

Campbell Interurban Press.

Fifteenth Year.

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1908.

No. 4

For Staple and Fancy Groceries

SEE US!

Pure Olive Oil
Fancy Butter
Cereal Foods
Fresh Vegetables
Hunt's Confections

THE FARMERS UNION

General Merchandise
Hardware
Paints

CAMPBELL, CALIFORNIA

YOU ARE GOING
Somewhere Sometime

I WANT TO TELL YOU
HOW YOU CAN MAKE
YOUR TRIP

THE **EASIEST**
CHEAPEST
BEST and
MOST DESIRABLE WAY

Personally Conducted Cars to all Principal Points

ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES

Come in and let us tell you all about it. Write or inquire

E. SHILLINGSBURG

40 East Santa Clara Street, San Jose

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Homes For Sale!

If your's is for sale list it with me.
If you want to buy see my list.

ELGIN C. HURLBERT,

REAL ESTATE,
RENTS,
INSURANCE.

108 Alum Rock Ave., East San Jose, Cal.

PHONE, BROWN 17

Business College Scholarships For Sale, Cheap!

We have two or three scholarships for sale and any students expecting to enter a business college will do well to see us first.

CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

Subscribe for the "Post"

CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

ELGIN C. HURLBERT Editor and Proprietor

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year in Advance Advertising Rates, 50c. an Inch per month
Locals, 5c a line each insertion. Resolutions of respect and condolence, 5c a line.
Cards of thanks, 50c. Notices of entertainments, where a charge is made, 5c a line.

Entered as second-class matter September 30, 1904, at the Postoffice at Campbell, California, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Airships Will Carry Mails and Be the War Engines of the Future.

By ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, Inventor.

FLYING machines are no longer a dream of the future. They are here now, successful and splendid. The problem of the navigation of the air is CERTAINLY SOLVED.

THIS IS TO BE AN AGE OF FLYING MACHINES. THE FUTURE IS MERELY A MATTER OF DEVELOPMENT. THE HEAVIER THAN AIR FLYING MACHINE MAY BE SAID TO HAVE PASSED ITS BABYHOOD. IT IS CERTAIN THAT THE NEXT FEW YEARS WILL SEE AERODROMES ENTER UPON A LIMITLESS FIELD OF USEFULNESS. THEY WILL CARRY THE MAILS OF THIS COUNTRY AND PROVIDE THE QUICKEST MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.

This will all come quickly. A few months of haphazard flights will be followed by a few more months of more careful flights, in which attempts will be made to start from and land at certain fixed places.

The experimental stage thus passed, the AGE OF COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT will begin. I do not believe that aeroplanes will ever be valuable as carriers of great weights, but in this respect they will be supplemented by the dirigible balloon, which will prove a cheap freight carrier.

Aerodromes will be the vehicles of the near future. They will also be THE WAR ENGINES OF THE FUTURE. Their great speed will make them almost impossible targets for heavy guns of any kind, and small projectiles or arrows will be ineffective against them.

I cannot see how a fleet of ships could defend itself against a fleet of aerodromes. New guns probably will be invented to meet the emergency, but under any circumstances the advantage will be entirely with the airships.

I AM NOT A PROPHET TO SAY THAT THE COMING OF THE FLYING MACHINES WILL DO AWAY SPEEDILY WITH ARMIES AND NAVIES AS THEY NOW EXIST, BUT I CAN SEE NO OTHER CONCLUSION TO BE DRAWN FROM THE SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS NOW BEING CONDUCTED.

Why Immigrants Like America

By Professor EMIL REICH, Historian and Lecturer.

FEW Americans are aware of one of the secret causes of the fact that the Yankees assimilate, without even thinking of it or without troubling much about it, millions of Europeans, not 1 per cent of whom could have been really assimilated in Europe by the English, the Germans or the French.

Millions of Germans become in the United States rabid Yankees in the course of a few months without any Americans so much as asking them to do so, while all the wisdom and power of the Prussian government have these hundred years been unable to assimilate a hundred thousand Poles.

But when the German peasant arrives at New York he has not been there a single hour but that half a dozen people have done him what is to his mind an exquisite and flattering honor. They have "sirred" him. They have said "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." In Europe the honor of being addressed by "sir" has never been done him, although he was always expected to "sir" every better dressed person speaking to him. For years this had rankled in his heavy soul, and now a new flood of sensations shoot to his heart and brain, and in that very moment he is a new man.

THE AMERICANS ARE QUITE UNAWARE THAT THAT MEANINGLESS "SIR" HAS DONE MORE FOR THE ASSIMILATION OF MILLIONS OF EUROPEAN NEWCOMERS THAN HAVE ALL THE PARAGRAPHS OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

Let Baby Learn That There Are Other Babies on Earth.

By Mrs. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, Author and Lecturer.

IBELIEVE that children should be taken out of the home as soon as they have reached an age when they begin to realize and understand things. Baby is allowed to rest too long with the idea that he is THE ONLY BABY IN THE WORLD.

Baby should be sent to school. The kindergarten is a step in the right direction, but THERE OUGHT TO BE A BABYGARTEN where baby could spend several hours a day away from mother, learning that there are other babies and taking on more of the US feeling and losing much of the I feeling.

Such schooling would tend to broaden the child and allow it to grow up capable of grasping the fact that the ethics of society are greater than the ethics of the individual or of the family.

A babygarden would not only be broadening for baby, but would ALLOW MOTHER TO GET OUTSIDE OF THE HOME and learn, too, that the ethics of society are greater than the ethics of family and give her a chance to become more of a person and more of a factor in the world.

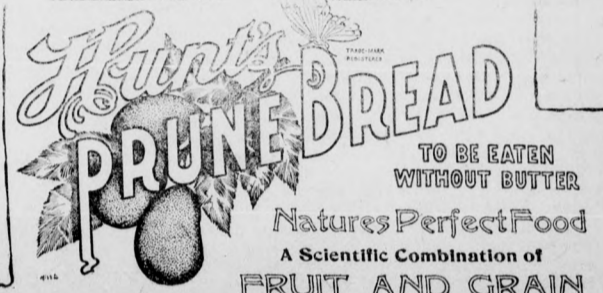
The East San Jose Post, speaking of the terms of three Supervisors which expire this year, viz: Ayer, Hubbard and Mitchell, states that it has heard of no opponent to Mitchell. Wake up brother Hurlbert, the Supervisor from the Fifth has an opposing candidate, Wright, of Mountain View. And Wright is getting busy, too!—*Mountain View Register.*

Wright is right, all right, and a right smart Supervisor he would make, but the "dems" have a man at Mountain View who would give either "the watch dog of the treasury" or Wright a run for their life this year, in the person of "Mike" Farrell. Eh?

Now that the decision of Judge Richards will bar the saloons from the residence section of San Jose, what more right have they to exist throughout the residence sections of the county? A petition will soon be presented to the Supervisors which will ask that saloons be not licensed anywhere outside of the incorporated towns and we look for a large majority of the voters names upon the petition. It is only a question of a short time until the saloon must go, and it's up to Supervisors Mitchell, Roll, Ayer, Hubbard and Hersman as to what they will do with the proposed petition.

Offer Extraordinary!

THE "CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS" One Year
AND
THE "FARM JOURNAL" Five Years
For the Insignificant Sum of
\$1.25, for both
The "PRESS" must be paid a year in advance



THE famous Santa Clara Prune, most healthful of fruits, combined with Whole Wheat Bread, produces during the sweetest, richest, most palatable and nourishing food for the human body. It is particularly suited for growing children, taking the place of sweetmeats, and supplying the material for a strong constitution. It should form a goodly part of every lunch basket.

Hunt's Prune Bread is made by bright, non-perspiring machinery in a clean, light, well ventilated factory, operated under the most rigid sanitary conditions insuring absolute purity and cleanliness. A distinguishing feature of this Bread is its superior keeping quality, which fact alone commends it to tourists, eating parties and all those who are unable to procure fresh bread daily. Presented in a neat, sanitary, hermetically sealed glassine wrapper, it will keep fresh for 10 days and should appeal to every student of hygiene.

LARGE FAMILY LOAVES 10 CENTS
Originated and Manufactured by
Hunt's Steam Bakery, San Jose, Cal.

Sold by the Leading Dealers Served by the Leading Restaurants
Snow white wagons deliver everywhere Phone John 906

1000 YOUNG MEN WANTED BIG INDUCEMENTS TO STUDY TELEGRAPHY.

A Position Guaranteed at Sixty Dollars a month. Tuition refunded when in service one year. Trained by use of an S. P. wire right in the school room. See us about it.

Pacific Coast Business College
Market and Post Streets,
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

A Civil Service Position

is easily obtained if you prepare for the examination by studying with the

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

OF SCRATON, PA.
SAN JOSE OFFICE, 28 East Santa Clara Street
THOS. COSTAIN, Representative
Phone, Main 251

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

"This idle! we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain;
All-baffled reason cannot wander
Beyond her chain.
The flood of light runs dark; dark clouds
Make hampless night around its shore;
The dead, where are they? In their
shrouds!
Man knows no more.
Evolve the ancient and the past;
Will one illumining star arise?
Or must the film from first to last,
O'erspread thine eyes?
When life, love, glory, beauty wither,
Will wisdom's page or science's chart
Map out for thee the region whither
Their shades depart?"

Suppose thou the wondrous powers
To high imagination given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,
Ah, sayest thou the soul shall climb
That magic mount the trod of old
Ere childhood's time?"

And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to glory's name?
And shall the conquering love that filled
All earth with flame,
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal
Of death and night?"

No more, no more! with aching brow,
And restless heart and burning brain,
We ask the when, the where, the how,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly, all celestial lore,
Have but one voice, which only saith:
Endure, adore.
—James Clarence Mangan.

THE VISION SPLENDID

When out of his turbulent fancies,
He came to the world again. He was
walking rapidly through the heart of
the West End. As he walked, he be-
came conscious of the great houses,
piled on each side of the square—no-
ble mansions occupied by the wealth
and fashion of the town. Many of
them were closed, for the season had
not commenced. Some, however, were
lighted and showed signs of occupa-
tion, and, as he walked, one house
stood clearly in his memory because it
gave a picture to his receptive senses.

It was a huge house, cold and gray,
but the room overlooking the square,
on the ground floor, was a blaze of wel-
coming light. The details were hidden
by the window draperies. They were
of a curious gauze-like whiteness,
throwing a film over the interior. In
the light a woman stood for a moment,
the shadow of her figure and face
thrown sharply on the gauze in silhou-
ette. The woman was plainly visible,
a regal figure, in white evening dress.
But, though plainly visible, alluring
with the fascination of her gaze, the
filmy draperies hid the details; giving
only a hint of the woman's beauty—
a hint no sooner given than it was
covered and hidden again by the elusive
fabric of the drapery. For a moment
the figure remained there, like a grace-
ful beckoning phantom. The artist
stood looking, eagerly, taking in the
possibilities.

"Fame—the elusive goddess—Fame,"
he said.
Ere the words had escaped him the
figure stepped from underneath the
light, in the direction of the door, and
as she passed out of sight, the light
was switched off, leaving the somber
house in darkness.
"Fame elusive; Fame seen—Fame
almost grasped. And when you stretch
out a hand to hold the garland, there
is nothing—only darkness," the artist
said aloud.

So the great symbolic painting,
Fame, the Elusive, was born.
It is not for a mere writer to de-
scribe in awkward words a masterpiece
that can be remembered and is still to
be seen. When it hung, completed, in
the Academy, a year after its comple-
tion, it held a crowd each day. Critics
debated and explained it, some raved
about it, some disliked it. But all the
men who paint and talk about painters
in the studios allowed that as a paint-
ing it was a sheer masterpiece.

It brought fame to Ralph Taunton's
studio doors; fame no longer elusive;
fame that materialized in the postal
delivery in a fashionable correspond-
ence; fame which took shape in the
press in criticism; fame which was
visualized by the visitors who mounted
the studio steps. Society seemed to de-
cide that life had not exhausted its
possibilities until Taunton had painted
its portrait.

Many a time Ralph left his studio
and walked the old promenade down
the King's Road to the great squares,
contrasting the earlier days of his ar-
tistic career with the present. Many
times he sought the gray house in the
square at night for a glimpse of his
elusive mascot. But the house remain-
ed closed and no light ever flashed
from its upper windows.

Two years later, in the early au-
tumn, he was crossing the channel. The
night was raw, cold and dark, and the
decks were deserted. Taunton paced
the forward deck alone, watching the
great boat leap through the darkness
to the song of the protesting waves.

His aimless musings were suddenly
broken. Along the deck, leading past
the upper cabins, a woman moved out
of the darkness beyond into the light
swinging over the cabin entrance. For
a moment she stood in the white halo,
a regal figure in the blazing circle of
light.

The painter started to his feet, and
his hand swept across his eyes. It
seemed like a trick of vision—some
strange phantasy played by the brain
on the eyes. The figure standing in
the light, silhouetted for a few seconds
like a statue, was real; but the face,
looking from the awning out to sea,
might have come straight from the pic-
ture hanging on the studio wall.

"Madam—one moment!" he said, his
voice sounding strangely hoarse.
"Well?" she asked, curly, and coldly
"It sounds futile, I know," Ralph
said; "but for a moment I thought you
were not real—were a vision out of
the mystic night."

The woman's fine eyes smiled for a
moment into his.
"A vision! Why a vision? What a
strange thing to say! Do I look im-
palpable? Surely a woman's greatest
failure!"

"I thought you were Fame, the Elu-
sive," he said.

She looked at him, then smiled.
"I think that magic head and the
impalpable figure have turned men's
heads. Other men have said the same
thing to me. It is nice to be flattered
if the deception is not too obvious; but
the man who painted that woman's
head knew her as men seldom know
women—had looked into her soul. It
is to be understood as the painter un-
derstood, for which women crave; and
I have never known the painter, so it
cannot be so."

"I thought you were a vision," the
painter continued. "I saw a woman
once looking from a window in Ebury
square. I did not see the face, it was
faintly blurred by the hanging, filmy
curtains. All that year I had been grop-
ing for fame and recognition; missing,
just by such a slender partition as the
curtain of film, a glance from her eyes.
Fame seemed ever so near; always so
far away. I called you Fame—the
Elusive."

"You called me—you assume that I
was she?" the woman asked.

"There is no assumption—it is so,"
the painter said simply. "I knew the
face. Because I could not see it, I
meant it out of myself; I painted it as
it should be. I visualized the Fame I
sought—the elusive goddess I had
loved. It is thus that lovers look into
their beloved one's eyes. It is because
of this, one man sees an abiding glory
in the features of even the woman a
world of men call ugly."

"One does not see like that," she
said. "I carry the hero of my dreams



"IT IS AS IF I HAD LOST MY EYESIGHT,"
definitely in my heart. I know he is
there—but I cannot see him."

"It is because you have not sought,"
the painter said. "If you cannot see,
how shall you know him when he
stands before you?"

The woman was silent.
"There was only one Fame, the im-
age that was the vision of my dreams.
I lived with it for years; I painted it
from my own consciousness. You will
remember that it was my first success-
ful picture—Fame, the Elusive."

"You!" she exclaimed.
"Yes, it was my picture. Fame, ab-
stract fame, has materialized with me.
Can you wonder that when I saw you,
for a moment, I was startled by the
vision splendid? It was as if the elu-
sive goddess whom I had followed so
long had come to me—had really sur-
rendered."

She shivered, for a moment, in the
night air.
"I must go in," she said, and her
eyes sought his. They met and held
each other.

She put out her hand, cordially.
"It is very strange," she said; "it is
all very strange."
He did not see her again, except in
the distant company of a matronly fig-
ure who bore some slight resemblance
to his goddess and might have been a
matured sister of Fame.

She introduced him as the boat ran
into the harbor, and after a desultory
conversation they parted, he for his
walking trip through Brittany, she for
Paris.

It came to the painter that Fame—the
Elusive, was still a will-o'-the-wisp,
a phantom butterfly, evading him how-
ever he searched. When he returned
to the studio, the picture still hung
there, compelling and inspiring. But
the unfinished canvas on the easel re-
mained, weeks after, in the same stage.
He could not paint. Desire of work,
the cunning of his craft, the delight in
its accomplishment, seemed to have
left him. He could only sit restlessly
in the studio, smoking, and gazing
at his protesting work; walk restlessly
through the streets, or plunge feverish-
ly into social gaiety. It seemed as if
the elusive goddess had given him re-
cognition for a moment only to desert
him.

The painter picked up a palette and
worked on the unfinished painting.
Afterward, he painted the work out
and started over again. It would not

come right. He put the palette, with
its splashes of raw color, on the floor,
with a sigh.

"I cannot work," he said. "It is as
if I had lost my sight."

The street door of the studio clang-
ed to and sent an echo down the long
passage. A football sounded swiftly on
the stone.

"I hope no one will come to-night,"
he muttered. "I am tired."

The footsteps came on, and approach-
ed his door. A low, firm knock brought
the painter to it. He threw the door
open.

"Why—no!" he said, and again the
old nervous trick—the nervous hand
sweeping across his tired eyes.

"Yes—you can see. I am not a vi-
sion. You were so sure before."
She accented "before" with a little
emphasis.

It was the woman of the picture—
Fame. Fame, with bright eyes, ex-
cited, glad, and yet betraying a slight
lack of confidence; Fame, in white
evening garments, muffled in a black
filmy cloak, against which her white
neck gleamed like ivory; Fame, in
whose hair rain drops clung like dia-
monds, caught the firelight, set it radi-
ating, and were her only jewels.

"I have slipped out," she said, with
the embarrassed air of one who had
done a daring thing. "My sister is din-
ing out. I wanted to see you!" she
added.

"I wanted to see you," he said, husk-
ily. "I know I should see you soon. I
have always wanted to see you. You
are the vision splendid."

"Don't," she said, hastily, "just hear
me. You remember the night boat,
and what you said?"

"Every thought and word," Ralph
answered.

"I said I had my hero in my heart,
but could not visualize his face."

"Yes."

"And you said I could not see be-
cause I had not sought."

"Yes." The painter's luminous eyes
were smiling.

"You meant I had not sought, had
not hoped, and had not despaired. You
meant that the soul cries to its mate,
and in its need makes a portrait of its
god intuitively."

"Just that," the painter said. "It
was because of that I knew you before
I saw your face. It is through sorrow
and striving, disappointment and hope,
and work in duty to the gods we set
up, that men and women come to see."
She bent her proud head.

"I have come to see," she said slow-
ly and very quietly.—Black and White.

A Case in Point.

There is a town in northern New
Hampshire where the families have in-
termarried to such an extent that it
is difficult for an outsider to make the
least criticism on one person without
the danger of offending some of his
family connection. When an unfortu-
nate visitor commented on this fact to
Mr. Corbin, the postmaster, Mr. Corbin
nodded violently.

"Bill Harmon, that's our Sheriff,
complained of that no longer ago than
last week," said he.

"You see, it took him more'n a fort-
night to arrest Nate Giddings, because
Nate got wind that he was wanted on
a little matter of selling hard cider,
and he went on a round of visits
amongst his relatives, aunts, nephews-
in-law, and I don't know what all, and
twasn't till he'd had his fun and went
back home to his wife that Bill could
make the arrest without seeming to
kind of butt in, as you might say, and
spoil the reunion."

"I should think he would make a
queer kind of Sheriff," said the vis-
itor, "waiting all that time for senti-
mental reasons, and then arresting a
man when he went home just because
his poor wife wasn't a relation!"

Mr. Corbin drew himself up and as-
sumed a remote expression.

"That's as you look at it," he said, in
a chilly tone. "I may be a mite prej-
udiced in Bill's favor, as he married my
son-in-law's youngest sister. Anything
that concerns him, concerns me, you
understand."

When the Assessor Comes.

Smith's wife wears costly clothes; her
daughters dress in style;
She hints that recently her husband made
a pile;

She talks of yachts and trips across the
briny deep,
And proudly chats about the servants
that they keep;
But notwithstanding this it's likely to be
found
That they have little when the assessor
comes around.

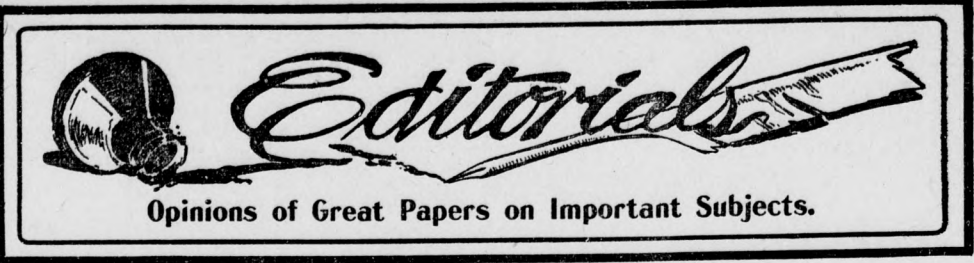
The Browns are trying hard to loom above
the Grays,
Whose bosoms would indicate that they
have had a raise;
The Greens have bought a car, the All-
sons pretend
They've made a fortune through a story
that he penned;
But they will cease to live where luxuries
abound
And all be paupers when the assessor
comes around.

We try to let the world believe that we
are blessed,
Each likes to think that he is envied by
the rest;
Our wives pretend that we earn much
more than we do,
I fib sometimes about my wages, so do
you.

But once a year we all round up on com-
mon ground—
We cease our boasting when the assessor
comes around.
—Chicago News-Herald.

Condon't Hit Him.

Visitor—What do you attribute
your long life, despite the illness you've
had?
Brencho Pete—Bad marksmanship
principally.



THE NOISELESS MAXIM GUN.

A GREAT and terrible responsibility rests
upon the shoulders of Hiram Percy Maxim,
son of the inventor of the machine guns,
according to a recent writer, who says:
He has patented a gun which will kill a
man with no more noise than the hissing
of a snake. Armed with this silent weap-
on, a murderer could shoot down his victim without at-
tracting the least attention, and only on examination
would the cause of death be revealed.

On the other hand, a single policeman using the noise-
less gun could disable every member of a gang of bur-
glars before they recovered from their surprise. It is
an invention which may lead to the re-equipment of the
armed forces of the world and the revolutionizing of
modern methods of warfare—will perhaps even hasten
the happy day when there will be no war, for the very
best safeguard against war is the invention of weapons
of such terrible power that armies will never dare to
stand against each other. "War," said Bismarck, "is
the greatest enemy of war and will eventually be put
out of existence."

In the next great war skirmishers may use noiseless
rifles, enabling them to creep along an enemy's front
and shoot down the unsuspecting pickets one after an-
other, and not until their bodies were discovered would
the alarm be given. The extended front of a whole
army, concealed in the underbrush or behind rocks, could
work terrible havoc among the opposing forces before
its position could be located. To the big game hunter
the silent firearm will open new horizons.—Utica Globe.

MENACE OF THE RED FLAG.

THE red flag of anarchistic revolution is not
native. It is of foreign birth and the prop-
aganda has been imported with our mil-
lions of immigrants. We have not only im-
ported the agitators, but we have im-
ported the masses for them to work on.
In America the movement is almost entire-
ly confined to the cities, because there are clustered the
working people. Each has its alien branch or branches,
and aliens coming from portions of Europe where enor-
mous military establishments alone repress revolt against
notorious oppression, both political and economic, are
ripe for foment. They know but vaguely what their
changed conditions are. They are bewildered by the dis-
play of wealth, predatory or fairly earned, that they see
about them, not realizing that here, as never in Europe,
any one of them who has the ability can become a rich
man. The local center of each dispersion of the leaven
of revolt will thus be found among the aliens or among
people who have caught it from the aliens, save as it
has begun to permeate our colleges and universities, and
even there foreign professors and translations of foreign
books have been the cause of inception.

The actual leaven of revolt when first imported into



"I don't say it reproachfully at all,
because I know you can't help it and
it's something that you are over-coming
all the time," said the cashier. "You're
not in the least to blame, my boy, but
you are very young. You can't deny
it."

"I'm not going to," said the bill
clerk. "It's far from my intention.
What's more, I'm glad that I am
very young and I'd like to keep that
way if I could. If you think I'm ach-
ing for a bald spot and a pair of nose
glasses you've got another guess."

"Tut, tut!" said the cashier. "Why
this heat?"

"Oh, I'm not hot," said the bill clerk.
"But I'll tell you, my venerable friend,
some of you back numbers need calling
down good and hard. Most of you are
useful only as horrible examples."

"Precisely," agreed the cashier.
"That is our unselfish aim. We wish
to warn the rising generation to avoid
the errors into which we fell during our
own unreflecting age. We point out the
pitfalls and the snares that beset your
path and wherein we left more or less
cuttle. We confess our youthful fol-
lies and vices, even."

"You brag of 'em," said the bill clerk.
"If you didn't have any you invent
'em. You haven't got the snap to get
into any particular trouble now and
so you try to make out that it's be-
cause you know better. I'm wise to
you stuffs, all right. I don't have to
be a hundred years old to know you,
either."

"I'm surprised at you, Johnny," said
the cashier.
"You don't need to be," said the bill
clerk. "You may have known some-
thing one time, but you've forgotten it.
You think you're alive, don't you? Well,
you ain't. I'm living, myself. I'm
right out among 'em with my eyes open,
stirring around. You're covered with
moss and all you can do is to look back
and try to remember. Then you come
around and give me good advice. I
like your nerve."

"Young folks think old folks are
fools, but old folks know young folks
are fools," quoted the cashier.

"It's all right about that," said the
bill clerk. "If that's so the young folks
have got the sense to keep their opin-
ions to themselves. That's what makes
me sore. When a man's head begins
to push through his hair and he takes
a fifty-two inch belt he looks at a young
fellow as if it was a shame to allow
him to run loose. If he hasn't got any-
thing fresh to say about a chap he
looks it. If a fellow's just holding
down a salaried job the man with the

the United States found lodgment in St. Louis and Mil-
waukee among the brewery colonies, in Cincinnati and
Chicago among the stock yard employes, and in New
York among the brewery men and dock laborers. This
particular bit of leaven has never ceased to ferment,
though many thousands of men whom it then affected,
as they got jobs and homes and began to prosper, forgot
it and would now be ashamed of the ideas they once
held.—Cor. Broadway Magazine.

SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

IN New York the other day a physician told
his patient that death was sure within a
few hours, whereupon the patient cut his
throat. This unexpected action brought
the case to public notice and awakened
much discussion as to whether the phy-
sician was justified in telling the patient
what he thought was the truth.

We should say that he was not. Aside from the ques-
tion how much truth physicians really know, the power
of suggestion, which only of late years has come to be
understood, must be taken into account. Its force was
shown by the patient's suicide; but, even if he had not
violently killed himself, the probability is that he would
have died. A fixed idea in the mind of a sick man has
enormous strength. If the physician had told the patient
that he would get well, the power of suggestion might
have enabled him to throw off his disease. Christian
Science does such things every day. But, even if this
had not been so, the patient's last days would have been
made happier.

The physician's duty is not to tell all the truth, as he
understands it, but to cheer as well as to heal.—Des
Moines News.

FARM STILL OFFERS OPPORTUNITY.

WHAT is needed among our farm boys is a
better knowledge of the possibilities that
lie at their very door. Raised as the farm
boy is, with a chance to become a keen ob-
server in a business that speaks success, if
industry is applied and economy followed,
there is a wonderful opportunity to become
successful in farm work that promises an independent
livelihood.

Why leave the farm? Stick to the farm. Never lose
sight of the fact that, with brain and brawn back of you,
the best investment on earth for you to make is in the
earth itself.

The shores of the commercial stream are strewn with
wrecks of bright men who sought to get rich quick in
the cities and wear a boiled shirt and kid gloves while
doing it. If they had remained on the farm and later
engaged in farming, saving and living within their means,
their life would have been marked with success, with a
competency for old age. Again we repeat: Stick to the
farm.—The Successful Farmer.

whiskers thinks he's a dub that won't
never amount to shucks. If he goes up
to the house, papa glares at him like
he'd just broke out of jail. Why? Be-
cause a guy has all his teeth and
doesn't have to go to sleep after din-
ner. It's something fierce the rind I've
got, walking around without a cane
and reading a paper without putting
on two pairs of spectacles to do it,
ain't it? Think of my nerve being able
to play tennis for a whole afternoon
at a stretch! And what do you think
of me wearing a red necktie and keep-
ing my shoes polished? Isn't that the
gall?"

"I certainly think that a less obtru-
sive color in a necktie would be prefer-
able," said the cashier.
"Of course you do," said the bill
clerk. "And if I made a remark on
any subject you'd stare at me as if
you didn't know whether to kick me or
laugh at me. I haven't got any busi-
ness to have any opinion about any-
thing when there's anybody around
with white whiskers and a big bay
window."

"Tell me just one thing," said the
cashier.
"Well, what is it?" asked the bill
clerk.
"Has he got anything against you be-
sides the fact that you're calling
around to see his daughter?"

"Sure," replied the bill clerk. "Ain't
I telling you? I'm very young, conse-
quently I haven't got a grain of sense
and I ain't worth my salt and never
will be. You think you're awful foxy,
don't you?"—Chicago Daily News.

THEATER BUILT BY A PIRATE.

**Havana's Great Playhouse Founded
Seventy Years Ago by Marty.**
The history of the Tacon theater of
Havana is very interesting. In the year
1835 Francisco Marty, who was then
the leader of a band of pirates which
infested the island of Cuba, and who
had a price of \$10,000 on his head, was
captured and ordered to be put to death.
Seeing there was no hope for him, he
asked leave to see General Tacon, who
was then governor general of Havana,
and told him if his life was spared he
would denounce his entire band and
assist him in ridding the island of the
number of pirates which infested it at
that period. Accordingly General Tacon
gave him two weeks' parole and inside
of a week Marty had denounced his fel-
low pirates and turned them over to
the government. For this service he
was pardoned.

In 1836 Marty asked for the conces-
sion to build a national theater on the
site of Parque Central. It was granted
to him. General Tacon went further
and allowed him the privilege of the
use of forty convicts who were then
confined in Morro castle to assist him
in the work, each convict receiving the
sum of 20 cents a day. In 1838 the
theater was finished and Marty, as a
proof of the gratitude he felt toward

General Tacon for sparing his life,
named it El Teatro Tacon.
During the insurrection in Cuba many
exciting incidents took place here. In
one instance a regiment of Cuban in-
surgents barricaded themselves in the
theater and held it against the Span-
iards for three days. Finally they
were starved out, and as they were
making their escape all were shot.

The theater is built of white stone
with decorations of marble and facing
Central Park, being in the center of
the fashionable district of Havana. It
is one of the largest theaters in the
world, seating over 3,000 persons.—
Cuban Review.

FIERCE DUELS ON AN ISLAND

**Thirty Thousand Sheep and Goats
Fight Daily on San Clemente.**
Mile after mile of sheep ready for
shearing, not to mention mile after
mile of goats for butting, was the sight
that greeted Superintendent Zimmer of
the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Animals, when he visited San Cle-
mente, from which island he returned
recently, says the Los Angeles Times.
Next month the sheep and the goats
will be separated; not in the old bib-
lical way, but in modern style and af-
ter an exciting round-up.

San Clemente island is twenty-eight
miles long, and to Mr. Zimmer it seem-
ed as if he saw twenty-eight miles of
sheep. He was not there on business,
but as the guest of the owners of the
island, Robert and Charles Howland
and Mrs. Howland. Where he couldn't
see sheep he spied goats. There are
nearly 25,000 of the former and 4,000
of the latter. The goats are an unmiti-
gated nuisance, because they kill so
many sheep, and are being hunted.

It takes a long time to round up the
sheep. Mr. Zimmer says they seem to
know when the attempt is to be made.
Just now it is easy to get near them,
but as soon as they see a number of
horseback riders and other indications
that they are about to lose their wool,
they get down into the gullies and hide,
and it takes strenuous efforts to corral
them.
Far wilder than the sheep are the
goats. They stay in the canyons and
usually won't mix with the former, but
when the fancy seizes them they charge
down on the flocks and butt the lambs
to death.

In formation the island is very like
the rolling country around San Pedro.
It is believed to have been the burial
ground of giant Indians who inhabited
this coast in early times. Mr. Zimmer
says that from a place 500 or 600 feet
square a number of skulls of the origi-
nal native sons have been taken. The
indications are that the giants were
buried in rows.
A gronchy man may not be agree-
able, but he is a joy in comparison
with the facetious man.

LATE HAPPENINGS ALONG THE COAST

Interesting Items of News From
Those States That Border
the Broad Pacific.

Current Events Among Your Neighbors in
the Far West Gathered by Mail and
Telegraph and Presented in
Kaleidoscopic Array.

Palo Alto.—An election to choose 15 freeholders to frame a charter for Palo Alto will be held on August 24th.

Marysville.—Fire destroyed a whole block in this city and fourteen families lost their homes. The total loss will reach \$50,000.

Los Angeles.—Elmer S. Cox, a gardener, aged 47 years, was found dead in an alley adjoining a lodging house. Cox is believed to have been walking in his sleep and to have fallen out of the second-story window.

Los Angeles.—Fire originating from a defective flue destroyed the wool-pulling establishment of the Kaufman-Davidson Company, hide, tallow and wool dealers. The loss was about \$55,000, partly covered by insurance.

Sacramento.—All past records for fruit shipments from this point were broken one day last week when 61 carloads of pears, peaches and plums were forwarded to Eastern markets. The previous record number was 49 cars for one day in 1902.

Redwood City.—Frederick Richard of Woodside died last week of measles. During his sickness he had been allowed to drink a small quantity of wine. Shortly after he was seized with convulsions and died in great agony. Richard was 24 years of age.

Washington.—Nearly 150 clerks and about 250 carriers of San Francisco are benefitted by increases of salary. Some of these are in the \$600 and \$800 classes, but most of them are in the highest class, being promoted from \$1100 to \$1200. Fifteen clerks and carriers in Fresno are also raised.

Pittsburg.—The case of the Nevada Colonization Company, which has been pending in the United States Circuit Court here for a number of years, was brought up again last week, and Judge Young made an order allowing A. Chase, receiver of the company, to sell 9000 acres of land in Nye county for a price to exceed \$60,000.

Woodland.—Street work that was done in this city twenty years ago, when four blocks of Main street were bituminized, has just been accepted by the City Trustees. It was necessary to formally "accept" the work before certain repairs now necessary could legally be made, the Trustees of twenty years ago having left no evidence of such an acceptance.

Alameda.—Halvor Hauch, son of a well-known grocer of this city, has returned from an outing at Guerneville suffering from blood poisoning caused by a blister on the hand received while rowing on the Russian river. The boy made light of the blister but the hand grew steadily worse and he was compelled to return home to consult a specialist.

San Rafael.—The "lid" is on at San Anselmo. Trustees claimed that the town was running too wide open and they swooped down on the "blind pigs." Mayor Jones of San Anselmo says: "Our town has been running wide open, and I for one am going to see that the ordinances of the town are respected. Drink everywhere must stop. If the people desire respectable saloons—well, that is up to them."

Crockett.—A new powder manufacturing company to operate a plant on the site of the abandoned works at Sobrante is the latest undertaking in the Contra Costa county industrial world. State Senator Charles Belshaw and John Birmingham, formerly superintendent of the Du Pont works at Pinole, are said to be the leaders in the undertaking, which is to be incorporated with a capital stock of \$200,000.

Stockton.—A big dredger is clearing out the Calaveras river and building a levee along that stream, this being the first work on the Stockton diverting canal. It is necessary to widen the river and throw up high levees on either side to carry the water from the canal, and this part of the contract will be completed first so that when the canal, which will be four and nine-tenths miles in length, is finished, the water can be taken care of.

Sacramento.—John Freitas is dead as the result of his brain being pierced by the handle of a pair of blacksmith tongs thrown at him in self-defense by Walter Thorne. Both men were employed by a street contracting firm. Freitas had a reputation as a wrestler, but was twice thrown when he wrestled Thorne. Angered, he attacked Thorne with a razor, but the latter threw the tongs at him, one handle piercing the skull and penetrating the brain.

EMBRYO SOLDIERS HAD TO CATCH ANTS.

Hazing of Plebes at West Point Results in
Suspension of Eight Cadets.

West Point, N. Y.—Eight cadets in the United States Military Academy here have been sent to their homes as a result of hazing members of the fourth class.

The cadets who have been placed under suspension for what has come to be regarded in official eyes as the major offense in the academy list will have their cases passed upon by the Secretary of War and have been ordered to await the Secretary's action at their homes. Precedent in such cases sets the penalty as dismissal from the academy following proof of the hazing charge.

The form which the hazing took consisted of a requirement that the plebes "fall in" at the first tap of the warning drum, instead of waiting the usual five minutes to the final call. The punishment for failure to comply is said to have taken a unique form, embodied in an order to the offender in substance as follows:

"Go out into G Company street and pick up a hundred nice fat ants, put them in your cap, and in half an hour come back, count them, and if any are absent report them accordingly. If all are present or accounted for, put them in your locker until further orders."

The poor plebe thereupon repaired to the company street, and for the next hour or so was the busiest man in this section of the camp. When he had finally corralled the necessary number of ants he went back and reported. Then the plebe counted them, and if all the ants were "present or accounted for," he was told to place them in his locker for safe keeping. On the other hand, if an ant was absent, he would probably be ordered to capture another fifty as an additional punishment.

Washington.—Secretary Wright will save the West Point cadets, dismissed for hazing, and the twelve under arrest if it is possible to do so without impairing discipline at the academy.

The eight boys called to see him, frankly admitted the charges against them and won his sympathy, appealing for reinstatement.

"They are fine looking fellows and excellent material for officers," he said, "and I shall investigate thoroughly before I approve the report dismissing them."

FREAK VARIETY OF WHEAT FOUND.

Discovery of a Seven-Head Species Excites
Growers of Washington.

Tacoma, Wash.—The discovery of a new variety of wheat on the ranch of W. W. Ward, seven miles south of Dayton, which it is claimed, if cultivated, will yield 280 bushels per acre, has aroused intense interest among the farmers of eastern Washington, and local plantologists are working on its classification.

An interesting feature of the species is the head, which really consists of seven distinct heads, united at a common base. Wheat growers believe that if the cereal is found adapted to cultivation, the wheat can be made to yield seven times as much as ordinary wheat. John Brining has also found some of the wheat growing on his ranch. Scientists at the State Agricultural College at Pullman are investigating the new grain and will experiment with it.

Horses Still in the Lead.

Los Angeles.—Supported by the personal property assessment roll, the claim is being made that the automobile is replacing the horse, in Los Angeles county, at least. According to the Assessor's figures, the automobiles owned by residents are worth \$1,470,685, while horses of all kinds, including colts, are valued at \$1,266,300. The champions of the horses, however, point to \$184,145 worth of mules further down the roll, and declare that the automobile must stay in second place for another year.

Woman Granted Sixth Divorce.

Los Angeles.—Mrs. Grace Snell Love, a daughter of W. H. Snell, the Chicago capitalist, murdered by an unknown assassin for the purpose of robbery nearly 20 years ago, has been granted her sixth divorce in this city. Mrs. Snell's last husband was Hugh M. Love, secretary of the Los Angeles board of health.

Dyspepsia Drove Him to Death.

Santa Cruz.—W. W. Dudgeon, an employe of Weinstock, Lubin & Co., of Sacramento, killed himself at the company's camp near Ben Lomond. Dudgeon was a chronic dyspeptic and his sufferings are supposed to have prompted the deed.

Sues Her Husband's Slay.

Kansas City, Mo.—A suit to recover \$10,000 damages for the killing of her husband, Frank L. Mackay, has been instituted by Mrs. Mackay against James M. Chandler, now under indictment for the murder.

GRAPE GROWERS UNITE TO COMBAT PROHIBITIONISTS

San Jose.—An enthusiastic meeting of the Santa Clara county grape growers was called to order in the Chamber of Commerce hall Monday morning by John B. Kerwin, one of the directors of the Grape Growers' Association of California, which was organized at a meeting held in San Francisco last week.

Kerwin stated that the meeting was a preliminary one to arouse interest in the organization of a county association of grape growers for the purpose of fighting prohibition and of educating people up to the proper use of wines in the home. Notwithstanding the fact that only 24 hours' time was allowed in which to notify them, representatives from every vine growing section of the valley were present. The county organization which will be formed will affiliate with the Grape Growers' Association of California, of which Andrea Sbarbaro is president.

Stanford University.—An era of the strictest prohibition has dawned upon Stanford University. A circular letter sent out by A. B. Clark, who earned fame in his capacity as chairman of the student affairs committee by breaking all records for suspending

students, informs all who have been students that in the future the use of liquor is absolutely prohibited. Nor are those who live off the campus to be immune from this sweeping order. The student who lives in Milpitas and who tries to smuggle a small bottle into his residence there is just as culpable as the offender who takes a glass on the campus, for the committee on student affairs assumes jurisdiction over the student and his habits wherever he lives.

Mayfield.—In rather startling contrast to Professor Arthur B. Clark's success in prohibiting the use of liquor at Stanford University, was his failure Monday to hold up the application of R. A. Stevens, a hotel keeper of Mayfield, who had applied for a liquor license. Clark, who beside the position of chairman of the student affairs committee at the university, is Mayor of the little town of Mayfield, did his best for the cause of prohibition, but lost.

The Mayor succeeded in blocking proceedings for two hours, but at the end of that time the Town Trustees granted Stevens' application by a vote of three to two.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE NATIONAL POLITICAL ARENA

New York.—Frank Hitchcock, chairman of the National Republican Committee, states that he has planned a speaking trip through Nebraska for James S. Sherman in October. He also expected to send Senators Beveridge and Dolliver and other republicans of national fame to Nebraska, expecting a bitter fight for the state. William H. Taft will not go to Nebraska under the present plans, according to Mr. Hitchcock. His campaign will be conducted from his porch at Cincinnati, similar to the first campaign of William McKinley.

Fairview, Lincoln, Neb.—The political situation in the South was the subject of a prolonged discussion between William J. Bryan and Joseph Daniels, national committeeman from North Carolina. In view of the claims of the republicans as reflected from Hot Springs, Va., that they were counting on the states of North Carolina, Georgia and Virginia in the coming election, considerable importance was attached to the visit of Daniels. The conclusion was reached, however,

that those three states were impregnable against republican assault.

A delegation of local negroes, heretofore staunch republicans, called to pledge their active support to the democratic ticket. Bryan urged them to keep in touch with their colored brethren throughout the country and work harmoniously toward democratic success.

Bryan has relinquished the position of editor of the Commoner, a signed letter in the paper announcing that his candidacy for the presidency made it necessary for him to take such action. Bryan also announced that as a personal campaign contribution the profits of the Commoner, over and above actual running expenses, will be turned over to the democratic campaign fund.

Monument Beach, Mass.—"I am out of politics forever," declared former Governor William L. Douglas, when, upon his return from a yachting trip of several days, he was questioned concerning the reports from Lincoln, Neb., that he might be named as chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

JAIL TERM FACES PATRON OF RAILROAD RESTAURANT

San Francisco.—Let the unwary resident of a railroad town beware how he eats at a railroad restaurant in the future. If he devours an egg which has made an interstate journey and has not paid the regular tariff he is aiding and abetting the railroad purveyor in committing a crime and he can be fined and sent to jail.

Not only that. Suppose he partake of a slice of Virginia sugar cured ham along with the egg, which also traveled westward on a cut rate. That is offense number 2. Imagine if the oleomargarine he spreads on his bread has not paid the tariff ordained by law. There is offense number 3.

In some states like Nevada, which imports such delicacies, a man would have to be possessed of the fortune of Rockefeller to escape going to jail by paying all the fines.

The waiter, too, will not escape on the plea of ignorance. He has to study up the tariff, and it is suggested by railroadmen, that each egg, ham, butter and other articles be given a clean bill of health so as to save local

patrons of railroad restaurants from losing their bank accounts or passing their lives in prison.

There is no joke in this. The Interstate Commerce Commission has made this ruling, and if it is not strictly obeyed there will be trouble for the railroad, the cook, the waiter and the patron. This is law No. 87 in the last Interstate Commerce Commission bulletin numbered 2. It is as follows:

Carriers subject to the act may provide at points on their lines eating houses for passengers and employes of such carriers, and property for the use of such eating houses may properly be regarded as necessary and intended for the use of such carriers in the conduct of their business. Such eating houses, however, must not serve the general public, or any portion thereof, with food prepared from commodities which have been carried at less than the full published rate, and no utensils, fuel or servants at all employed in serving others than passengers and employes of the carrier as such should be carried at less than tariff rates. Such privileges as may be extended under this rule shall be applied only as to points local to the line on which the eating house is situated.

TAFT'S GIRTH PROVES TOO MUCH FOR TELEPHONE BOOTH

New Haven, Conn.—Wedged tightly into a telephone booth at Hot Springs, Va., William H. Taft was taken out only after a long delay and after a carpenter had sawed away part of the booth. The superintendent of the telephone company says that Taft went into the booth, which is of the ordinary size, and could not worm his way out when he had finished his talk. He called for help, but the hotel carpenter had to be brought to remove part of the booth before the nominee for Pres-

ident was released. A special mammoth booth has been built since, the contractor first taking the physical measurements of Taft.

Washington.—An immense shoe, consigned to "Bill Taft, Washington, D. C.," is on its way here. It started from San Francisco and has been passed along by railroad men, each junction adding some merry quip and tacking new tags on it. Jokers in Texas and Arizona worked off some hot ones on the jolly consignee.

CALL ISSUED FOR IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

Matters of Great Moment Will Be Considered at Next Annual Gathering.

Albuquerque, N. M.—The executive committee of the National Irrigation Congress has issued the call for the sixteenth National Irrigation Congress to be held in this city September 29th to October 3d, inclusive. The call states that the four great objects of the congress are "to save the forests, store the floods, reclaim the deserts and make homes on the land," and adds that all who are interested in the achievement of any of these objects are invited to attend the congress.

Concurrently with the Irrigation Congress there will be held an international exposition of irrigated farm and forest products, together with exhibits of every industry and natural resources of the country. The call emphasizes the fact that those who attend the congress will have opportunity for visiting the various gigantic irrigation projects under construction by the Government.

Modesto.—At a meeting held at Ripon last week at which three hundred land owners were present it was decided to organize an irrigation district under the Bridgeford act, covering a territory of 70,000 acres. A committee was authorized to take all the preliminary steps necessary for the organization.

DETERMINED ON TRUST'S PUNISHMENT.

President Insists That Standard Oil Shall
Suffer for Its Disregard of Law

Oyster Bay.—Secretary Loeb, speaking for the President, made the following statement in the matter of the revoking by the Appellate Court of the \$29,000,000 fine against the Standard Oil Company:

"The President has directed the Attorney-General to immediately take steps for a retrial of the Standard Oil case. The reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any shape or way touch the merits of the case, except in so far as the size of the fine is concerned. There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendants or of the exceptionally grave character of the offense.

"The President would regard it as a gross miscarriage of justice if through any technicalities of any kind the defendant escaped the punishment which would have unquestionably been meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of such offense. The President will do everything in his power to avert or prevent such miscarriage of justice. With this purpose in view the President has directed the Attorney-General to bring into consultation Frank B. Kellogg in the matter and do everything possible to bring the offenders to justice."

Jap Laborers Reduce Rates.

Fresno.—At a meeting of Japanese labor contractors in this city, it was decided that because of the decreased price to be realized by vineyardists, it would be advisable to adopt a lower wage scale than last year. The charge for grape picking will be 24 cents a tray, a reduction of a quarter of a cent from last season. For tray handling and stacking the rate will be from \$2 to \$2.25, as against \$2.25 and \$2.50 last year. Four thousand men are now employed in the field and 3000 more will come from all parts of the State in a few weeks.

Phonograph Conveys Doctor's Orders.

reno.—Silas Allen, a wealthy bachelor farmer of Fallon, although he can neither read nor write, has solved the problem of taking his physician's instructions during his illness by having them dictated to a phonograph which is placed in his bedroom. There he is reminded of his instructions. Allen was sorely troubled when he first became ill as he was not able to remember his doctor's orders and refused to have a nurse. One mistake nearly cost him his life and the phonograph was then secured.

Millionaire on Socialist Ticket.

New York.—James G. Phelps Stokes, the millionaire socialist, will run for the Assembly in the Eighth District, which takes in part of the Lower East Side. It is announced that Mrs. Stokes will take the stump for her husband in the coming fight. This district is considered one of the strongest fields of socialism in the city.

Arbitration Treaty With China.

Washington.—Preliminary negotiations for an arbitration treaty with China are now in progress. The treaty will be along the same general lines as those negotiated with Japan, various European countries and Mexico.

Noted Humanitarian Dead.

Chicago.—John G. Shortall, founder of the American Humane Association and its president for many years, is dead, aged 70.

CURRENT NEWS OF THE WORLD

Important Events of the Week in
Both Hemispheres Compiled
for Busy Readers.

What Has Happened, What Is Happening, and
What is Likely to Happen, Related
by Correspondents in Every
Corner of the Earth.

Paris.—The King of Sweden will pay an official visit to England and France in October and November.

Ysovo, European Russia.—An explosion occurred in the Aleksievsky mines, but the number killed is not yet known.

Brussels.—The Belgian authorities are greatly alarmed over a rumor of a plot to assassinate King Leopold. Several anarchists have been arrested.

Kansas City, Mo.—James McMahan, a well known criminal detective of this city, died last week of tetanus, the result of being bitten by a hog on his farm.

Philadelphia.—Mrs. John B. Stetson, widow of the late millionaire hat manufacturer of this city, has been married to Count Santa Eulalia, Portuguese Consul at Chicago.

Cooperstown, N. Y.—Henry Codman Potter, seventh Protestant Episcopal bishop of the diocese of New York, died last week at Fernleigh, his summer home here, after an illness of several weeks, aged 74 years.

St. Petersburg.—The Bourse Gazette published a dispatch from Harbin, which recites an engagement with Korean insurgents on the Russo-Korean frontier, in which it is reported fifty Japanese soldiers were killed. The insurgent losses are not known.

Pocatello, Idaho.—Evan Davies, aged 55, a veteran employe of the Oregon Short Line shops in this city, was shot and instantly killed while at work by John Ennis, a fellow employe. Ennis, who was immediately arrested, declared that Davies had ruined his 17-year-old daughter.

Rome.—After twenty years' residence in Rome, without ever having left the confines of the city in that time, Cardinal Rampolla, the former Papal Secretary of State, has gone to Einsiedel, Switzerland. Owing to his ill health, his physicians ordered him to leave Rome at once.

Antwerp.—The butchers' congress here last week discussed the meat situation in Belgium and passed a resolution to the effect that the restrictions on the importation of American cattle were responsible for the present high prices of meat. They demand that these restrictions be abolished. About 800,000 head of cattle are imported into Belgium every year.

Port Arthur, Tex.—During a heavy electric storm last week, lightning struck one oil tank at the Goffey refinery, two at the Texas refinery and another at Port Neches, the property of the Texas company, all of them burning. The tank at the Texas refinery was of 50,000 barrels capacity, and the others 10,000 each.

London.—President of the Board of Trade Churchill announced in the House of Commons that he had appointed a committee to investigate "what manner and how far the general supply, the distribution and the prices of meat in the United Kingdom are controlled or affected by any combination of firms or companies."

Cincinnati.—A movement to celebrate the semi-centennial of peace between the North and the South by holding in 1915 a great Southern Exposition in Cincinnati, and dedicating a Southern peace monument in this city, was launched at a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. The proposition was given enthusiastic approval.

New York.—Baron Karoly Tomaszewsky de Ferenzy, widely known in Europe and this country as a maker of violins and credited by experts with having rediscovered the Cremona varnish, is dead at Far Rockaway. He was 48 years of age. Ferenzy came to this country several years ago at the solicitation of several wealthy violin enthusiasts of Denver. The dry air of that locality gave excellent results in his work, but the altitude broke his health.

London.—One of the best known persons in London just now is "Jimmy" Britt, of California. He arrived a few days ago to make an extended European tour, and will combine business with pleasure by giving a few exhibitions in music halls in England and on the Continent. Britt says he took up fighting for no particular love of the sport, but because it was a quicker and surer way of accumulating a fortune than by practicing law. "I am now 33 years old," said he, "and, as very few men should attempt to fight after they are 30, I propose to give up the ring in a year or so and practice law."

A Shock

(Original.)
We were leaning over the front gate. I held both her hands in mine and looked into her moonlit eyes. I was twenty, she not quite eighteen. I was going west to seek my fortune. When I had made a competence—I couldn't bear to consider more than three months sufficient for the purpose—I was to return and take her back with me.

"Life is the meanwhile," she said. "I will be one long period of waiting."
"It will seem an age to me."
"You will be engrossed in business. That will make you forget."
"I shall never forget. I shall lay down thirty days for each month on paper and each morning check one off. To see them disappear will be my only comfort."

There was silence for awhile. A distant clock struck 11.
"In seven hours my train will be pulling out of the station. I have yet to pack."
"Must you go?"
"Yes, farewell."
But another hour passed, and I was not gone. The same clock struck 12. I drew her to me. There was a long, long kiss. Then I turned and without looking back hurried away.

A month of daily letter writing, a month of alternate day writing, a month of weekly writing—the three months that I had laid out wherein to attain the wherewithal to bring her to me—had passed, and I had only just found a position giving me \$15 a week. The correspondence died a peaceful death. There were no reproaches on either side. I had found a pleasant set of young people with whom I had become intimate, and my sisters wrote me that a great deal was going on at home. In youth associations are forming and reforming rapidly. One autumn it is Charlie and Will and Tom and Lucy and Mary and Fannie; the next spring it is Charlie and Arthur and Pete and Ethel and Maud and Kate.

Youth is but a kaleidoscope—the same colors under different groupings. Two years after leaving home I could not tell who wrote the last letter, she or I. Three years and I couldn't have told whether her eyes were black, brown or hazel. Five years, and one day in ransacking among a lot of rubbish I came upon her picture—the picture I had dreamed over for hours at a time. I was astonished that I should ever have thought it beautiful.

She married and went to another city to live. I didn't hear her married name, or if I did I forgot it. It was twelve years from our parting over the gate before I saw her again. It was at a summer resort. I had become infatuated with a girl of twenty, fresh as a new blown rose, and when the hot season came I followed her to the country. She was chaperoned by her aunt, Mrs. Schenck, apparently about forty, with grizzly gray hair, a pinched expression and a sharp voice. She had five children, all of them with her, and no nurse. Surely was not that enough to spoil any woman's attractiveness?

I became engaged. It was evening, and I was obliged to leave the next morning. I told my story and was accepted at the last moment before my departure and as everybody at the hotel was going to bed. When I set off for the train she went with me down to the gate, and we stood leaning over it, I without, she within. I held both her hands in mine and looked into her moonlit eyes. I assured her that I should look forward to her return to the city with eagerness, and she promised to cut short her stay in the country. We heard a locomotive whistle, a distant rattle, drawing nearer, and a train stopped at the station below; then presently the moon shone on something white, and a woman came up the path.

"Oh, Aunt Juanita," exclaimed my fiancée, "where have you been?"
I started. I had cause to remember that name—that uncommon name—Juanita.

"To the postoffice to get Frank's letter. He always posts it to come on this train."

"I'm so glad you're here that you may congratulate us on our engagement. It only occurred a few minutes ago. I am so happy."

"I rejoice with you, my dear. I know just how happy you feel, because your lover made me feel just as happy a dozen years ago."

"You are"—I exclaimed.
"Certainly I am."
"Oh, aunt, what does this mean?"
"A case of puppy love between two puppies."

"And did he—surely he did not play you false?"
"No more than I did him."
"Singular," I interposed, "that I didn't recognize you."

"Not at all. A woman, especially a married woman with five children, grows old very quickly, while a man usually stands 'til he is past forty." Then, kissing her niece, she said to her: "I wish you every happiness, dear. I can conscientiously recommend your lover and assure you that you will be happy with him. And I ought to know, for I have tested him myself as a fiancée."

I departed in a singular state of mind. My happiness had received a shock. I regretted nothing. I did not blame myself nor my first love. Thus far I had lived under the impression that elderly people had come from some far distant land with which the rest of us have nothing to do. Here was one of my own generation who had passed in a twinkling, it seemed, from the bud to that bloom wherein the petals fall.

HORACE B. GAYLORD.

A Bloodless Execution

(Original.)

Two friends were discussing the possibility of killing a perfectly well man without doing him the slightest bodily harm, without frightening him to death or by tempting him to dissipation. One claimed that death could not be brought about except by some overt act to produce bodily injury.

"A man can be killed," the other contended, "simply by going through the form of an execution."
"That would be by shock."
"Not at all. He shall know beforehand that he is not to suffer the slightest bodily harm."

To illustrate the last speaker told the following true story:
Lang Ting Fung of San Francisco, washie-washie man, called Charlie Fung by his "Melican" acquaintances, was accused of revealing the secrets of the Ti Whang society, of which he was a member. Summoned before the society to answer to the charge, he was assigned counsel and duly tried. Though ably defended, he was convicted of having revealed certain methods of the San Francisco Chinese underground railroad for smuggling Chinamen into the United States. The punishment was death, and the sentence was to be carried out immediately in the presence of the assembled members of the society.

"Call the executioner," said the presiding officer in solemn tones that reverberated through the silent hall as if some one had struck a gong.
A big Chinaman entered from another room, carrying one of those large sharp double edged swords with which culprits' heads are stricken off in China. Over his face he wore a wooden mask representing distorted features. The culprit was led into the middle of the room and forced on to his knees. Another Chinaman, also on his knees before him, caught him by his pigtail and drew his head down so that the neck was laid bare to the ax. Then the smock was pulled over his shoulders. The executioner, taking the handle of his sword in both hands, threw himself into position, raised the weapon, swung it high over his head and brought it down. When within more than a hair's breadth from the neck it suddenly stopped. From that point it was slowly and carefully lowered till the edge rested on the culprit's neck. Then he held it that it might not cut the skin.

Now, in China, whether from the great power of these societies, from ineffective law, or what not, the culprit's head would have been separated from the body. But in America different conditions exist. There are not only judges and juries who do not respect the decrees of Chinese secret societies, but John Chinaman has no pull with them. A headless murder would not only lead to the punishment of those instrumental in it, but would be prejudicial to the continued efforts of thousands of the copper colored brethren in America who are washing hard night and day for a living.
The executioner after holding the sword upon the culprit's neck for a few moments removed it and, resting its point on the floor beside him, turned to the judges and said:
"The traitor is dead."
The executed man arose to his feet and looked about him. No one interfered with him, for he was dead. He said something to a man near him. The man made no reply. Why should he reply to a dead man? The members of the society were arising from their seats and leaving the hall. The decapitated man called to one who had been his bosom friend, but without avail. Death separates the quick and the dead, be they friends or enemies.

Charlie Fung followed the others out into the street. There he saw a poster proclaiming to Chinatown that he had been executed that evening. A policeman, seeing the notice, to him unrecognizable, with Chinamen standing about it, wondered what the yellow devils were up to now. Could he have read it he would doubtless have carried a dreadful story to police headquarters. The dead man wandered about like a ghost from the spirit world. No one saw him; no one spoke to him; no one gave him a smile or a frown.
If he had had money, he might have returned to China, but would he have fared any better there? Would not an agent of the society he had betrayed follow him and do really the work that had been done figuratively. No; Charlie was dead, and nothing could bring him to life.

If Charlie was not really dead, he was really dying—that is, he was getting into a condition where death would be preferable to life. The posters announcing his execution remained on the walls, and, go where he would in Chinatown, he saw them. They were the only mention of himself that he encountered. In all other respects he had passed into oblivion. He was thirsty, but no one would give him a drink. He was hungry, but no one would give him bread or meat.
At last Charlie could endure the strain no longer. He wandered off into the "Melican" district and procured a revolver. It was supposed he stole it. Going back among those who had been his fellow Chinamen, he sat down under one of the posters notifying them that he had been executed, put the revolver to his head and effected in reality the execution that they had effected in form.

Not only is it possible to kill a person without doing any bodily harm, but death so inflicted may be made more cruel than any physical torture that has ever been invented.

HELEN INGLEHART.

Summary of California Game Laws.

The following is a summary of the California game laws for the years 1907-1909:

Hunting licenses—Residents, \$1; non-residents, \$10; aliens, \$25. Licenses must be carried afield and shown on demand.

Sale of all game birds prohibited except ducks, geese and brant. Sale of trout under one pound, of striped bass under three pounds prohibited.

Unlawful at all times to shoot game between half hour after sunset and half hour before sunrise, or to net or trap any game animals or birds, or to take the eggs or destroy the nests of game or other wild birds; or to shoot on enclosed or cultivated grounds when posted, without permission; or to kill any elk, doe, fawn, antelope, imported sheep, swan, pheasant, imported quail, grouse, sagehen, blue or white heron (crane), seagull or any non-game birds except geese, brant, sharp-shinned, coopers and duck hawks, great horned owl, English sparrow, linnets, bluejay, butcher bird (shrike) and such fish-eating birds as are not mentioned above.

Shipping game—All game and fish must be shipped in open view, with name and address of shipper.

OPEN SEASON.

Deer—(Bucks only) July 15th to October 1st. Dogs can only be used for trailing wounded deer.

Valley quail, curlew and other shore birds—October 15th to February 15th. Limit 25 per day.

Mountain quail—September 1st to February 15th. Limit 25 per day.

Doves—July 15th to October 15th. Limit 25 per day.

Ducks—October 1st to February 15th. Limit 35 per day.

Wilson or jacksnipe—October 15th to April 1st. Limit 25 per day.

Tree squirrel—September 1st to January 1st. Limit 12 in one season.

Salmon—October 23d to September 17th of following year. (Closed above tidewater from October 23d to November 15th.)

Trout and whitefish—(Hook and line only). May 1st to November 15th. Limit 50 fish (but not to exceed 25 pounds). No fish less than five inches in length.

Steelhead trout—(Hook and line only). May 1st to September 17th and October 23d to February 1st. (April is also an open month in tidewater). Limit 50 fish; not less than five inches in length.

Black bass—(Hook and line only). June 1st to January 1st. Limit 50 fish.

Golden trout, sturgeon and Sacramento perch—No open season.

Penalties—Killing elk, imprisonment from one to two years; killing does, fawns, antelope or mountain sheep, \$50 to \$500, or imprisonment. Violating any other game law, \$25 to \$500, or imprisonment. Violating any fish law, \$20 to \$100, or imprisonment. Using any explosives killing fish, \$250, or imprisonment. Attempted violation punishable same as actual violation.

Big Fruit Crop Unprofitable.

The San Francisco Bulletin recently had this to say of the big fruit crops:

"That a record-breaking fruit crop is not always a blessing to the hard working fruit grower is proven by the experience this season of a large number of patrons of husbandry in the Sonoma county fruit belt. The returns from commission houses to growers of fruit since the opening of the season have been pitifully small, owing to the glutted condition of the local market, and frequently the grower, after paying freight charges, commissions and settling for his crates, has found that instead of having a surplus his returns for

a consignment of fruit have left him on the wrong side of the ledger.

"Last season, with the crop a practical failure, one Sonoma county farmer netted a profit of \$38 on his crop of apricots, but this year, with a bumper output, he is yet to obtain a single dollar's profit on them with fifteen acres ready for market. He declares that the warm weather in March, which is usually frosty, permitted the blossoms to set, and the unfavorable weather which followed did no harm to the growing fruit, hence the large output.

"The growers near the town of Sonoma last week decided to allow their apricots to rot on the ground rather than ship them to San Francisco. A few persons with drying facilities have been offering three-quarters of a cent a pound for fruit, which of course will not pay producers for the picking, and Chinese are now offering five dollars a ton for the fruit, with a fair chance of having the offer accepted.

"Dealers attribute the lack of market in the big cities of the State to the number of families out of the city on their vacations and also to the considerable body of men out of employment owing to the tightness of the money market."

PRESS NOTES

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Poor Wednesday, August 5th, at 2.30 o'clock.

Miss Frances Austin is back from an outing at Capitola.

Miss Gladys Goldsworthy of Oakland is visiting with Miss Frances Austin.

Miss Minnie Dawson has accepted a position in the school at Paso Robles, of which Prof. E. A. Powers is principal. This cuts her visit short with her sister and aunt in Bellingham, Wash., as the school begins on August 10th.

Mrs. M. J. Gates and son, Jay, are here for a short stay, occupying the Hartman bungalow.

J. J. Cornell's runaway was pretty well damaged by an explosion of the gasoline engine, a few days ago. No one was injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevins of Missouri, who visited Mr. and Mrs. Bibb recently have decided to make their home in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson have taken one of J. H. Campbell's cottages on First street, moving from Sunnyside.

Mr. and Mrs. Zion have negotiated the purchase of Miss Lizzie Sargent's lot and two houses on Central avenue. In consequence Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Farley are house hunting.

Miss Emma Beattie spent the past week with her brother, Dr. Irving Beattie and family, of Santa Clara, and enjoyed many long spins in the doctor's new Mitchell car.

Will Beattie is home from San Francisco where he has held a responsible position for some time. He is about to enter upon the study of medicine, the profession of architecture for which he fitted himself at great cost of time and study, proving too taxing for his eyes.

The apricot season is drawing to a close, work at the cannery and drier slackening in consequence. While there has been some choice fruit, yet we can't remember the year when there were so many inferior apricots as this year. "Marbles" would be a better way to describe very much of it. Lack of thinning and the small rainfall seems to be the cause. Much of the fruit was left to rot on the ground.

Have your lawyer send that legal notice to this paper and in so doing you will be saving yourself money and at the same time be aiding your local paper.

Time saved and no eye strain when we fit your glasses

BALL OPTICAL CO.

112 South First Street
Third door from San Fernando Street

Rev. Mr. Price and Mrs. Price, workers from Guam, spoke at the Congregational Church last Sunday. In the morning Mr. Price spoke of his work in China and in the evening Mrs. Price gave an interesting talk of their five years of labor on the Guam Island. Five years were spent in China and five in the Caroline Islands. Rev. and Mrs. Price have been stopping with Mrs. Sadler of San Tomas road.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Miracle and Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Rucker went to Capitola in the Miracle Reo, where they were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hartman.

Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Beacock and family are home from Camp Alabama. Mrs. Beacock's eyes are very much better and strong hopes are entertained that her eyesight will be completely restored.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Page and family and Miss Margaret Couch are away on a mountain and coast outing.

Miss Zena Kennedy is home from an extended visit at Shasta Springs, where she has been for several months.

R. W. Kennedy and J. A. Fay are home from their six-weeks' overland trip through northern California, going nearly to the Oregon State line. They saw some beautiful country, as well as encountering some rain, sleet and snow. Altogether, there is no place like the Santa Clara valley, so Mr. Fay thinks.

E. F. Woodhull is able to be around again after a week or more of illness.

Rev. J. W. Lewis has been visiting his son and family at the town of Ukiah.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hanger are home from Seabright.

Mrs. A. E. Sargent and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sargent, are at Seabright.

Our Glasses Fit

We use the latest instruments for examining the eye, and our lenses are ground by experts. Do you want glasses that fit?



W. L. WOODROW
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND EMBALMER
117 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.
Telephones: Office, Main 91
Residence, James 2581

W. B. TEMPLE
Wheeler and Singer Sewing Machines. Second-hand Machines \$5 up. Expert Repairing.
160 E. Santa Clara St. Bet. 4th and 5th.

Get Your Picture Taken at the
San Jose Art Studio
NORMAN W. COOKE, Prop.
35 South First Street, Second Floor, San Jose
We guarantee first class work at the lowest prices in the city; children and landscape work

GET THE HABIT OF SAVING
It's a good habit to get into. It will only take one dollar of your money and one minute of your time to lay the foundation stone of independence for your declining years.
GARDEN CITY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, San Jose, California.

The Bank of Campbell
A general banking, exchange, loan and collection business transacted. Exchange direct on New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Accounts solicited.
DIRECTORS:
R. K. Thomas, J. C. Ainsley, J. L. Haglin, P. G. Keith, S. G. Rodeck, John Brynteson, Chas. N. Cooper, S. R. Wade, John F. Duncan, W. H. Hinde.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
F. K. BARTHOLOMEW, Master.
JAMES FARLINGER, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
W. BEATTIE, Noble Grand.
W. R. COLELAND, Secretary.

Rebekahs
Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers are cordially invited to attend.
MRS. W. W. DUNHAM, Noble Grand
MISS ETHEL HILLS, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry
Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
A. C. KRIBBLING, Worthy Master.
MRS. ADA KESLING, Worthy Secretary.

Woodmen of the World
Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.

Fraternal Aid Association
Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
MRS. M. J. WILSON, President
MRS. H. E. BRANDENBURG, Secretary.

DR. WELTY D. MINER,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office Hours, 1 to 3 p. m.
Telephone, Red 53. CAMPBELL, CAL.

DR. MARK F. HOPKINS,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence, 38 N. Second St., San Jose.
Office Hours: 11-12 a. m., 2-5 p. m.
Telephone, Main 283.

JOHN F. DUNCAN
Notary Public
Office: Bank of Campbell

CHAS. W. DAVISON
Attorney at Law
Rooms 106-107 Ryland Building
(First and San Fernando)
Phones: Office, James 1276
Residence, White 1281

GEORGE W. WALDORF
Attorney at Law
Telephone—Office Main 271
The Rea Building San Jose, Cal.

F. B. BROWN
Attorney at Law
Phone Main 533
Room 54, Porter Building San Jose, Cal.

DR. P. C. HARTMAN
Dentist
Graduate Dental Department of the University of California
Telephone—Office, Red 103
Residence, 94
Campbell, California

Fresh Milk and Cream FOR SALE.
Delivered anywhere in Campbell
HENRY YOUNG,
Budd Avenue.
Phone, Farmers 173

HANDY MOTH PAPER
A moth destroyer and disinfectant. Placed under carpets, or in the folds of furs and clothing, it drives away moths and wools. Twelve sheets in a packet, carriage prepaid 10c; six packets, 50c. If druggist does not have it, MADISON POWDER WORKS, Selection 1016 CLARKSVILLE, IOWA.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents, Trademark Registration, etc. Write for Circulars, special notices, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A household weekly. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
State of California
County of Santa Clara
We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, under the firm name and style of the Capital Market, that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are George J. Beck and Fred Erb, and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our names hereto subscribed.
Names. Residences.
George J. Beck 332 E. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.
Fred Erb 83 S. 3rd Street, San Jose, Cal.
In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 30th day of June, A. D. 1908.
GEO. J. BECK,
FRED ERB.

State of California
County of Santa Clara
On this 30th day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight, before me, H. J. Dougherty, a Notary Public in and for the said County of Santa Clara, State of California, residing in said County, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared George J. Beck and Fred Erb, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.
In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, the day and year in this certificate first above written.
[Seal] H. J. DOUGHERTY,
Notary Public in and for the County of Santa Clara, State of California.
My term expires Jan. 25th, 1909.

Give Your Job Printing to the "Press"