

THE HERALD



HINC MIHI SALUS

THE HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
WILLIAM A. SPALDING,
President and General Manager.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: 221 East
Fourth street, Telephone 156.
BUSINESS OFFICE: Bradbury Building,
222 West Third street, Telephone 247.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
Daily, by carrier, per month.....\$ 75
Daily, by mail, one year.....\$ 9 00
Daily, by mail, six months.....\$ 4 50
Daily, by mail, three months.....\$ 2 25
Sunday Herald, by mail, one year.....\$ 2 00
Weekly Herald, by mail, one year.....\$ 1 00

POSTAGE RATES ON THE HERALD
48 pages.....4 cents 32 pages.....2 cents
36 pages.....3 cents 24 pages.....1 cent
12 pages.....1 cent 8 pages.....1 cent

EASTERN AGENTS FOR THE HERALD
A. Frank Richardson, Tribune building,
New York, Chamber of Commerce building,
Chicago.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE:
638 Market street, opposite Palace hotel.

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1897

BRYAN EDITIONS

Two extra editions, comprising 4000 copies of last Tuesday's Herald, containing the speeches of W. J. Bryan in Los Angeles, have been disposed of and the demand still continues. To all orders already in a third edition will be necessary. The people of Southern California are evidently bound to read what the great commoner has to say on national issues.

WELL PLAYED

Henry Clews, he of the weekly oracular, recently took into his scheme head to play the wolf in sheep's clothing for the benefit of Wall street. So he sent, uncollected, to the editor of the Arena magazine an article, drug-distilled and sugar-coated, entitled "Wall Street, Past, Present and Future," and sat him down to await the consequences.

He had not to wait long. The article appears in the July number of the Arena, accompanied by an article from the pen of John Clark Ridpath, its editor, that for flaying qualities seldom if ever has been excelled in the history of magazine literature.

Mr. Clews' article was a commonplace history of the street—nothing assertive nor aggressive about it, just calculated to instill the belief that Wall street is a purely beneficent institution, but, at the very last, occurs this paragraph:

It is then a reasonable forecast of the future that in due time the weighty import of the names of Lombard street and Threadneedle street will be transferred to the name of Wall street, and the facts implied by such a transfer are of a dignity and power which it is impossible to estimate. The road leading to this great destiny can be blocked only by injurious legislation, and the good sense of our citizens may confidently be relied upon to prevent the creation of such a barricade against national prosperity.

National prosperity indeed! This is the first intimation that the national prosperity is dependent upon the stock-jobbing schemes and the money grabbing plots of Wall street.

But Mr. Ridpath is entirely equal to the occasion. He shows that until Wall street reached out and clutched the railroad properties of the country—first putting down the prices of the shares to nothing and then pulling the given stocks to par—the people were able to protect themselves, but never afterward.

He shows how the next stage in the game was the creation of fictitious enterprises for the distinct purpose of getting possession of the stocks on which such enterprises were based, and of speculating in the shares. Then came the watering process, until, as Jim Fisk expressed it, Wall street had acquired the greatest skill in "rescuing the property of other people from themselves."

Mr. Ridpath mentions with surprise and pain that Mr. Clews takes no note of the benevolent agency of Wall street during the civil war; how it engaged in the patriotic work first of destroying the national credit, then of buying it up at half price, then of converting it into a bonded debt to be perpetuated for a full generation and finally of compelling the people to pay it in a dollar worth four times as much as the dollar with which it was purchased. "It was a beautiful scheme of devotion and self-sacrifice, the like of which history has never before recorded."

Another yawning chasm in Mr. Clews' affecting narrative is the history of 1893-4, when Wall street, having a prodigious accumulation of funds on hand, concluded that a sale of government bonds was necessary for the "national honor." So the bucket chain was put into use; the treasury was drained by Wall street of its gold, and then Wall street sold the gold back to the government for a consideration, for a profit of \$19,000,000.

There is more, but read the article for yourself. Unless Mr. Clews is very thick-skinned he is more than sorry he

spoke, or rather that he wrote that sugar-coated article on "Wall Street, Past, Present and Future."

WHICH IS RIGHT?

One of the speakers at the national conference of charities and correction, now in session at Toronto, declares that ignorance is one of the two great banes of civilization. The remedy, he declared, is the American common school. This view is relatively in wide contrast to the position taken by Professor Peck, of Columbia university, who asserts that education is the prime cause of discontent and anarchistic tendencies, and who would have the making of the laws and governmental authority confined to the highly educated few; who would compel the common people to remain in ignorance, in order to make them more contented with their lot, who asserts that no great reform was ever accomplished by the common people or their typical representatives.

It is surprising that more notice has not been taken of the startling views maintained by Professor Peck, which are in such wide contrast to the commonly accepted opinion that the common school is the foundation stone of our republic and its most cherished institutions. If our universities are to teach such theories, they will simply be sowing the seeds of future trouble. It is not necessary to defend the American system of education, because one man however highly educated, and however deep a thinker he may be, attacks it; the system speaks for itself, and its abandonment would be a signal for the downfall of the republic.

Professor Peck himself belongs to the class that, he thinks, should direct and control the destinies and the policies of the nation. Therefore the responsibility is upon him. What has he ever done in a practical way, to help reform what he considers to be the evils that afflict the country? What practical interest has he ever taken in politics? Has he ever put his shoulder to the wheel of political progress?

Professor Peck is a mere theorizer. He cannot see beyond the narrow range of his own environment; he shuts his eyes to the facts and the practical lessons in the history of his country. He has never taken an interest in the actual work of reform. The Herald will accept the opinion of the practical men in the convention of the Charities and Correction conference, in preference to the narrow and prejudiced views of the college professor.

SCRATCH A RUSSIAN, FIND A TARTAR

Was it Edward Gibbon who thus sentimentally delivered himself as to the thin veneer of civilization which covers the average Muscovite? There is only one element of untruth in the assertion. It narrows down a universal truth. Scratch a Chesterfield deep enough and in the subcutaneous regions you will find a savage. Just as the domestic dog turning round, following his tail before he lies down, betrays his wild origin, and as the pig in the barn yard, carrying wisps of straw about in his mouth before a storm, proves his not very remote kinship to the wild boars hunted still in Northern Europe, just so in his moments of greatest triumph and rejoicing in his civilization, man is constantly discovering the savage.

We do not have to stoop to such trivial things as man's fondness for hunting, which has caused the remark that he is never happy except when killing something; nor do we have to refer to his fondness for camping out in the woods or mountains to illustrate how little removed civilization is from savagery.

The most recent demonstration of the inherent savage state of man is found in that climax, capheaf, and crowning glory of the highest civilization—man has attained to, the jubilee in London. And of that unparalleled display of the highest achievement of the race, let us take the most glorious and magnificent feature of it all.

The savage is above all the type of man who proves the profound truth of the poet's line: "Man needs but little here below, nor needs that little long." The small accumulation of prosperity possible to the savage because of his indisposition to toil and of his migratory habits, he protects with a bludgeon tipped with flint or fish bones and similar crude weapons. The bow, the tomahawk and the club are the title deeds by which he holds on to what he may acquire.

Well, we have only to pick up Sunday's papers detailing the splendors of the great naval review at Spithead to see how little progress we have made beyond the status of the Apache, of the Hottentot or of the Bushman.

In the weapons we use there is a mighty stride of progress, but that is on the surface. Scratch beneath the material features of it all and you get at the savage instinct in the heart of humanity in these wonderful triumphs of human skill, made necessary by the inherent lack of principle in our most civilized and enlightened soul.

It is awe-inspiring and soul-inspiring to read of that great naval review at night. Here in a narrow strait of the ocean was gathered an armament of Titanic power. As one reads of the signal rockets piercing the darkness with their glowing fires, of the wonderful electric appliances lighting up the vessels in glorious festoons of manifold hues, of the great searchlights like a demon's eyes slowly scanning the blackness of the night for many miles, as if the monsters of a savage storm-tossed sea, looking for the fair form of some Andromeda typifying some creation of civilized life, the mind is lost in wonder.

But when, at the bursting of a signal rocket, all those ships, a mighty engineering of war, belched forth their fire in one many-mouthed, multitudinous, prolonged and mighty roar, illustrated the real meaning of their existence, and,

when, although assembled for the peaceful purpose of celebrating the glories of the most peaceful reign covering two generations of man, the battle ships of a dozen other nations joined in the pandemoniac din and monstrous engines of destruction answered back in defiance, the "nations' angry navies snorting at each other's heels," well might one exclaim, And this is civilization!

Here were some of the title deeds of England to her possessions encircling the globe, the mightiest and richest empire man yet has raised. Twenty-one battle ships with sixteen to eighteen mounted guns on each, 10 to 14,000 horsepower each, of 10 to 14,000 tons measured capacity, and with 500 to 750 fighting men to man each ship. Eleven cruisers of the first-class, scarcely inferior in any feature. Twenty-seven of the second-class, just a degree or two inferior to the others. Then a small fleet of third-class cruisers with gun boats and torpedo boats, many in number and perfect in equipment. All just a section of the British navy, whose sister ships were all over the earth guarding the interests of the great empire with its wonderful commerce, its expanding colonies and ever-increasing riches.

England rules over nearly 400,000,000 people. Her territorial acquisitions embrace over 13,000,000 square miles, equal to three times the continent of Europe. Her merchant marine numbers nearly 17,000 vessels, and a quarter of a million men are on board of them. The navy provided to protect the empire numbers perhaps 500 ships, and these require nearly 100,000 men to man them. Half a dozen other nations follow more or less closely behind Great Britain in their armaments by sea, and several surpass her in land forces.

And there we are where we began in a state of outward coating of human brotherhood which is the true civilization, but beneath the epidermis is the real man, the savage. Between the African man in death-throes vainly trying to protect the land and graves of his fathers from the ruthless grasp of the white man, the black armed with a club and the white in battalions armed with Maxim guns and backed with the guns of those great battle ships, the difference is all one of degree and it is all on the outside. Beneath the surface the whole game is that taught in a travesty on the Westminster catechism which irreverent boys have invented: "What is the chief end of man? To keep all you get, and to get all you can." Scratch Lord Salisbury and you get the old Norse Viking whose fell disposition slumbers beneath all the modern civilization and all established church morality that cloak the real man. And so it is the wide world over.

WHAT NEXT?

Prof. C. H. Hinton has invented a mechanical baseball pitcher. The gun—such for all intents and purposes it is—was recently tried at Princeton ball field with successful results. By this contrivance the batter does his own pitching and thus one more employe is deprived of a job by labor-saving machinery! Yet the situation is illumined by a ray of hope, so that the professional pitcher who erstwhile excited envy or admiration by the cunning skillfulness with which he beguiled the batter, need not altogether surrender his dreams of future victories and revenue. For, while this baseball gun can discharge drop or curved balls with equal facility and would seem to have solved the problem, to use the inventor's words "of producing by inanimate mechanism the equivalent of a ball pitched by the human hand," professor Hinton confides to the Scientific American (June 26) a cheering fact out of which the professional and hitherto well-salaried pitcher may imbibe copious draughts of hope. Says the professor:

There are difficulties, however, of a psychologic nature in the way of the successful use of the gun. The ball comes too suddenly; there is nothing to compensate for the motion of the pitcher's arm. As a substitute signals of various kinds have been tried, but an effective plan, and one at present adopted is to dispense with the necessity of signals altogether. By means of a very simple electrical arrangement the batter fires the gun himself. When throwing his foot forward to take the position for striking he presses on a plate, breaks an electric current and so releases a spring which pulls the trigger. He thus, after a few trials, is able to know the exact instant at which the ball will appear at the mouth of the gun, catches it with his eye at the moment of its emergence, and finds no difficulty in following its course. The problem of delivery is thus altogether eliminated and a practice ball is sent which can be judged entirely by its course in the air.

This explanation, by the way, is somewhat contradictory and elusive, as far as our friend the professional base ball pitcher is concerned. The professor "keeps the word of promise to the ear, but breaks it to the hope." Yet we can hardly esteem it as assured that the average batter can manage those awful psychological difficulties and know the exact instant at which the ball is at the mouth of the gun and "catch it with his eye" at the moment of its emergence. The chances are that the batter will catch it (the ball) in his eye soon after its emergence.

At any rate it would seem that, owing to the inventive genius of Prof. Hinton, aforesaid the trained base ball pitcher of our day and generation approaches the ragged edge of rivaling the Moor of Venice in finding his occupation gone. Shall we next have some bright American inventor presenting the sporting world with a whole field of base ball players, each manikin warranted to perform his part to the entire satisfaction of the umpire?

Now, if some genius would only invent a good substitute in buckram for the game of modern foot ball savagery what a boon he would confer upon mankind! It would be a blessing surpassed

only by the extinction of the race of bruisers et id omne genus!

REPUBLICAN BOSH

The Express asserts that the existence of the Democratic party is dependent upon continued hard times. The Democratic party is more than twice as old as the Republican party. It has seen good times and bad, and has survived both. That it has stood for the rights and the wellbeing of the common people is shown by the fact that the people look to it, in times of disaster and business depression, to lift the country out of its troubles and restore prosperity and happiness. That is why the Republican press, with characteristic sneers, alludes to the Democracy as the hard times party.

It is better to be a Democratic Moses in a hard times wilderness than a Republican Pharaoh in the midst of plenty. The Democracy and its chosen champion do not, as the Express asserts, wish to "sacrifice the country upon the altar of their desires." That sort of rhetorical bosh does not help the people to fill empty stomachs. If the people ask for bread do not give them wine.

If the people did not want Mr. Bryan he would be left alone in obscurity. The man was made for the occasion, not the occasion for the man.

The Santa Monica Signal urges the people of Los Angeles and Santa Monica to get down to business in the matter of a boulevard between the two cities. It says: "A good boulevard from Los Angeles to Santa Monica is not merely a summer necessity, but an all-the-year-round need, and the sooner it is constructed the sooner will both cities feel the benefits necessarily resultant." The boulevard would make more work for the unemployed, too.

Kansas City has over 100 miles of paved streets and the Star says: "Every improvement well and honestly made has paid." It omits to say whether dishonest improvements have paid. In Los Angeles they have not. Have all the Kansas City improvements been well and honestly made? If so, a small section of the millennium has been left there by mistake.

In the Investor column of this issue may be found a comparative statement of real estate transfers, mortgages and releases for the first six months of the current year and for the same months of 1896 and 1895, which will be found valuable for reference. The comparison of similar transactions in San Francisco covering the same period of 1897 is also of interest.

Kansas City has raised \$100,000 toward the building of a great auditorium, and expects to be completely prepared for big conventions next year. Los Angeles wants the national educational convention, but it has no adequate auditorium. What is going to be done in regard to the lack?

The American hallstone jar will have to take a back seat. The news comes from Berlin that thirteen persons were killed by hallstones in Wurtemberg, Germany. The stones must have been several sizes larger than the traditional hen's eggs.

The ardor of the Cuban insurgents is rain-proof. They are invading Matanzas, while Weyler, cooped up in unhealthy Havana, counts the rain drops as they fall from the skies, and sends for more troops.

Emperor Francis Joseph has advised the sultan to accept the terms of peace arranged by the powers. The "elck man of Europe" is being treated as if he had recovered. Now we shall see how he will act.

The railroads are to be complimented upon the manner in which the Christian Endeavor travel was handled west of the Mississippi valley. There were no accidents and few delays.

A labor riot in Pittsburgh was broken up by training a camera on the mob. What a pity photographs cannot be taken of the causes that lead to strikes and riots.

At St. Louis, Thursday and Friday, the thermometer registered 90 degrees through the entire night. The St. Louisian will come back after his blankets after he dies.

It is so hot in the east that smokers light their cigars by merely drawing the heated atmosphere through them.

Some of the Christian Endeavor yells are enough to scare the devil.

Not Discouraged

A duffer of a sportsman went out parting shooting, accompanied by an Irish keeper, who was good-natured enough to make all kinds of excuses for his patron's bad shots. At last the shooter, made reckless by ill success, perceived a covey of birds quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge, and resolved to have a slap at them on the ground. He fired, but to his mortification they all flew away untouched. "Oh, faith," cried the keeper, "Beggors, sor, you made them lave that, anyway."—Household Words.

Valorous

An old-time lord mayor of London, whose sporting experience was limited, rode forth one day to join the city hunt in the fields about Marylebone. Placed by his escort under a tree, he lordship heard the bounds give tongue in the distance, and the sounds grew louder and louder, till one of the city scouts shouted out: "The hare comes this way, my lord." The lord mayor rose to the occasion, and drawing his sword, he exclaimed, heroically: "Let him come! I thank my God I fear him not!"—Household Words.

Another Golden Gate Special

A San Francisco paper prints the story that a young lady of that city has had a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles fitted to her pet Maltese cat. It is indulging in such flights of imagination as this that causes strained relations to exist between public confidence and certain newspapers.—Kansas City Times.

THE HERALD'S MUSE

Behold! Oh Fools!

Behold! oh, fools! the harvest ye have sown!
The field is ripe, yea, ripened for the blade:
Then go forth and garner all your own:
Too long your harvest time has been delayed!
Too long, oh fools! have those who eat the grain
Been those who never plow, nor sow, nor reap:
While ye who toll and suffer hunger's pain
In patientness have lulled your wrath to sleep.

Ye rich, beware of wrath of patientness:
The smould'ring fire bursts into fiercest flame!
Withhold the hand with which ye would oppress,
Lest ye and yours be blotted out in shame!
Search ye among the annals of the past
And read the record, written o'er and o'er,
How the oppressors thrived, until at last
They died the death, and weltered in their gore!
And fancy not no danger threatens your days.
The sore-oppressed of now and long ago
Are brothers still, and when revenge shall craze,
The hate their brothers knew, these too shall know!

Oh, fools! for all are fools! Ye who produce
And profit not! And ye who snatch the bread
From labor's hand and make of it no use,
Can ye not learn a lesson from the dead?
Fear ye dread wrath! for shall gaunt hunger reel
Through boundless crops and stay his bony hand?
The day will come when law no more can seal
The famished lips of those who till the land!
Oh, rich! Beware the wrath of patient-ness!
The smould'ring fire bursts into fiercest flame!
Withhold the hand with which ye would oppress,
Lest ye and yours be blotted out in shame!

ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

A Seaside Thought

Are there treacherous waves near the
bountiful shores,
Where we trip o'er life's stream like a
sprite?
Are there rocks in the depths of the bon-
nie bright sea
For the ship that goes down through the
night?
Wilt thou come then with me to the seeth-
ing dark sea,
Where a beautiful bark toppled o'er,
In the dark and the deep, and the billowy
blue,
Where the wild waves broke on the
shore?

Wilt thou gaze out with me o'er the swell-
ing green tide,
As it leaps on the murmuring strand,
And forget all the past, save one erring
foot-print
We may trace in the shifting sea-sand?
Wilt thou come with me to that dark, dis-
mal shore,
Where the winds whistle fiercely and
free?
Shall we search for her now in those cav-
erns and caves
'Neath the reefs of the red-coral tree?

Shall we grope down, alas! through that
choking gloom,
Where the tears we may shed are in
vain?
Shall we call through the depths to the
demons below:
"Bring her back, bring her back, once
again!"

R. A. ROMAN.

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Message

Over the waving grain,
Over the mountains high,
Over the canyons deep,
Where the shadows lie,
Past the great lakes
My white dove flies.
When the sun rides high,
When the maples glow,
And the arbutus trails
In the spring-time glow,
And the robin sings,
My dove speeds low.

Over the grasses sweet,
Over the clover red,
Over the daisy field
And the poplar's bed,
To that heaven blest,
To the old homestead.

And these tidings bear
To my cherished one,
"With the harvest moon's
First beams I come"
To my mother dear,
From her wandering son.

MRS. J. H. MELVILLE.

The Carrier Dove

Fond bird, let loose upon the beaten beach
Of this fair mountain island, not the sea,
With all its billows rolling under thee,
Hinder thy strong white wings. They soar
to reach
The brooding nest. Not the wide-spreading
boughs
Of tropic growth in curious twisted tree,
Not the wild rose in fern-lined canyon
free,
Can stay thy flight, or lure thy breast to
house.

The unfledged young in leafy green re-
treat,
Far o'er the billows is thy home and rest!
Strong, dauntless love within that feath-
ered breast,
Which dares the ocean's wild, resistless
beat,
And where no swaying wood can stay
the feet,
Circles in air, and finds the waiting nest!

SYLVIA L. LAWSON COVEY.

CALIFORNIA OPINION

The Commanding Figure

Wm. J. Bryan is the commanding per-
sonality in the political field of the
present day. He is the logical candidate
for the presidency of the great oppo-
sition forces that will contest for suprema-
cy in national affairs in the coming
campaign of 1900. The friends of silver
and bimetalism have in W. J. Bryan a
leader worthy of the great cause they
espouse.—Downey Champion.

Do You See?

There is nothing in the success of Mr.
Bryan's tour, or in the seeming revival
of the ideas which he represents, that
need cause the slightest alarm. At the
same time it will be a mistake for Re-
publicans to underrate the importance
of either. And it will be the greatest
blunder of all not to understand the les-
son which this apparent resurrection of
Bryanism teaches.—San Diego Union.

Encourage the Fad

It is becoming fashionable down east
to employ men to do housework. As
there are at present more than a million
out of a job, we do not know but that
eastern fads should be encouraged.
—San Pedro American.

Tote Fair

The San Francisco Call ought to be
fair in its criticisms of Hon. William

Answer

The . . .
Clothing
Corner

When you are spoken to for your own interests.
We tell you they won't last long. We know how
the people respond. Your summer suit needs com-
ment. Get a new one that will fit, and get it now,
tomorrow. Get a good suit for a low price. Get it
here.

\$13.50

\$9.75

For a \$16 or \$18 Suit

For a \$15 or \$12 Suit

Are You a Fat Man?

Miller's Blue
101-103 North Spring Street
201-203-205-207-209 West First Street

Newberry's
LEAD IN QUALITY AND QUANTITY

A Little Light

Is all we can attempt in our daily ad. But call in
and look over our elegant stock of groceries and
price the line we have to sell you. The great ne-
cessities of life we have to sell you at bottom prices

Miller's Genuine Cream Tartar Baking Powder.....40c per lb.
Price's Baking Powder.....40c 1-lb. cans
Cleveland's Baking Powder.....40c 1-lb. cans
Royal Baking Powder.....40c 1-lb. cans
Spence's Baking Powder.....40c 1-lb. cans

Telephone Main 26.

216-218 South Spring Street

H. JEVNE

Green Coffee

Grows better for every day of its age. Getting stronger and
richer after roasting, the quicker you use it the better. For this
reason, if for no other, it will pay you to buy your coffee here.
We ROAST OUR COFFEE FRESH EVERY DAY, thus preserving to you
the goodness that the average grocery store coffee loses in trans-
portation. Our Coffee at 40 cents a pound is the very finest.

208-210 South Spring St. Wilcox Building



Best Full Set Teeth \$5

Equal to Any \$10 Plate in the City

Teeth Extracted Absolutely
Without Pain—50c

Crown, Bridge Work and Fine Fillings a specialty.
All work guaranteed.

DR. R. L. H. TURNER

Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Rooms 7 and 8—224 S. Broadway.

Consumption Cured..

"Treatise on Consumption" ..SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS..

DR. W. HARRISON BALLARD,

406 STIMPSON BLOCK, Corner Spring and Third streets, Los Angeles.

J. Bryan. The old style of politics where
everything was considered fair that was
said about one's political opponents is
out of date, and the Call should try and
mend its ways and get in the procession.
—Visalia Times.

Hitting the Mark

In our opinion the idleness prevalent in
what are wrongly called high circles, but
which should be rightly called money
circles, is the main cause of demoraliza-
tion not only among our own wealthy
people but among wealthy classes all
over the world.—National City Record.

Making Converts for Bryan

The Los Angeles Times is making con-
verts for Bryan daily by its senseless
ridicule. The country is in much greater
need of a rest from the Times than from
Bryan.—Santa Monica Outlook.

The Place to Celebrate

The goldbug who is too sensitive to
hear a sober discussion of a grave na-

He is a Democrat
Postmaster Mathews of Los Angeles
is a good officer and a public spirited cit-
izen. Too bad he is a Democrat.—Pasa-
dena News.

The Warm Weather Menu

According to the strict creed of the
epicure, even the appropriate color of a
dish is a matter for consideration. For
instance, during the warm weather a
soup should be either white, pale am-
ber or of a delicate green, like the early
leaves. After a white soup, a salmon,
lobster or a white fish with coral or em-
erald sauce should invariably follow.
The succession of such harmonizing
courses is a matter of study with the
gourmet.—New York Evening Post.