

The Call

SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1898

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 street, corner Sixteenth, open until 9 o'clock. 2518
 Mission street, open until 9 o'clock. 106 Eleventh
 street, open until 9 o'clock. 1506 Polk street, open
 until 9:30 o'clock. N.W. corner Twenty-second and
 Kentucky streets, open until 9 o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS.
 Columbia—"The New Dominion"
 Baldwin—"The Passion Play"
 Alcazar—"The Master of Ceremonies"
 Alcazar—"The Cotton King"
 Tivoli—"An American Hero"
 Orpheum—Vaudeville
 The Chutes—Zoo, Vaudeville and Cannon, the 618-pound Man
 Olympia—Carnegie Mason and Eddy streets, Specialties.
 Suro Bath—Swimsuits, open until 9 o'clock. 2518
 El Campo—Music, dancing, boating, fishing, every Sunday.
 Recreation Park—Baseball this afternoon.
 Coursing—Ingleside Coursing Park.
 Coursing—At Union Coursing Park.
 Excursion to Los Gatos—Friday, June 11.

THE BOND ISSUE.

DEMOCRATIC free silver morning contemporary, which never neglects an opportunity to attract attention to itself by interfering in public affairs which do not concern it, has opened a subscription book for the forthcoming Government bond issue. This sheet says it desires to see the war bonds thoroughly distributed among the people of the United States and stoutly opposes their purchase by the bloated bondholders. It, therefore, calls upon the people to visit its office and put their names down for a subscription. Anything above \$25 will be accepted.

"They (the bonds) offer the safest investment for the savings of the people," says this yellow financier. "There was never a default on the part of Uncle Sam. Banks may break, but the Government goes on forever and pays its debts whatever happens. The interest is 3 per cent, and it is certain."

It is a little over a year since this same journal was clamoring to have the Government bonds already outstanding paid in silver, worth in the bullion market less than 50 cents on the dollar. At that time it demanded the free coinage of silver and declared that the Government had never agreed to pay any of its bonds, except the two last issues under Cleveland, in gold. It did not maintain that silver was worth as much as gold, but it has an interest in several silver mines, and it thought if the free coinage of the metal could be forced value would be added to its mines and it could afford to burn up a few more papers and thus increase its circulation.

We presume that the subscription this yellow blatherskite has now started will be a gold subscription. Does it propose to accept subscriptions in silver? If it does, and the Government will take silver, perhaps it may on the surface of things make out a case for itself, although the silver will be taken on a gold basis. But if the transactions which it now proposes to close on behalf of its clients are to be conducted in gold, what guarantee have we that after the war is over it will not again demand the free coinage of silver and the return of the money of the people in fifty cent dollars?

These questions are important and should be answered in advance. If the yellow financier's scheme is a bunko game the poor people who are asked to patronize it should know it. They are requested to subscribe for the bonds in gold; will the bonds be repaid in gold? If not, then the scheme is a swindle and the bloated capitalists should be allowed to take the bonds.

Among the reasons for not thinking that China has sold ships to Spain for gold are the circumstances that China has no ships and Spain no gold. Besides this, if the nations in question were bountifully supplied with the essential elements for a dicker of this sort, the transaction would not be permitted. Let's worry about something else.

There is no reason for believing that Blanco will give up Havana upon the simple request of this country. The man is a tremendous liar, but even if also a coward, something there is no ground for supposing, he might as well fight as go back to Spain and be executed.

Naturally people are prejudiced against the Centennial. A ship that is sold for such a sum that one month's service for the Government will pay for her is not a first-rater, unless the buyer happened to get an unparalleled bargain.

The way things look at Manila now, the gentlemen who are anxious to get the head of the insurgent leader and sell the same for \$25,000 would find it money in their pockets to leave that head right where it is.

THE MEN WHO DO THE FIGHTING.

VICTORIES in war are associated with the names of commanders. The great admiral is the sea fighter who can handle his ships and fight them to the best advantage and with the least confusion. The great general is the man who can handle the most men in battle and so fight them that he gets the best out of every man in his formations. But neither admiral nor general can win without fidelity and courage and pride in the men whom he moves as parts of a machine.

It is a common error of civilians to believe that men in the ranks fight from motives of revenge. It is civilians and historians who laud such battle-cries as "Remember the Alamo" and "Remember the Maine." The fighting sailor and soldier has in mind the honor of his corps, his command, his country. "England expects every man to do his duty" was a more thrilling call to "Tommy Atkins" than any appeal to prejudice or revenge. "Don't give up the ship," uttered by the dying Lawrence, is the sentiment that inspires every man-of-war's-man under Dewey, Sampson and Schley. These unnamed heroes, unknown to their countrymen by name except when they fall fighting, are the dependence of their country. We know them only when—

"Their hearts can feel no more
 The rapture of the fight."
 They are the men who held back their shots when the Spanish admiral, Montijo, driven from his own ship as he roared in the flames, carried his flag to another deck in an open boat within range of their guns. He was a brother fighter, made of their stuff, and in admiration of his courage, common with theirs, they refused the advantage and gave him his life. They are of the same stuff as Cervera, who, in circumstances illustrating a common heroism, took aboard Hobson and his men after the sinking of the Merrimac to his undoing and sent out of the hot battle in which they had corked him to their commander his compliments upon their courage in executing a feat that will gild the story of devotion to the end of time.

These men in the ranks in our army and navy are the concrete of our national character, the expression of its fighting quality, its admiration of courage, its chivalry to the enemy and its steadfast resolve that their flag must win, its arms must triumph. Among them revenge has little place. Their motives are not rooted in passion. They fight, not like the beasts that perish, but for a principle, for a country, for the homes they have left and the flag that leads them on. In their exaltation of spirit they do daring things. Life is precious to them only because it is theirs to give up that their country may not die. Their immortality is its permanence, and their blood cements the stones of its foundation that it may never fall nor fail.

Perhaps but few of them could tell, as philosophers might, that all government rests finally upon force, and that force must come in the fearless eye and tireless arm of fighting men. But they know instinctively that lacking such men, government, its orders and its institutions, cannot be in the world. So they are the patient source of it all. They make possible the freedom of person and the rights of property, which are the prizes man has gained through civilization. Their measured march and the music of their guns shake the earth and make whirlwinds in the air to proclaim the permanence of government and the perpetuation of civilization.

When we read of victories won and the principles they establish, let us not forget the men in the ranks by whose valor these things come.

OUR INTERESTS IN CHINA.

REPORTS recently made to the British Foreign Office on the commercial dealings of various nations with China are of considerable interest to us, inasmuch as they show that our trade with the country is in excess of that of either Germany or Russia, is second only to that of Great Britain, and amounts in the aggregate to upward of one-seventh of the entire foreign trade of the Chinese empire.

According to the statistics included in the reports which have been given out, our principal trade with the Chinese is in cotton goods. It is said that last year the China trade took from the United States upward of \$7,480,000 worth of cotton goods, or almost half of all the American cotton goods shipped abroad. It is noted that the Chinese as a rule, and particularly those of Manchuria, prefer American drills and sheetings to similar articles of European make, because they are heavier and of better texture. The export of American kerosene oil ranks second in importance to that of cotton goods. In 1896 China took 33,000,000 gallons of American oil and 28,000,000 gallons of Russian oil, so that in this trade also we lead our Russian rivals in the Chinese market.

For some years past our trade with China has been rapidly advancing, and the variety as well as the quantity of our exports to that country has increased. We have now a considerable market there for wheat, canned goods and for manufactured articles of all kinds, and recently there has been a large demand for iron and steel and railroad materials. The importance of this trade is fully appreciated in higher commercial circles, and earnest efforts are now being made to secure what we have and provide for its extension.

Under conditions now prevailing there can be no question but that the industrial and civilizing movement now begun in China would bring about a very largely increased trade with this country in the course of a comparatively few years, from which large benefits would accrue to California and the whole Pacific Coast. The only cloud upon the prospect of such an increase is that caused by the advance of Russia toward domination in China, which would mean of course the closing of the markets to our produce so far as it competed with that of the Russians themselves.

The United States have taken no part in the game now being played by English, French, German and Russians for advantage in the Orient, and yet as these statistics show our commercial interests there are superior to those of any nation except Great Britain. Moreover we are gaining upon Great Britain, and a few years more of uninterrupted development would undoubtedly give us the first place in the Chinese markets.

With the enactment of wise legislation to promote American shipping we would in a short time have a trade with the Orient which would put San Francisco into the front rank of commercial cities. It behooves us, therefore, to guard those interests with wise foresight and due energy. We need take no part in the land grabbing now going on along the Chinese coast, but we should see to it that our commercial rights there are not sacrificed to European aggression.

Soldiers who had their clothing burned while on the way out here may comfort themselves by the reflection that some of the regiments had reached this city before they got enough clothes to start a blaze with.

THE APPROACHING CAMPAIGN.

PERPLEXED by the confusion in their camp and divided one against another by bitter jealousies, the Democratic leaders are none the less vigorous and energetic in their preparations for the campaign. The very dissensions among them prompt to this activity, for it is clear that in the Democratic race this year the maxim, "Devil take the hindmost," will be fulfilled to the letter.

One "needs go fast when the devil drives" is an old saying, and every Democratic candidate for office and every friend of a candidate is going as fast as he can. Confusion there is and distrust, and men seeking the scalps of their neighbors, but there are no laggards in the camp. The work of arming and organizing goes swiftly on.

In all this there is something of danger to the Republican party. Sure of the strength of the organization, confident of the harmony which prevails in the ranks, and rendered sanguine of success by reason of the divisions in the camp of the enemy, the Republican leaders seem to be negligent of the contest before them. While the Democrats are active the Republicans are waiting. In the Democratic camp preparations for the State convention are under way, but in the Republican camp there is hardly any sign of getting ready for the coming conflict.

The recent convention of Republican League clubs in this city is about the only evidence that has been given of the real energy of the party. That the convention did much good is beyond question. It brought together influential Republicans from all sections of the State and had a potent effect in rousing the ardor of the rank and file. It will lead to an increase in the membership of Republican clubs and go far toward getting the party ready for the coming contest, but that is not enough. The clubs do not represent the party organization. They are auxiliaries and not commanders. They can and will give help, but they can neither organize nor lead the battle line.

It is time for some show of activity on the part of the men entrusted with the control of the Republican organization in the State. This is a good year for the Republicans, but it is not going to be a "yellow dog" year. The Oregon Republicans entered the field early, they put up a strong platform and nominated a strong ticket and made a strong fight. Republicans in California to achieve a similar success must adopt similar tactics.

The platform of the party is not a subject of dispute. All are agreed as to what that will be. The danger point is the State ticket. A blunder in that may result in defeat along the whole line. Strong and confident as the party is, it cannot elect any man known or suspected to have affiliations binding him either to bosses or to corrupt corporations and monopolies.

The nominee for Governor must be a man of independent mind and unassailable integrity. He must represent true Republicanism and stand for the interests of the people and the welfare of the State. Such a man will be elected by an overwhelming majority, but the nominee of a boss, or the tool of a corporation engaged in politics, will be defeated.

Consideration of the party ticket should not be much if any longer delayed, and in that consideration every member of the party should share. The nominees of the State ticket should be chosen by the party as a whole. The campaign will soon be near at hand. Time passes quickly. Activity on the part of Republican leaders is necessary to counteract the incessant work going on among the Democrats.

FIGHTING AGAINST FOLLY.

AN earnest and vigorous effort is being made by the conservative Democratic leaders of the East to draw their party out from the slough of Bryanism and put it on firm ground in time for the campaign this fall. Over and over again they utter words of warning against the folly of free silver finance, and with urgent insistence exhort to wiser policies and more patriotic courses.

One of the most notable efforts in this direction was recently made by Senator Gorman in opposing his Democratic colleagues in the Senate on the proposal for the coinage of the silver seigniorage. Among other things he said to them:

"In my judgment it would be unwise, it would be fruitless to attempt to force that question to the front while the country has the Spanish army and navy to confront. That is a question we ought to fight out in time of peace. I have always been a partisan. I have voted for my party even when some of its candidates did not quite meet my approval. But in a crisis like this I do not know my party. I know only the highest interests of my country. Knowing how sharp is the political division upon this proposition, I cannot vote for it at this time, no matter how just it may be in the abstract, or as a proposition standing alone."

The plea of Gorman was in vain. With but few exceptions the Democratic Senators held to their course of Bryanism and folly. They put their party on record as favoring a measure sure to provoke discord and dissensions among the people at a time when "the country has the Spanish army and navy to confront." Thus, as Gorman pointed out, they have entered upon a policy which, even if it were wise in time of peace, is not only unstatesmanlike, but unpatriotic at this crisis in the affairs of the nation.

Gorman does not stand alone in his fight against the fools and fanatics of his party. Great Democratic papers like the New York Times and the Philadelphia Record struggle with him against the heavy odds of partisan blindness and stupidity. Up to this time, however, it is to all appearance a hopeless battle. The followers of Bailey in the House and of Tillman in the Senate are as besotted as ever in their devotion to the false gods that led their party to destruction in 1896.

The campaign of this fall will be largely a repetition of that of two years ago. On the one side will be the great mass of patriotic people going forward under the Republican administration to new issues of war and of peace, and on the other side a demoralized faction of calamity howlers shouting for free silver, or greenbacks or any old thing that promises cheap money for the multitude. The result cannot be considered doubtful. In every Congressional district there will be thousands of conservative Democrats who will say with Gorman: "In a crisis like this I do not know my party. I know only the highest interests of my country." They will vote for sound money, for protection and for patriotism.

If the mere flaunting of Captain Evans' linen after the wash is to be taken as the signal of surrender, the captain is advised to keep his shirt on.

WITH ENTIRE FRANKNESS.

By HENRY JAMES.

A writer in the Visalia Delta, under the caption, "Musings," presents many bright ideas. The advice he hands down among his paragraphs is often good and always well intended, yet when he says "Don't stir up a polecat with a short stick" he wanders into error. The implication is plain that he thinks the part of wisdom is to use a long stick in stirring up the animal. My view of the case is that he would far better not be stirred up with a stick of any length.

There was a day when not to be able to agree with Arthur McEwen was a disappointment to me, forcing me to distrust my own judgment. But the passing of time demonstrated that whenever McEwen took a position in a public matter he was about as sure to be on the wrong side of it as the sun to rise in the east. Hence, gradually I learned to disagree from his conclusions and suffer no pang. Neither did he experience any distress, nor were friendly relations in the least marred, so no harm was done. Now McEwen has been attacking McKinley in the manner in which the war has been conducted. Far from being sorry to take issue with him in this instance, to do so is an actual pleasure. No citizen wants to think the President "a weak-kneed wobbler," which is the assertion McEwen makes, and which he proceeds with some elaboration not to prove. Of course, had the distinguished critic been put at the head of military affairs, armed with a pen and writing his orders at regular space rates, the Castilian would now have been hiding in the caves of his native land, and the little misunderstanding which persists in enduring have been but the memory of triumph. It seems to me that the war has progressed with reasonable despatch, and that the conduct of it has been such that the enemy has had to do most of the dying.

There are several ways of looking at the act of Cervera in notifying Sampson that there were American prisoners in Morro Castle. I fail to see the culpability of the admiral. It seems to me that the brave Hobson and his associates were treated with every courtesy. The mission to which they bent such splendid energies as to excite the admiration of the world was not a mission of peace. If we are correctly informed, the heroes of the Merrimac omitted olive branches from their scant equipment. They freely offered their lives in the expectation that their errand, if successful, would crush the Spanish fleet. They were observed, and the Spanish saw them jump into the water. Cannon had been booming at the Merrimac, but at sight of the valiant Americans swimming away from the fated ship the gunners ceased their work. They would not fire. As prisoners of war the Americans were kindly received. Naturally they had to be placed in confinement, but no obligation, save that prompted by chivalry, was on the admiral to send word that they were in Morro Castle, and there to be housed. Supposing he had put them there and said nothing about it? But he made their whereabouts known, and so the chance of their being killed by their friends was reduced to a minimum. It does not seem to me a crime, although not assuming to be versed either in the arts or ethics of war, I am willing to accept proof to the contrary.

In these times there is peculiar respect for the veteran of the Civil War and a tendency to listen to his opinion. So the writing of Ambrose Bierce on military topics has been read and approved, for he is an old soldier, and there is no need that he was a good one. Personally I had followed his work with much interest. But last Sunday he spoiled the effect of it all. There had arisen no occasion for insulting the women of the Red Cross, and yet he insulted them. I do not think there is decency in characterizing the type as "the lively female of our species," or decency in sneering at the work to which they have devoted so many days. It is true they have contrived a quantity of bandages which the sunny Bierce designates as "belly-bands." While the expression lacks refinement, it is correct. Where the military expert shows an ignorance at once surprising and lamentable is in insinuating that these bandages will be a waste of time, save as amusement for the "lively female." When the women asked what they could do to assist in providing for the soldiers going to a tropic clime they were told by the officers of the army and by the surgeons to prepare these cholera bandages. They are doing so, and the soldiers, having studied the conditions into which are army is about to pass, are grateful. They will wear the bandages, and if any object, the wearing will be enforced by superior authority. Possibly the generals do not know what they are doing; perhaps the cholera belt is no more potent than a red string tied about the neck, and the men of the English troops in hot countries are obliged to wear it just to satisfy a whim of the Queen. I am inclined, however, to think Bierce is in error, because all the army officers and all the surgeons cannot be fools.

There is a person who writes editorial for the St. Louis Star. There appears no particular reason why he should do so, unless, possibly, he has not developed to the grade of intelligence qualifying him for the conduct of a cable car. In reference to Tom Reed, this writer recently commended the Speaker for having left California, citing the circumstance as an evidence of acumen. I do not suppose the Star man was ever in California. If he was the chances are that he arrived on a brakebeam, consulted a Salvation Army soup-house, and departed by the same method. The people who rail against California are not the people who have lived here. I am violating no confidence in saying that it is the greatest among the States. This fact is acknowledged by all who know anything about it, and for the rest we may feel pity. But as to Reed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the case was different. It is a good thing for him that he went away. When a man gets into politics here the Southern Pacific is apt to catch him and place its brand on him. I can easily fancy that if Reed had remained a Californian the monogram "S. P." would have been a part of him now.

The idea that a woman lacks business instinct has received another whack. Nothing could well have been more business-like than the action of Mrs. Merry of the Woman's Exchange. In her official capacity she collated a lot of recipes, some of them coming from sources where no grub less aristocratic than angel food was supposed to be recognized. In preparing the recipes for publication Mrs. Merry deftly inserted in each the instruction to use a certain brand of baking powder. Of course the contributing ladies were displeased, but the authors of the baking powder have doubtless shown signs of appreciation.

It seems to me that Fred Lawrence has a grievance. A few months ago he was in Cuba for Hearst, prancing along Weyler's trocha, dodging barb-wire and machetes. Then he was called home and honored by having his picture printed. The other day Doug White started off to relieve Dewey and take charge of the Philippines until General Merritt shall get there. Necessity arose for printing the picture of White, and he was so new to fame that in all the East no such picture existed. So the Lawrence cut was dusted off, labeled "D. White" and made to serve the purpose. This was distinctly wrong. Supposing some secret service officer were to run across the original and, misled by the bogus label, clap him in jail as a deserter from the Manila expedition?

Poor old Ouida! Once the woman could write. She always had an absurd habit of making her heroes impossible demi-gods, crowned invariably with a shade of tawny hair not known to nature. But through her books were scattered bits of description which for strength and vividness no other novelist of whose works I have had knowledge has equaled. In "Under Two Flags" she sets forth an account of a horse race which I regard as far exceeding any other account of a similar event. It is wonderful in its intensity. One seems to see "Forest King" to hear the beat of his hoofs, and feels a thrilling impulse to join in the shouts. Wallace's chariot race has been widely ex-

tolled, but compared with the race of "Forest King" it is as glass to diamond. It has always been a puzzle to me why this radiant general of words should have acquired so limited a fame. But Ouida has all her life been a disagreeable freak. She has the temper of a wildcat, the manners of a cow, and with years she has grown madder. Age does not deck her with silvered d-d-nity, but comes upon her bringin'—with it bitterness, and turning the natural sour of her to an actual venom which runs from the end of her pen in halting meter. She has taken to making poetry, jerky verse, punctuated by drops of gall. Her latest, and let it be hoped her last, is a parody on the poet laureate's joint tribute to England and America. Evidently this malign antiquity does not view an alliance with favor, or ascribe the proposal to lofty motives, for she says:

So fling 'em out on the breeze,
 Blowing the dust of the East,
 And the standard of spangled shoddy
 Shall wave o'er a Sea of Swag,
 Wherever the Press shall vapor,
 And wherever the Purse shall wag.

For wherever we come, we twain,
 The machine gun shall below of Jesus,
 And the Bible preach gin and gain,
 For our creed and gospel's the same.
 And if we've made an end of the Redskin,
 So have you of his Maori kin.

There is more of the same sort. The querulous lady deserves to be boycotted. So curious a compound of virility and senility has rarely been able to find a publisher. Possibly she is suffering from indigestion due to the loss of her teeth.

There is a feeling that Spain may yield without more of a struggle. I hope it is groundless. Since the United States have been forced into a war for this to cease before the Spanish shall have been driven back to their native land, divested of their last insular possession, would be a calamity to the world. The presence of their flag should be no longer tolerated over the colonies they have for centuries misruled. If they were now to sue for peace the terms granted would doubtless be more advantageous. They would be left with some foothold close to the civilization of the west, and as they always have been, a curse and a clog. They should be defeated at every point as thoroughly as they have been in Manila Bay, and when all is over not a vestige of them left. The United States is the one power to make the terms, and the means and arms and guns are available wherewith to be explicit. If, when the Philippines and Cuba and Porto Rico are under the stars and stripes, the reeking old monarchy still keeps up the farce of resistance, a squadron should visit Cadix. Spain has for many decades sought a lesson. Now that she is getting it I want it to be a good one.

Editorial mention lately came under my eye that among some of the Orientals this country is known as the "Land of the Beautiful Flag." The designation is one appealing to the pride and tender sentiment of Americans. For they know the United States is the land of the beautiful flag, and they glory in the stars and stripes. Once, perhaps, this feeling was beneath the surface, but not now; not now, when the streets echo to the tramp of armed men, and from far over sea comes word that the flag is waving where tyranny has ruled, proving that ocean cannot stay the march of freedom. Its shadow falls on Cuban soil, it proudly streams above the waters of Manila Bay, and perhaps the distant isles of the Pacific have learned its colors and acknowledged its sway. As the benign domain of the stars and stripes extends there comes to us a new sense of the potency it represents, a fresh jubilation that it has never stood for dishonor nor been unfurled save above brave men who are of our blood. It is fitting, as the editorial suggested, that next Tuesday be made a special flag day, because then the emblem will have attained the age of 121 years, not a great age, as history goes, but one marked by high achievement and growth unparalleled. And the coming of this anniversary will find the common sense of our people with patriotic fire, and the thought in every mind that this is the "Land of the Beautiful Flag"; that it is our land, and our flag. Next Tuesday I expect the city will be decked as never before, not with gaudy arches and transparencies, but with the flag. There could be no finer decoration. Lovely in hue and in design, upheld by valor, cheered by affection, the eye fills with tears to see it, tears of which none is ashamed. So put the flag out Tuesday; it means so much just now.

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

Among a batch of stories attributed to President Lincoln is the following good one on President Tyler: During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the Presidential office he arranged to march with patriotic fire, and the thought in every mind that this is the "Land of the Beautiful Flag"; that it is our land, and our flag. Next Tuesday I expect the city will be decked as never before, not with gaudy arches and transparencies, but with the flag. There could be no finer decoration. Lovely in hue and in design, upheld by valor, cheered by affection, the eye fills with tears to see it, tears of which none is ashamed. So put the flag out Tuesday; it means so much just now.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said in his budget speech that he totally abstained from the use of tobacco. Lord Salisbury is also an abstainer from tobacco. So also is the Lord Chancellor. Arthur Balfour is also among the non-smokers. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain is an inveterate cigar smoker.

The Kentucky recruits of Theodore Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders are led by Roger D. Williams of Lexington, Ky. one of the most intrepid cross-country riders in that State. He is vice-president of the National Fox Hunters' Association and an all-around sportsman.

10 per cent discount to soldiers in uniform. Send your absent friends a basket or fire-stick box of Townsend's California Glace Fruits, 52c 1/2, 527 Palace Hotel bid.

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The Queen of Denmark is very fond of painting all places. One of the most beautiful of her works is the interior of the church at Gentofte, about eight miles out of Copenhagen. It represents Christ walking upon the waters.

Excursion to the Yellowstone Park. A personally conducted excursion will leave this city July 12 for the Yellowstone Park, via way. Tourists will be accommodated in first-class Pullman cars; tickets will be sold, including berths, meals and trip through the Park. For circular giving rate and itineraries apply to the General Agent Northern Pacific Railway, 63 Market st., S. F.

The Santa Fe Route sells out rate tickets to all points. St. Paul, \$21; Kansas City, \$21; Chicago, \$22.50; New York, \$42.50. Get full particulars at No. 64 Market st.

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