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VOL. XXIX

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIF., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1922.

NO. 17

BOARD AWARDS CONTRACT ON HOSPITAL

HEATING AND VENTILATING OF NEW COUNTY HOSPITAL GOES TO SAN MATEO FIRM OF J. F. MCGOWAN & CO.

The adjourned meeting of the county supervisors, held Monday to give final consideration to the awarding of the contract for heating and ventilating the new county hospital at Beresford, resulted in the contract going to J. F. McGowan & Co. of San Mateo.

The placing of the contract was held over from last week's meeting, pending a final decision as to the best type of boiler for the work required. At Monday's meeting this point was gone into thoroughly, the discussion being entered into by representatives of several houses manufacturing boilers. Different types of boilers were considered, several of which would have increased considerably the cost of the final work on the big hospital. At the meeting held last week Architect W. H. Toepke stated that by holding up the contract for the heating and ventilating of the building at the present time instead of awarding it last year when the general contract for the building was placed, the supervisors had saved several thousand dollars of county money.

Following the disposal of the heating and ventilating contract, a report and recommendation was received from the County Social Service Commission on state aid for certain dependents, and received the approval of the board.

Several hold-over claims were considered and approved for payment.

The board also received a request from Justice of the Peace G. B. Morris in Burlingame that a telephone be installed in his office for the use of his court, and, after requesting the clerk to order the necessary telephone installed, the board adjourned to meet again next Monday, May 1st.

S. F. SUPERVISORS DISCUSS HIGHWAY

Forming of Highway-Bridge District Referred to Committee.

The matter of a resolution calling for the organization of a joint highway district to include San Francisco and San Mateo counties was considered by the San Francisco board of supervisors Monday, and was referred to the committee on streets, finance and commercial development.

The resolution, similar to that adopted by the San Mateo county board of supervisors on April 17th, was introduced by Supervisor Richard J. Welch. The exact location of the bridge was not stipulated, it being expressly provided that the site was to depend upon which point would be most logical and economical.

Supervisor Welch explained that the object of the resolution was to create a new highway district to arrange details for the financing of the proposition. He informed the members of the board that under the provisions of a legislative act of California, each county may appoint a commissioner for the new highway district, the two commissioners later selecting a third and electing a chairman. After that, the actual business of constructing the boulevard and building the bridge would begin. Welch said an engineer's survey must first be made, which would probably be paid for by the State Highway Commission.

ANOTHER CULPRIT FINED FOR UNDERSIZED ABALONES

William Turner, 705 Broadway, San Francisco, appeared before Justice of the Peace Ray Griffin in Redwood City Monday on a charge of having undersized abalones in his possession, having been arrested at Moss Beach on Sunday, April 16th, by Game Warden Jack Burke. Turner was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$25.

TRUSTEES REVOKE POOLROOM LICENSE

Proprietors of California Poolroom Lose Right to Continue Business; Given Two Weeks to Get Out.

A large gathering greeted the city trustees when they met in regular session at the council chamber Monday evening because of the announcement that E. Colombo and A. Mainini, proprietors of the California Poolroom, would be haled upon the carpet to show cause why their license should not be revoked. And the crowd was not disappointed, for Colombo and Mainini were there, they were quizzed, and failed, at least in the opinion of the trustees, to show why their license should not be revoked, and consequently it was taken from them. There was considerable discussion on the subject, both among the trustees and from the floor, but the vote to revoke the license, when put, carried unanimously. The cause for the canceling of the license was the charge, lodged with the board at the last meeting by City Marshal C. C. Conrad, that the poolroom was not being conducted in an orderly manner. The proprietors of the place were given two weeks to vacate the premises.

The formal appointment of Deputy Poundmaster Clyde W. Emerson as poundmaster was made at this meeting. Ordinance 116, fixing the number of meeting nights per month for the board and other matters pertaining to the meetings, was given its first reading.

The bad condition of Grand avenue extension was brought up, and the street committee was instructed to take steps to have the roadbed at this point repaired.

A committee was appointed to make a survey of the vacant lots in town with a view to gathering data for the drafting of a weed ordinance.

City Engineer George A. Kneese presented a plan for sewer extension in the west end of town, and some informal discussion followed, in which it developed that a proposition to extend the sewer system in both the west and north parts of town at the same time might be worked out. No action on this was taken by the board.

THOMAS HICKEY HOME ENTERED WEDNESDAY

The home of Supervisor Thomas L. Hickey of this city was entered Wednesday morning of this week by some person or persons evidently bent on robbery. The outrage occurred while Mr. and Mrs. Hickey were attending the funeral of Mrs. Honora Hickey, mother of Mr. Hickey, who was buried Wednesday. When Mr. and Mrs. Hickey returned to their home in the afternoon they found that somebody had ransacked the premises, pulling out drawers and dumping their contents on the floor. It is believed they were frightened away before finishing their work as nothing of value was taken. During the morning a man muffled in a large overcoat inquired for Mr. Hickey at the home of Dr. J. C. McGovern across the street, but was informed that he was not at home as the funeral was in progress. He left without saying more. Officers believe that he was the robber and are now searching for him, working on the description given by Mrs. McGovern.

MRS. HONORA HICKEY DIES AT SAN BRUNO

Mrs. Honora Hickey, mother of Supervisor Thomas L. Hickey and William L. Hickey of this city and Mrs. J. T. O'Connor of San Bruno died at her daughter's home Monday. The funeral took place Wednesday morning from the Neri undertaking parlors. High mass was celebrated at All Souls' Church for the repose of her soul. The interment was in Holy Cross Cemetery. A large number of sorrowing friends of the deceased and her family accompanied the body to its last resting place.

Besides the children mentioned Mrs. Hickey left a daughter, Mrs. M. Hickey of Hollywood, Calif., and a son, John J. Hickey, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Hickey had resided with her daughter at San Bruno for about four years, previous to which time she had lived in South San Francisco for twenty years.

JUDGE CUNNINGHAM SELLS TO PARTNER

Pioneer Business Man of This City Retires From Active Life.

By a business transaction consummated last week Judge E. E. Cunningham, senior partner of the real estate and insurance firm of E. E. Cunningham & Co., retires from active business and F. A. Cunningham becomes sole proprietor.

This business deal is of unusual interest to a majority of the residents of this city. Judge Cunningham is known to practically every man, woman and child in town and to thousands all over San Mateo county and far beyond. He has been actively identified with the growth and progress of South San Francisco since the town was first laid out. Advanced age and ill health have forced him to retire.

The firm of E. E. Cunningham is one of the oldest in this city. When the town site where the hustling industrial city of South San Francisco now stands was first placed upon the market in 1892, E. E. Cunningham arrived on the scene and, impressed with the great possibilities here for a manufacturing city, opened a real estate and insurance office. This was at the corner of Miller avenue and San Bruno road. Later his office was located in the Metropolitan building and a few years ago moved to his own building where it is today, next door to the postoffice.

Judge Cunningham has been identified with every progressive movement in the city's history. In addition he served as postmaster for twenty-four years and as justice of the peace for fourteen years. He was one of the founders of The Enterprise and its editor for nearly twenty years. About a year ago he was appointed city recorder, which position he still holds.

F. E. Cunningham, a nephew of Judge Cunningham and until last week junior member of the firm, came to this city in 1905 and became a partner in the business in 1907. He was elected city trustee in 1910 and has served continuously since that date, having been elected on the 10th of this month to his fourth term. He is one of the best-informed men in town on property ownership and property values.

CATALYTIC CHEMICAL PLANT TO REOPEN

Factory Plant Putting on Three Shifts After Being Closed for Years.

The news item below is of much interest to South San Francisco. It appeared in a San Francisco newspaper of last week. The plant of the chemical company is located on the hill near the W. P. Fuller paint works and has been closed for several years. That it will reopen to capacity production soon is certainly an indication that conditions are improving in the industrial world. The clipping follows:

The chemical works of the Catalytic Chemical Company of New York, located at South San Francisco, will be placed in full three-shift operation during the first week of May. The products of the company are fine photographic reagents, alkaloids, dyes and medicinal preparations. The chief stockholders of the company are General T. Coleman DuPont, L. W. Baldwin, president Empire Trust Company, New York; Charles Heyden, Heyden, Stone & Co., New York; Joseph E. Stevens, William M. Baldwin and Dr. F. Frank, San Francisco. Operations will be under the management of the Frank Laboratories for Chemical Industry.

MR. AND MRS. SARCANDER OPEN BURLINGAME HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sarcander, formerly of Lomita Park, gave a house warming party Sunday, April 23d, to over one hundred of their friends at their new home on the great highway in Burlingame.

All attending had a wonderful time, and Mr. and Mrs. Sarcander received many beautiful gifts for their new home.

A man is known by the money he saves.

HARDY CANDIDATE FOR JUSTICE OF PEACE

Popular City Trustee Announces He Will Try for Township Office.

For several days rumor has had it that City Trustee L. G. Hardy might enter the race for justice of the peace at the elections this fall. Up to the present this has been a rumor only, but today The Enterprise is able to announce positively that Mr. Hardy will be a candidate. To a representative of this newspaper Mr. Hardy said: "Yes, I have decided to run for the justice's office. Of course, it is an old story for a candidate to say he is coming out at the solicitation of friends, but in my case it is absolutely true. I had not even considered such a thing until I was approached several times and urged to make the race. I have decided to do so and will go into the contest to win. I realize the importance of the court proceedings in the justice court, which comes nearer to the people than the higher judiciary branches, and can assure the residents of this part of the township that if elected I will give them the best service it is in my power to render."

Mr. Hardy has been a resident of South San Francisco for six years. In April of 1920 he was elected city trustee, which office he has filled since. He is a prominent member of the local Chamber of Commerce and has served on many important committees of that organization.

No other candidate for the office of justice of the peace has yet announced himself.

SCOTS TO CELEBRATE FIRST ANNIVERSARY DATE

San Mateo Pyramid, Ancient Egyptian Order of Scots, will celebrate the completion of its first year of existence May 20th with the presentation of a ceremonial extraordinary, entitled "His First Birthday," at Masonic Temple, San Mateo. Committees of Scots from various parts of San Mateo county have been appointed to complete plans for the event, and a large gathering of members of the order from all over the county is expected to attend. It is expected that many new members will be taken into the order at the ceremonial. A banquet will be served.

CORONER'S JURY BLAMES RAILROAD

Jurymen Declare Mrs. Zobrist Came to Her Death Through Negligence.

A coroner's jury, meeting at the Neri undertaking parlors Tuesday morning to inquire into the death of Mrs. E. L. Zobrist, killed by a Market Street Railroad Company car at the San Bruno crossing Monday morning of last week, brought in a verdict laying the blame for the accident on the railroad company, but exonerating the crew for the woman's death. The verdict follows:

"We find that the deceased, Mrs. E. L. Zobrist, came to her death through gross negligence on the part of the Market Street Railroad Company in not taking proper safety precautions, namely in not having cars come to a full stop at the station, in not having the station on the east side of the tracks, and also in not having the station glassed in so waiting passengers can see an approaching car. We exonerate the car crew from all blame for this accident."

MEMBERS OF YEOMEN GIVE SUCCESSFUL PARTY

The local lodge, Brotherhood of American Yeomen, gave a very successful benefit whist party Wednesday, April 19th. Thirty tables were filled with players. The winners of the different prizes were as follows: First, Frank Joseph; second, Mabel Wright of San Bruno; third, Joe Bilshauer; fourth, Mrs. Kinet; fifth, J. B. Tatum; sixth, Mrs. B. Francis; seventh, J. S. Cortenz; eighth, J. Fischer Jr.; ninth, Mrs. Wenzel of San Bruno; tenth, Mrs. Fischer; eleventh, Mrs. Mary Menzie; twelfth, Mrs. Beryl Menzie; thirteenth, Jos. B. Kent; fourteenth, Thos. Schmidt; fifteenth, Mamie McGraw; sixteenth, Mrs. Wm. Ely; seventeenth, Laura Tatum; eighteenth, Joe Ludwig of San Bruno.

NEW OFFICERS HEAD PENINSULA BUREAU

Election Held at San Mateo Monday Places Redwood City Men as President and Secretary.

Frank K. Towne, president of the Redwood City Chamber of Commerce, is now president of the Peninsula Bureau of Chambers of Commerce, with Mrs. Elsa S. McGinn of San Mateo, vice-president; R. H. K. Smith of Redwood City, secretary, and Asa Hull of San Carlos, treasurer. The meeting at which elections took place was held at San Mateo city hall Monday evening. It was attended by representatives of Chambers of Commerce from Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Redwood City, San Bruno, South San Francisco and San Carlos, the North Burlingame Community Club, the Palo Alto Woman's Club and the San Mateo Woman's Club.

Mr. Towne, the new president, succeeds J. J. McGrath, president of the Three Cities Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Smith, the new secretary, takes the office succeeding Daniel Imboden, secretary of the Three Cities Chamber.

It was expected that the withdrawal of the Three Cities Chamber from the bureau would be presented at this meeting, but it failed to materialize and neither McGrath or Imboden was present at the meeting. It was understood, however, that the withdrawal of the Three Cities Chamber would be presented in a few days.

In calling the meeting to order, Vice-President Towne stated that the purpose was the election of officers, the terms of all officers having expired. It was suggested by Phil R. Thompson that the matter of electing officers be done away with by moving up the present officers, with the addition of Asa Hull of San Carlos as treasurer. This met with objections, and it was ordered that the election proceed in the regular order. W. H. Sullivan, president of the Menlo Park Chamber of Commerce, nominated McGrath to succeed himself as president, and Thompson placed Towne in nomination. When the vote was taken Towne was found to have received eight votes to four for McGrath, and Towne was duly declared elected.

The election of the new president and secretary of the bureau marks the first move in the split between the Three Cities Chamber and the bureau over the location of the transbay bridge, the bureau having endorsed the Dumbarton location and the Three Cities Chamber approved the Little Coyote Point location.

During the meeting Fred H. Drake, chairman of the bridge committee, stated he had been accused of having real estate interests in the vicinity of Dumbarton which made him favor that location, but that he would pay \$1000 if it could be shown he had any real estate except at San Carlos.

President Towne stated that as, by the by-laws of the organization, no other business could be transacted at this meeting, he would call a meeting for Thursday evening of this week. At Phil R. Thompson's request this meeting will be held at South San Francisco.

LUNCHEON AT KAUFFMANN HOME HONORING MRS. BOOTHBY

Mrs. E. P. Kauffmann gave a delightful luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Nettie Boothby, who is visiting her nephew, Dr. F. S. Dolley. After the luncheon a guessing contest was enjoyed, Mrs. F. S. Dolley winning the prize. Music was furnished by Mrs. Klein of San Francisco and by Mrs. Kauffmann. The guests were: Mrs. Nettie Boothby, Mrs. F. S. Dolley, Mrs. Klein of San Francisco, Mrs. Beatty of San Francisco, sister of Mrs. Kauffmann; Mrs. J. O. Snyder, Mrs. J. W. Coleberd, Mrs. A. Hynding, Mrs. J. W. Bates, Mrs. E. C. Peck, Mrs. C. W. King, and Mrs. Robert Speed.

LADIES' AID FOOD SALE.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Paul's Church will hold its monthly food sale at Carmody's grocery Saturday, May 6th. Mrs. Charles Young and Mrs. W. J. James compose the committee in charge.

LARGE CLASS OF FOREIGN-BORN ADMITTED

THIRTY-FIVE MEN OF FOREIGN BIRTH PASS EXAMINATION IN SUPERIOR COURT AT REDWOOD CITY TUESDAY.

San Mateo county has thirty-five new citizens, following the passing of the requisite examination for citizenship at Redwood City Tuesday. F. H. Littleton of San Francisco conducted the examination in the superior court, Judge George H. Buck presiding.

Exercises were conducted under the auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps of San Mateo county, Mrs. J. M. Winter and Mrs. A. Kincaid having charge. Boys from the Redwood City grammar school gave a salute to the flag as part of the exercises, and C. M. Dorse, president of the George H. Rice Abstract Company, delivered an address on "Americanization and Citizenship." The candidates came from various sections of the county, South San Francisco furnishing the largest class, numbering nine. There were eight from Redwood City, and six each from San Mateo and Burlingame.

An interesting feature was the granting of citizenship to Guilo Lombardi and Joseph Lombardi of South San Francisco, father and son, respectively. Joseph Lombardi, the son, returned within the last three weeks from Germany, where he served with the United States army of occupation for the past three years. Both are natives of Italy. The son received his papers through his services in the army, while the father received his citizenship through careful study and preparation for the examination. The father and son were congratulated upon becoming citizens at the same time by Judge Buck from the bench.

The names, place of residence and native country of those from the north end of the county are given below:

Giuseppe Milano, Colma, Italy.
Sante Rozzi, South San Francisco, Italy.

Lorenzo Diamanti, Colma, Italy.
Nick Starios, South San Francisco, Greece.

Roberto Ferrerio, South San Francisco, Italy.
Anzon Tomoscheck, South San Francisco, Austria.

Allis Schellman, South San Francisco, Austria.
John G. Martinelli, South San Francisco, Italy.

Guilio Lombardi, South San Francisco, Italy.
Joseph Lombardi, South San Francisco, Italy.

Charles Faivre, South San Francisco, France.

PUPILS LEARN LESSONS IN DENTAL HYGIENE

Many lessons conducive to better health through proper care of the teeth were impressed on pupils of the local schools the last few days, this being designated as "dental hygiene" week by the Red Cross. Through the week the children have been engaged pings from newspapers dealing with the subject of good teeth, in writing essays on the same subject, and in drawing posters treating the same important theme. The scrapbooks are being made by the children of the first and second grades, the essays written by the third, fourth and fifth grades, and the posters drawn by the sixth, seventh, and eighth grade pupils. Prizes for the best work along the three lines are to be awarded at the San Mateo high school tomorrow (Saturday) morning, \$3 for the first prize, \$2 for the second, and \$1 for the third in each class of work. At the school when the awards are made a motion picture on the subject of care of the teeth will be shown.

Wednesday afternoon the children were treated to a show at the Royal Theater, when films on this special subject were shown. During the performance eight little school children took part in a tooth brush drill. They also gave the drill at the high school Thursday morning.

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Blue and White

Official Paper of the
South San Francisco High School

EDITOR Edna Broner
STAFF
Seniors Grace Robinson
Juniors Alexis James
High Sophomores Ambrose Aylsworth
Low Sophomores Althea Spangler
High Freshmen Edward Kingsland
Low Freshmen Louise Beld

JUNIOR CANDY SALE.

The junior class held a candy sale las Friday at recess and noon, which was well patronized by teachers and students. It was a huge success financially, and would have been more so if we had had more candy.

Delicious home-made candy was the order of the day.

Thursday evening the class members, boys and girls, accompanied by Miss Harmon, junior class teacher, made several batches of pinoche, fudge and sea foam at the high school domestic science rooms—so we had play as well as work.

We wish also to thank Miss Harber and the girls who helped us by making candy during their cooking and sewing periods. Co-operation of this sort proves that the school spirit is strong in our school.

BASEBALL GAME.

The first baseball game of the season was played on the local diamond last Friday afternoon. The game took place between the girls' baseball team of San Mateo and the local team. South City was defeated by a great number of points, but hopes to do better after more practice.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

William Lee Greenleaf gave a monologue of "Rip Van Winkle" last Friday afternoon before a very small audience at the high school. It was a very interesting interpretation of that old character and those who attended the reading enjoyed a pleasant forty minutes.

JUNIOR CLASS MEETING.

The regular meeting of the junior class was held last Monday. Business of importance was discussed.

Invitations are out for a party to be given to the seniors by the junior class next Friday evening.

Miss Franklin—What is guerilla warfare?

Alexis James—Sort of a monkey, isn't it?

HI SCHOOL GROUNDS AND FIELD.

A perfect green lawn is transforming the front yard of the high school building. It brings out the beauty of the building with its symmetry and freshness. The slopes down to the street are an added attraction.

The past week Mr. Adams and the boys have been erecting the frame for a dummy on which to practice in the athletic field.

ADVERTISING PAYS.

(By Arthur S. Ford)

Ten years ago I had a friend
Who thinks it saving not to spend.
He looks at me in mild surprise
When I suggest he advertise;
He only sees the money spent
Although he says he always meant
To try it some day soon.
'Twas four years later, maybe more,
I visited at my friend's store.
The same old stock was on his shelf,
A little older like himself,
And Hank and Si beside the door
Sat there and chewed and chewed some
more

Just as they did four years before
On such a day in June.
I had in my hand the local sheet
Which carried an ad. from across the
street,

Across the street where stood a store
Which hadn't been there four years be-
fore,

And passersby stopped there to gaze,
Went in to buy and went their ways
My friend's store quite ignoring.
I turned to Jim with half a sigh
And said, "Cheer up and don't say die,
Your trade's most gone and you are
poor,

But even yet you may secure
Good business if you'll realize
It surely pays to ADVERTISE
From shingles down to flooring."
My friend replied, "You may be right,
But really money is so tight
I'll let it go a little while
And maybe fortune soon will smile
And then by heck you'll see I'm game
To let the people see my name.
I'll let 'em see I know my biz
That other folks aint all there is;
I'm not asleep and snoring."

Six years gone by it seems a day
Since I heard friend Jimmy say
He'd almost come to realize
How he would have to advertise.
The store across the street, he said,
Had all the trade while his was dead.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Grace Church—Episcopal.
Vicar, Rev. Edward H. Molony.
Phone 305.
Church school, 9:45 a. m.
Worship and sermon, 11 a. m. sub-
ject, "The Good Shepherd."
All welcome.

St. Paul's M. E. Church
Clayton L. Peck, Pastor.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. A. A.
Whitten, superintendent.
Morning service, 11 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.
Evening service, 7:45 p. m.
Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock,
prayer meeting.

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INSTRUMENTS FILED FOR RECORD IN SAN MATEO CO.

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John Paul Schielein and wife to Chris W. Halliday—Lot 5, block 25, Easton 2.
Estate of John Seymand to Spirito Seymand et al.—Lot 46, block 7, Crocker Estate Tract.
Estate of Mary B. Hansen to Andrew Jacobsen and wife—9.996 acres, portion lots 3 and 8, East Greenwood Tract.
J. R. Heckman and wife to Jane E. Carolan—Portion lots 5A and 5B, block 3, supplemental 1 to supplemental map Burlingame.
Vera C. Stewart to Home J. Steiny—Lots 17, 20, 21, block 9, Burlingame Park 2.
Herbert C. Mayes and wife to Charles F. Eisele and wife—Portion lots 222 and 221, San Mateo Park.
Emilie Knudsen Baile and husband to Max Feierman—Portion lot 13, block 6, Western Addition, San Mateo.
The Moxey Realty Company to William F. Kuhnert and wife—Lots 1 and 2, resubdivision lots 23, 24, 25, Reese Subdivision.
Luis Colombo and wife to John B. Pastorelli and wife—Lots 2 and 3 of a portion Barriole 2-Acre Tract, San Mateo.
Franklin Co. to Charles D. Blaney and wife—Lots 9, 10, 22, 23, 24, 25, block C, Fair Oaks Acres.
Same to Mark A. McCann and wife—Lot 26, north half lot 8, same block.
Anglo-California Trust Company to Arthur W. McDonough—Lot 9, Emerald Lake Park.
Henry Witte and wife to J. P. Cullen—Lots 36, 37, 38, block 5, Central Park 1.
Estate of John Zimmer to Ethel E. Zimmer—Lot 13, block 37, Redwood Highlands.
Louise E. Pierron to Mabel Percy Maltby—Lot 4, block 1, Burlingame Park 2.
L. C. Brandt and wife to Beda Louisa Gustafson—Lot 5, block K, San Mateo Heights 2.
William G. Kahman to Marie A. Van Tyne—Quitclaim lot 24, block 34, Easton 2.
William F. Stapp Jr. and wife to same—Same lot.
South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to Western Meat Company—238 acre, 127 acre, .918 acre, South San Francisco.
M. C. Tracy to John W. Justen and wife—Lot 36, block 28, Vista Grande.
Henrietta M. C. Reinecke to Matthew Dickson—Lot 3, block 25, Easton 2.
Nellie Alice Hughes and husband to Pacific Gas and Electric Company—Right of way along University avenue in front of lots 20 to 25, block 18, Ravenswood.
M. A. Hope and wife to D. E. O'Keefe—Lots 44 and 45, block 61, Dumbarton Oaks.
Estate of George Allen David to Adline Maryann David—Half interest lot 7, block 126, South San Francisco.
Estate of Katharine David to same—Half interest, same lot.
M. A. Hope and wife to George A. Kneese—Lot 12, block 133, Buckingham Subdivision, South San Francisco.
C. Caccia to Teresa Caccia—Lot 13, block 20, resubdivision lot 12, W. W. & M. Subdivision.
Same to same—Lot 16, north half lot 17, block 8, resubdivision 7 and 8, Eastern Addition, Redwood.
Mary A. Granger to George C. Ross—One-third interest 106.35 acres, portion sections 5 and 8, township 5, range 3; half interest 100 acres, portion section 5, township 5, range 3.
Anna R. Benton and husband to William R. Grover—Lot 10, block 24, Granada.
Huntington Park Realty Company to Margaret L. Grundy—Lot 22, block 5, Huntington Park.
Isabel Longdon Stine to Emilie Von Blomberg—Lots 38, 39, 40, block 31, Belle Air Park.
H. Persia Briggs to Herbert E. Witham—Lots 22, 23, 41, 42, block 30, Third Addition, San Bruno Park.
Andrini Angelo to Gianbatista Vadone—Lot 2 and 3, block A, Mission Street Tract; lots 20, 21, 22, block 24, Vallemar.
Giovanni Pera and wife to Denis Donovan—Lots 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 14 to 17, block 36, Arleta Park.
Osborn B. Lefurgey and wife to William Eldred—Lot 13, block 29, Lyon & Hoag Subdivision.
Crocker Estate Company to Robert Trost and wife—Lots 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, block 33, Crocker Tract 2.
Same to same—Lots 31, 32, 33, block 4; lot 18, block 11; lots 3, 4, 5, 6, block 35, Crocker Tract 1.
M. A. Hope and wife to H. D. McGarvey et al.—Lots 2 and 3, block 4, Eastern Addition, Redwood.
Same to Richard J. Shields—Lot 28, block 56, Dumbarton Oaks.
Mary A. Burns to William H. Roden—Lot 10, block 29, Easton 2.
Sarah T. Fox et al. to Joseph Florio and wife—85.96 feet on highway, 175 feet north from Casey Lane, near San Mateo.
Edward M. Corcoran and wife to Richard Campbell and wife—Lot 13, block C, San Mateo Heights 2.
David Houle and wife to Charles L. Nonnenmann—Portion lots 3, 4, 5, block 3, Burlingame Terrace 2.
Wisnom Company to A. Pauline Schmidt—Lot 40, Wisnom Subdivision, block 8, Western Addition, San Mateo.
Robert G. Rose to N. P. Peterson—Lot 70, Husing Addition, San Mateo City Homestead.
The Greater City Lumber Company to Alice De Long—Quitclaim lot 27, block C, Peck's Subdivision, South San Francisco.
William T. Leaman to Annie D. Smith—Quitclaim lot 2, block 10, Vista Grande.
Annie D. Smith to Vincent Sylvio and wife—Same lot.
Charles A. Reardon to Amelia M. RReardon—Lot 11, block 9, Crocker Tract.
Elizabeth E. Benjamin to Caleb Coakley—Lot 1, north half lot 2, block 24, Union Park.
W. W. Setecheimer et al. to Union Trust Company of San Francisco—7.47 acres, San Mateo City Homestead.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to Antonio Guisetta et al.—Lot 1, east 12 1/2 feet lot 2, block 136, South San Francisco.
Fred E. Du Bois and wife to Stanely U. Champe and wife—Lot 17, block 25, Lyon & Hoag Subdivision.
Anglo-California Trust Company to H. W. Stegans—Lot 1, block 30, Oak Knoll Manor.
Same to Otto Maehl and wife—Portion lot 2, block 29, same tract.
Same to Dan Beasley—Lots 19 and 20, block 22, subdivision 1, North Fair Oaks.
Camille Roudales and wife to Ada V. Holley—Lot 24, Johnson Subdivision.
Mary Jane Lauder to Irene Vandervoort and Ida L. MacMeekin—Lot 31, block 20, Vista Grande.
South City Lot Company to Alice De Long—Lot 27, block C, Peck's Subdivision, South San Francisco.
Anna F. McCarthy to Robert C. McCarthy—Quitclaim lot 17, block 4, Burlingame Park 4.
Estate of Mary A. Johnston to Catherine Goldstone—Lots 1 and 2, block 3, Fourth Addition, San Bruno Park.
Estate of Caroline Ludwig to George and Martin Ludwig—Lots 25, 26, 27, block 7, Concordia Land Company (except northwest 10 feet); lot 16, block 3, Stambaugh Street Addition; lots 14 and 24, block 3, Jefferson Avenue Addition.
F. J. Ream and wife to Niels P. Peterson and wife—Lots 80 and 81, Husing Addition, San Mateo.
John Resenfeld's Sons to Clarence S. Crary—Lots J and K, block 6, Burlingame Terrace 2.
John Henry Hatch and wife to Cassie D. Hitchcock—Portion block 11, Burlingame.
Amelia Ray Brunner to G. C. Elwood and wife—Lot 5, block N, Hayward Park.
Redwood City Realty Company to D. E. O'Keefe—Lot 4, block 2, Menlo Grove.
Estate of Ernst Victor Richter to Marie Hedwig Richter—Half interest lot 32, B. & H. resubdivision San Mateo Park; half interest portion block 30, Eastern Addition, San Mateo.
Gordon O. Hess and wife to Pacific Gas and Electric Company—Right of way over lot 14, block 22, Easton 2 (to correct 19-123 O. R.).
Frances L. Lynch to Joseph F. Millett—Lot 34, block 3, \$75 Lot Homestead.
Ansel M. Easton and wife to Harry C. Browne—Lots 19 and 20, block 47, Easton 4.
John Thomas to Theresa Thomas—Lots 15 and 16, block A, resubdivision lot 5, portion 3, W. W. & M. Subdivision.
Anglo-California Trust Company to Florence K. Blessing—Lots 1 to 8, block 15, subdivision 1, North Fair Oaks.
Same to Eugene G. Blessing—Lot 23, same block.

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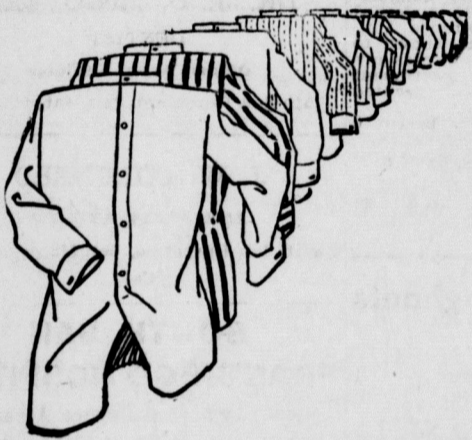
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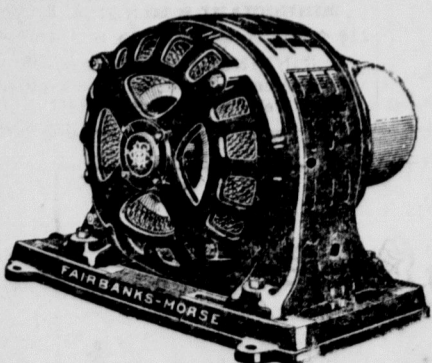
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The publication of signed articles in the columns of The Enterprise does not necessarily mean that this paper endorses the views of the writers nor will it be held responsible for these views.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Calif., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

ROBERT SPEED Managing Editor

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1922.

HARDY FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

On the front page of this issue will be found the announcement that City Trustee L. G. Hardy will be a candidate at the coming election for justice of the peace. This is an announcement of more than ordinary interest, for Mr. Hardy is well known in this city, where he has served as city trustee for two years. This is his first venture into politics in a larger field than the municipality.

The Enterprise has every respect for Mr. Hardy. His views in matters of city government have not at all times coincided with those held and expressed by this newspaper, but that has not lowered him in our estimation. That the views of different people should differ on most subjects is inevitable. This would be an uninteresting world were it otherwise.

The Enterprise believes Mr. Hardy an honest, upright man and a man who would give an entirely satisfactory account of himself as justice of the peace.

In passing it is not out of order for The Enterprise to state that it has the friendliest feeling for W. J. Smith, the present justice of the peace. It understands that Mr. Smith will not be a candidate for re-election, but this is not authoritative as it does not come from Mr. Smith himself, being merely "the talk on the streets." The Enterprise has had no opportunity to interview Mr. Smith on the subject.

FIND THE WAY

The incessant war between capital and labor is one of the greatest obstructions to the prosperity of this country. It is ever present, and seems to have no end.

Every strike that occurs costs thousands of dollars. Often it runs into millions, and the whole country suffers because of a disagreement between a small proportion of the population.

Labor must be protected or it will be crushed by unscrupulous capitalists.

Capital must be protected or it will perish at the hands of unscrupulous labor leaders and the radical element of their following.

One can not exist without the other, and the country can not survive without both.

Under existing conditions neither side can be trusted to give the other a square deal all around. They have fought so long the Golden Rule appears to have passed from their memories.

And since the Golden Rule will not suffice, government rule should take its place.

There is a way to adjust these differences on a basis that would be fair and just to all, but we do not appear to have the man available who possesses the brains necessary to discover that way and enforce it.

Find the man who can find the way, and clothe him with power to act.

There's a heap of satisfaction in publishing a weekly newspaper. We know that we earn our money honestly and we earn every penny that we get.

No longer does the bad man strut around with a chip on his shoulder. It is customary to sneak up behind.

Of course, there is one excuse for not jailing our growing crop of criminals. It would cost a lot to feed 'em.

No wonder scandal moves rapidly. It is possessed of legs and wings and is able to crawl.

Covering a coffin with flowers is a beautiful tribute, but the deceased never appreciates it.

There may be something in theory, but it requires practice to dig it out.



Poem by Uncle John

SAVED BY GRACE.

I used to greet a sunny morn with mutterin's of dread,—I viewed the buddin' rose with scorn, and sadly shook my head. "I've had experience," sez I, "with weather in the past; I never trust an azure sky—this ain't a-goin' to last!"

And sure enough, she wouldn't last no more'n a dozen days. She blew up cold, an' busted loos, an' slammed us forty ways. . . . She rained, incessant, till the crick was filled to overflow,—an' I responded mighty quick, an' said, "I told ye so."

The neighbors kep' their eye on me, an' seemed to think it strange—no matter what the weather'd be, I'd prophesy a change! Nobody seemed to bother much with how the weather went,—but I would growl to beat the Dutch, an' foam with discontent!

But I have underwent reform—I make no more complaint. . . . I dote on weather when she's warm, and praise her when she ain't. . . . I adore her if she's wetter, and encore her when she's dry,—and the neighbors likes me better, sense I've ceased to prophesy!

From Uncle John

The Ruling Passion



WANT ADS.

These little advertisements are tremendous pullers. Try one for whatever you have to sell, buy, rent, or trade, if you want work or to hire help.

For Sale—Four milch goats, three of them fresh. Apply C. J. Ledwith, San Bruno. 2t

To Rent—Two furnished house-keeping rooms, kitchen and bedroom, single or double beds, bachelors or couple, water, electricity and gas for cooking, linen, etc., \$12 per mo.; also 3-rm. cottage, very nicely furnished, linen, water, electricity and gas for cooking, \$20 per mo. Apply 1224-26 San Bruno road, opposite Western Pipe Company. 8t

For Rent or Sale—7-room furnished flat, suitable to rent out; also 4 furnished housekeeping rooms, close in, \$20. Apply 221 Miller avenue. 4t

Wanted—Good second-hand cook stove with waterback. Address Box 267, So. S. F. tf

For Sale—Four-room modern house, easy payment, near shipyards. Address Owner, Box 147, South San Francisco. tf

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31st Consecutive Quarterly Dividend on First Preferred Stock

THE regular dividend, for the three months ending April 30th, 1922, of \$1.50 per share, upon the full-paid First Preferred Capital Stock of the Company will be paid on May 15th, 1922, to shareholders of record at the end of the quarterly period. Checks will be mailed in time to reach stockholders on the date they are payable.

A. F. HOCKENBEAMER, Vice-President and Treasurer, San Francisco, California.

Why Continue to Want?

A 50-cent ad. in this paper will supply almost any human or animal need.

It don't pay to let your temper get the best of you. The other fellow wins by holding his own in check.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The co-partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of E. E. Cunningham & Co., in the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons who are indebted to the undersigned are respectfully requested to come forward and make payment immediately.

Dated this 21st day of April, 1922. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, No. 2975. In the Matter of the Estate of Maria F. Taylor, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Maria F. Taylor, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, or to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the Law Office of J. W. Coleberd, Bank Building, South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of San Mateo, State of California.

Dated this 22nd day of April, A. D. 1922. H. L. HAAKER, Administrator of the Estate of Maria F. Taylor, deceased. J. W. COLEBERD, Attorney for Administrator, South San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS.

C. C. P. Secs. 844-845. In the Recorder's Court of the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California.

The People of the State of California send greeting to L. A. Weber, Defendant. You are hereby directed to appear before me at my office, at City Hall in said City and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Recorder's Court of City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, within five days after the service on you of this summons—if it is served within the city and county, township or city in which this action is brought, and within twenty days if served elsewhere. And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint. Given under my hand this 6th day of March, 1922. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Judge of the Recorder's Court of the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo.

J. W. COLEBERD, Attorney for Plaintiff. 4-13-10t

NOTICE OF PARTNERS TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME.

This is to certify, that the undersigned are copartners, transacting business as such, with their principal place of business in the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, and that they are transacting such business as such partners under a fictitious name and designation not showing the names in full of all the members of such partnership, and of all the persons interested in said business as partners, to-wit: under the fictitious name and designation of "Columbia Meat Market."

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transacting such business under such fictitious name are: Arcangelo Vincenzini, residing at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California. Lawrence Vincenzini, residing at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California. Frank Vincenzini, residing at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

That the business at said place, and under said designation, and by said persons transacted, is a general retail meat and provision business. ANGELO VINCENZINI, LAWRENCE VINCENZINI, FRANK VINCENZINI.

State of California, County of San Mateo.—ss. On this 17th day of April, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-two, before me, F. A. Cunningham, a Notary Public in and for said San Mateo County, residing therein duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Arcangelo Vincenzini, Lawrence Vincenzini and Frank Vincenzini, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged 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. F. A. CUNNINGHAM, Notary Public in and for said San Mateo County, State of California. 4-18-22

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FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Bernard McCaffery Post, No. 85, American Legion—Meets at City Hall 1st and 3d Friday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. M. E. Koop, Commander. William J. Hyland, Adjutant.

South City Lodge, No. 832, A. O. U. M. meets in Fraternal Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome. Edgar H. Lewis, Dictator. Henry Veit, Secretary.

Tippacanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Fraternal Hall. Visiting brothers welcome. A. Maderas, Sachem. R. Zanetti, Chief of Records.

Bay City Homestead, No. 5527, B. A. Y. O. M. meets every third Wednesday in the month. A. R. Tunzi, Foreman. H. F. McNellis, Correspondent.

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 276, F. & A. M., meets at Fraternal Hall first Friday every month for stated meeting. R. W. Burge, Master. G. W. Holston, Secretary.

South City Aerie, No. 1471, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Fraternal Hall, 8 o'clock. Geo. A. Kneese, Worthy President. Daniel Hyland, Secretary. Visiting brothers welcome.

San Mateo Pyramid No. 25, Ancient Egyptian Order of Scots, meets at Masonic Temple, San Mateo, second Saturday evening of each month for business session. FRED PRINCE, Toparch. A. A. ROCHEX, Scribe.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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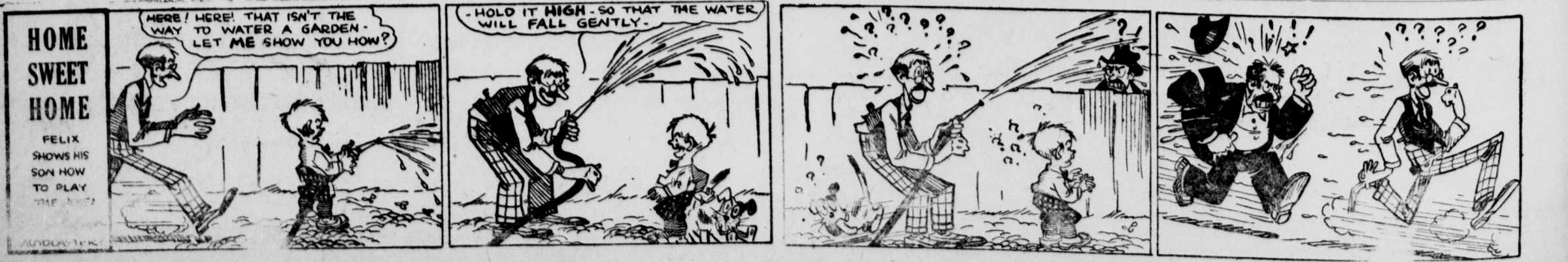
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CAPE BRETON ISLAND



Bay of St. Anns, Cape Breton.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Close to home, yet less known to Americans than many parts of Europe, Cape Breton Island, a part of Nova Scotia, is far from being the "few acres of snow" that Voltaire contemptuously dubbed it in the days when France and England were at each other's throats over it. It is barely an island, and for all practical purposes may be considered the easternmost point of Canada's mainland.

Perhaps many who have not seen this land think of it as Voltaire did, but it has its fruitful apple orchards and a thriving general agriculture, and growth is remarkably rapid, once vegetation is started. It has, too, all the ingredients for industrial success in this "Steel Age"—iron ore, coal and limestone. And, unlike those of the competing iron-producing regions of North America, Cape Breton's materials are at the water's edge, where the finished product can be handled most cheaply.

The ports of Cape Breton are closer to Europe and Africa by hundreds of miles than any others on the North American continent; and, surprisingly to those who have not closely studied their maps, the distance from Cape Breton to Rio de Janeiro is less than that from New Orleans to Rio.

A less material but important asset of Cape Breton is its scenery and climate. Relatively few American tourists have "discovered" the island yet, but those who have swear by its charm. Its summers are pleasantly cool and its winters, thanks to the proximity of the Gulf stream, relatively mild. A principal pleasure feature and beauty spot is the island's inland sea, the beautiful Bras d'Or lakes, a paradise for yachtsmen.

Cape Breton's history is old and full. Undoubtedly her coasts were frequented by Norwegian rovers as early as the Tenth century, and we even have it on the authority of the Flemish geographers that the island was discovered and named by Basque fishermen, who crossed the Atlantic in pursuit of whales a hundred years before the voyages of Columbus.

John Cabot's Landfall.

It is from the voyages of the Cabots, however, that Cape Breton dates her history. The highland to the north of the island is now generally agreed to have been the landfall of John Cabot—the first sighting of North America of which we have record. Peter Martyr's account of the voyage of the younger Cabot in 1498, when the island was claimed in the name of "Kyg Henry," shows that a landing was made on these northern shores at least a year before Columbus touched upon the mainland of the continent.

Standing far out in the Atlantic, the most easterly extremity of the Dominion of Canada, Cape Breton owes much of her colorful history to her geographical position. She reaches out into the ocean trade lanes, the landfall of west-bound shipping today as in the time of the Cabots.

Two centuries ago her commanding position with reference to the trade of the St. Lawrence and the West Indies made Cape Breton an issue in world politics, an issue sometimes disturbing the peace of Europe and upsetting the treaties of the powers. The fortunes of the little island, now under the red cross of St. George, now under the gold lilies of France, are a part of the continent's history—the greater part of it a war history.

The story of Louisburg, a fortress 25 years in the building, at a cost of six millions of dollars—more than four times that sum in the value of our money—its two sieges, and its final demolition, is the best-known chapter of Cape Breton's history.

The fortress became not only the base of French naval power in America, but, with outlying posts at St. Peters, Ingonish, and St. Anns, the resort of privateers that infested the New England coast and the haven to which they conveyed their spoils.

Upon the outbreak of war between France and England, in 1744, to the colonists of Massachusetts and New Hampshire the reduction of this stronghold was a highly attractive project.

Capture of Louisburg.

The first siege and capture of Louisburg by the little band of New England militiamen under Pepperell, with the British West India fleet under War-

ren, probably foreshadowed the American Revolution.

With the closing of this refuge of Atlantic privateers, "marine insurance on Anglo-American vessels fell at once from 30 to 12 per cent!" Subsequently the island was restored to France, and again the fortunes of war made it permanently a British possession.

The giant fortress of Louisburg was demolished in favor of the newly fortified base at Halifax—a military necessity that is deplored by the visitor of today.

And yet in all its desolation, one thrills to the glory of its past. Here are the remains of the Dauphin's gate; yonder can be traced the bomb-proof casemates of the king's Bastion, and on one of these grassy mounds stood the citadel, where fair ladies and gallant gentlemen of France graced the grand ball on that fateful eve of Pepperell's arrival in Gabarus Bay.

Not until 1784, when the island became temporarily a separate colony, with its own governor, were grants of land to settlers permitted. To it in the late years of the Eighteenth and the opening of the Nineteenth century came a great number of hardy Scottish settlers. In this way the island became "as Gaelic as the most Gaelic part of Scotland." Though there are considerable French Acadian settlements, a more or less cosmopolitan population in the vicinity of the mining districts, and many descendants of the old United Empire Loyalist stock, the F. F. V.'s of the province, Cape Breton is still predominantly Highland Scottish in its population.

The finest scenery in the Maritime provinces is to be found in northern Cape Breton and through the lovely Bras d'Or Lake region of the interior.

Bras d'Or Lakes.

Most striking of the island's physical features is this inland sea, known in its two sections as the Great and Little Bras d'Or Lakes. Widening out from its two Atlantic entrances, it extends in its 450 square miles of area through the heart of the island—nearly a thousand miles of interior coast-line bordering all four counties and forming in enchanting succession wide harbors, island-dotted bays, and deep fjord-like channels. A ship canal at historic St. Peters, across the old Indian portage of Nicholas Deny's time, connects the lake waters with the Strait of Canso.

This inland waterway was of great strategic value to the French, as at a later period it was a valuable means of transportation—indeed, the only means of transportation at first—to the Highland Scottish settlers. Today it affords easy access to the markets of the Sydneys for the farmers of the interior, no less than a natural playground for the people of the industrial centers.

The drive along the north shore of Cape Breton is surprisingly lovely. Landward there are ever the hills, near and remote, the green meadows of farmlands abounding in milk and Celtic hospitality; seaward the Atlantic, and in the distance, sheer out of the ocean, towers "Smoky."

Once seen, the view looking southward from Smoky is never forgotten. Headland after headland in outline reaching out to the eastward, plastered with dazzling white against the distant blue, and, 1,200 feet below, the long roll of the Atlantic.

Rescued Too Late.

I once was employed at a small shop where they had neither furnace nor steam heat. The room was heated by one large stove. There was a young man there. We were pretty good friends. He had a habit of changing his shoes. One day I happened to be working around where he kept his good shoes.

In a joking way I said, "If you don't move these shoes I will throw them in the stove."

I picked them up and went over to the stove. There was a lot of waste paper in it, so I just laid them on top of it, not knowing there was fire on the bottom. I went over to him and told him I had put them there. He went over to get them, and much to my surprise, the paper ignited. The shoes did not burn at all, but they were utterly ruined.—Exchange.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

© Western Newspaper Union.

FRANK NORTH, "WHITE CHIEF OF THE PAWNEES"

Only once in history did Indians succeed in wrecking one of the "white man's iron horses," and this occurred in 1867 when a band of Cheyennes ditched a freight train on the Union Pacific near Plum Creek, Neb. A strange scene followed. Among the loot which the savages took from the wrecked cars were hundreds of bolts of calico. In a sportive mood, the young warriors tied the ends of the calico to their ponies' tails. Then they went careening over the prairie, the long waves of many-colored cloth billowing and floating behind them.

While the Cheyennes were still enjoying this sport, from the surrounding hills dashed a band of mounted Indians led by a white man of soldierly bearing. When the Cheyennes saw him charging down upon them, they fled in every direction, crying "The White Chief of the Pawnee! The White Chief of the Pawnee!"

Maj. Frank North was the "White Chief of the Pawnees." He had lived among them and they loved him. They adopted him into the tribe, calling him Pawnee La Sharo. This meant "great chief of the Pawnees" and chief even of the Pawnee chiefs. No other Pawnee and only one white man, Gen. John C. Fremont, ever held that title. Major North enlisted his first Pawnee scouts in 1864, and in every war on the plains thereafter they did valiant service.

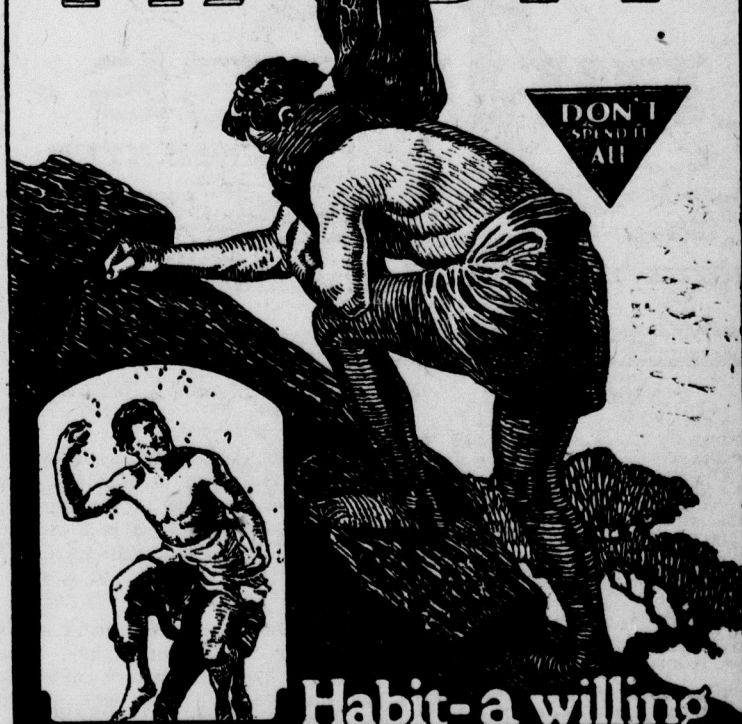
The scouts were issued regulation blue uniforms, but they had their own ideas about how to wear them. A full dress parade was an amusing sight. Some wore only the trousers and were bareheaded; others wore the big black hat, but had a breech cloth in place of trousers; and others cut out the seat of the pantaloons, leaving only leggings. All wore spurs, whether they had on boots, moccasins or were barefoot. But they were good fighters for all of that.

They were with General Carr at the Battle of Summit Springs, Colo., in 1869, and here Major North killed the Sioux chief Tall Bull, although Buffalo Bill is sometimes credited with that feat.

During his scout career Major North became a close friend of Buffalo Bill, and when he disbanded his scouts, Cody and North went into the cattle business in Nebraska together, and were partners for many years.

Don't be content to follow a good lead. Get in ahead of it.

HABIT



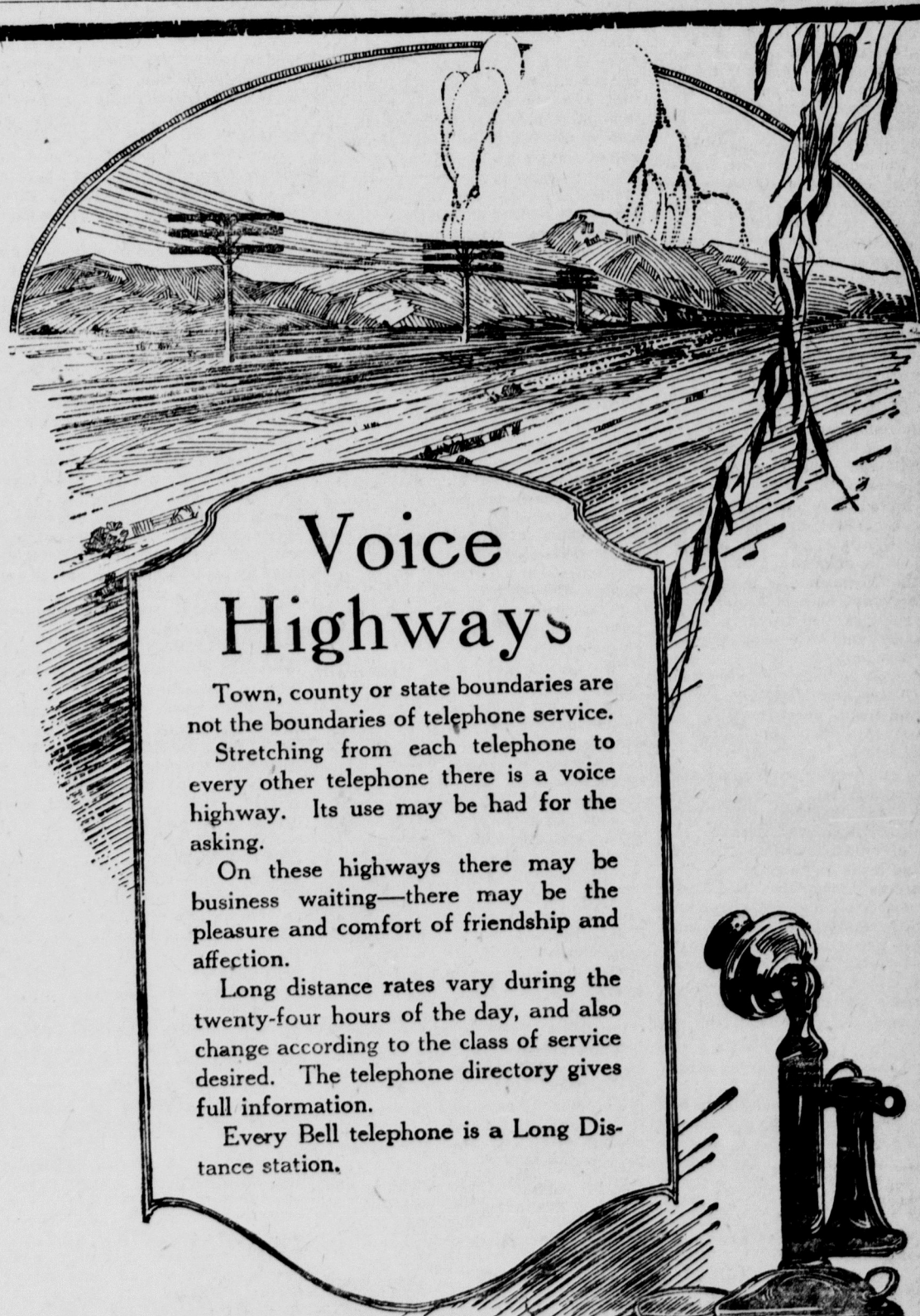
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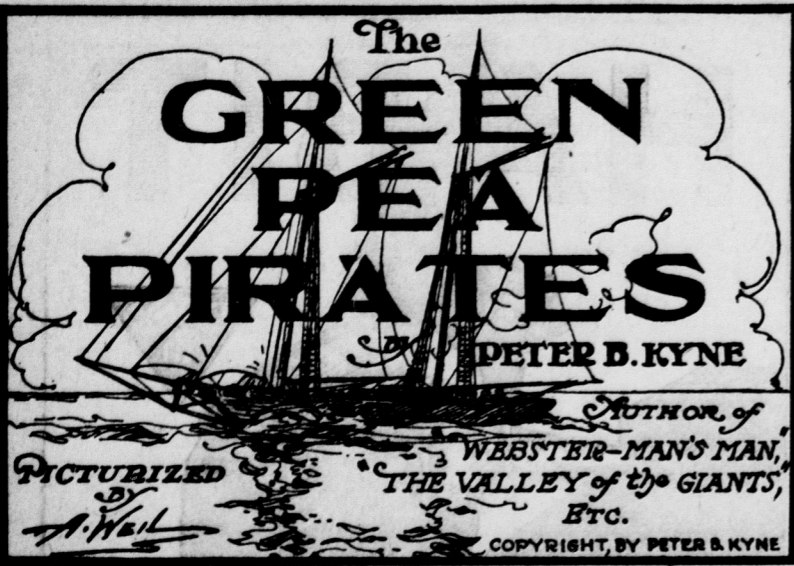
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Captain Phineas P. Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer Maggie. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scraggs naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adelbert P. Gibney, likable but erratic, a man whom nobody but Scraggs would hire, is the skipper, Nells Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the fo'castle hands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

CHAPTER II.—With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scraggs is engaged in freighting garden truck from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the Maggie goes ashore in a fog.

CHAPTER III.—A passing vessel halting the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the Yankee Prince, with promise of a rich salvage. Two tugs succeed in pulling the Maggie into deep water, and she slips her tow lines and gets away in the fog.

CHAPTER IV.—Scraggs refuses to fulfill his promises and Gibney and McGuffey "strike." With marvelous luck, Scraggs ships a fresh crew. At the end of a few days of wild conviviality Gibney and McGuffey are stranded and seek their old positions on the Maggie. They are hostilely received, but remain. On their way to San Francisco they sight a derelict and Gibney and McGuffey swim to it.

CHAPTER V.—Furious at the deception practised on them, Captains Hicks and Fishery, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of this "Yankee Prince" and, fearing ridicule should the facts become known along the water front, determine on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the Maggie results in Captain Scraggs promising to get a new boiler and make needed repairs to the steamer.

CHAPTER VI.—The derelict proves to be the Chesapeake, richly laden, its engine crew stricken with scurvy. Scraggs attempts to tow her in, but the Maggie is unequal to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco, their salvage money amounting to \$1,000 apiece.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER VII.

When Captain Scraggs, after abandoning all hope of saving the bark Chesapeake, returned to the Maggie, the little craft reminded him of nothing so much as the ward for the incorrigible of an insane asylum. Due to Captain Scraggs' stupidity and the general inefficiency of the Maggie, the new navigating officer was of the opinion that he had been swindled out of his share of the salvage, while the new engineer, furious at having been engaged to baby such a ruin as the Maggie's boiler turned out to be, blamed Scraggs' parsimony for the loss of his share of the salvage. Therefore, both men aired with the utmost frankness their opinion of their employer. One word borrowed another until diplomatic relations were severed and, in the language of the classic, they "mixed it." They were fairly well matched, and, to the credit of Captain Scraggs be it said, whenever he believed himself to have a fighting chance Scraggs would fight and fight well, under the Tom-cat rules of fistfights.

Following a bloody battle in the pilot house, he subdued the mate; following his victory he was still war mad, so he went to the engine-room hatch and abused the engineer. As a result of the day's events, both men quit when the Maggie was tied up at Jackson street wharf and once more Captain Scraggs was helpless. In his extremity, he wished he hadn't been so hard on Mr. Gibney and McGuffey, for he realized, he could never hope to get them back until their salvage money should be spent.

Godless and wholly irreclaimable as Mr. Gibney and Mr. McGuffey might have been and doubtless were, each possessed in bounteous measure the sweetest of human attributes, to-wit: a soft, kind heart and a forgiving spirit. Creatures of impulse both, they found it absolutely impossible to nourish a grudge against Captain Scraggs, when, upon returning to Scab Johnny's boarding house, their host handed them a grubby note from their enemy. It was short and sweet and sounded quite sincere; Mr. Gibney read it aloud:

"On Board the Maggie, Saturday night.
"Dear Friends:

I am sorry. You hurt me awful with your kiddin when you took the Chesapeake away from me. To er is human but to forgive is divine. After what I done I don't expect you two to come back to work ever but for God's sake don't give me the dead face when we meet agin. Remember we been shipmates once.

"P. P. Scraggs."

"Why, the pore ol' son of a horse thief," Mr. Gibney murmured, "much moved at this profound abasement. 'Of course we forgive him. It ain't mainly to hold a grudge after the culprit has paid his fair price for his sins. By an' large, I got a hunch Bart that old Scraggsy's had his les-son for once."

"If you can forgive him, I can, Gib."

"Well, he's certainly cleaned him-

self handsome. Bart. Telephone for a messenger boy," and Mr. Gibney sat down and wrote:

"Scraggsy, old fanciful, we're square. Forget it and come to breakfast with us at seven tomorrow at the Marigold cafe. I'll order deviled lam kidneys for three. It's alright with Bart also. Yours, "Gib."

This note, delivered to Captain Scraggs by the messenger boy, lifted the gloom from the latter's miserable soul and sent him home with a light heart to Mrs. Scraggs. At the Marigold cafe next morning he was almost touched to observe that both Gibney and McGuffey showed up arrayed in dungarees, wherefore Scraggs knew his late enemies purposed proceeding to the Maggie immediately after breakfast and working in the engine room all day Sunday. Such action, when he knew both gentlemen to be the possessors of wealth far beyond the dreams of avarice, bordered so closely on the miraculous that Scraggs made a mental resolve to play fair in the future—at least as fair as the limits of his cross-grained nature would permit. He was so cheerful and happy that McGuffey, taking advantage of the situation, argued him into some minor repairs to the engine.

About nine o'clock, as Mr. Gibney was on his way to the Marigold Cafe for breakfast, he was mildly interested, while passing the Embarcadero warehouse, to note the presence of fully a dozen seedy-looking gentlemen of undoubted Hebraic antecedents, congregated in a circle just outside the warehouse door. There was an air of suppressed excitement about this group of Jews that aroused Mr. Gibney's curiosity; so he decided to cross over and investigate, being of the opinion that possibly one of their number had fallen in a fit. He had once had an epileptic shipmate and was peculiarly expert in the handling of such cases.

Now, if the greater portion of Mr. Gibney's eventful career had not been spent at sea, he would have known, by the red flag that floated over the door, that a public auction was about to take place, and that the group of Hebrew gentlemen constituted an organization known as the Forty Thieves, whose business it was to dominate the bidding at all auctions, frighten off, or buy off, or outbid all competitors, and eventually gather unto themselves, at their own figures, all goods offered for sale.

In the center of the group Mr. Gibney noticed a tall, lanky individual, evidently the leader, who was issuing instructions in a low voice to his henchmen. This individual, though Mr. Gibney did not know it, was the King of the Forty Thieves. As Mr. Gibney shuffled into view the king eyed him with suspicion. Observing this, Mr. Gibney threw out his magnificent chest, scowled at the king, and stepped into the warehouse for all the world as if he owned it.

An oldish man with glasses—the auctioneer—was seated on a box making figures in a notebook. Him Mr. Gibney addressed.

"What's all this here?" he inquired, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the group.

"It's an old horse sale," replied the auctioneer, without looking up. Mr. Gibney brightened. He glanced around for the stock in trade, but observing none concluded that the old horses would be led in, one at a time, through a small door in the rear of the warehouse. Like most sailors, Mr. Gibney had a passion for horseback riding, and in a spirit of adventure he resolved to acquaint himself with the ins and outs of an old horse sale.

"How much might a man have to give for one of the critters?" he asked.

"And are they worth a whoop after you get them?"

"Twenty-five cents up," was the answer. "You get it blind at an old horse sale, as a rule. Perhaps you get something that's worthless, and then again you may get something that has heaps of value, and perhaps you only pay half a dollar for it. It all depends on the bidding. I once sold an old horse to a cuap and he took it home and opened it up, and what d'ye suppose he found inside?"

"Rots," replied Mr. Gibney, who prided himself on being something of a veterinarian, having spent a few months of his youth around a fivery stable.

"A million dollars in Confederate greenbacks," replied the auctioneer. "Of course they didn't have any value but just suppose they'd been U. S.?"

"That's right," agreed Mr. Gibney. "I suppose the swab that owned the horse starved it until the poor animal figured that all's grass that's green. As the feller says, 'Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.' If you throw in a saddle and bridle cheap, I might be induced to invest in one of your old horses, shipmate."

The auctioneer glanced quickly at Mr. Gibney, but noticing that worthy's face free from guile, he burst out laughing.

"My sea-faring friend," he said presently, "when we use the term 'old horse,' we use it figuratively. See all this freight stored here? Well, that's never been called for by the consignees, and after it's in the warehouse a year and isn't called for, we have an old horse sale and auction it off to the highest bidder. Savey?"

Mr. Gibney took refuge in a lie. "Of course, I do. I was just kiddin' you, my hearty." (Here Mr. Gibney's glance rested on two long heavy sugar-pine boxes, or shipping cases. Their joints at all four corners were cunningly dove-tailed and wire-strapped.) "I was a bit interested in these two boxes, an' seein' as this is a free country, I thought I'd just step in an' make a bid on them," and with the words, Mr. Gibney walked over and busied himself in an inspection of the two crates in question.

The fact of the matter was that so embarrassed was Mr. Gibney at the exposition of his ignorance that he desired to hide the confusion evident in his sun-tanned face. So he stooped over the crates and pretended to be exceedingly interested in them, hauling and pushing them about and reading the address of the consignee who had failed to call for his goods. The crates were both consigned to the Gin Seng company, 714 Dupont street, San Francisco. There were several Chinese characters scrawled on the top of each crate, together with the words, in English: "Oriental Goods."

As he ceased from his fake inspection of the two boxes, the King of the Forty Thieves approached and surveyed the sailor with an even greater amount of distrust and suspicion than ever. Mr. Gibney was annoyed. He disliked being stared at, so he said:

"Hello, Blumenthal, my bully boy. What's aggravatin' you?"

Blumenthal (since Mr. Gibney, in the sheer riot of his imagination elected to christen him Blumenthal, the name will probably suit him as well as any other) came close to Mr. Gibney and drew him aside. In a hoarse whisper he desired to know if Mr. Gibney attended the auction with the expectation of bidding on any of the packages offered for sale. Seeking to justify his presence, Mr. Gibney advised that it was his intention to bid on everything in sight; whereupon Blumenthal proceeded to explain to Mr. Gibney how impossible it would be for him, arrayed against the Forty Thieves, to buy any article at a reasonable price. Further: Blumenthal desired to inform Mr. Gibney that his (Mr. Gibney's) efforts to buy in the "old horses" would merely result in his running the prices up, for no beneficial purpose, since it was ever the practice of the Forty Thieves to permit no man to outbid them. Perhaps Mr. Gibney would be satisfied with a fair day's profit without troubling himself to hamper the Forty Thieves and interfere with their combination, and with the words, the king surreptitiously slipped Mr. Gibney a fifty-dollar greenback.

Mr. Gibney's great fist closed over the treasure, he having first, by a coy glance, satisfied himself that it was really fifty dollars. He shook hands with the king. He said:

"Blumenthal, you're a smart man. I am quite content with this fifty to keep off your course and give you a wide berth to starboard. I'm sensible enough to know when I'm licked, an' a fight without profit ain't in my line. I didn't make my money that way, Blumenthal. I'll cast off my lines and haul away from the dock," and snuffing the action to the figure, Mr. Gibney departed.

He went first to the Seaboard drug store, where he quizzed the druggist for five minutes, after which he continued his cruise. Upon reaching the Maggie, he proceeded to relate in detail, and with additional details supplied by his own imagination, the story of his morning adventure.

"Gib," said McGuffey enviously, "you're a fool for luck."

"Luck," said Mr. Gibney, beginning to expand, "is what the feller calls a relative proposition—"

"You're wrong, Gib," interposed Captain Scraggs. "Relatives is un-likely an' expensive. Take, fr instance, Mrs. Scraggs' mother—"

"I mean, you lunkhead," said Mr. Gibney, "that luck is found where brains grow. No brain, no luck. No luck, no brains. Lemme illustrate. A thiev'n' land shark makes me a present o' fifty dollars not to butt in on them two boxes I'm tellin' you about. Him an' his gang wants them two boxes. Fair crazy to get 'em. Now, don't it stand to reason that them fellers knows what's in them boxes, or they wouldn't give me fifty dollars to haul ship? Of course, it does. However, in order to earn that fifty dollars, I got to back water. It wouldn't be playin' fair if I didn't. But that don't prevent me from puttin' two dear friends o' mine (here Mr. Gibney encircled Scraggs and McGuffey with an arm each) next to the secret which I discovers, an' if there's money in it for old Hooky that buys me off, it stands to reason that there's money in it for you three. What's to prevent you an' McGuffey from goin' up to this old horse sale an' biddin' in them two boxes for the use and benefit of Gibney, Scraggs an' McGuffey, all share an' share alike? You can bid as high as a hundred dollars, if necessary, an' still come out a thousand dollars to the good. I'm tellin' you this because I know what's in them two boxes."

McGuffey was staring fascinated at Mr. Gibney. Captain Scraggs clutched his mate's arm in a frenzied clasp.

"What?" they both interrogated.

"You two boys," continued Mr. Gib-

ney with aggravating deliberation, "ain't what nobody would call dummies. You're smart men. But the trouble with both of you boys is you ain't got no imagination. Without imagination nobody gets nowhere, unless it's out th' small end o' th' horn. Maybe you boys ain't noticed it, but my imagination is all that keeps me from goin' to jail. Now, if you two had read the address on them two boxes, it wouldn't 'a' meant nothin' to you. Absolutely nothin'. But with me it's different. I'm blessed with imagination enough to see right through them Chinaman tricks. Them two boxes is marked 'Oriental Goods' an' consigned (here Mr. Gibney raised a grimy forefinger, and Scraggs and McGuffey eyed it very much as if they expected it to go off at any moment)—them two boxes is consigned to the Gin Seng company, 714 Dupont street, San Francisco."

"Well, that's up in Chinatown, all right," admitted Captain Scraggs, "but how about what's inside the two crates?"

"Oriental goods, of course," said McGuffey. "They are consigned to a Chinaman, an' besides, that's what it says on the cases, don't it, Gib? Oriental goods, Scraggs, is silks an' satins, rice, chop suey, punk, an' idols an' fan tan layouts."

"If there ain't Swiss cheese movements in that head block of yours, Mac, you and Scraggsy can divide my share o' these two boxes o' ginseng root between you. Do you get it, you chuckleheaded son of a Irish potato? Gin Seng, 714 Dupont street. Ginseng—a root or a herb that medicine is made out of. The dictionary says it's a Chinese panacea for exhaustion, an' I happen to know that it's worth five dollars a pound an' that them two crates weighs a hundred and fifty pounds each if they weighs an ounce."

His auditors stared at Mr. Gibney much as might a pair of baseball fans at the hero of a home run with two strikes and the bases full.

"Gawd!" muttered McGuffey.

"Great grief, Gib! Can this be possible?" gasped Captain Scraggs.

For answer Mr. Gibney took out his fifty-dollar bill and handed it to McGuffey. He never trusted Captain Scraggs with anything more valuable than a pipeful of tobacco.

"Scraggsy," he said solemnly, "I'm willin' to back my imagination with my cash. You an' McGuffey hurry right over to the warehouse an' butt in on the sale when they come to them two boxes. The sale is just about startin' now. Go as high as you th' can in order to get the ginseng at a profitable figger, an' pay the auctioneer fifty dollars down to hold the sale; that will give you boys time to rush around to dig up the balance o' the money. Tack right along now, lads, while I go down the street an' get me some breakfast. I don't want Blumenthal to see me around that sale. He might get suspicious. After I eat I'll meet you here aboard th' Maggie, an' we'll divide the loot."

With a fervent handshake all around, the three shipmates parted. After disposing of a hearty breakfast of deviled lamb's kidneys and coffee, Mr. Gibney invested in a ten-cent Sailor's Delight and strolled down to the Maggie. Nells Halvorsen, the lone deckhand, was aboard, and the moment Mr. Gibney trod the Maggie's deck once more as mate, he exercised his prerogative to order Nells ashore for the remainder of the day. Since Halvorsen was not in on the ginseng deal, Mr. Gibney concluded that it would be just as well to have him out of the way should Scraggs and McGuffey appear unexpectedly with the two cases of ginseng.

For an hour Mr. Gibney sat on the stern bits and ruminated over a few advantageous plans that had occurred to him for the investment of his share of the deal should Scraggs and McGuffey succeed in landing what Mr. Gibney termed "the loot." About eleven o'clock an express wagon drove in on the dock, and the mate's dreams were pleasantly interrupted by a gleeful shout from Captain Scraggs, on the lookout forward with the driver. McGuffey sat on top of the two cases with his legs dangling over the end of the wagon. He was the picture of contentment.

Mr. Gibney hurried forward, threw out the gangplank, and assisted McGuffey in carrying both crates aboard the Maggie and into her little cabin. Captain Scraggs thereupon dismissed the expressman, and all three partners gathered around the dining room table, upon which the boxes rested.

"Well, Scraggsy, old pal, old scout, old socks, I see you've delivered the goods," said Mr. Gibney, batting the skipper across the cabin with an affectionate slap on the shoulder.

"I did," said Scraggs—and cursed Mr. Gibney's demonstrativeness. "Here's the bill o' sale all regular. McGuffey has the change. That bunch o' Israelites run th' price up to \$10.00 each or these two crates o' ginseng, but when they see we're determined to have 'em an' ain't interested in nothin' else, they lets 'em go to us. McGuffey, my dear boy, whatever are you a-doin' there—standin' around with your teeth in your mouth? Skip down into th' engine room and bring up a banamer an' a col' chisel. We'll open her up an' inspect th' swag."

Upon McGuffey's return, Mr. Gibney took charge. He drove the chisel under the lid of the nearest crate, and prepared to pry it loose. Suddenly he paused. A thought had occurred to him.

"Gentlemen," he said (McGuffey nodded his head approvingly), "this world is full o' sorners an' disappointments, an' it may well be that these two cases don't contain even so much as a small o' ginseng after all. It may be that they are really Oriental

goods. What I want distinctly understood is this: no matter what's inside, we share equally in the profits, even if they turn out to be losses. That's understood an' agreed to, ain't it?"

Captain Scraggs and McGuffey indicated that it was.

"There's a element o' mystery about these two boxes," continued Mr. Gibney, "that fascinates me. They sets my imagination a-workin' an' joggles up all my sportin' instincts. Now, just to make it interestin' an' add a spice t' th' grand openin', I'm willin' to bet again my own best judgment an' lay you even money. Scraggsy, that it ain't ginseng, but Oriental goods."

"I'll go you five dollars, just fr ducks," responded Captain Scraggs heartily. "McGuffey to hold the stakes an' decide the bet."

"Done," replied Mr. Gibney. The money was placed in McGuffey's hands, and a moment later, with a mighty effort, Mr. Gibney pried off the lid of the crate. Captain Scraggs had his head inside the box a fifth of a second later.

"Sealed zinc box inside," he announced. "Get a can opener, Gib, my boy."

"Ginseng, for a thousand," mourned Mr. Gibney. "Scraggsy, you're five dollars of my money to the good. Ginseng always comes packed in air-tight boxes."

He produced a can opener from the cabin locker and fell to his work on a corner of the hermetically sealed box. As he drove in the point of the can opener, he paused, hammer in hand, and gazed solemnly at Scraggs and McGuffey.

"Gentlemen," (again McGuffey nodded approvingly) "do you know what a vacuum is?"

"I know," replied the imperturbable McGuffey. "A vacuum is an empty hole that ain't got nothin' in it."

"Correct," said Mr. Gibney. "My head is a vacuum. Me talkin' about ginseng root! Why, I must have water on the brain! Ginseng be dog-goned! It's opium!"

Captain Scraggs was forced to grab the seat of his chair in order to keep himself from jumping up and claspin' Mr. Gibney around the neck.

"Forty dollars a pound," he gasped. "Gib—Gib, my dear boy—you've made us wealthy—"

Quickly Mr. Gibney ran the can opener around the edges of one corner of the zinc box, inserted the claws of the hammer into the opening, and with a quick, melodramatic twist, bent back the angle thus formed.

Mr. Gibney was the first to get a peep inside.

"Great snakes!" he yelled, and fell back against the cabin wall. A hoarse scream of rage and horror broke from Captain Scraggs. In his eagerness he had driven his head so deep into the box that he came within an inch of kissing what the box contained—which happened to be nothing more nor less than a dead Chinaman! Mr. McGuffey, always slow and unimaginative, shouldered the skipper aside, and calmly surveyed the ghastly apparition.

"Twig the yellow beggar, will you, Gib?" said McGuffey; "one eye half open for all the world like he was winkin' at us an' enjoyin' th' joke."

Not a muscle twitched in McGuffey's Hibernian countenance. He scratched his head for a moment, as a sort of first aid to memory, then turned and handed Mr. Gibney ten dollars.

"You win, Gib. It's Oriental goods, sure enough."

"Robber!" shrieked Captain Scraggs, and flew at Mr. Gibney's throat. The sight reminded McGuffey of a terrier worrying a mastiff. Nevertheless, Mr. Gibney was still so unnerved at the discovery of the horrible contents of the box that, despite his gigantic proportions, he was well-nigh helpless.

"McGuffey, you swab," he yelled. "Pluck this maritime outlaw off my neck. He's tearin' my windpipe out by th' roots."

McGuffey choked Captain Scraggs until he reluctantly let go Mr. Gibney, whereupon all three fled from the cabin as from a pestilence, and gathered, an angry and disappointed group, out on deck.

"Optim!" jeered Captain Scraggs, with tears of rage in his voice, "Ginseng! You and your imagination, you swine, you! Get off my ship, you lout, or I'll murder you."

Mr. Gibney huag his head. "Scraggsy—an' you, too, McGuffey—I got to admit that this here is one on Adelbert P. Gibney. I—I—"

"Oh, hear him," shrieked Captain Scraggs. "One on him! It's two on you, you bloody-handed rapscallion. I suppose that other case contains dead corpse in No. 2 case I hope my teeth may drop overboard."

"How'll yer do it?" inquired McGuffey politely.

"How'll I do it? Easy as fallin' through an open hatch. I'm a-goin' t' keep them two stiffs in th' boxes until dark, an' then I'm a-goin' to take 'em out, bend a rope around their middle, drop 'em overboard an' anchor 'em there all night. I see th' lad we opens up in No. 1 case has had a beautiful job of embalmin' done on him, but if I let them soak all night, like a mackerel, they'll limber up an' look kinder fresh. Then first thing in th' mornin' I'll telephone th' coroner an' tell him I found two floaters out in th' bay an' for him to come an' get 'em. I been along the waterfront long enough t' know that th' lad that picked up a floater gets a reward o' ten dollars from th' city. You can bet the Adelbert P. Gibney breaks even on th' deal, all right."

"Gib, my dear boy," said Captain Scraggs admiringly. "I apologize for my actions of a few minutes ago. I was unstrung. You're still mate o' th' American steamer Maggie, an' as such, welcome to th' ship. All I ask is that you nall up your property, Gib, an' remove it from th' dinin' room table. I want to remind you, however, Gib, that as shipmates me an' McGuffey don't stand for you shoulderin' any loss on them two cases o'—Oriental goods. We was t' share th' gains, if any, an' likewise th' losses."

"That's right," said McGuffey, "fair an' square. No bellyachin' between shipmates. Me an' Scraggs each owns one-third o' them diseased Chinks, an' we each stands one-third o' th' loss, if any."

"But there won't be no loss," protested Mr. Gibney.

"Drayage charges, Gib, drayage charges. We give a man a dollar to tow 'em down t' th' ship."

"Forget it," answered Mr. Gibney magnanimously, "an' let's go over an' get a drink. I'm all shook up."

(Continued next week.)

WITHOUT STREET ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL IS DELAYED
AT OFFICE OF DELIVERY

The Dead Letter Office has been in existence ever since Ben Franklin started our postal service. Even then people addressed mail to Mr. Ezekiel Smithers, "Atlantic Coast," and expected Ben to know just where Zeke lived.

Perhaps they had Zeke's address in letters up in the garret, maybe a chest full of 'em, but then it was easier to let Ben hunt Zeke. Today people are addressing letters to John Smith, New York, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill., thinking Uncle Sam can locate him, which is just as incomplete as was Zeke's address of yore. The Postoffice Department asks you to put the number and street in the address. It helps you.

Trinidad Col.

How do you expect the Postal Clerk to know whether you mean Trinidad, California, or Trinidad, Colorado?

ALWAYS SPELL OUT THE NAME OF THE STATE IN FULL IN THE ADDRESS.

"MORE BUSINESS
IN GOVERNMENT"

This apt phrase was used in President Harding's first message to Congress and applies particularly in postal management where postmasters are being impressed with the fact that they are managers of local branches of the biggest business in the world.

HERE COMES A STRANGER!

Let's make our post office look neat. Mr. Postmaster, Straighten up the rural letter box, Mr. Farmer. Tidy up some, Mr. Rural Carrier. First impressions are lasting. Maybe Mr. Stranger, taking notice of these improvements, will come back, bringing you benefits. Start these with "POSTAL IMPROVEMENT WEEK" MAY 1-6.

HUMANIZING THE
POSTAL SERVICE

"There is no unimportant person or part of our service. It is a total of human units and their co-operation is the key to its success. In its last analysis, postal duties are accommodations performed for our neighbors and friends and should be so regarded, rather than as a hired service performed for an absentee employer."—Postmaster General Hubert Work.

Every modern young man and woman thinks they will be just as free after marriage as before, but did you ever know one that was?

A man may not know what is good for him, but he never wants any woman to tell him what she thinks is good for him.

The fellow who is in the right place at the right time may be considered the right kind of a man.

Save the pennies and you will have more dollars to squander.

The greatest of all safety lies in silence.

Tikes and Teeners Corner

Conducted by "Auntie Ruth"

Letters and compositions from the young folk will be gladly received for publication in this corner by Auntie Ruth. Write and tell your experiences in school, in your home or what you see on the way to school. Also tell Auntie Ruth the kind of stories you like to read.

All communications thus: Auntie Ruth, Community News, 224 Miramar Avenue, San Francisco, Calif."

MAYTIME IS NEAR!

Dear Tikes and Teeners: Maytime is right on our doorstep, and such a happy time as it always is for kiddies. No wonder we always crown a little girl "Queen of the May," for that is the little girls' month of months. Grass, leaves, buds and blossoms, all fresh and little-girlish, all looking forward to something grown-up, big and fine.

Auntie Ruth has been having a wonderful time visiting schools and absorbing some of that freshness and joy of life little people possess in such abundance, so she won't forget how she herself felt, once upon a time. We found the Commodore Sloat pupils so happy about their fine, new school-home that we're going to let Susan Aikins tell about it. Thank you, Susan. Come often.

AUNTIE RUTH.

OUR NEW SCHOOL.

April 17, 1922.

Dear Auntie Ruth: Today we went to the new Commodore Sloat school. In the afternoon our teacher, Miss Shuck, took us through the entire building.

First we visited the principal's office, which is the center of activity. All the phone bells and fire alarms connect with the office.

The teachers have a lunch room and kitchenette, which is quite an improvement on the old storeroom.

Then we visited the cooking laboratory, sewing room and manual training room, all of which are quite fine.

There are two new features in the modern grammar school, science laboratories and outdoor study halls, and we have them both.

We have a large and beautiful auditorium, which opens on to a great porch. This porch looks down the Junipero Serra highway.

There are a great many class rooms in the school, and of the number five are unoccupied at present.

A great many closets, a nurse's room and a dentist's room complete the new plant.

Wonderful as the new school may seem, we were sorry to leave the old school building in which some of us spent our earliest school days. Besides, the school is an old landmark. I guess that's about all for now, so good-bye, Auntie Ruth.

SUSAN AIKINS.

LIKES EXCITING BOOKS.

Daly City, Calif., April 19, 1922.

Dear Auntie Ruth: In answer to your letter appearing in our paper on April 14th, I will tell you my age, grade and teacher's name.

I am at present in the sixth grade of the Woodrow Wilson school. Miss Shea is my teacher and is very nice to me. I am 12 years old.

I like exciting books, with adventure in it; also funny parts to it.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY ERICKSON,

169 South Parkview avenue, Daly City, Calif.

AN OUTDOOR GIRL.

Dear Auntie Ruth: The books I like best are about girls' lives or outdoor stories, but I do not care for fairy tales. You have just phoned mother that you have procured a copy of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for me. I appreciate and thank you very much for your efforts. I know I shall enjoy it very much.

Thanking you again and wishing success for this column,

I am yours sincerely,

CLARA HOADLEY.

Daly City, Calif.

DO YOU LIKE YOUR BOOK?

The above letters from our prize winners should have appeared last week, but reached us too late. Please remember that all material must be in our hands Saturday night for the issue of the following week. Dorothy and Clara probably have their books read through by this time. When you do finish them, girls, won't you write us how you like them?

Now for a May Day story. Am hoping to get some letters from my girls and boys telling about your May Day experiences. If anybody had to be disappointed, I hope they were as sweet about it as were Jean and Bettie in the story. And I'm hoping my Tikes and Teeners will begin this

very day to play the "Give-uppity" game. It's a wonderful happiness bringer. Try it. AUNTIE RUTH.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN.

(By Auntie Ruth.)

The Kline children had expected to go, as usual, to the May Day picnic at Golden Gate Park. On the guest room bed this minute was spread out in all their snowy crispness new white dresses for Jean and Bettie and a darling little suit for Junior, aged half-past three. The big basket was packed full of good things to eat and everybody went to bed last night all "tippy toe" with expectancy. And now—they couldn't go. Mother woke up with one of her bad headaches.

When the dreadful news was made known, gloom and tears were on three disappointed little faces.

"Oh! daddy, whatever shall we do?" wailed Bettie, the "between" Kline, while Jean, her older sister, was trying to swallow the lump in her throat, and, at the same time squelch Junior, who had his red lips all puckered for an awful howl.

"Do!" replied Daddy Kline, gently. "Why, you'll be the brave and sweet little Klines mother thinks you are, of course. Play quietly away out in the far corner of the yard, under the pear tree, so you won't hurt mother's poor head. Of course, you'll remember not to pick any of the blossoms. We want some of those nice, big pears again this year."

"Yes, daddy," bravely agreed nine-year-old Jean, though her lips just would quiver a bit. "Now we'll get a chance to catch up with mother's 'Give-uppities.'"

"That's a good girl! And be sure you take good care of her. Good-bye!"

That was a game at the Klines, to see how many "Give-uppity" marks each could win day by day. You got a big mark on the living room calendar every time you gave up something to do a kindness to some one. Mother had the most marks so far. Daddy and the girls were always catching her giving up something for somebody.

The thought of the extra good lunch helped some, so they sadly wandered out into the yard to plan how they could pass the hours until time to eat it. Junior was soon happily digging ditches in the sand pile, but the little girls couldn't think of a thing to do.

Suddenly a shrill, cheery whistle made them jump—and smile.

"Let's!" said Bettie.

"All right, let's!" agreed Jean, and away they scrambled up the ladder to the top of the woodshed, where they could look down upon all the little black-eyed, happy-hearted Vecci children.

"Hey! Tony," called both little girls in a breath. "C'mon over and play, can't yah? Ask your mother. We ain't going."

"What-a! Not go-a May'n! Too bad. What-a mat?"

The girls explained and carefully let down the ladder for the five little Italian neighbors to climb over into the Kline yard, where they were soon dancing and rolling about on the green grass. Ten-year-old Tony issued his orders: "Hi! you kiddas. Talk-a mighty sof or back-a you git."

So Rose and gentle, starry-eyed little Marie, Peter and chubby little Joe tippy-toed around, talking in hushed, giggling little voices and having a beautiful time.

"We can have a May party of our own now," said Jean. "Who'll be the queen?" She was secretly hoping that they would remember that she was the eldest and knew best how to act. But nobody said a word.

"We could 'ceny, meeny, miny, moe,' couldn't we?" suggested Rose.

"Oh! don't let's," put in Bettie, who had secret longings of her own. "That might make Tony 'it,' and who-ever heard of a May King?" Everybody laughed—but Tony. "In my-a country we hev king—ver' good king," he said. Jean hastened to change the subject. "But, anyway, we haven't any white flowers to make her a crown, 'cept these old callas. You know we mustn't pick the pear blossoms."

"What-a matta wid dis?" asked Tony, gently fingering some green ivy leaves that were trying to help the rose vines cover the arbor.

"Aw! that old green stuff!" scorned Jean. "Guess we'll just have to play round until lunch time, then eat, and that'll be our picnic."

"Good-a!" cried Tony. "Let's mak-a de sand city."

Time passed happily until Tony be-thought him to check up his little flock. One was missing—quiet little Marie. They all called and searched everywhere, but she was not to be found. Tony, the dependable, was troubled. Where could the little sister

be? The ladder still lay on the ground and she could not go home any other way. Again they made the rounds of the grounds and buildings. No little Marie. Rose began to sob. Tony choked and swallowed. Jean and Bettie looked very solemn.

Suddenly Jean thought she heard Marie's soft little giggle. She stood quite still, listening. There it was again, but where did it come from? They all stood still, straining to hear it again. Yes, that was surely Marie, but it sounded as though coming out of the blue sky.

Suddenly sharp-eyed Tony gave a soft whistle and pointed to the pear tree. There she was, high up among the branches, her brown eyes shining with mischief, her tumbled curls framed with the masses of snowy blossoms.

"Oh! look!" cried Jean. "Our May Queen! The plum tree has crowned her!" The children bowed low before her, then caught hands and danced and sang around the tree until for lack of breath they had to fling themselves, panting, on the soft grass. Their little queen watched serenely, all unconscious of her accession to a throne, until Tony explained in the mother-tongue, while the girls made ready the lunch.

"Now, Tony," ordered Jean, "you 'scort the Queen over here and then we're all ready." So Tony gallantly led a flushed and starry-eyed mite of royalty to a small rustic seat which had hastily been converted into a throne by the simple process of throwing mother's yellow velvet table runner over it. Tony placed the crown of ivy leaves on the brown curls, fastening a small calla lily over each pink ear, "so she look-a de queen," he explained, which she did, beautifully.

The Vecci kiddies' big eyes opened their widest at the many good things to eat spread before them, but Tony's soft Italian restrained their too eager fingers until after Jean and Bettie, with closed eyes and folded hands, sang "Grace."

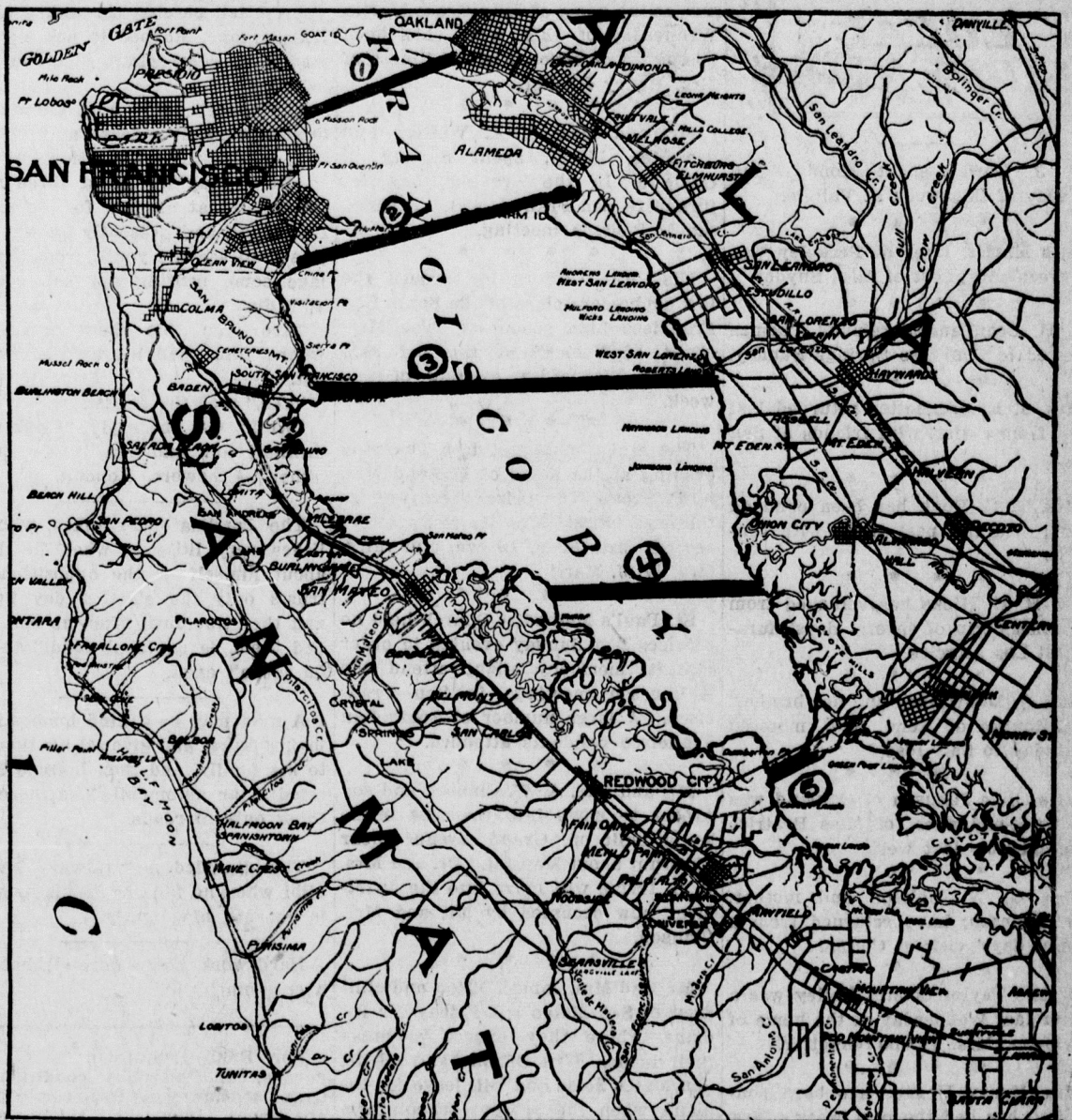
The little queen was served first, each taking turns in offering, on bended knees, the best of the feast. The shy little queen, overcome with all these honors thrust upon her, covered her abashed eyes with one chubby arm, while she extended the other for the dainties.

It was a wonderful party. Everybody said so, when they had eaten every crumb of the feast and romped and sang until the little Veccis were called home and Mrs. Kline, pale but much better, crept out for a breath of fresh air and sunshine.

"And I just know the big party queen wasn't any prettier or sweeter than ours," chattered Bettie, after they had told their mother all about everything.

"Nor could she have had a more

MAP SHOWING DIFFERENT TRANS-BAY BRIDGE LOCATIONS



Location No. 5 at Dumbarton Point is that approved by Peninsula Bureau of Chambers of Commerce. Location No. 4 is that urged by the Three Cities Chamber of Commerce. It is the controversy over these two locations that has caused the split between the other organizations forming the Bureau and the Three Cities Chamber resulting in the Three Cities Chamber withdrawing from the Bureau.

original coronation," smiled their mother. "That was very nice of Mr. Pear Tree, I'm sure. I wonder if he didn't do it to repay some dear little people for being so kind and thoughtful about his blossoms?"

WHO WROTE "SEA GULLS"!

Auntie Ruth wishes to apologize to the writer of the interesting essay, "Sea Gulls." Through a regrettable accident, the letter was lost. Please forgive me and write again, won't you?

AUNTIE RUTH.

Few modern saints wear sackcloth, and no devils.

A small chief delights to give big orders.

LETTERS TO AUNTIE RUTH MUST BE IN SAT.

Letters to Auntie Ruth should be in by Saturday to be published in the following issue. We will try to get the letters in even when received the early part of the week, but we wish to impress upon the young folks the importance of sending in their stories earlier if possible. The interest in the "Tikes and Teeners' Corner" is growing every week. We are pleased of course to see this growing interest. It is our earnest desire to make this corner of ever increasing interest, and we shall do all we can to co-operate with Auntie Ruth and the school children to keep this interest alive. So kindly bear this in mind and try to get your letters ready in time to reach the office of the Com-

munity News by Saturday.

MAY ELIZABETH'S GARDEN.

(By Paula Revere)

Little May Elizabeth
Was gardening with mother.
"Potatoes put in this row, dear,
Beans that, onions the other."
But pretty soon, what do you think,
She mixed them all together!
And flung them all about—like this—
As lightly as a feather.
"Why, daughter dear, that's not the way!
Plant each seed with its group."
"Oh! but," said May Elizabeth,
'You see, I'm planting soup!'

Some women believe in charity beginning at home. They lift it while the old man sleeps.

Cook With CALIFENE

The Perfect Shortening

Made right here at home, it comes to you fresher than Eastern-made shortenings

CALIFENE

Is the shortening that satisfies. Ingredients are plainly indicated on each tin.

Manufactured under the watchful eyes of the U. S. Government inspectors by the

Western Meat Company

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO



Califene

is made of vegetable oil and beef fat, the elements which make for good digestion. It is made in a government inspected factory, sanitary and clean. Ask your grocer for

Califene

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

R. J. Dower spent Monday and Tuesday of this week at Vallejo.

Miss Marian Dyer of Berkeley was the week-end guest of Miss Snyder.

J. H. Bean and Ferdinand Thomas motored to Congress Springs Sunday.

Mrs. J. Eikerenkotter returned last week from a visit with friends at San Jose.

Mrs. T. C. Doak has been confined to her bed the past week with tonsillitis.

Dr. H. H. Hicks has returned from a business trip of several days' duration at Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. McSweeney and her brother, A. O'Rourke of Reno, Nev., motored Thursday to San Jose.

Miss Olive Johnson of Oakland was the week-end guest of Miss Beatrice Eikerenkotter last week.

Mrs. G. W. Holston and mother, Mrs. Simpson, have returned from a several days' visit at Colfax.

George Taylor of Mill Valley was a visitor last Wednesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. Eikerenkotter.

Mrs. Henry Haaker has been confined to her bed the past week. Mrs. Haaker is at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. W. Meyer.

Miss Catherine Terragno, who is attending Heald's Business College, was rewarded last week with a Zaner diploma for arm movement in writing.

Miss Peggy Carmody and Miss Beatrice Eikerenkotter attended a dance given at the San Francisco Teachers' College last Saturday evening.

A. T. Arndt has just received a new and complete line of children's shoes. On account of having so many calls for them, he decided to continue that department.—Advt.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Peck and Dr. and Mrs. J. C. McGovern took dinner at Babylon Monday evening, afterward attending the Peninsula Bureau meeting at San Mateo.

The Euchre Club, which met last Friday at the home of Mrs. Fred A. Cunningham, was well attended. Prizes were won as follows: Mrs. J. Eikerenkotter, first; Mrs. J. O. Snyder, second, and Mrs. W. J. Martin, the draw prize.

The Bridge Club, which was to have met at the home of Miss Grace Martin Wednesday of this week, has been postponed on account of the illness of Mrs. Henry Haaker.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Whitten and daughter, Mabel, spent Sunday in Oakland. In the evening they returned to San Francisco and attended the McPherson meeting.

Miss Rue Clifford chaperoned the low sophomore class of the South San Francisco high school to "The Merchant of Venice" at the Columbia Theater Wednesday evening of this week.

The whist club met last Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scott. The prizes were won as follows: First, Mrs. A. McSweeney; second, Mrs. E. N. Brown, and third, Mrs. W. J. Martin.

St. Paul's Methodist Church held no services last Sunday evening in order that its members might attend the McPherson meetings in San Francisco. A large number of South San Francisco residents attended.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clauson and son expect to move into the new house being built on Grand avenue near Chestnut about May 1st. Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Irvine will move into the apartment now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Clauson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ditton and children of San Mateo left Friday for Indiana, where they expect to make their home. Will Ditton has sold his San Mateo home and will leave for Indiana when the present school term is finished. Mrs. Elizabeth Coffinberry will spend some time with her brother, Will Ditton, before he leaves.

Mrs. E. C. Peck, president of the Woman's Club of this city, left this (Thursday) morning for San Rafael to attend the San Francisco district convention of Woman's Clubs. Friday a delegation from the local club will attend the convention. Those expected to make up the party are Mesdames C. F. Schurk, E. P. Kauffmann, H. H. Hicks, J. C. McGovern, W. J. Martin, A. Hynding, J. O. Snyder, Elizabeth Coffinberry, F. S. Dolley, Nettie Boothby, George Maynard and A. M. Clausen.

FROWNS.

One frown a day when she is in her teens will wrinkle a girl's forehead like a crane's by the time she is twenty. Physical defects cause more frowns than ill-temper. Especially is this so of eye defects.

See H. C. Koop, Optometrist, Peninsula Drug Company.—Advt.

A woman always is in love with something or somebody, but a man is only always in love with himself.

Obliging.

A cyclist, passing through a sleepy little village, stopped to ask a young man if he knew where a certain road led to.

The youth did not know, and seemed very ill at ease at not being able to give the information.

After riding for about three miles he stopped at an inn for some refreshment, and presently he was surprised to see the youth from the village come panting up, all covered with dust.

"Are you the gent wot axed where this road led to?" he gasped out.

"Yes," said the cyclist. "Well," was the reply, "I asked my brother, too, and he don't know, either."—Answers, London.

The candidate for office who believes very little of what he hears about himself or the opposition and trusts only the election day figures and then not until after he has verified them, is an ideal candidate—but he doesn't exist.

A man may be a kind husband and loving father and give all his thoughts to his family, and then become interested in an automobile and thereafter think only of roads.

The dignified man always has an alibi when he fails to do his duty. It is beneath his dignity.

Hard work isn't a cure-all, but it is a cure-much.

For Rent—Four-room house with garage, in first-class condition, on Grand avenue; also five-room modern apartment. Inquire 209 Maple avenue, So. S. F.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF THE City of South San Francisco FOR THE YEAR 1922

All Taxpayers are required by law to annually make and deliver to the Assessor a statement, under oath, setting forth specifically all the real and personal property owned by such person, or in his possession, or under his control, at 12 o'clock meridian, on the

First Monday in March

Accordingly, you are requested to fill out the assessment blank in question and deliver the same at the office of the Assessor immediately making oath thereto.

The property of all persons who refuse or neglect to furnish such statement will be arbitrarily assessed; and such assessment will not be subject to equalization. Refusal to furnish the statement above required will subject the person so refusing to a fine of \$100.

Any information relating to the assessments will be furnished upon application at the City Hall. DANIEL McSWEENEY, Assessor, City of South San Francisco.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF THE County of San Mateo FOR THE YEAR 1922

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Any information relating to the assessments will be furnished upon application to the Assessor's office. D. P. FLYNN, Assessor, San Mateo County.

Places you'll want to visit in San Francisco DIRECTORY AND AMUSEMENT GUIDE
Published Every Week for the Guidance of Our Patrons.
For the Week Beginning April 30
Theaters and Business Houses

LOEW'S HIPPODROME

O'Farrell St., near Powell
Week of April 30th
MELODY FESTIVAL
Diamond and Poe in "The Spirit of Youth and Age"
A Tuneful Laughing Skit.
Comedy Playlet, "The Stage Carpenter"

THE GOLDEN GATE

STANDARD VAUDEVILLE and **FEATURE PHOTOPLAYS**
Continuous from 12:45 to 11:30 p. m. daily

ORPHEUM

Week of April 30th
Allan Rogers and Leonora Allen, Songsters; Dave Schooler in a musical allegory, entitled "Music Has Charms."

COLUMBIA

Week of April 30th
Blanche Bates and Henry Miller in "HER FRIEND THE KING"

ALCAZAR

O'Farrell St., bet. Powell and Mason
Week of April 30th
Last week's run of "TWIN BEDS"

PANTAGES THEATER

Week of April 30th
Mack Sennett's Famous Comedian, **BEN TURPIN** (in person) with Phyllis Haver, Kathryn McGuire and company in a one-act sketch, "LOOK AT ME"
The Laugh Tornado of the Age

PORTOLA

Week of April 30th
Pola Negri in "THE DEVIL'S PAWN"

IMPERIAL

Week of April 30th
Wesley Barry in Person and in "SCHOOL DAYS"

GRANADA

Week of April 30th
Dorothy Dalton in "THE CRIMSON CHALLENGE"
"Pierette," second Granada Ballet.

FRANCESCA

Week of April 30th
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE"

RIALTO

Week of April 30th
Jane Novak in "THE BELLE OF ALASKA"

CALIFORNIA

Week of April 30th
"BITS OF LIFE"
California Orchestra, Herman Heller, Director.
Pathe News—Screen Topics

STRAND THEATER

Week of April 30th
Charlie Chaplin in "AY DAY"

TIVOLI

Week of April 30th
Norma Talmadge in "SMILIN' THROUGH"

FROLIC THEATER

Week of April 30th
Harry Carey in "MAN TO MAN"

CENTURY

Week of April 30th
"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1921"

Graney's Billiard Parlor

Finest in the World
Perfect Ventilation
EDDIE GRANEY, Prop.
924 Market St. 51 Eddy St.

Humboldt Savings Bank

783 Market Street
Your Ambition—A Bank Account
Our Ambition—Your Account
SAVINGS—COMMERCIAL—TRUST
Safe Deposit Vaults
Open Saturday evening, 6 to 8, for deposits

SAVE MONEY AND TIME

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COR. LINDEN AND GRAND AVES.
South San Francisco
PHONE 53-W



- Carnation Milk 6 for 57c
- Borden's Milk 6 for 57c
- Alpine Milk 6 for 57c
- Clothes Pins per doz 3c
- Palmolive Soap 3 for 23c
- Stick Matches 2 boxes for 9c
- Gold Dust, 8-oz. pkg. 2 for 28c
- Oats 5 lbs. 25c
- Tango Tomato Sauce 6 for 34c
- Crisco, 3 lbs net weight 73c
- J. H. N. Yellow Cling Peaches 14c
- Better Buy Tomatoes 2 for 25c

We also carry a complete line of Gent's Furnishings and Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices

PARIS TAILOR

SUITS MADE TO ORDER
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing
218 Linden Ave., Opp. Postoffice
J. LOUFAS, Prop.

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One 7x11 Enlargement **FREE**
with each \$1.00 worth of Kodak work
PENINSULA DRUG CO.
H. A. CAVASSA

\$ 86.00 Round Trip to Chicago
\$147.40 Round Trip to New York



Proportionately Low Fares to Other Eastern Points.
Tickets on sale daily May 25 to August 31.
Return Limit October 31, 1922.
Liberal Stopovers.
Choice of routes going and returning.

For details of fares, rates, train service, etc., address or call on

Agent **G. W. HOLSTON**

Did You See It In the Paper?

Perhaps you didn't tell us anything about it. Perhaps others didn't think to tell us. Better tell us yourself the next time as soon as it happens.

BADEN CASH STORE
BERTUCCELLI & MAIRANI

FANCY GROCERIES
HARDWARE and PAINTS
HAY, GRAIN and COAL
IMPORTED ITALIAN PRODUCE A SPECIALTY
212 GRAND AVE. PHONE 166

