERE SAFE.

Chinese Tan Players Caught in an Abandoned Police Station.

Sergeant Gillen and his posse captured eleven fantan players with their "kitty," beans, buttons and hooked stick at 27 Waverly place yesterday morning. The building was the old Chinatown station abandoned by the police about two years ago. The Chinese had divided the long room on the ground floor into three apartments, two of which were apparently used for gambling, while the third, which was farthest from the street, was furnished like a kitchen. There was no one in these rooms when the sergeant and his squad entered, but in the room furnished like a kitchen they found a hidden door, and passing through discovered the gamblers sitting around a table deeply interested in the game. There was an attempt to escape, a short sharp struggle and the gamblers were captives.

The "kitty," containing $117 70, was taken and is now in the safe at the old City Prison. The prisoners were booked for gambling, but a charge of vagrancy was made against two of them, who are old offenders.

TO BE MORE LIBERAL.

Old People's Home By-Laws to Be Revised.

The present existing by-laws governing the Old People's Home, at the corner of Pine and Pierce streets, will be revised—partly repealed and partly amended—by the society and the Board of Trustees this afternoon. Although the rules that govern the management at the present time are very good they are not entirely satisfactory. Experience has shown that certain changes are necessary. There will be no alteration in the main points of the present by-laws as regards the age of candidates for admission or their mental, physical or financial condition, but the revision will bring about a more liberal spirit in the general management. Some of the rules now existing, if rigidly enforced to the letter, are deemed too strict for persons who are laboring under the difficulties that beset second childhood.

The society governing the home and the board of trustees will meet for the purpose specified at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Charles Nelson of Alameda, president of the society, was at the home yesterday. She stated that a number of changes had been suggested and would doubtless be made as soon as formal action could be taken by the two governing bodies. She was, however, unwilling to state specifically what the changes would be.

C. V. S. Gibbs, one of the trustees, who has just finished writing the proposed changes for the board's consideration, said:

"The new by-laws will be more liberal in their general tendency as regards the every day management of the home. The proposed changes are not of vital importance except so far as the small things and trifling details of life when aggregated became matters of some importance."

At the present time the home has 128 inmates, some of whom have reached the age of 90 years, and altogether they constitute a very happy family.

MEDAL SHOOTING.

Work at the Shell Mound Targets.

Howard Carr of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club Makes a Coast Record.

The shooting range at Shell Mound was not very well attended yesterday. It was evidently an off day among the marksmen who frequent Captain Siebe's resort, but of course there were enough on hand to keep the markers busy during the greater portion of the day. The militiamen composed the majority of the crowd and their scores were, as usual, up to the average in their monthly competitions. The Norddeutscher Schuetzen Verein and the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club also put in an appearance, the latter keeping up its reputation for all-round excellence at both rifle and pistol shooting. Company A of the Fifth Infantry held its monthly medal shoot with an excellent attendance. The boys shot at 500 yards first and finished at 200 with the following results:

Champion class:	
Frank Poulter	42 49—91
Private Maker	37 41—78
Captain Poulter	41 28—69
Sergeant Downie	36 29—65
First class:	
Corporal Vaughn	36 41—77
Corporal McCormick	40 42—82
Sergeant Cunningham	40 41—31
Private Prukett	36 35—71
Second class:	
Lieutenant Hosmer	25 38—63
Private Peterson	0 36—36
Sergeant Ellis	19 34—53
Third class:	
Private C. Taggart	28 40—68
Private J. Taggart	25 32—57
Private Baker	3 33—36
Private Miller	9 12—21
Private Hopkins	4 25—29
Corporal Brier	31 42—73
Private Littlefield	29 26—55
Private Peck	14 29—43
Private Robinson	2 31—33
Private Bodwell	2 0—2

Company D, First Infantry, monthly medal shoot—Private Whitehead 38, Private Campbell 32, Private Murdon 32, Private J. E. McClunie 32, Private U. Mills 31.

Battery C, Second Artillery, monthly medal shoot—Lieutenant Huber 46, Lieutenant Tobin 45, Private Ringen 44, W. Golly 42, Sergeant Moore 41, Private Kallman 41, J. von Staden 40, Private Stripple 40, Corporal Sheehan 40, M. Meyer 39, C. Cooper 38, Private Otten 38, Corporal Akmann 37, Sergeant Liebe 36, Private Ahlborn 37, Captain Boyton 35, Private De Bernardi 36, Private H. Lemeyer 36, Private Saur 34, Private Hauser 32, Corporal Corcoran 33, Private Son 31, Private Ryan 37.

Battery D, Second Artillery, monthly medal shoot—Sergeant Badt 44, Corporal Manuel 43, Private Martin 41, Lieutenant Clark 40, Sergeant Farless 40, Private Berry 40, Lieutenant Leitz 40, Private Tambella 37, Private Dohrman 40, Private Molnern 37, Sergeant Rosenthal 38, Private Schwartz 38, Private Cook 35.

Battery F, Second Artillery, monthly medal shoot: Corporal Brown 44, Sergeant Heenan 42, Private O'Connor 41, Corporal Turton 40, Private Nippert 39, Private Wagner 38, Private Osborn 34, Private Heilz 34, Private Field 34, Private Turton 34, Private Masury 33, Private Lotz 32, Corporal Clark 31, Private Fitzgerald 25, Private Rome 24, Private Schwab 20.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: First class, H. Hellberg 412. Second and third not won. Fourth class, D. Sclinkel 269. First best shot, Hellberg 22; last best shot, J Gefken 25.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, monthly rifle shoot for Ross medal: Fred Gehret 90, Colonel Kellogg 82, H. R. Brown 79.

Columbia pistol shoot for Blanding medal: C. M. Daiss, 91; F. O. Young, 91.

Kellogg medal, rapid fire pistol shooting: Howard Carr, 70; C. M. Daiss, 61; F. O. Young, 59.

Carr also made 70, 69, 62, 49, three of which constitute the coast record. According to the rules of the club the four highest scores made during the year capture the medal, and Carr's performance of yesterday foots up 250 to his credit, which is the highest total made during the present year.

Monthly bullseye contest of the Germania Schutzen Club: John Peters, John Thode, H. Heeth, H. Hellberg, J. E. Klein, J. Zimmermann, F. Gehret, Captain L. Siebe.

Rev. J. Q. A. Henry Lectures.

The Mechanics' Pavilion held fully 12,000 people yesterday afternoon who had gathered to hear Rev. J. Q. A. Henry on the public school question. They were admitted by tickets, which had been issued during the week to the number of 16,000, and were quite demonstrative during the course of the two addresses which Mr. Henry made during the course of the afternoon.

The speaker asked each of the audience to come to the meeting next Sunday with an American flag and announced that Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn would recite "Old Glory."

Policemen were numerous through the audience and around the building, but not the shadow of a disturbance occurred.

The Hebrew Congregations.

The annual election for officers of the Hebrew congregations in the city came off yesterday. At the Temple Emanu-El A. Anspacher was elected president in the stead of the late Martin Heller. R. Peixotto was called to the vice-presidency and Henry Wangenheim to the secretaryship of the congregation. The old board of trustees was re-elected, with the addition of Messrs. S. W. Rosenstock and Joseph Naphtaly.

The Sherith Israel congregation, corner of Post and Taylor streets, unanimously re-elected their popular president, Louis Brown, and called to office the following gentlemen: Vice-president, M. Goldwater; secretary, Alexander Badt; treasurer, Charles Harris; trustees, Messrs. Dusenberg, Schideman and Kuttner.

AT OCEAN BEACH.

Crowds Visit the Sutro Baths.

THOSE THAT CAN GET THERE

Delights of Travel by the Market-Street System.

IT IS FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

While the Southern Pacific Holds Sway There Is Discomfort for All Pleasure-Seekers.

Yesterday being marked as perhaps the most glorious day of the season, it was in the natural order of things that thousands of persons should journey Cliffward, and that because Mr. Sutro had chosen to throw open his baths for a visitors' promenade, the accommodations made for pleasure-seekers by the Southern Pacific Company should be rather worse than usual.

There are only two ways to get to the Cliff, for those whose means or inclinations do not run to a buggy. There is the time-honored route by Market street cars to Stanyan street, and thence, by the payment of an additional fare, a smoky steam dummy conveys the traveler to the ocean beach. There is another way by the Powell and Clay street line to Sixth avenue, whence the weary traveler tramps a block or so through inches of mud and sand to where another steam abomination stands awaiting him. Another extra fare, of course. All these lines being in the control of the Southern Pacific Company, the traveler naturally has to obey orders.

There used to be, and is now supposed to be, a way to the Cliff whereby the octopus only collected half the revenue. It was by the California-street line to Central avenue, thence by steam dummy to the Cliff. But the railroad wants both fares, and so when the passenger alights from a California-street car now he is told that the old steam dummy is out of repair, and he must use the Southern Pacific's service by Sacramento street and Sixth avenue if he wishes to see the waves beat upon the rocks ere the sun goes down.

A week ago, when Mr. Sutro gave his magnificent bath-house up to Scheel's orchestra, some 15,000 to 20,000 souls fought and scratched for places to hang on to the few cars placed by the railroad at the convenience of the public. Lots got left behind, and did not get back to the city until all sorts of hours. Yesterday, although Scheel's orchestra was not there, and the crowd was not so large as on the previous Sunday, the scene was pretty much the same. It was not so bad going out as the visitors straggled somewhat, but coming home —— !

The Sacramento-street service, which connects at Sixth avenue with the Cliff House line, has a pleasing way of breaking down every now and then. It has been coming to grief about five times a week lately, and there was very nearly another stoppage yesterday afternoon. It is a pleasant thing to be left dangling, as it were, half way up a hill, with the equally pleasing uncertainty as to whether the cable will be all right in a few minutes or whether it will require hours to fix. Ever since the consolidation of the Market-street railroads with the Ferries and Cliff House Company into one gigantic cinch the worn and weary pleasure-seeker does not know where he is at.

Arrived at the Cliff dusty and begrimed with the smoke from a dirty, ill-kept engine, it was a relief to wander through the baths, with the glorious sunshine pouring through the glass roof and the roar of the breaking waves without. There must have been seven or eight thousand people there during the afternoon. Mr. Sutro had made no arrangements for bathers, as his baths are not yet declared open, but the Golden Gate Band was there in all its glory, discoursing strains of welcome, and so was a very georgeous soda fountain, whence many colored drinks of an apparently harmless description were concocted to wash dull care away.

Adolph Sutro was there himself promenading up and down. He waxed extremely enthusiastic on the subject of his proposed electric road. It will be completed in three or four months, he says.

"I could do it in sixty days if I chose," said Mr. Sutro yesterday, "but I see no need for hurry. I have determined one thing, however, and that is that I will not throw these baths open to the public until either the octopus comes down to my terms or my electric road is completed. So you may safely say that my baths will not be open until February or March of next year—that is, for bathing purposes.

"They will be open occasionally for concert purposes. Mrs. Dr. Gibbons came to see me to-day to arrange about a concert to be held on Saturday afternoon next in aid of the old Mercantile Library. I believe she wants Scheel's orchestra. What could I do? I told Mrs. Gibbons that she could have the place, and so I suppose her concert will come off.

"But once let me establish a five-cent fare to the Cliff House and I'll show you what I'll do. I'll declare the baths open. I'll erect a stage and we'll have all sorts of performances—pantomimes, concerts, swimming exhibitions, circuses, everything—and the baths will be open for swimming from early morn until midnight all the year round.

"That is what I mean to do; it's only a question of time. I'll have my own road out here soon." So saying the old millionaire caught sight of a friend and taking him over to the soda fountain stood him some mineral water.

Outside the baths the Cliff House was once more thrown open to visitors free. Lots of people were there looking at the seals, listening to the waves and drinking in the ozone. It was noticed that considerable damage had been done recently to the nice green, high board fence which Mr. Sutro had erected at his own expense as it was broken in places—evidently by some aggrieved politicians who disliked to be peremptorily ordered to vote for Sutro for Mayor. The millionaire of the Cliff House has placards all over his own places there.

It was God's own day, and when the sun began to lose its brilliancy and the first shades of night to shroud the horizon there might be seen at either railway station throngs of perspiring pleasure-seekers fighting for standing-room upon the dingy cars that awaited their pleasure at lengthy intervals. It was a case of "devil take the hindmost" then.

POISONED WITH STRYCHNINE.

Valuable Canines Destroyed by an Unknown Miscreant.

The voices of four talented and valuable canines will be missed hereafter from the nightly chorus on the Barbary Coast. They were full of life and fight Saturday night, but the calm Sabbath morning found them stark and stiff in their kennels. They had partaken of bread seasoned with strychnine.

Who provided the deadly repast for the dogs is unknown, and if he is wise it behooves him to preserve his incognito, for vengeance has been declared against him by the owners of the dogs, who fear that the destruction of the animals was caused by some one of a burglarious turn of mind.

Among the dead canines is a Newfoundland, owned by Edward Mouret, who has a bakery on Montgomery street, near Broadway. It was a thoroughbred, valued at $100 by its owner, who will pay that amount for the arrest and conviction of the poisoner.

French Library Benefit.

There will be a special musical treat at Sheel's Auditorium this evening for the benefit of the French library. Selections from the leading French composers will be features of the entertainment. The doors will be open at 8:15 P. M.