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CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH OUR FINANCES

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, who has dictated the policy of the Republican party in Congress for almost a generation, finds himself the author of a currency bill that is as friendless as the "moneyless man!" It seems to be so dead that the proverbial "door-nail" is not even in a class with it. But this distinguished Senator does not easily surrender, and brings to bear his eloquence, for which he is not noted, and his knowledge of legislation and matters of financial interest to the country, in which he is a past-master, and thereby confounds the enemies of his pet scheme (the currency bill) who are members of his own party. In his pert questions and even perter answers we find much food for reflection, and it is not confined to the breakfast variety either.

The Senator inquires, in those sweet tones that none can copy, "What is the Matter with our Finances?" And then proceeds to make some statements that are very embarrassing to his political colleagues, although possessing much interest to the general public.

For instance, he wants to know why it is that we are running eleven million dollars a month behind in our expense account and yet are appropriating an extra \$104,000,000, carrying with it an entailed \$8,000,000 annually for building new fighting ships, when we have so little to do for those we have on hand that we send them on an expensive trip around the world.

Again, he shows that under ordinary circumstances the present administration must accumulate a deficit of at least \$60,000,000 a year.

Faithful to his constituency, and ever mindful of the interests of the predatory trusts, of which he is the acknowledged chief representative in the Senate, he suggests that other sources of revenue must be sought.

That sounds harmless enough, but when sifted to the bottom it simply means an additional avenue for excise taxes, or an increase of tariff upon the necessities of life. In other words, the already tax-burdened people must pay an additional premium to keep the Republican party in power. But will they do it? Why should they do it? Is the Republican party of to-day so dear to our hearts that we are willing to pension it that it may live? Is it so beautiful, from an artistic standpoint, that we shall pay for its perpetuation?

We admit that we are a little "old-fashion" in our ideas of government. We would prefer the doctrines of Jefferson carried out, rather than those prevalent, and which owe their parentage to Wall street and its machinations. We should like to see a tariff for revenue only; depositors in banks assured, either by the State or Nation; every cent of taxes, excise or tariff, used economically for the benefit of the whole people, and all unnecessary expenses cut off. Of course, this would mean the inauguration of a Democratic administration, with Bryan at its head, but that is exactly for which we are devoutly praying.

WORK OF THE MINORITY.

The work of the National Congress, at Washington, is something of a mystery to the uninitiated. To those who understand the machinery (?) of this body there is nothing mysterious about it. The present czar-like position of the speaker was brought about by Thomas B. Reed, when he occupied the position now filled by Joseph G. Cannon. Reed simply centralized the power that was being exercised by the leading members of legislative and deliberative bodies throughout the world. John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, was the first to "count a quorum." He was followed by such sterling Democrats as David B. Hill, of New York, and Stephen M. White, of California. Even under these powers the minority has much latitude and can accomplish a great deal, or prevent the majority from carrying out its will. As an illustration, the Democratic minority in the present Congress forced the majority to pass the "Employer's Liability Bill," with only one dissenting vote, that of Littlefield, of Maine, who spurns the man who "earns his living by the sweat of his brow." James G. Blaine said of the Democratic party that it, as a minority party, had accomplished more good than any majority party could have done in the same time, by the prevention of unwholesome legislation. Mr. Blaine knew whereof he spoke, for he was Speaker of the House of Representatives when Samuel J. Randall, the great Pennsylvania Democrat, by filibustering tactics, held the House in one continuous legislative day covering thirty-six calendar days, in order to prevent the passage of the infamous "Metropolitan Police Bill." Thus it will be seen that all this talk about fighting the Speaker and the Rules Committee is mere buncombe. The people can always be heard, and often effectively, even through the mouths of the minority.

The California hen continues to produce a sure and regular crop. Cultivate the hen; she is profitable.

It should be remembered that a short crop of anything usually means better prices. So be satisfied with what we have.

Eastern papers speak of California's welcome to the fleet as if it were something phenomenal. Not at all; it is our natural way out here. Come out, yourselves, and be convinced.

If there was no more interest manifested in the primary election generally than there was in East San Jose it might as well not have been held. The work of the central committees was simply indorsed.

Jagless Joys.

[In a recent address to vintyardists A. Sbarboro declared that wine and beer were not intoxicating liquors.]

When in posture edifying, while the midnight hours are flying, on the pavement you are lying, groping upward for the street. When the cobblestones are rocking in premeditated mocking of the curious interlocking that affects your legs and feet, When the lamp posts all are dancing a fandango most entrancing and the buildings, too, are prancing to a measure quaint and queer, You are amply compensated, by a happy thought elated that you're not intoxicated, but are merely full of beer.

After toying with the flagon, should you spy a crimson dragon with an orange colored wagon full of pink and yellow rats, While behind him come a-crawling snakes of size and hue appalling, and you hear the gentle calling of a flock of pea green bats, And you shake as if a blizzard had descended on your gizzard as a centipede lizard starts to creep along your spine, And his mates come, thick and thicker—don't it make you grin and snicker to reflect you've had no liquor, but are simply soaked in wine?

On the merry morning after, when you're filled with mirth and laughter, when your coat's across a rafter and your boots are in the bed, When the sealskin furs your palate and a dainty, tripping mallet all the the paces of the ballet dances blithely on your head, There's a happiness in thinking how you're joy and safety linking (since no danger lies in drinking foaming stein or sparkling cup), And in blissful satisfaction that admits of no detraction you may contemplate your action when you passed the whiskey up.

—O. H. Fernbach, in San Francisco Call.



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LAVENDER LEAVES.

The waving corn was green and gold,
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning-wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone,
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender,
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish green,
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean blue—
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew warm and thin,
And fell in many a shred;
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds
And some went to shroud the dead.
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw
And violets blossom, planted there
In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose,
And lady-lily tall
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro—
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.
—New England Magazine.

Uncle Robert and The Predicament

"Chatter, chatter, chatter!" grumbled Uncle Robert, stumping into the sitting-room on a well leg, a rheumatic leg and a heavy cane. "Where's Anne?"

"In a predicament," answered Hilda. Uncle Robert sank with a groan into one chair, lifted his rheumatic leg to another, and laid his cane across the sewing table beside him.

"Predicament, hey?" he rumbled. "Well, now, let me tell you that no one free from rheumatism knows what a predicament is!"

"Perhaps not," returned Hilda, with decision, "but if you had to wear Aunt Margaret's Christmas presents, you'd think differently." Mrs. Greenleaf was a warm friend and near neighbor of the Tupper's. To Hilda and Anne she was "Aunt" Margaret. "Mother," continued Hilda, turning to Mrs. Tupper, "I do think you ought to interfere. The very idea of Anne's going up there with an evening dress that's old enough for you to wear, to say nothing of being shoddy—and among strangers, too! It's preposterous!"

Uncle Robert made a wry face and moved his rheumatic leg, looking about for a cushion to place under the one, but Hilda did not notice. Neither did Mrs. Tupper, whose face wore an expression in which perplexity and satisfaction were mingled.

"No, Hilda," she returned, "Anne must act for herself in this matter." Uncle Robert twisted his face into a knot, emitted a sigh, to which no attention was paid, and asked, testily, "What's all this fuss about, anyway?" "Anne has an invitation to a house party," began Mrs. Tupper.

"And Aunt Margaret's last Christmas present is going to spoil it all," Hilda interrupted just as Anne herself appeared on the scene, bearing over her arm a dress, voluminous in quantity, cheap in quality, and in color a deep lavender.

Uncle Robert frowned forbiddingly. "If you had rheumatism, such trifles as dress wouldn't trouble you. What's that?"

"It's the predicament!" announced Hilda, succinctly.

Anne laid the dress gently over a chair-back. "It was lovely of Aunt Margaret to give it," she said, simply. "Hut!" ejaculated Hilda. "It's the worst present she could have given you, and I should be awfully ashamed to have you wear it at that house party!"

"If I didn't, Aunt Margaret would be—"

"Now, Anne," interrupted Hilda, impatiently, "you've said the same thing for two days. Of course she would be hurt, but she'd be brought, nevertheless, to her senses. If I hadn't hurt her two years ago, I'd be going round now in a fire-red cheap silk trimmed with black braid!"

Anne looked down silently at the obnoxious lavender. Only she knew how hurt Aunt Margaret had been. Her lips tightened. Mrs. Tupper roared speechlessly and looked at her younger daughter with a smile, while Uncle Robert groaned, readjusted his rheumatic leg, and began drumming on the arms of his chair, a process which set Hilda's nerves on edge.

Anne glanced up quickly, then brought a cushion, and placed it under the rheumatic knee, asking, "Is your rheumatism worse to-day, uncle?"

The knots in Uncle Robert's face instantly untied themselves. His eyes lighted up, and he straightened himself quickly, despite his lameness.

"Worse!" he vociferated. "Worse! Well, I guess it is! Thought I'd never get through last night. I went to bed at ten, and lay awake until two. Then I dozed off for an hour—not a deep sleep, you understand, only a fitful nap—and after that I never shut my eyes until six." Uncle Robert looked actually cheerful. "At six I must have dropped off again, because—"

"Anne," interrupted Hilda, "if I'm going to alter this dress, I want to be about it."

Anne pushed the cushion a trifle farther under Uncle Robert's knee. "I think, Hilda, I'll not have it touched. Any alteration would hurt—"

"Anne Tupper!" cried Hilda, sitting up with a jerk. "Do you mean that you are going up there with this awful yoke just as it is?"

Anne nodded. "I can't bear to wear it, Hilda, but I don't want to hurt—"

Uncle Robert leaned forward and fixed Anne with a pair of shrewd but not unkind eyes. "If you don't want to hurt Mrs. Greenleaf, why don't you take that rigging with you, but wear something else?"

Anne hesitated and shook her head. "I couldn't do that way," she began, and would have gone further had not Hilda spoken more rapidly.

"Aunt Margaret will ask her just when and where she wore it. Now I could manage all right to evade her—I have done it a score of times—but Anne won't."

"Anne can't," corrected the mother, gently.

Anne's evasions were weak and transparent. "Anybody," Anne often sighed, "can see right through them. If only I were as quick and apt as Hilda!"

"The pain!"—Uncle Robert struck in with disconcerting abruptness, as if the subject had never traveled away from rheumatism—"took me just above the knee this morning, and followed this muscle"—he pointed—"down to my ankle. Now that is a new spot, and I'm going up to the city to-morrow morning to see Dr. Welch. There isn't a doctor in this town that knows a thing about rheumatism." He picked up his cane and pounded on the floor for emphasis. "Not one! They're all alike and wofully ignorant."

Hilda, realizing that he was fully launched on his favorite theme, left the room. Mrs. Tupper picked up a white waist she was making for Anne, and busied herself, but Anne basted seams and listened.

"I believe," Uncle Robert went on, loudly, "that nowadays the subject of rheumatism is left out of the medical curriculum. The more I'm treated the worse I get."

"I'm sorry," responded Anne, sympathetically.

"Now to-morrow I'll try Welch, and if he doesn't do me any good, I shall give up and stay at home and suffer."

"O, Hilda, did you hear that?" gasped Anne, in delight.—Youth's Companion.

IN EAST AFRICA.

Where Natives Cover Themselves With Hair Oil and Grease.

Frank Carpenter writes most interestingly of life in Nairobi, the metropolis of British East Africa, which the English believe will be in time one of the greatest cities in Africa.

I have given the total population of Nairobi as 15,000. I doubt whether it has 1,000 whites. Of the remainder about one-third are East Indians, and the others are the queerest African you can imagine. I speak of them first because they are everywhere. You stumble over them on the street; they wait you in the hotels; they carry burdens for you, and they clog your foot steps when you go outside town. Many of the natives wear dirty, greasy cloths not more than a yard wide and two yards long. They hang them about their shoulders and let them fall down on each side, so that they flap this way and that in the breeze. In the early morning, when the air is still sharp many of these people are clad in ruffled blankets and they go stalking along with their legs bare to the thigh. Some have the holes in the lobes of their ears so stretched that I can put my fist through them. The loops are so long that when a man takes out his ear plugs he hangs the loop of skin over the top of his ear to prevent it catching onto something and tearing. The loop looks just like a leather strap about as wide as one's little finger nail. I have handled many of them, twisting them this way and that to be sure they were genuine.

"I see a squib in the Globe Trotter, a newspaper of Nairobi, which fits the native costume here. It is: 'A London tailor says that any gentleman can be clad for £25 (\$125). The native gentleman of Nairobi can be fully clad for 1 annas (about 25 cents), including the smell.'"

"This African smell is everywhere. It loads the market places, and I verily think it might be chopped up into blocks and sold as a new kind of phosphate. The natives cover themselves with hair oil and grease, and the combination of this when it turns rancid and of the natural edulia which exudes from their persons is indescribable. Others of the natives smear their faces with a mixture of grease and red clay. They cover their hair with the same material, so that they look more like copper Indians than Africans."

Moody on the Cards.

One evening in San Francisco Evan gelist Moody sat in his room at the hotel playing a game of cards with Mrs. Moody and two friends when a messenger came in with a dispatch as the boy stood waiting for a reply Mr. Moody suddenly asked, "Won't you sit down, my lad, and have a game of authors with us?"

The boy declined and soon left the room. Hardly had the door closed when Mrs. Moody said, "Why, Dwight what made you think of inviting that boy to sit down and play with us?"

"My dear," replied Moody, "don't you see, if I had not called the boy's attention to the fact that we were playing authors all the morning paper would certainly have announced under big headlines that D. L. Moody had been discovered in a San Francisco hotel engaged in a game of cards?"

It is a pitiful thing to hear a good baby cry.

Promptly dropping his cane, with movements surprisingly quick for one afflicted with three varieties of rheumatism, he seized the lavender and bundled it together, muttering something about "water on the carpet."

Hilda flew away from the sewing machine, and seizing the limp bundle from Uncle Robert's arms, shook it out, crying in a tone ringing with triumph, "Anne, you can never put it on again! It's ruined!"

"Oh!" cried Anne. "Oh!" involuntarily her face lighted with joy.

Uncle Robert picked up the pitcher. "It's broken," he grumbled, "and I wager it's your best one!"

Hilda made no reply. She was gloat ing over the ruined dress; but Anne took the china fragments from Uncle Robert's hand, saying earnestly, "Never mind, uncle—accidents will happen."

Over Anne's head Uncle Robert's eyes met Mrs. Tupper's in a sly twinkle, but he only cleared his throat gruffly and thumped the floor with his cane.

"I hope," Anne began, a shade of anxiety creeping into her voice, "that Aunt Margaret won't be hurt—"

"You leave Aunt Margaret to me!" rumbled Uncle Robert. "I'll go over now and explain what I've done. Hope she won't expect me to listen to an account of her neuralgia, though. Once get her started on that subject and she never knows when to stop. I'll look out for that and head her off!"

Still speaking and frowning deeply, Uncle Robert opened the front door. But as he slammed the door behind him he chuckled.

A few moments later Hilda and Anne, watching him from the window, saw him emerge from Aunt Margaret's side door, followed by Aunt Margaret's voice, "Yes, I knew water would spoil it. Poor child! How disappointed she will be; but perhaps I can manage—"

Uncle Robert struck the porch floor with his cane, and interrupted briskly, "No, you will manage nothing of the kind! As long as I spoiled the dress I'll make it good. In fact, I'm going to take Anne up to the city to-morrow and let her pick out one to take its place."

"O, Hilda, did you hear that?" gasped Anne, in delight.—Youth's Companion.

THE WAS MAU.

The young man with the tightly creased trousers and badly wrinkled brow had maintained an ominous silence for several minutes after the older people had left the room. It was only when he rose and made for the door that the girl asked him what was the matter. Then he paused.

"As if you didn't know," he said bitterly.

"Why, of course I don't know," said the girl.

"Of course not," said the young man. "Oh, well," said the girl, with a scornful lift of her eyebrows, "if you want to go I wouldn't keep you for anything. Good night."

"You know perfectly well," said the young man.

"I suppose you don't like the way my hair is done," ventured the girl, lifting her hand to her coiffure. "I thought perhaps you wouldn't, but I didn't think you would take it quite so much to heart. Will you wait while I go upstairs and put it up?"

"I don't intend to be laughed out of it," said the young man, gloomily. "You know it's not that."

"All I know is that you've been acting all the evening as if I had done something to offend you."

"I suppose you couldn't help lighting his pipe for him," said the young man. "And you couldn't help putting your hand on his shoulder while you were doing it. All I can say is that I'm not going to stand it."

"Why, Henry Grommel!" exclaimed the girl. "Is that what it was? I always light his pipe for him."

"And it wasn't only that, it was—well, it was the whole thing. The way you acted and the way he acted. What business did he have patting your cheek?"

"Why, he always pats my cheek. I don't mind it."

"You didn't seem to," said the young man, sarcastically. "Of course, I haven't any right to object if you don't mind it; all the same, if it hadn't been for making a scene I should have had it out with him right there. He certainly has his nerve with him."

"Why, Henry, you silly; he doesn't mean anything by it. It's just because he likes me."

"I suppose it is. I'm not going to stand for it, though. And another thing, I don't care about his calling you 'sweetheart.' I don't mind his calling you 'Mabel' so much, though I don't see why he can't address you as 'Miss Peters,' just the same as anybody else. He's altogether too familiar, and you encourage him in it."

"I'd be ashamed if I were you," said the girl. "He's known me all my life, ever since I was a baby, and he's always brought me candy and dolls and

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

MUCH WORK, MANY IDLERS.

THE recent great increase in the number of unemployed able-bodied men and the simultaneous cry from the farm districts for more help draw sharp attention to an incongruous condition. The problem of inducing able-bodied men to remain upon or return to the farms is one that becomes more difficult, and yet more insistent, every day. It must be solved, somehow, if the prosperity of the country is to continue. It is little wonder that the President and his cabinet are forced to consider the subject, with a view to leading federal assistance in disposing of it.

It would be poor business policy, and worse charity, to feed the "army of unemployed" in the large cities while the farms are lacking laborers. If any among the unemployed are sick, or unable to stand the strain of hard work, let other provision be made for them; but there is no excuse for the encouragement of idleness and vice by feeding able-bodied fellows who will not go into the country. Any unemployed, able-bodied man who refuses an opportunity to go into the country to work, preferring to bask in the bright light of the city, should be convicted as a vagrant and made to build roads.—Washington Post.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

SINCE the terrible Collinwood catastrophe testimony is piling up to show that the deplorable conditions existing in that ill-fated school building prevail in many communities and that little or no effort has been made to improve them. But the frightful sacrifice of young lives has stirred the authorities to action, and, galled by public sentiment, they are now strenuously seeking to remove the defects and minimize the dangers from fires.

Richard L. Humphrey, engineer in charge of the structural materials laboratories of the government, declares it is providential that more of these holocausts have not occurred. He says the conditions existing in the Collinwood school building are common to many public buildings throughout the country, and the first essential is to pass laws prohibiting the erection of structures except of the highest fire-resisting type. Drills in public schools are all right in their way, to teach self-control, but are quite useless in a great emergency. And the mere enactment of preventive laws is of no avail unless the people demand their enforcement.

In the matter of schools, theaters and other public institutions, it would seem to be important that the structures be limited in height, and Superintendent Van Cleave of the Toledo schools has seriously advanced the prop-

osition that no building for school purposes should have more than two stories. Such a school, built of fire-resisting material, with numerous broad exits and ample stairways, would afford the protection that every community should give its children. Nor should the expense which so radical a change in school construction entails be considered for a moment.

Better to spend millions on our school buildings and make them safe, than to save money by the construction of chancel houses. It is poor consolation to the taxpayer that he has economized at the sacrifice of his own flesh and blood.—Toledo Blade.

FARMS AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

THERE is no reason why any man in the United States should starve, or even why any man should be out of employment, no matter what the conditions of business.

In Louisiana, for example, there are 27,000,000 acres of land, of which only 6,000,000 are cultivated. Planters with large tracts stand ready to aid every man who is willing to help himself. They will sell him all the land he needs on ten years' credit, or will allow him to farm on shares, providing him with a house, a horse and a mule, sufficient seed to plant crops, and provide farming implements.

Yet with the whole country full of such opportunities, large cities swarm with men who complain that they cannot get work, and municipalities are at their wits' end to find some way to help the unemployed. The farms of the nation contain the only solution of this problem.—Des Moines News.

PEARL HARBOR A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

OR annexation of Hawaii, our development of vast political as well as commercial interests in the Pacific and the obvious desirability of developing our coast defenses and naval auxiliaries according to a consistent and adequate plan, all bespeak the need of making that finest natural harbor in the Pacific a place of service in peace and of security in war. Its value to commerce would be great. Its value in war would be incalculable, and it would, as has well been suggested in Congress, be one of the strongest possible factors for the prevention of war in the Pacific Ocean. After all these years of neglect and in view of existing conditions at the present day, it seems not extravagant for the naval affairs committee to say, as it does, that every consideration of national honor and policy calls for the prompt equipment of Pearl harbor as an impregnable naval base.—New York Tribune.

out of the showcase and wraps it up to be handed over to you if you desire to carry it home yourself, or to be delivered by the market's wagons.

There are regularly employed in this market, in the cut meat department, from thirty to thirty-five saleswomen, with an extra force of twenty-five, making about sixty altogether, on Saturdays. They all wear black dresses with trim white aprons, the aprons being supplied by the market. This market has employed saleswomen in its cut meat department for three years.

There are other markets in the city in which cut meats are displayed in and sold from counter showcases, but this is probably the only one in the city, or for that matter in the country, in which saleswomen are employed to sell the meats.

Costumes.

I often think with envy of the days of long ago, when men wore ruffled shirts and walked so stately and so slow, their legs incased in breeches, garments typical of ease, and not, like modern trousers, often baggy at the knees; their long hair, nicely powdered, deftly done up in a queue—

A shining silver buckle on each glossy low-cut shoe
And soft, smooth, silken stockings on their shapely swelling calves—
Oh, our grandpas weren't accustomed to do anything by halves!

I think of them with envy—then, again, I do not know, it's pretty hard to get there when you have to go so slow;
And ruffled shirts in laundries would hardly last a week;
And calves in silken stockings must feel shivery, so to speak,
And breeches may be easy, but some men's calves don't swell;
And powdered queues are picturesque, but as for comfort—well,
I guess I'd rather have my hair clipped short, and I'll agree
That, on the whole, the modern style is good enough for me!

He Was Inconceivable.

"My husband is complaining of your cooking, Mary."
Mary (reassuringly)—Oh, mum, I don't take any notice of him, for 'tis the nature of him to find fault. Ain't he forever complainin' of you, mum?—Illustrated Bits.

Sometimes It Isn't.

I used to spend two hours begging a girl for a kiss."
"Well?"
"Now I take the kiss and put in the two hours apologizing, if that much time be necessary."

Care of Olive Oil.

Olive oil is injured by being kept in the light. When used at the table it should be removed to a cool dark place after each meal.

Daily Thought.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—Smiles.

COAST EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Condensed, Interesting Items of
News Gleaned from Varied
and Numerous Sources.

An interesting Assemblage of Paragraphs
that Give a Readable Review of
Important Occurrences Dur-
ing the Past Week.

Reno, Nev.—Every department of the Southern Pacific Company at Sparks has resumed operations in full. All departments have been running with greatly reduced forces for several months past. Over 500 men are affected.

Oakland.—Andrew P. Miller, a teamster, became disconsolate because of the loss of \$500 in an investment in Indiana, and attempted to commit suicide at his home, 1160 Seventh street. Miller drank a quantity of iodine and then rushed to the Receiving Hospital, where he was treated. The poison failed to take effect.

San Francisco.—The United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination on May 20, 1908, to secure eligibles from which to make certification to fill a vacancy in the position of preparator of fossils (male), \$75 per month, in the Geological Survey, and vacancies requiring similar qualifications as they may occur.

Los Angeles.—Electus Seris of Lompoc, aged 84 years and a bachelor, deeded to the Children's Home Society of California his entire property, estimated to be worth \$50,000, possession to go to the organization immediately upon his death. The beneficiary society, which has headquarters in Los Angeles, places children in homes.

Portland, Ore.—For shooting a Hindoo near Oregon City last October, J. M. Dickenson and his son, William, were convicted a few days ago of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to life terms in the State Penitentiary. The two killed Harman Singh, a laborer in a sawmill, by shooting into the bunkhouse where he was sleeping.

Portland, Ore.—John B. Brown, who shot and killed W. T. Wisdom in February to avenge the wrongs of his motherless little daughter, was released from custody at Vale, Ore., the Malheur County Grand Jury holding the killing justifiable, and refusing to indict Brown. The girl had been grossly mistreated by Wisdom for the past two years. She is only 14 years old.

San Bernardino.—Miss Marie Wither, aged 27 years, one of the leading educators of Redlands for a number of years and recently head nurse in the Redlands Hospital, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. Years of work as a teacher in the public schools had undermined the young woman's health, and while a nervous wreck she connected herself with the hospital.

Oakland.—Charged by the Federal authorities with using the United States mails with intent to defraud, six officials and employees of the Oakland Transcontinental Aerial Telephone and Power Company were arrested by Postoffice Inspector James F. O'Connell and Deputy United States Marshal Towle. The company was selling stock for an alleged wireless telephone system.

Los Angeles.—In a thrilling automobile dash down the Coast last week, Fernando Nelson again broke the record from San Francisco to Los Angeles, clipping almost an hour off his previous time, which has stood for nearly two years, though many made ambitious efforts to beat it. His time on last week's trip was 17 hours and 17 minutes. This is an average of 28 1/2 miles an hour.

Bakersfield.—The heavy Dehlohnega Springs stage, which makes regular trips between Bakersfield and the mountain resort northwest of the city and is driven by Ed Smith, was overturned on a steep canyon grade between Clem Doherty's ranch and Rock Springs. The whole outfit rolled to the bottom of the gulch. The stage was wrecked and two horses killed. Smith and two passengers were painfully injured.

Alameda.—Powell McDonald, a California pioneer 84 years of age and a native of Alabama, fell from the porch of his home at 2042 Encinal avenue, Alameda, and broke his neck, dying instantly. He fell about ten feet, striking on the cement walk. McDonald came to California in 1850. He bought a ranch on the island from the Spaniards for a few dollars and the property is now worth a good sized fortune. He settled on the island before there was any town where Alameda now stands.

AMERICAN COOKS LEAD THE WORLD.

High Praise From Famous European Chef
Who Inspected Our Kitchens.

New York.—"I find that in America the best food in the world is served," said Escoffier, the famous chef, on the eve of his departure for Europe after a week's stay. "It is good food. It is well cooked. If I were a younger man—I am past 60 now—I would come to New York. The best hotels in Europe have nothing to give that a man cannot get in New York."

Escoffier then announced his intention to return to New York at the first opportunity, in November, if he could, that he might get a taste of the famous American turkey.

"I came here," said Escoffier, "chiefly for one purpose. That was to find out the best ways to satisfy the demand of the grand army of Americans who each year come to Europe; to see how they eat in the best American hotels and cafes, what they prefer, how the food is served. I find Europe can teach your New York hotels and cafes nothing. Americans certainly eat better and are better fed than any other people in the world."

"What did you find to be the best American dish?"

"Philadelphia squab. Such squab cannot be had in all Europe or any other place."

Governor Makes More Appointments.

Sacramento.—Governor Gillett has filled four vacancies on the Monterey Board of Custom House Trustees. He appointed W. C. Little of Pacific Grove, named George S. Gould Jr. of Monterey to succeed A. G. Metz, Grant Towle to take the place of William Jacks, and W. Sanboldt, in place of Luther Rogers.

The Executive also appointed Otto Von Geldern of San Francisco to represent him at the conference called by President Roosevelt for the purpose of considering the best means of conserving the natural resources of the country. Arthur Briggs of San Francisco and Frank M. Short of Fresno were chosen to represent California at the conference last week.

Six Lost in Tenement Fire.

New York.—An early morning fire in a four-story brick tenement at 17 Humboldt street, a thickly populated district of Brooklyn, caused the death of six persons and the serious injury of four others. Every member of one family, consisting of a mother and four children, is among the dead. There were many thrilling rescues by police and firemen, and it was due to their brave work that the death list was not larger. A half-dozen or more persons were entrapped in the upper stories and were saved by jumping into life nets. The financial loss caused by the fire is estimated at \$10,000.

Six Thousand Miles on Six Dollars.

Chicago.—Alexander Schick, 16 years old, of Chicago, has just accomplished the feat of traveling 6,000 miles, gaining seven pounds in weight and returning home the picture of health, on \$6. In place of riding comfortably in vestibule cars and stopping at hotels en route, he rode on everything that travels on two rails, from a section car to the top of a passenger coach, and slept wherever men of the law were not likely to interfere.

Peace Hovers Over Guatemala.

San Francisco.—Felice Galicia, Consul-General for Guatemala in this city, received a cable message from President Cabrera of Guatemala conveying the information that all was quiet within the Republic. The slight wounds received by the President on the occasion of the recent attempt on his life are healed. Perfect tranquility and calm now pervade Guatemala and business is proceeding in the usual manner.

Soldier Dies of Cholera.

Washington.—Private William F. McGue, Company G, First Battalion of Engineers, died of Asiatic cholera at Camp Commel, in Samara, on the 2d inst. So far as known at the War Department, there has been no other cases of cholera in the Army in the Philippines for several months past.

Notorious Desperado Killed.

Great Falls, Mont.—A special to the Tribune from Glasgow tells of the shooting of "Pigeon Toed" Brown, a notorious desperado and horse thief. Sheriff Small of Valley county and Deputies Calderwood and Bennett had been hunting Brown for three days.

May Be Appointed Cardinal.

Rome.—Most Rev. Diomedo Falconio, apostolic delegate at Washington, is among those mentioned as likely to be created cardinals at the next consistory in June.

BATTLESHIP FLEET FINISHES FIRST HALF OF WORLD TOUR

American Armada Anchors in San Francisco Harbor After Record-Making Run of Twenty Thousand Miles.

San Francisco, May 6.—The battle-ships are here. The greatest fleet of fighting craft ever assembled under the American flag dropped anchor in the harbor this afternoon. Twenty thousand miles of the around-the-world tour have been reeled off without mishap or accident of any kind.

Early this morning people began flocking to the wharves and hills where a view of the ships could be obtained as they steamed through the bay. From Land's End to Hunter's Point the crowd stretched in an unbroken line. Trains from interior points brought thousands of visitors to the city. Never in the history of San Francisco was there such an immense crowd of sightseers. It is estimated there were 250,000 strangers in the city when the fleet steamed in.

By noon every vantage point was occupied by an eager, jostling, happy crowd, all intent on witnessing a sight such as none of them may live to see again.

The bay was crowded with every imaginable kind of craft from sailboats and tiny gasoline launches to large ocean steamers. All were gaily decorated in honor of the occasion. The ships in their berths were dressed from stem to stern in the bright hued flags of the signal code. All over the city every building that had anything in the shape of a flag pole was topped with the colors that the incoming bluejackets were sworn to defend.

As the flagship of Admiral Evans poked her prow through the Gate the monster twelve-inch black-throated guns of the Army on either side of the harbor entrance began to belch a thundering welcome. For the first time in the history of the American nation warships were saluted upon entering a home port. The proceeding may have been a bit irregular, and not just according to Army or Navy regulations. But General Funston, in command at the Presidio, has a way of doing things according to his own ideas. He decided upon a national salute of twenty-one guns and it was given with a noise that reverberated to every corner of the city and bay.

The salute was answered by the ships as they steamed by until the very hills seemed to tremble and rock from the concussion of the terrific bombardment.

As the Connecticut, bearing grim-visaged "Fighting Bob" passed in, a mighty cheer from thousands and thousands of throats echoed and re-echoed across the water. The game-legged, battle-marked old hero, whose whole life has been given to the service of his country, was plainly affected by the greeting given him. For it was both greeting and farewell. Idolized by his men, loved by the people, "Fighting Bob" will in a few days sheath his sword to spend his crowning years in the bosom of his family.

The clear-eyed, clean-limbed young fellows who man the battle-ships answered the welcoming cheers of the people in a manner that left no doubt about their delight to be honored guests of the Queen City of the Pacific Coast.

CLEVELAND SAID TO HAVE CANCER IN INCURABLE FORM

New York.—There is a report current in financial circles, emanating from the office of the Equitable Life Assurance Society that Former President Grover Cleveland is a sufferer from cancer of the stomach and that his case has been pronounced hopeless by specialists called into consultation by Dr. Joseph D. Bryant of this city, the family physician.

Mr. Cleveland remains at the Lakewood Hotel in Lakewood, N. J., although the hotel closed for the sea-

son some days ago. His wife and children are the only other guests. A physician and nurse are in constant attendance and a small staff of servants has been retained to look after the Cleveland family.

Efforts to confirm the statement that Mr. Cleveland is suffering from cancer and that his condition is critical are unavailing, owing to the extreme reticence observed by all connected with the case since the beginning of the former President's illness.

Cotton Mills Curtail Work.

Manchester, N. H.—The seventeen mills of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, the largest cotton manufacturing company in the world, employing 17,000 hands, began a period of curtailment last week, the working schedule restricting operations to four days a week. The reduction will continue indefinitely.

China Has National Newspaper.

Peking.—Grand Councillor Yuan Shi Kai has begun the publication of a national newspaper in Peking. It is called the Chinese Public Opinion, and is published in English. This new enterprise is part of the general movement to express in the press the feeling of China with regard to her international situation.

WORK OF THE NATION'S LAWMAKERS.

Crisp Paragraphs That Give the Gist of What
is Being Done at Washington.

Washington.—The Senate has passed Perkins' bill granting \$100,000 for a ferry-boat for the Angel Island Immigration Station.

Washington.—Lawrence O. Murray, former Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, last week took the oath of office as Controller of the Currency. Murray succeeds William B. Ridgely, recently elected president of the National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City, Mo.

Washington.—The stockmen of Tuolumne county have petitioned Congressman Englebright to secure from the Interior Department the privilege to pasture stock in Yosemite National Park this summer. They say that forage is a failure and that unless they get the privilege desired much stock must perish.

Washington.—The Senate Committee on Finance ordered favorably reported a bill authorizing the Superintendent of the Mint and the United States Assay Office at New York to receive United States gold coin and deliver in exchange gold bars of equal value in amounts of not less than \$250. The bill is in the interest of gold-workers and jewelers.

Washington.—The House Committee on Public Lands ordered favorably reported on the bill of Chairman Mondell to encourage the development of coal deposits in Alaska. The bill empowers individual locators of coal lands in Alaska to consolidate their claims, but does not permit holdings to exceed 2,560 acres. Governor Hoggatt of Alaska stated to the committee that in the territory there are about 300,000 acres of coal land, only a small portion of which has been taken up.

Washington.—An appropriation of \$300,000 was voted by the House at the suggestion of Chairman Tawney of the Appropriations Committee for defraying the expense of transporting moneys from the San Francisco Mint and receiving and storing it elsewhere. Mr. Tawney said that this appropriation was required by the Secretary of the Treasury, who has found it necessary to distribute the gold and silver now stored in the San Francisco Mint to other mints in the country.

Young Widow Wins Large Estate.

Oakland.—The contest over the estate of Joseph Boardman, valued at \$1,250,000, was decided in favor of his widow, Blanche, and their infant daughter, Florence, by Judge Waste. An alleged will of Boardman's which left her an income of \$150 a month and only \$5 for the child was rejected as the product of an unsound mind. By the terms of the proposed will the bulk of the estate was to be devoted to the erection of an astronomical observatory in some near-by park. The widow was a mere schoolgirl when she married the old man.

Lost Reason When Husband Died.

Seattle, Wash.—Capt. Amos Brown, 65 years old, an employe of the City Treasurer's office, was found dead in his bed by neighbors, and beside him lay his wife, stark mad. Brown, who has been a sufferer from tuberculosis, had died during the night, and the shock of finding her husband dead beside her had apparently destroyed the woman's reason before she could summon assistance.

Germany Wants Funds.

Berlin.—That the Imperial Government must borrow \$250,000,000 during the next five years was the substance of an admission made by the Secretary of the Treasury, Sydow, to the Appropriations Committee of the Reichstag. These borrowings will be necessary even though the appropriations for each year are not increased before 1912.

Flames Destroy Filipino Town.

Manila.—The town of Antipolo, in the province of Morong, has been practically destroyed by fire. Four hundred houses were burned and hundreds of people are homeless. The famous shrine was saved. The fire was caused by lightning. Antipolo is a town of 3,500 inhabitants.

Big Sale of Sheep.

Redding.—Eight thousand head of sheep have been sold recently by Tehama county stock-masters to parties who will take them to British Columbia. The prices obtained ranged from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a head. The sheep will be shipped by rail to British Columbia.

Spanish Budget Presented.

Madrid.—The budget for 1909 was presented in the Chamber of Deputies a few days ago. The estimates cover an expenditure of \$208,744,145 and a revenue of \$203,983,873.

CURRENT NEWS OF THE WORLD

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

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

Messina, Sicily.—Mount Etna is now in active eruption.

Cleveland.—In a spectacular fire the candle and grease works of the Standard Oil Company were destroyed. Loss, \$203,500.

Pittsburg, Pa.—John W. Grove, president of the John W. Grove Company, dealers in toys, filed a petition in bankruptcy with liabilities, \$94,000; assets, \$162.

Tangier.—It has been learned definitely that the report in circulation that Rausell had been assassinated is untrue. He was ambushed by the Elknes tribesmen, but escaped.

London.—A. F. Wilding of New Zealand, who, with N. E. Brooks of Australia won the Davis cup at Wimbledon last year, has decided to go to America to compete in the lawn tennis championship contests.

Honolulu.—United States Attorney Breckons, who has been investigating the alleged Korean plot against Bishop Harris, believes he has secured evidence of a proposed attempt against the Bishop's life, which is to be made when he arrives in San Francisco.

Tiflis.—Reports have just been brought in here that the Kurdish population of the Armenian provinces bordering on Russia have become aggressively active and are indulging in disorder and massacre. The Armenian population is fleeing into Russian territory.

Paris.—The Temps publishes a special dispatch from Battambang, a town of Siam, in the French sphere of influence, saying that the town is at the mercy of the natives, who have risen in revolt and are threatening the European residents. The troops are insufficient to insure protection.

City of Mexico.—"No trouble is threatened between Mexico and Guatemala," declared Minister of Foreign Affairs Mariscal. "The rumors which have been in circulation had their origin in a misunderstanding—a misunderstanding of conditions, which, however, have been explained satisfactorily."

Fort Worth.—Plunging from a height of 2,000 feet, clinging to a disabled parachute, which whipped him about in the air like a toy, F. A. McCormick, aged 35, an aeronaut of Omaha, was dashed to the earth, but miraculously escaped death. He was picked up unconscious and was seriously injured, but will recover.

Tapachula, Mexico.—Political refugees from Guatemala are flocking into Tapachula in large numbers, coming from all parts of Guatemala. The recent wholesale execution of political offenders has caused great uneasiness among men in that country who are looked upon as opposed to the Cabrera administration.

Paterson, N. J.—Justice James E. Linturo of the County Court, in a charge to a new Grand Jury, called upon them to indict the editor, publisher and person responsible for the circulation of the anarchist paper, La Question Sociale, which was recently suppressed after attention had been called to it by President Roosevelt.

Denver, Colo.—Miss Leonora Pierce, 18 years of age, and Miss Greta Fuller, aged 22, were arrested in this city on the charge of having obtained nearly \$20,000 from Mrs. Harriet A. Crowe, 67 years of age and blind, by false pretenses. The prisoners are alleged to have secured the money on a promise to restore Mrs. Crowe's eyesight.

Helena, Mont.—Through a decision rendered by District Judge J. C. Clements, G. D. Beattie, a city alderman, who was named as co-heir with a pet dog in the will of Mrs. Mary A. Pryse, who died last February, becomes the sole heir of the pet dog and thereby inherits a valuable residence in this city. The dog died on February 9th, shortly after the death of Mrs. Pryse.

New York.—Selig Silverstein, the anarchist who attempted to throw a bomb into a group of policemen in Union Square a few weeks ago and was injured by the premature explosion of the bomb, died last week. Silverstein's companion was killed by the bomb. Silverstein, according to the police, confessed that he manufactured the bomb and intended to throw it among the police.

The Ownership of Ptolemy Caesar.

By LEONARD FRANK ADAM.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Jessie Morgan.

Ravenor stood in the library in all the luxury of early morning negligence. A gorgeous bathrobe swathed his big frame from his chin to his heels. His feet were thrust into a pair of comfortable looking Turkish slippers. Between his lips was a cigarette, deep drafts of which he inhaled thoughtfully as he eyed the man in the chair by the window. The latter was responsible for Ravenor's appearance downstairs at this unseemly hour.

Ravenor's early caller was not prepossessing. Indeed, he was distinctly otherwise. His eyes were small, watery blue and shifty. His underjaw was weak, and his seedy clothes and frayed linen were none too clean. Beside him, its own smart appearance in striking contrast to the man's general out at the elbows air, crouched a Boston terrier.

"Want to sell me the pup, I suppose," Ravenor said pleasantly. "That's why you're here, isn't it? That's why you got me out of bed at this un-Christian hour?"

The man nodded hopefully. "Sure," he admitted. "I thought you'd like a chance at 'im so long's I got to raise the dough."

"Where'd you get him?" Ravenor asked sharply.

"Raised 'im from a pup, s'elp me," the man responded glibly. "An' I wouldn't be sellin' 'im if I didn't need the coin the worst way. I 'eard as 'ow you was open for a good trade in 'is line, so I brought 'im round. 'E's all right, now, ain't 'e? Stand up, Ptolemy, an' give the gent a good look at you."

The dog obediently stood up, and Ravenor's eyes lighted with interest. There could be no denying that Ptolemy was a fine specimen of his breed. His clean cut head, his well shaped shoulders, even his crooked little tail, all bespoke that.

"I got 'is pedigree 'ere on this paper," the man observed, drawing a dirty envelope from his pocket.

"Oh, never mind that," Ravenor replied, with a meaning grin. "What do you want for him?"

"I'd oughter get fifty, an' 'e's dirt cheap at that."

"Tell you what I'll do—I'll give you thirty."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I can't be too fussy, boss," he said. "I need the money, an' I need it bad. So long as I know 'e's got 'im into good 'ands I guess there ain't nothin' for me to do but to take you up, though it's most like givin' 'im to you at that price."

Ravenor counted out the bills and handed them to the man, who ran them over with grimy fingers and departed, with a sigh and a sorrowful glance in the dog's direction, both of which were rather overdue.

Once the front door had closed behind him, Ravenor tossed his cigarette into the fireplace and pressed the button on the wall.

"Annie," he said to the second girl, who answered his summons. "I've just bought this pup. He answers to the name of Ptolemy. Take him downstairs and give him a feed; then let him out in the back yard. I'm going upstairs. You may call me at 10."

Ravenor went upstairs to resume his interrupted slumbers, and Ptolemy, having fared sumptuously at the hands of the cook, was turned loose in the back yard, where he galloped about gleefully, enjoying a rare half hour's sport with a bit of trailing clothesline and making desperate endeavors to catch the sparrows which now and again fluttered into the yard.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour after the sale that a cautious whistle sounded from the alley side of the high fence which inclosed the back yard. Ptolemy, with a yelp of joy, answered it. The back gate swung noiselessly open, just far enough for the dog to squeeze through. He was gathered up by the seedy man who had interviewed Ravenor in the library, thrust unceremoniously beneath his coat and borne down the alley at a shuffling run.

Therefore when Ravenor made his appearance at 11 o'clock no Ptolemy answered his repeated whistlings. Annie and the cook protested weepingly their complete mystification in the dog's disappearance. Sure, they had thought him right in the yard all the time, they declared. He'd been chasing the sparrows and yelping there not ten minutes since. Ravenor searched the back yard thoroughly, the tool house, the little shed that held the ash barrels, even the coil of hose that lay in one corner, but no trace of his recent purchase could be found.

After lunch he went downtown to put an advertisement of his loss in the paper. The afternoon being particularly fine, he decided to walk home. He had reached the little square where Norwood street crosses the avenue and was striding briskly past the statue in the center of the diminutive park when a dog in full cry after a flock of elusive sparrows dashed past him.

There could be no mistaking that head, those clean cut shoulders, the distinctive markings of the neck and flank. Ravenor started in pursuit of the dog.

"Here you, Ptolemy, Ptolemy! Come here! Come here, I say!" he cried. The dog stopped, seemed to debate for a moment, then came toward Ravenor, wagging his twisted stump of a tail in ridiculous apology.

"Nice that you deserted me this morning, wasn't it?" said Ravenor severely. "Come on with me now. No

more back yard orgies for you unless some one has an eye on you."

He started homeward, the dog following meekly at his heels, but before he reached the other side of the park he caught the quick tread of light footsteps. An agitated voice close behind him was saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

He swung about to find himself face to face with Katherine Gray. Ravenor unconsciously stiffened. It was a trifle disconcerting to come thus abruptly upon a girl with whom he had quarreled but a short week before—a girl who before that quarrel had been the subject of his everyday dream.

The girl was equally surprised and embarrassed. She caught her breath in a little gasp, and the quick color mounted her cheeks. Almost instantly, however, she had recovered her poise.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said coldly. "I merely came for my dog. I saw he was following you."

"Your dog?" said Ravenor.

"My dog," she repeated.

Ravenor looked uncomfortable, but he faced her resolutely.

"There must be a mistake about this," said he. "I'm very sure he's mine."

"Yours?"

"Let me prove it to you. He knows his name. Here, Ptolemy."

The dog came obediently to Ravenor's side. He sat down and looked up expectantly.

The girl gasped. "I don't understand it," she said. "Now let me try the same proof. Here, Caesar."

The dog trotted over to her and repeated his maneuvers.

"Good heavens!" said Ravenor, uttering bewilderment for the moment. Then suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Did you buy him recently?" he asked.

"This afternoon," she confessed.

"Of a seedy, shifty eyed man?"

She nodded.

Ravenor drew a long breath; then he laughed. "That explains it," he declared. "I bought him of the same man at 7 this morning."

"Oh!" said the girl; then she, too, fell to laughing.

"Come," said Ravenor at length, "let me walk home with you, and then we'll decide who has the better claim to Caesar or Ptolemy, or whatever his name is."

It was a long talk they had before a roaring fire in the cozy hall. It settled many points besides the ownership of the dog. When it was finished it was twilight, and two very contented young people were enjoying their rightful heritage of happiness again.

"And about the dog?" Ravenor suggested when he finally arose to leave.

"You take him," she said. "He's really yours by right of priority. You bought him first."

"I'll tell you," Ravenor said, with a grin. "Let's call him Ptolemy Caesar, and own him jointly, and—"

"—well, fix it so we can have him as us both, you know. Will you, Katherine?"

The girl fell to laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, what a way of putting it!" she cried, but there was a light in her eyes that brought Ravenor to her side.

And the newly christened Ptolemy Caesar leaped about them with yelps of joy.

Canning's Wedding.

I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow street, a fellow drew up against the wall to avoid being run-over and peering into the coach, recognized Pitt and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite him.

The fellow exclaimed, "What, Billy Pitt, and with a parson too?"

I said, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately," which was rather impudent of me, but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage to be angry.

After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son I do not think he could have been more interested in all that related to his marriage.—"Letters of John Bookham Frere."

Killing a King.

In all monarchies the killing of the king or emperor, the Law Journal of London points out, "is perhaps the gravest form of high treason." The Journal adds: "In one country, Italy, sentence of death cannot be imposed, and in Portugal we believe that capital punishment is not used, if not abolished. Under the law of treason of the United Kingdom, which has been applied to most of the king's dominions abroad, with or without statutory modifications, the killing of the king is a capital offence by the statute of treasons. It is there described as 'compassing or imagining the death of our lord the king.' By later legislation (of 1800) the elaborate provisions special to trials for treason do not apply to assassination of the sovereign or a direct attempt on his life, and such offenses are tried in the same manner as willful murder. The result is that in substance, though not in form, the killing of the sovereign is triable and punishable in the same manner as the willful murder of a subject, but the crown may direct the execution to be by decapitation instead of hanging."

"Jayhawkers of '49."

The Death Valley Magazine, which is publishing the life of Death Valley Scotty, will begin the story of the "Jayhawkers of '49" in its May number. The "Jayhawkers" discovered and gave Death Valley its name. The story will be written by John B. Colton, one of the survivors, who is now 75 years of age. He was the youngest member of the party, being 16 years old at the time.

April 5, 1849, the party, consisting of 36 members, organized at Galesburg, Ill., under the name of "Jayhawkers," and started to the gold fields of California. They were on foot the last 52 days of the trip, having abandoned their wagons and butchered their oxen for food.

There are four survivors, one a woman aged 94 years, who carried a child upon her back and kept in line while strong men fell dead or went insane upon the trail.

All of the story will be told for the first time, the humorous as well as the pathetic. Publishers have sought it for 50 years, but the survivors have now deemed it fit and proper to give it to the Death Valley Magazine.

No pioneer or lover of American history can afford to miss it.

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The publishers are also giving five shares of stock in the Death Valley Quartz & Placer Mining Company as a premium. The stock is of the par value of \$1 per share.

Rush your orders or write for particulars.

DEATH VALLEY PUBLISHING CO.,
Rhyolite, Nevada.

Admiral Thomas Requests That Men Be Not Given Liquor.

Admiral Thomas has made the following request of the Associated Press:

I wish that you would convey my request to the people of California that as far as may be possible they refrain from furnishing the men of the fleet with intoxicating liquors. I would consider it a personal favor if they would do so.

It is nearly always the case when our men reach home ports that some of the people are inclined to offer them liquor. Many consider it a part of the entertainment, and perhaps it is, but it works a bad end. The men are thus induced to drink, and drink too much.

On board the ships liquor is prohibited and the men are unaccustomed to its use. When they get ashore there is no such restraint. On the way around South America the men have made an enviable record for good conduct ashore. It would be exceedingly regrettable, if upon reaching the United States again this good reputation should be dimmed.

I appreciate that most people have the best motives only in offering liquor to the enlisted men, but it would be better for the men and the navy in general if it were not done. I sincerely trust that it will not be.

Miss Alba Carter Answers the Call.

CARTER—Near Campbell, Cal., May 4, 1908, Alba Ruth, beloved daughter of John E. and Margaret Carter, sister of Ethel, Easton, Elenor and Clifton Carter, all of Santa Clara County, a native of California, aged 19 years, 2 months and 15 days.

The death of Miss Carter casts a gloom upon the community, where she had become a general favorite, especially among the teachers and students of the high school, from which institution she was a graduate.

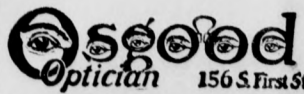
The funeral was held this Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from the family residence on New Jersey Avenue, and was conducted by her pastor, Rev. G. E. Atkinson. The music was furnished by a choir of young ladies who had been intimate friends of the deceased.

Interment was at Los Gatos cemetery.

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PRESS NOTES

The annual meeting of the Congregational Church was held last Thursday. Reports from all departments of church work showed a satisfactory condition of affairs. The usual annual supper was much enjoyed, after which the evening was spent in a social way.

The Campbell Fruit Growers' Union has just shipped East another car of prunes.

The J. C. Ainsley Packing Co. is receiving a large quantity of tin cans for the coming season put in order for the fruit rush later on in the season.

Hamilton avenue, from the Infirmary road to Leigh avenue, a distance of one-half mile, has been graded, under the direction of R. K. Thomas, the roadmaster.

Mrs. Austin and sons, Alfred and Allie, came home from Nevada to attend the funeral of the late L. D. Downing.

Rea W. Shaw, of Minneapolis, a nephew of Mrs. Shaw, has been spending a week in Campbell.

John Snyder, a brother of our townsman, G. W. Snyder, died recently in Southern California.

Dr. Owen, of Arkansas, has purchased the Martin Baumgartner place on Sunnyside avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Cooper have returned from Pacific Grove.

H. V. Archibald is receiving a pleasant visit from his father of Sequel.

Mrs. B. Campbell, accompanied by the Misses Adra Eaton and Lena Swope, are at Mrs. Campbell's seaside home at Capitola.

Everett Campbell is here from San Francisco visiting home.

Among those who went to the coast to see the fleet may be mentioned Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Beacock and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Page and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Page and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Duncan and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hanger, Mrs. Hills and daughter Ethel, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Archibald, Mrs. Wade and daughter Florence, Eaton Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Plimpton.

Chas. Townsend is still very sick, although much improved.

A coat of paint, both exterior and interior, and new paper has been added to G. S. Robson's cottage on First Street. Chas. Sutter is doing the work.

Miss Ernestine Kennedy spent yesterday at Palo Alto, the guest of Miss Vera Fablinger.

Case Against Genasci Dismissed.

The case against L. Genasci for resisting an officer, preferred by Deputy Sheriff J. C. Lloyd, came up for trial in Judge Glendenning's Court in Santa Clara on Tuesday morning.

It will be remembered that this case is the result of an attempted arrest of Mr. Genasci for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk in Campbell, Mr. Lloyd entering Mr. Genasci's store and after a very heated conversation he attempted to arrest the latter, but was unable to do so. The testimony of the witnesses differed somewhat but in the main was about the same. Genasci claimed that Lloyd slapped his face, but the latter denies this. It was shown that Lloyd went to his shop and placed his revolver in his pocket and returned to make the arrest; that Genasci came to his door with hammer in hand and warned the deputy to keep back, which he did. It was then that the sheriff's office was notified and Deputy Buffington came out and arrested Genasci.

The District Attorney's office was represented by Deputy Fred Thomas. J. F. Fitzgerald represented Genasci and it only took him a minute to discover a flaw in the complaint and he moved to dismiss the case. Thomas agreed that the complaint was defective and the Judge allowed him to file a new one.

The case was then taken up and the following witnesses testified: J. C. Lloyd, R. W. Kennedy, C. B. Miracle, J. H. Eddlemon, J. D. Sawyer, Will Speegle, Mr. Cliff, Mr. Claver, on behalf of the plaintiff.

Fitzgerald here moved to dismiss the case because no evidence had been introduced showing that the officer had been resisted. He was willing to allow the case to be finished and put on the witness stand Mr. and Mrs. Genasci, who told their side of the case.

Deputy Thomas thought it not wise to bind Genasci over to the Superior Court for he did not believe a jury would convict him on the evidence adduced. He therefore moved to dismiss the case.

There is another case pending against Mr. Genasci, that of riding a bicycle on the sidewalk, and this will be tried later.

Special Trains to View the Fleet at San Francisco.

While the great fleet of United States Battleships, 46 in all, consisting of the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons, are collected in the San Francisco Bay, May 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, the Santa Fe will run special trains from Oakland to San Francisco every day, in addition to the regular train service. On May 6th, the special will leave Oakland at 8:30 a. m., arriving at San Francisco at 1:00 p. m. From Ferry Point the passengers will be transferred across the Bay in the Steamer San Pablo, at the time of the entrance of the Battleships. She will hold her position in line while the ships pass, thus enabling all passengers who use this train a perfect view of the wonderful armada. On May 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, a special train will leave Oakland at 10:30 a. m.

Regular train leaves daily at 1:20 p. m. Excursion tickets will be on sale from all Santa Fe stations north of Bakersfield. The round-trip fare from Oakland will be \$4.50, good for return passage ten (10) days from date of sale.

I will be pleased to advise you further regarding these trains, rates, and other information.

A. E. LOWDEN, Agent,
A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co.,
OAKDALE, CAL.

Notice of Annual Meeting of Stockholders

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Campbell Fruit Growers' Union, a corporation, will be held at its place of business in Campbell, California, Wednesday, May 13, 1908 at 10 o'clock a. m., for the following purposes:

FIRST: To receive the report of the officers.

SECOND: To elect a Board of Directors.

THIRD: To make such changes or amendments to the By-Laws as may be deemed wise.

FOURTH: To transact any and all other business that may properly come before that meeting.

JOS. H. RUCKER,
Secretary.

S. G. RODECK,
Secretary.

Campbell, Cal., April 22, 1908.

All those who did not go to the coast to see the fleet will no doubt go to San Francisco this week.

Send your job printing to the Press office.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
S. R. WADE, Master.
JAMES FABLINGER, Secretary.

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

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

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

Woodmen of the World
Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.
ALEXER BELMOR, Council Com.
L. W. HUTCHINS, Clerk.

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

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Office Hours: 11-12 a. m., 2-5 p. m.
Telephone, Main 283.

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Office: Bank of Campbell

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

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

F. B. BROWN
Attorney at Law
Phone Main 539
Room 54, Porter Building San Jose, Cal.

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

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JOHN F. DUNCAN, HARLOW M. PLIMPTON,
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF SAMUEL F. COOPER, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of Samuel F. Cooper, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said Executors at the Bank of Campbell, Campbell, Santa Clara County, California, that being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate. Dated at Campbell, this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1908.

CHARLES N. COOPER,
AND JOHN F. DUNCAN,
Executors of the last Will and Testament of Samuel F. Cooper, deceased.
L. D. BOHNETT,
Attorney for said Executors.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO
6:32 a. m. Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.
7:10 a. m. Daily (except Sunday) to San Francisco, via Palo Alto.
7:50 a. m. New Almaden to San Jose, Mixed.
2:45 p. m. Freight.
3:10 p. m. Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO
8:26 a. m. Freight
Leave S. F. 8:20 a. m. Daily, via Oakland, including Sunday, arrive Campbell 11:00.
5:08 p. m. New Almaden Mixed, Daily.
Leave S. F. 5:00 p. m. Daily, except Sunday, via Palo Alto, arrive Campbell 6:55.
Leave S. F. 5:00 p. m. Daily, including Sunday, via Oakland, arrive Campbell 7:30.

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PATENTS

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