COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

At the Normal School Last Night

TWENTY-FOUR GRADUATES

But the Girls Outnumbered the Stronger Sex

An Interesting Program—Dr. Dresslar's Address—A Teacher's Call and Her Response.

The commencement exercises of the state normal school were held last evening in the large auditorium before an audience that filled the seating capacity of the room.

The class numbered twenty-six, twenty-two of whom were young ladies.

It was truly a "rose bud garden of girls," in pretty gowns of white and delicate tints, made simply of soft, sheer material.

The ushers carried in bouquets, baskets and great bunches of the choicest and loveliest flowers, so that by the time the class marched in to the music of the piano there was a bank of blossoms extending around the stage and overflowing to the floor beneath. At the close of the exercises each student's arms were laden with floral remembrances from admiring friends. The program had the merit, unusual on graduating occasions, of being short, though lacking nothing in impressiveness.

The opening chorus, Joy, Joy, from the Seasons, was sung by the graduates and the senior B. class, under the direction of Mrs. Rice. Rev. Warren F. Day made the invocation, after which was sung a chorus, See Our Oars.

Professor Pierce followed in a few introductory remarks, saying that the graduation of this class marked an interesting epoch in the history of the normal school. Owing to the passage of the recent law extending the course of study to four years this would be the last class to leave the institution on a three years' course.

Dr. Dresslar was then introduced and delivered the address to the class. "I appear before you," said the speaker, "with fear and trembling, and have prayed earnestly that I might bring some truth that will help you." The subject of his remarks might be called, he said, A Teacher's Call and Her Response. In his boyhood days his father's house was the home of Methodist preachers, as they went to and fro about the country preaching repentance. They were earnest men, but not often men of much education or culture. Of one thing, however, they were sure, that they were set apart for their work. They went about it each day with an earnestness of purpose as if each were the last, and there would be no tomorrow. Such zeal leaves its record in the hearts and minds of men with whom they come in contact. This expressed the true teacher's attitude. God does not demand of us a labor that endangers our own souls. If teaching ever seems to us a bore it becomes incumbent upon us to seek another field of labor. The missionary spirit so often alluded to as being necessary for the teacher is not the true one. The spirit that feels that all the good is to come to the other person is not the right one. Selfishness is death to all development, but there is a selfishness that must be part of the true teacher's life. He would not be a teacher did he not find in it the means of spiritual growth. It is not strange that teaching has proved itself valuable as a preparation to other work. No calling can more fully develop a human soul than this. A teacher's thought is on the deeper and more abiding things of life. She is constantly looking forward to the deeper things of life.

There is a joy in teaching that it takes you to the best books and the inner life of the little child. The state has done much for you. It should stir you to constant gratitude that the humblest citizen of the state has given of his earnings for the higher development of the teacher.

His observations of many teachers had led him to believe that they had ceased to grow, though their patrons may not have found it out. The only reliable teacher is the growing one. Teach two years and go to college one year; invest in yourself, you are more valuable than town lots. Would that our schools were rid of the keepers of schools who aim to make a show. The school and all that pertains to it exists for the child; balance everything by the soul of the child. Oftentimes there is too much acting and too little thinking. As far as possible do all experimenting outside the school room, there is no use for quacks in the school room. Learn to hail with delight the appearance of each new truth. The consciousness that there is so much to do better each day is a stimulant to us and makes life really worth living. There is an ideal of manhood to which our human race must come. The end rests with us, it is ours to work up to the ideal. The man who is likest unto Him, we have taken for our ideal, Christ our Lord.

At the close of Mr. Dresslar's address the class sang Home, Sweet Home, arranged for ladies' voices. As was all the music of the evening, it was sung without the instrument, the true test of voice culture. It was most exquisitely rendered and brought a tumult of applause from the audience.

Professor Pierce, with a few impressive remarks, presented the diplomas, and the happy class walked forward and received the white roll that sends a throb of joy to the heart of every earnest student.

The graduates gave a reception to their friends in the office and parlors in the lower floor. The junior class decorated the rooms tastefully and beautifully with pink roses, smilax and the flowers of the spacious grounds. They assisted in receiving and serving the chocolate and light refreshments, their last loving service to the "grads."

The graduating class was as follows: Elizabeth Bates, Caroline Louise Burgess, M. Ellen Case, Lydia M. Chase, Alice Cecilia Cooper, Maude Jaque Doss, Olive Leona Ensign, Tillie W. Hassheider, Augusta Hildebrant, Margaret Holleran, Emelie Houghton, Mary Kerns, Edwin Everett Keyes, Lucile E. Keyes, Emma M. King, Margaret M. Meader, Effie Winifred Moore, Helen Day Munday, Charles A. Post, Julia Cecilia Ronan, Frederick Willcox Shoemaker, Martha Rosina Taylor, Elizabeth E. Webster, Jennie Lura Wethern, Myron Young, Mary Isabel Stockton.

THE ST. CECILIANS.

Production of Handel's Messiah at Simpson Auditorium.

Mr. Dunster and the St. Cecilians have had a great deal to contend with during the last few weeks, since, indeed, the ranks of the Treble Clef club, which society was to have produced the Messiah, were split up by internal dissensions, and the St. Cecilians emerged. Under such circumstances it would be unkind to be hypercritical. The Messiah is certainly not a work that can be produced with any hope of success by singers, however cultivated, by a director, however skilled, and by an orchestra, however capable, without very assiduous practice. The prominent fault in the production by the St. Cecilians at Simpson Tabernacle last evening was the very obvious lack of rehearsal on the part of the orchestra with the singers.

There was a large audience of about 2000 people, and the general results should certainly be gratifying to the officers of the society.

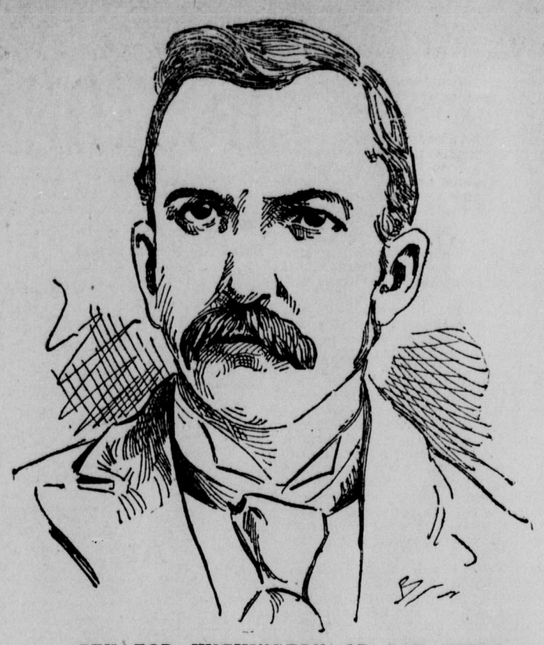
Mr. Dunster worked hard to keep his forces together, but his frantic efforts to gain the attention of the orchestra were not rewarded with a large amount of success. The attacks of the chorus were good, but the tempo at which some of the numbers were taken was somewhat at variance with the best traditions, and while Mr. Dunster may opine that Best's metronome marks are wrong they are evidently not easily improved upon. The orchestra, lead by Arnold Krauss, redeemed themselves in a fine rendering of the Pastoral Symphony. Miss R. Effie Farley was the pianist, Miss Matilee Loeb the cornetist, and Mr. Frank Colby presided ably at the organ.

Miss Beresford Joy carried off the honors among the solo vocalists, and her fine contralto was never heard to better advantage. The excellent expression and cultivated singing of He Shall Feed His Flock, was generously appreciated.

Mrs. Burdette, soprano, sang Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion, especially well, but her voice is hardly suited to the heavy work of oratorio.

Mr. Wigmore had a heavy task, and neither his voice nor technical ability were equal to the demands of the score, particularly in Why Do The Nations. Much of his work, however, was commendable, especially as he reached the end. He should eradicate the vibrato habit.

Mr. J. H. Zinck deserves much credit for the faithful interpretation of the tenor solos, and gave Thy Rebuke very finely.



SENATOR WITHINGTON OF SAN DIEGO
Who Had a Lively Quarter of an Hour With Senator Bulla

TO FETE THE BANKERS.

The Fifth Annual Convention to Be Held in Los Angeles.

R. M. Welch, secretary of the California Bankers' association, has forwarded the Herald the following:

The executive council of the Bankers' association begs leave to announce that it has accepted the invitation of the Los Angeles clearing house to hold the fifth annual convention of the association in that city on Monday and Tuesday, April 19 and 20, 1897.

These dates immediately precede the celebration of La Fiesta de Los Angeles, which begins on the evening of Tuesday, April 20th, and have been especially selected that visiting delegates may have the opportunity to enjoy this most characteristic and beautiful of California carnivals.

LOST HIS RENT MONEY.

A Switchman's Tale of a Midnight Hold-up.

A Southern Pacific switchman, whose name was not learned, claimed to have been held up and robbed at the corner of Los Angeles and Boyd streets at 11:30 last night, and reported the occurrence to the police. He says that as he was walking along three men stopped him and commanded him to hold up his hands.

He says that two of the men covered him with revolvers while the third one went through his pockets, taking $6.50 in money and a gold pin. The two men with guns went toward the new Natick house and the other ran down Los Angeles street. He was pursued some distance by the switchman, but was lost.

The switchman says he lost his job the day before and the money in his pocket he had saved to pay his rent. He will refer his landlord to the three robbers.

DRINKING FIERY POTIONS

Natives of Normandy Who Make a Soup of Brandy and Bread

For some time past the lower classes in Normandy have not enjoyed a particular reputation for sobriety, but some really appalling evidence is furnished today which affords material for very melancholy reflection. To begin with, Rouen, it is estimated that the population of that town consumes yearly upward of 5,000,000 liters of alcohol. The dock laborers, who are often fine specimens of humanity at the age of 20, are often quite old at the age of 40. Earning on an average about 3 francs a day, they spend only from 20 to 30 centimes on solid food, and all the rest is thrown away on poisonous drink. Formerly they were an exception to the rule of temperance, but now the other workmen are succumbing in their turn to temptation. One person who employs 150 hands says that out of that number there are only five whom he can send out on special work. In another establishment where 200 men are employed but fifteen are comparatively sober. All go straight off to the public house whenever they have a moment's leisure. Alcohol is taken with the so-called coffee. A couple of men after their dejeuner will order "quatre sous de cafe et un franc de goutte. Two cups of chicory and three-quarters of a liter of atrocious eau de vie, into which a little sulphuric acid has been introduced, is placed before them.

The women are nearly as bad. After their work they reduce their cooking to the simplest expression, and bread, alcohol and coffee are the chief ingredients of the repast, though even the last is sometimes absent. Slices of bread are thrown into a tureen and a liter of eau de vie poured over them. Thus is the soup not seldom made. Instances are on record where infants have commenced the coffee and alcohol regime before the age of one month. A schoolmaster once asked the children in a class of sixty-three, and from 6 to 9 years of age, who were accustomed to drink this vile concoction daily to hold up their hands, and twenty-four did so at once, but he thinks that many did not understand the question, it being estimated by these teachers that from 50 to 60 per cent take alcohol after their meals.

Nor is this practice confined to the towns. The country laborers are getting just as bad. They drink every day about eight liters of cider and six or seven full-sized glasses of eau de vie. Their Sundays are spent entirely at the cabaret, and in the evenings they are to be seen lying dead drunk at the sides of the roads or on their doorsteps. It is estimated that on market days—that is, twice or three times a week—the peasant takes from twenty to forty cups of coffee with the usual alcoholic supplements over bargaining. Naturally lamentations are being uttered over these disclosures. "Now," it is exclaimed, "there is no cause for surprise that the finest race in France should be on the decline! That its population should be diminishing and that Norman industry should be growing less and less capable of competing with the industry of England, whose workmen are steadily replacing the alcohol which they formerly drank with tea, butter and good roast beef."

ASSERTING HER DIGNITY

How She Rewarded Her Escort for His Conduct at the Theater

The campaign against theater hats inaugurated several seasons ago is exciting interest in many cities just at present, especially in Galveston and Houston. The gentler sex have long since declared war against the opposite sex for the unpardonable sin of visiting "a friend" between the acts. The fair creatures justly claim the right to wear their hats during the performance and increase the size of their millinery out of all proportion so long as man, inconsiderate man, continues restless and with that burning appetite, only appeased by coffee or cloves, during the brief intermisisons at the theater. Both sexes feel that they have a grievance and each side presents arguments conclusive and convincing of the justice and reasonableness of their demands, yet a mutual compromise seems impossible.

Among the conquests won and lost many have been chronicled to the credit of the lady with the high, high hat, while the gone-to-see-a-friend young man has played many a losing game. Among the latest victories over the "dew drop," manly sort of fellows, the Washington Star relates a charming incident of a case where a young lady asserted her dignity at a theater performance in the following manner:

The man in the case was perhaps 30, the girl 22, and the theater was one in which the melodrama has its home. The girl was pretty and there was that kind of a jaw hedging the lower part of her rosy cheeks that ought to have been a hint to the young man. The young man was a very fair sample of the average chap who makes from $1200 to $1500 a year.

Between them and the aisle sat a big man of 50 with his wife and two daughters, and the big man had a voice bigger than he was. When the curtain went down on the first act there was a slight scrap between the couple, which ended in the young man not going out between the first and second acts, because the wait was short and he hadn't time to argue. The girl's cheeks were redder than before when the curtain went up, and the set of her jaw was firmer.

At the next fall of the curtain there was a slight scrap again, which ended this time in the young man dragging himself over four people and leaving the girl to sit alone until he was ready to come back to her.

Two minutes later the girl dragged herself after him, over the same four people, but she stopped in the aisle long enough to say something to the big man with the two daughters. Then she disappeared.

It was a long wait, and just as the curtain started up the young man hurried down the aisle and was about to drag himself over four people when the big man called his attention to the vacancy which had occurred during his absence.

The young man's jaw dropped, and he actually grew red in the face.

The big man handed him a ring with a bright little diamond glistening in it.

"She give me that and told me to give it to you," he said, with a menace in his tone, as he looked over at his own girls, "and she said if you ever came to her house again or spoke to her her father would thrash you as you deserved."

The young man was paralyzed.

"And I want to say," added the big party, "that if the old man ain't able to do it he can call on me."

Then he let the young man go, and the way he went was a caution to a flying machine.

It was a clear case of ships that pass in the night, but with just a little more interesting cargoes than usual.

SMILES IRRADIATE THE COUNTENANCE

When those atrocious bodily troubles, chills and fever, dyspepsia, kidney or rheumatic disorders, yield, as they invariably do, to the benign action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a remedy of comprehensive use, pure in composition, unobjectionable to a delicate palate, and thorough in effects. Sick headache, loss of appetite, flesh and sleep, nausea, heartburn, are among the physical annoyances obviated by the Bitters. They are in the nature of signals of distress displayed by a disordered stomach, liver and bowels, and disappear with the cause that produced them. But these signals should be heeded at once. Then the woe begone look of chronic ill health will speedily disappear, and vigor and comfort restore a cheerful aspect to the face. That faithful index to the condition of the system never fails to wear a look of sunshine when the Bitters is used to dispel the cloud.

A new employment for pretty girls has been found in Paris, and the fad will not be long in reaching this country. They are placed in shop windows for the purpose of attracting attention.

LIVELY MIDNIGHT EPISODE

Constables Catch a Pair of Young Criminals

FUN WITH A STOOL PIGEON

Rival Officers Who Were Trying for the Same Game

An Escaped Inmate of Ione Who Is a Desperate Young Tough—His Companion Charged With Larceny

Two very bad boys were neatly and completely caught at 12:30 last night by Constables Joe Mugnemi, John Mansur and Tom Quinn. All day long the three officers had been watching the Chicago house on Main street, between First and Second, to corral a brace of tough youngsters for whom the prison walls are waiting—Bud Lovett and M. Haskell.

Lovett is an escaped inmate of Ione school and is a desperate young fellow, ready for anything. The usual reward of $25 for the capture of an Ione fugitive hung over his head and made him a prize to any constable. The other fellow, Haskell, is charged with committing larceny from the person of a German in this city a short time ago.

The constables located their game and waited until half an hour after midnight, when they laid siege to a certain room in the Chicago house. They found it necessary to break in the door.

On entering the apartment their dark lanterns disclosed Lovett cowering beneath the bed and Haskell upon it. On the officers' commands and threats Lovett came out and immediately showed fight. He had previously boasted that he would kill anybody who attempted his arrest, but he was thwarted by the quickness of the constables. Mugnemi had occasion to use his club on the desperate young criminal and the weapon glanced in such a way that it gave a pretty good blow on the right eye of Constable Quinn.

After some trouble Lovett was handcuffed and rendered harmless. Haskell, who had not made any resistance or attempt to escape, was similarly treated, and both were soon safely behind the bars. Lovett's desperate character can be appreciated when it is known that he was armed with a revolver, razor and pair of iron knuckles. He was not given a chance to use any of these weapons or the result of the raid might have been different.

THE MAN WHO ESCAPED.

The constables had resorted to a subterfuge to effect the capture of the two young fellows. A man in their employ, said to be named Bill Lowden, was used as a stool pigeon. Lowden was with the young fellows when arrested, and he was taken away with them as though he, too, were a criminal. While the officers and the three prisoners were going toward the police station Lowden made a break for liberty and ran from First street toward Second.

One of the constables fired a shot and pretended to make a pursuit, but gave up the chase. Lowden ran until he was headed off by Jim Fisk and captured in a stairway. Fisk took his captive up to First street, where he found Policemen Henderson and Fay, and to them he delivered his prisoner.

The policemen gave Fisk the laugh. They told him that it was intended the man should escape; that he was a stool pigeon helping the officers. Fisk felt chagrined over the part he had played in the farce.

It appears that the policemen and the constables were playing at cross purposes. The former were after Haskell, who is wanted for a crime committed in Los Angeles, and the latter wanted the Ione bird, for whom a reward was offered. The rival officers were watching the same nest but the constables were first to catch the birds.

AT THE HOTELS

NADEAU—Matthew M. Ward, Chicago; A. L. Schilling, San Francisco; A. Maulin, New York; A. L. Blackburn, T. Almgill, Philadelphia; L. A. Mendelson, Capistrano; J. P. Tryce, Santa Barbara; R. W. Osboone, Newark, N. J.; W. M. Hatfield, J. N. Hatfield, Charles Hauks, Eureka, Utah; Mrs. J. M. Morton, Miss H. M. Howe, Cleveland, O.; E. S. Cutler, Denver; D. S. Unruh, Arcadia; E. M. Blake, Prescott, Ariz.

WESTMINSTER—W. E. Hale, wife and daughter, San Quentin; S. G. Chapman, San Francisco; R. Emerson, Rockford, Ill.; John P. Newman, San Francisco; Rev. John Rouse, Chicago; Caesar Bertheam, San Francisco; Julian Leucona, Mexico; W. W. Steward, San Diego.

VAN NUYS—F. H. McCormick, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Pattingill, Chicago; C. H. Hopkins and wife, San Francisco; J. O. Henning, Chicago; Wm. J. Anderson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Chas. F. Anderson, Riverside, Cal.; Charles H. Granger and wife, Pasadena.

HOLLENBECK—S. Gensberger, Butte, Mont.; James A. Shinn, A. D. Levy, Chas. F. Kretchmer, Charles F. Aaron, New York; H. J. Baby, G. B. Moore, Chicago; John F. Delap, Dr. A. C. Henderson, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. S. G O. King, Honolulu, H. I.; F. C. Brown, L. O. Lieber, New York; Willis Pike, Gus E. Dorn, Leon Honigsberger, Leslie Bates, F. A. Howell, W. D. Howe, G. B. Ferguson, San Francisco.

POLICELETS

Gorge Williams was arrested by Officer Phillips for batery committed in Little Paree upon a French courtesan at midnight.

Manuel Reyes was jailed yesterday on the charge of petty larceny.

Frank Neiski, charged with battery, was taken to the city jail yesterday.

NO LONGER IMPREGNABLE

Modern Guns Have Rendered the Fortress Less Valuable than Formerly

An article of exceptional interest, evidently written by a Spanish military officer, appears in a current number of the Memorial de Artilleria, showing that the extended range of modern artillery has completely revolutionized the conditions which have hitherto enabled Gibraltar to protect its own arsenal and dock yard and to afford safety for vessels at anchor under the guns of the fortress.

When Gibraltar was taken by the English in 1704 the greatest range for artillery fire was only about 3000 yards, so that a fleet under the batteries of Gibraltar was to secure against attack from the Spanish coast.

It is now pointed out that with a comparatively small expenditure of money by the Spanish government batteries constructed in the Bay of Algeciras, upon the ridge of mountains known as the Queen of Spain's Chair, would actually command Gibraltar at a distance of 9000 yards and would be capable of demolishing the whole length of the fortifications from the galleries to Europa point. These Spanish batteries would also threaten the entry of ships of war to the Moles. The plan would merely involve the mounting of some forty heavy guns of from 4.7-inch to 12-inch caliber and a similar number of howitzers.

At the present moment the strategical points on this part of the Spanish coast are entirely unfortified, and with Spain's present embarrassments in Cuba and the Philippines it is not likely, as the Broad Arrow points out, that the Madrid government will take immediate action in the matter. But that these batteries may be constructed some day or other is far from improbable, and in view of the great importance to England of Gibraltar as a naval base and the renewed expenditure upon its combined arsenal and dockyard, the subject is beginning to attract the serious attention of naval and military authorities.—New York Herald.

The Last of the First Great Clearing Sale....

The Hub's Manufacturers' Reduction Sale

That there is a vast difference between a BONA FIDE CLEARANCE SALE once-at-the-end-of-every-season—July clearance of summer stocks and January clearance of winter stocks—and the so-called SALES-of-many-names, oft times attempted in this city, is very apparent by the many throngs of earnest buyers who have attended this great

Manufacturers' Reduction Sale

THE HUB'S FIRST WINTER CLEARANCE SALE ends this coming Saturday night and the public will have only Today and Tomorrow to procure these

Great Bargains in Men's Suits and Overcoats

Overcoats Today
At Manufacturers' Cost

You may choose from any $10, 12, $13.50 or $15 Suit or Overcoat in the house—NOTHING EXCEPTED, NOTHING RESERVED. They come in Sacks, Cutaways and Double-breasted Straight-cut in every kind of material, Worsteds, Cheviots, Cassimeres, English Plaids. These Suits and Overcoats are the very acme of high-art tailoring. The stock is vast, the variety so large that every taste can be readily gratified, every form easily fitted..... **$8.25**

Overcoats Today
At Manufacturers' Cost

You have the unrestricted choice of any $16.00, $18.00, $20.00, $22.00, $25.00 and $30.00 Suit or Overcoat in the house—NOT A SINGLE EXCEPTION, not a solitary reservation—masterpieces of artistic tailoring. They come in Prince Alberts, Full Dress Suits, Imported English Clay Worsted Cutaways, Scotch Plaid Sack Suits and the latest Imported English Plaids. Until Saturday night only the price will be..... **$13.75**

Mail Orders Filled at these prices if received by Saturday evening

THE HUB

No Mail Orders Filled at these prices after Saturday night

New Bullard Building — 154 to 200 North Spring St.

The Fashion

PURCHASED THE ENTIRE

Sample Line of Ladies' Shirt Waists

From the representative of one of the largest Shirt Waist Manufacturers in the United States, AT LESS THAN ONE-HALF ACTUAL VALUE, because there were not ALL sizes in the various styles and patterns he carried as samples. The entire lot will be placed on

Special Sale

For Today and Tomorrow Only

Only 380 Ladies' Waists

Representing over 100 different styles and patterns of the COMING SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS . . . . . .

An Elegant Display in Our Large Window

Waists that will cost $1.00 and more on sale for only..... 50c
Waists that will cost $1.25 and more on sale for only..... 65c
Waists that will cost $2.00 and more on sale for only..... 90c
Waists that will cost $2.50 and more on sale for only..... $1.25
Waists that will cost $3.50 and more on sale for only..... $1.75
Waists that will cost $4.00 and more on sale for only..... $2.00

The Fashion — 251 South Broadway — Byrne Building

EVA HARTMAN, MANAGER — *Mail Orders Filled*

REWARDED HIS ASTROLOGIST.

Mme. Fanny Nelson of Buffalo is such an enthusiastic astrologist that she cast a horoscope weeks ago for Thomas C. Platt and told him that he would soon go to the United States senate. Mme. Nelson is especially delighted at the result of her prediction, not only because it has been practically verified, but because Mr. Platt sent her a valuable present.

"Do you see those vases?" said Mme. Nelson, pointing at three pretty vases that stand on her mantel. "Mr. Platt sent them to me as an evidence of his gratitude. They are worth not a cent less than $50."

"How did I cast his horoscope? Easily. I found out the exact year, day, hour and minute of his birth. I easily found out the exact positions of the ruling planets at the moment he was born. From that I worked out the horoscope, and found out that he was destined to become a member of the United States senate. My prediction was fulfilled, and Mr. Platt was so happy that he sent me the vases."—New York World.

M'KINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

M. Theobald Chartran, the French artist, has returned to New York from Canton, where he had been for the last five days painting a portrait of Major McKinley. The portrait was ordered by a number of Pittsburg men, and when finished will be presented by them to the Carnegie public library in that city.

The portrait is life-size, three-quarters length. It represents Major McKinley sitting in a rather deep chair that has mahogany arms on which his hands rest easily. Beside him is a table, with books and papers. He is dressed in the familiar black frock coat buttoned up, has the well known black string tie, and the easy standing collar made familiar to all by the campaign pictures. The pose is natural and easy. —Chicago Times-Herald.